

## Willie, We Have Missed You.

Oh, Willie, is it you, dear,  
Safe, safe at home,  
They did not tell me true, dear,  
They said you would not come.  
I heard you at the gate,  
And it made my heart rejoice,  
For I knew that welcome footstep,  
And that dear familiar voice,  
Making music on my ear  
In the lonely midnight gloom—  
Oh, Willie, we have missed you,  
Welcome, welcome home!

We've longed to see you nightly,  
But this night of all;  
The fire was blazing brightly,  
And lights were in the hall;  
The little ones were up,  
Till 'twas ten o'clock and past,  
Then their eyes began to twinkle,  
And they've gone to sleep at last;  
But they listened for your voice,  
Till they thought you'd never come—  
Oh, Willie, we have missed you,  
Welcome, welcome home!

The days were sad without you,  
The nights long and drear,  
My dreams have been about you,  
Oh! welcome, Willie, dear!  
Last night I wept and watched  
By the moonlight's cheerless ray,  
Till I thought I heard your footstep,  
Then I wiped my tears away;  
But my heart grew sad again,  
When I found you had not come—  
Oh, Willie, we have missed you,  
Welcome, welcome home!

## Psalm liii.

1 David describeth the corruption of a natural man. 4 He convinceth the wicked by the light of their own conscience. 6 He glorieth in the salvation of God.

To the chief Musician upon Mahalath, Maschil. A Psalm of David.

**T**HE fool hath said in his heart There is no God. Corrupt are they and have done abominable iniquity; there is none that doeth good.

2 God looked down from heaven upon the children of men; to see if there were any that did understand, that did seek God.

3 Every one of them is gone back: they are altogether become filthy; there is none that doeth good, no, not one.

4 Have the workers of iniquity no knowledge? who eat up my people as they eat bread; they have not called upon God.

5 There were they in great fear, where no fear was: for God hath scattered the bones of him that encampeth against thee; thou hath put them to shame, because God hath despised them.

6 Oh, that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion! When God bringeth back the captivity of his people, Jacob shall rejoice, and Israel shall be glad.

All through passengers over the W. & A. R. R. have the privilege of stopping off at beautiful and historic Marietta. See that your tickets read over the W. & A. R. R.



THE JOBE HOUSE, AT RINGGOLD, GA.

## The Jobe House.

We give on this page a picture of the Jobe House, at Ringgold, Ga. It is on the West side of the Western & Atlantic Railroad, about three hundred yards from the depot as you come towards Atlanta, and only some twenty or thirty yards from the track. It is just about a ~~hundred~~ <sup>one hundred</sup> yards from Ringgold Ga. ~~Kennesaw~~ <sup>Kennesaw</sup> ~~Gazette~~ <sup>Gazette</sup> the railroad runs. August 1889

In the battle of Ringgold, Nov. 27, 1864, in which Gen. Pat. Cleburne's division repulsed the greater part of Gen. Joe. Hooker's corps, some of the Federal riflemen darted into this house and from the windows and doors began a most annoying fire upon the Confederates, who were in the gap and on the side of the ridge, without entrenchments. The latter poured a storm of bullets against the house, but were unable to dislodge the Federals until they turned a couple of pieces of artillery against their place of shelter. This stampeded them at once, although the shells missed the house.

The bullet marks around the doors and windows are still plainly visible.

Our picture is a copy of a fine one, which was drawn by the distinguished artist, Mr. A. R. Waud, of New York City.

Think of it! To the top of Lookout Mountain in a palace car. If you go via the W. & A. R. R. to Chattanooga you can connect with the trains which run to the top of the grand and historic mountain, on whose summit, 2,400 feet above the sea are splendid hotels.

## Marietta, Ga.

Augusta People in a Charming Summer Resort—An Eligible Bachelor in the Shadow of Kennesaw.

A summer tour in north Georgia is incomplete without a visit to Marietta, for it is full of attractions, personal, natural and artificial, especially in the warm season. It is with peculiar regret that confession of such serious omission is made in this particular connection, but from the very best kind of evidence we are assured that Marietta is one of the most wonderful young cities in Georgia. It is growing into a place of railway and commercial importance, and as a health resort it is unsurpassed.

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Many of the best people in Georgia have summer homes in Marietta, and Augusta is represented among this number by Mr. Josiah Sibley. His beautiful summer villa is near the city, and the members of his family are among the choicest social spirits of that most congenial and charming spot. Many other good people from here go up for a few weeks at a time.

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Among the younger people who are making their home in this favored locality, Mr. Joseph M. Brown is most prominent, and he has purchased the famous and historic homestead of Ex-Governor Charles J. McDonald. His place is in the very shadow of Kennesaw, and here the young railroad king is preparing to locate and keep a royal bachelor's hall, or it may be that he is preparing a worthy and wonderful cage for some charming social bird. He is, indeed, a social spirit, as well as a business man, and no one is fonder of his friends than this successful and

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