

EUGENE'S DREAMS.

ESCAPES FROM THE "WORLD, THE FLESH AND THE DEVIL," AND "BASKS IN INDOLENCE."

HALCYON DAYS STILL AHEAD.

He Thinks Only Great Minds Have Dreams--Dreams of His First Love--Tells of Our Two Invalid Householders.

As I sit here beneath the rays of the morning sun, breezes, delicious with southern perfumes, tickle my cheeks with their coquettish touch, and thrill my being with vigor and vitality. The glow of a southern sun spreads itself over all the earth, and the shadows play hide and seek with the trees as they send forth their morning greeting. A humming bird comes flitting along as if borne by an unseen hand, and sips the latent sweet from the roses, fresh with morning dew. As I look upon these things I am glad that I live in the South. I am glad that I live in the only truly American portion of our country.

I'm resting to-day; yes, basking in absolute indolence. Yes, and I am dreaming. Dreaming of all the glories which I have seen during the past few weeks, and wishing that they could go on forever. Such a world is that where live our dreams. Ah, how we would close them to ourselves and carry them with us always. But alas, we can not. Dreams are the creatures of our imagination, which grow according to the depth of the soul of him who creates them. It is as impossible for a person without great depth of soul to dream beautiful dreams as it is for the sun to change its course and rise in the west. And as the soul is fed with pure and lovely dreams, so is the life productive of noble and worthy actions. We act very much as we think, and dreams are thoughts acted in an ideal world, which, in spite of all that we may do to suppress them, will find life in a real world. So let me dream. Yes, let me create high ideals, even though they never be attained. And let me dream of the past, and perchance I may be blessed with a memory full of joy and happiness. Even now there comes to my mind the dream of a first love. Beneath the honeysuckle and ivy we told our story, and there, we dreamed of the halcyon days ahead. They are still ahead, but I'm better for the dreaming.

Fond Praise for Maggie.

But I'm not dreaming of those things now. I am thinking of the many things that have crowded themselves into my life during the past few weeks. First, there is my visit to our dear Maggie. You have read her verses, fresh from her pen, and fresher still from her heart, and have wished that you might know her. You love her? Yes, and well you may. She is deserving of all the love—the sweetest, the purest and the tenderest that is within your power to feel, or know. Maggie is an invalid; yes, and may perhaps never again feel the rush of rosy promise, or ambitious hope, but within her soul there is a

world of poetry and song unknown and unsung by the world. And in this is her sweetest consolation—the well-springs of Hope, and a music whose chords touch the stringed instruments of her own soul and put her in harmonious unison with Him who doeth all things well. She is strong, she is brave, she is happy, for she is supported by the God of heaven, and comforted by the spirit of His dear Son.

I am glad that I have seen her face to face, and am the better for having been in her Christian home. And just here may I not say that her poems are rare? They are sweet, they are tender, they are touching and full of that harmony which meets a hearty response in the hearts of those who live, at least, sometimes, in the world of dreams. God bless Maggie!

And in retrospection I go back to the time when I was in the home of our Kitisie, of whom I have already written. I see her gay and full of mirth, and eagerly anticipating my every wish, that she might contribute something to my pleasure while I was her guest. But in all of her gaiety there was the under-current which is the deepest and purest in every life. I sometimes think it is a pity that more of us do not put the under-current on top. It might be the means of waking a responsiveness in lives inactive and discouraged. And there is the dear old mother, who, reclining upon the weight of her years, is living now in the new and fresher strength of her daughters. They took me in as if I were of their own kin, and I know that often in future years I will dream of the kind and loving hospitality of these dear people. I dream, too, of Will Colon, whose affliction touched my heart and caused me to thank God for perfect health and strength.

He is not able to walk a single step. He can not so much as stand. For nine years he has been an invalid, and his only means of locomotion to-day is by the aid of an invalid's chair. He takes a lively interest in politics, and makes himself felt throughout his state by writing pungent articles on the condition of things as he sees them through the newspapers and magazines.

So long as I live will I dream of him as my companion during some very happy days. We have not in our band one more worthy of love and sympathy, and I would that we could draw from Will Colon more of those beautiful thoughts and ideas which I know he sometimes feels.

Ah, these dreams, these fancies and flights of memory that enable us to pause in the world of reality and live for a time in the land of dreams. How I love them; how I cherish them. They bring me much joy. Indeed, there is not anything so fraught with real pleasure as to rest upon life's wayside and dream of friends and loved ones afar; or, if you will, to take a journey to the world of imagination's fancy and creation. I often rest beneath this spreading oak, magnificent and majestic with the years of storm and calm which have marked its era, and live for a time in an ideal world. It is the only time that I can truly escape from the world, the flesh and the devil, for in my

ideal world everything is as pure as the morning dew upon the flowers. Yes, I know that life is real—that life is earnest, but it is made much sweeter by sometimes blending the ideal with the real—by living in memory the days that are past. At least such are the thoughts of one who dreams often, and who hopes to live in the memory of his loved ones even as they live in his.

EUGENE EDWARDS.

[The above article was written to The Sunny South by Mr. S. H. Bryan, private secretary of "Earnest Willie". The "Maggie" referred to is Miss Maggie A. Richard, of Columbia; "Kitisie" is a Marion, S. C. lady, Miss Kate L. Blue; "Will Colon" is our own "Junius". All of them are correspondents of The Sunny South. EDITOR ENTERPRISE.]

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THE JOURNEY.

I think of death as some delightful journey
That I shall take when all my tasks are done.
Though life has given me a heaping measure
Of all best gifts, and many a cup of pleasure,
Still better things await me further on.
This little earth is such a merry planet,
The distance beyond is so supreme,
I have no doubt that all the mighty spaces
Between us and the stars are filled with faces
More beautiful than any artist's dream.
I like to think that I shall yet behold them,
When from this waiting room my soul hath soared.
Earth is a wayside station, there we wander,
Until from out the silent darkness yonder
Death swings his lantern and cries "All aboard!"
I think death's train sweeps through the solar system
And passes suns and moons that dwarf our own,
And close beside us we shall find our dearest,
The spirit friends on earth we held the nearest,
And in the shining distance God's great throne.
Whatever disappointment may befall me
In plans or pleasures in this world of doubt,
I know that life at worst can but delay me,
But no malicious fate has power to stay me
From that grand journey on the Great Death route.
—ELIA WHEELER WILCOX.

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Creation is the organ, and a gracious man finds out its keys, lays his hands thereon, and wakes the whole system of the universe to the harmony of praise. Mountains and hills, and other great objects are as it were the bass of the chorus; while the trees of the wood, and all things that have life, take up the air of the melodious song.—Spurgeon.

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AN ASSASSIN'S BULLET.

Lays Low the President of the Republic of Uruguay.

THE MURDERER A YOUTH.

The Assassination Occurs During a Fete in Celebration of the Independence of the Republic—The Murdered Man an Unpopular Chief Executive.

Montevideo, Aug. 25.—During a national fete, which was held here to-day, President J. Idiarte Borda was shot and killed by an assassin.

The assassination of the president occurred as he was leaving the cathedral, where a Te Deum had been sung. President Borda died almost immediately after he was shot. The assassin, a youth named Arredondo, was arrested. Senor Cuestas, president of the senate, assumed the presidency of the republic ad interim.

Senor J. Idiarte Borda was elected president of Uruguay for the term extending from March, 1894, to 1898. The fete at which he was assassinated was being held in celebration of the independence of Uruguay, which was achieved on August 25, 1825.

At the time of Senor Borda's election he belonged to the official party and was elected by a very narrow majority. The people, it was said, were sadly disappointed at the result, but order and quiet was maintained. The leading papers of Uruguay deplored the election of Senor Borda and declared that it marked a reaction in the country's progress.

Later, President Borda issued a proclamation to the effect that his administration would conduct the business of the state in the interest of the whole nation and that he would invite the assistance of all political parties to that end. This proclamation made a very favorable impression.

An attempt was made to assassinate the president on the afternoon of April 21 last. An unknown man met president Borda on the street and shot at him. The president escaped without injury and the criminal was captured. On that occasion the president, accompanied by his aide, Lieut. Col. Turrene, had been horseback riding. As he dismounted in front of the government palace a youth approached him and drew a pistol. Before the trigger could be pulled Lieut. Col. Turrene struck up the arm of the would-be assassin and the ball passed over the president's head.

Another attempt was made to assassinate him on May 20, when when he received a bomb sent to him from La Plata, Argentine. It was in a box and so arranged that it would explode when the box was opened. Fortunately, suspicion was aroused, and the box was turned over to the police and destroyed.

Restraining grace is an amazing work of God. It is more wonderful than his setting a bound to the sea, that it cannot pass over. Think what a hell every unconverted bosom would become if the Spirit were to withdraw and give men over to their own hearts' lusts.—McCheyne.

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If you would be well with a great mind, leave him with a favorable impressions of you; if with a little mind leave him with a favorable impression of himself.—Coleridge.

When God sends darkness, let it be dark. 'Tis so vain to think we can fight it up with candles, or make it anything but dark. It may be because of the darkness we shall see some new beauty in the stars.—The Story of William and Lucy Smith.

There are no songs comparable to the songs of Zion, no orations equal to those of the prophets, and no politics like those which the Scriptures teach.—John Milton.

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