

"THE BABES IN THE WOODS."  
(Big Pine Flat, 1871.)

BY IRVING HARTZ.

"Something characteristic," eh?  
Humph! I reckon you mean by that,  
Something that happened to your way,  
Here at the crossing of Big Pine Flat.  
Times aren't now as they used to be,  
When gold was fresh and the boys were frisky,  
And a man would pull out his battery  
For anything—maybe the price of whiskey.  
Nothing of that sort, eh? That's strange.  
Why, I thought you might be diverted,  
Hearing how Jones, of Red Rock Range,  
Drawed his "hint to the Unconquered,"  
And saying, "What will you have it? shot  
Cherokee Bob at the last Debating?  
What was the question? I forgot—  
But Jones didn't like Bob's way of stating."

Nothing of that kind, eh? You mean  
Something milder? Let's see—Oh, Joe!  
Tell to the stranger that little scene,  
Out of the "Babes in the Woods." You know,  
"Babes" was the name the boys gave you, sir,  
Two lean lads in their teens, and greener  
Than even the best of spruce and fir.  
Where they built their nest, and each day grew  
leaner.  
No one knew where they came from. None  
Cared to ask if they had a mother.  
Runaway schoolboys, maybe. One  
Tall and dark as a spruce; the other  
Blue and gold in the eyes and hair.  
Soft and low in his speech, but rarely  
Talking with us; and we didn't care  
To get at their secret all at once.

For they were no quiet, sad and shy,  
Content to trudge on their way, and  
That somehow we'd always shut our eyes,  
And never seem to observe them wholly,  
As they passed by their work. "Twas a woman  
Then,  
And it paid them grub. They could live without  
For the boys had a way of leaving game  
In their trail, and forgetting all about it.  
Yet no one asked for their secret. Dumb  
It lay in their big eyes' heavy hollows,  
It was understood that no one should come  
To their tent unasked, save the best and swal-  
lows.  
So they lived alone. Until one warm night  
I was sitting there, and the sun was low,  
When out of the sunset's rosy light  
Up rose the Sheriff of Mariposa.  
I knew at once there was something wrong,  
For his hand his voice shook just a little,  
And there let much you can fetch along  
To make the sheriff of Jack Hill brittle.  
"Go warn the babes!" he whispered hoarse:  
"Tell I'm coming to get and scurry,  
For I've got a shot that's bad, and worse,  
I've got a warrant—O-d-d-n-it's hurry."  
Too late! They had seen him cross the hill;  
I ran to their tent and found them lying  
Dead in each other's arms, and still  
Clinging the drug they had taken flying.  
And there lay their secret cold and bare,  
Their life, their trail—the old, old story:  
For the sweet little babes, and the golden hair,  
Was a woman's shame and a woman's glory.  
"Who were they?" Ask no more, or ask  
The sun that visits their graves so lightly;  
Ask of the whispering reeds, or chirrup  
The morning crickets that chirrup nightly.  
Of their life and love, and of their death,  
Everything tender and soft and mystic,  
These are our babes in the Woods, you've got  
Well—Human Nature—that's characteristic.

HORRID MISS LEIGH.

Tom Luttrell, aged twenty-four, was a thoroughly good fellow—good tempered, good looking, and heir to a good fortune; but he had one sorrow—he was engaged to a girl whom he had never seen.  
Some ten years before a dispute had arisen about a certain Hillingdon estate in Leicestershire, to which Mr. Luttrell—Tom's father—and a certain Carnworth Leigh both laid claim. Litigation seemed inevitable, and the legal fraternity began to pick up its ears, when one morning Mr. Luttrell received the following note:

"DEAR LUTTRELL: You and I have been good friends all our lives, and there is no man living for whom I have a greater esteem than for yourself. Cannot we then, settle this wretched business without troubling these infernal lawyers? My uncle, Haughton Leigh, had a suit that lasted him twenty years, and killed him in the end. Now, listen to me; my daughter Nellie will have all I've got at my death, except Barfield, which goes to Jack's boy. Why shouldn't she marry your boy Tom? Let the property alone for the next ten years; then Nellie will be sixteen, and Tom four and twenty—if they like to marry then, well and good; if either should decline to carry out the arrangement, let the property go to the other."  
"This is a rough idea of my plan, which Jackson, your lawyer, would soon put into shape. What do you say? Yours, etc."  
"CARSWORTH LEIGH, Barfield."

To this proposition Mr. Luttrell agreed, and Tom found himself an engaged man at fourteen. Soon after this Mr. Leigh was obliged to leave England for his health; and, for many years he resided entirely on the continent. So it happened that Tom and his future bride had never met.

About a month before the time fixed for his decision, Tom betook himself to an inn in the village of Settlement, near Stockford, nominally to fish, but in reality to escape from his father's arguments and to get a little time to himself for quiet reflection, while he sojourned his wretched soul with tobacco.

One day, as he lay lazily smoking by the silver Beck, something fell from a high bank above him and dropped lightly on the water, while a girl's voice exclaimed:

"Oh, my gracious, my hat!"  
Tom looked and saw a neat little hat floating, boat-like, down the stream.

"Both the young woman!" he grumbled.  
"I suppose now she'll expect me to fetch it!"

As he rose he looked up to the spot from which the voice had proceeded, and saw a girl whose beauty surprised him. She stood bareheaded on the bank, gazing with a look of comic dismay at the fast-receding hat, and Tom had an opportunity of examining critically, from the little head, with its crisp, brown hair, disordered by the wind, to the slim ankles which her position revealed as she stood above him.

Running some yards down the bank, he stepped out upon an old willow which protruded over the stream, and waited in the hope that the current would bring the hat within his reach. He was not disappointed, and in a few minutes more he was again on terra firma with his prize.

"I must make friends with this young person," he thought, as he carefully dried the dripping feather with his handkerchief.

The fair stranger had watched his efforts from her elevated post, and smiled sweetly upon him as he climbed the bank with his recovered treasure. She had evidently been sketching, for her materials were scattered in picturesque confusion around her.

"I hope it's not much damaged," said Tom, as he looked rather ruefully at the result of his manipulations. "I'm afraid the father's in a bad way."  
"Oh, it doesn't matter in the least, thanks. How kind of you to take so much trouble. But for you I must have walked home bareheaded."  
"I wouldn't put it on just yet," Tom said. "Let it lie in the sun a little and dry while you go on with your work."  
"But suppose it starts off again when

there's no one to recover it for me?" she suggested.

"Let me guard it, then, and you can work in peace. You are sketching, I see; may I look?"

"Oh, yes; but it's a miserable failure, I'm afraid," she said, laughing, as she handed it to him. Tom examined it, and being a bit of an amateur himself, proceeded to criticize, and finally to instruct. He found this girl very charming; she seemed so delightfully free from all conventionalities, without at all resembling his *bete noir*, the fast girl.

They grew quite confident as the lesson proceeded, and were amazed when, on consulting their watches, they discovered that it was half-past six.

"I must fly," she said, "or I shall be late for dinner, and Sir John can't stand that."  
"Have you to go far?" asked Tom, carefully.

"About a mile. I'm staying at Newlands. Good-bye. No, I can carry them, thanks; I couldn't think of troubling you anymore. Good-bye," and she was off.

Tom went to his room, thinking a good deal about his new friend, wondering where charms lay, even more than her beauty, had fascinated him. "Perhaps it's her dress," he thought; "she dressed better than any woman I ever saw; and then her boots!" Here he lit a cigar and fell into a dream about the said boots, and about the little hand which had worked so industriously and confidently under the direction of his big brown paw. All the next day he wandered by the river, but she came not. That evening he was restless and ill-tempered with his hostess and everyone who approached him.

The day after he was more fortunate. She was sitting in the old spot, and greeted him smiling.

"You're just in time," she said. "Look at my tree; isn't like those bright green cauliflowers you see in the pickle bottles?"

Tom sat down and set to work on the refractory tree, while she watched him.

"I say," said she, at last, "isn't this dreadfully improper?"

"Which?" said Tom, working away vigorously.

"Why, you and me," she replied ungrammatically. "We've never been introduced, and I don't in the least know who you are or anything about you. Lady Turnbull would have a fit if she knew it."

"Let me introduce myself," said Tom, laughing. "My name is Luttrell—Tom Luttrell; or, if you prefer it, Thomas Curson Alvauley Luttrell."

If she had not been sitting behind him Tom must have noticed the blush which spread over her face at this announcement. After a pause she said, slowly:

"So, you're Tom Luttrell?"

"Yes," said he, looking up. "What do you know of me?"

"There is a young lady staying at Newlands who is a great friend of mine; she has told me about you."  
"Indeed! And what's her name?"

"Miss Leigh—Nellie Leigh."  
It was Tom's turn to flush now.

"Miss Leigh," he repeated. "Good heaven! you don't mean to say that she is in the neighborhood?"

"You don't seem fond of her," she said, quietly.

Tom painted viciously. "I hate fast girls," he said at last.

"How do you know she's fast? You never saw her."  
"I have heard about her," Tom said, gloomily.

"What have you heard about her?" demanded his companion, sharply.

"My dear Miss Leigh: For the first time I address you personally, though you doubtless must have been for some time aware of the link which in some way connects us. The time has now arrived when our decision must be made in regard to our future—whether we shall go through life together, or separately at once and forever. I will not conceal from you, my dear Miss Leigh, that for some years I have looked on you as my destined bride, and have considered myself fortunate in the prospect of an alliance with one of whose beauty and goodness I have heard so much. It is but quite recently that I have discovered that my heart is no longer mine to dispose of, and I now feel that to urge you to fulfill our engagement would be to insure a life of misery for both of us. Let us, then, separate without a personal interview, which would only cause unnecessary embarrassment. As to Billington, I resign it to you willingly, feeling sure that you would make a better mistress than I should a master."

"Trusting, then, some day to meet you as the bride of some one more worthy to possess yourself, I am, dear Miss Leigh, your sincere friend."  
"THOMAS CURSON LUTTRELL."

"That'll do, I think. I hope it won't smell of tobacco, Simms," as that worthy answered the bell; "take this to Miss Leigh, with my compliments." Simms was too well trained to show surprise at anything; he bowed and went. In ten minutes he returned.

"Miss Leigh's compliments, sir, and would you speak to her in the drawing-room?"

"Oh, hang her, said Tom; but there was no escape. The drawing-room was darkened to exclude the afternoon sun, but Tom discovered a figure in white at the far end, which rose and bowed as he advanced.

"I am delighted, Miss Leigh," he began, "to have the pleasure—"  
"Hullo! Miss Harding? You here?"

"Miss who?" said the laughing voice of his Settlement friend; "I am not Miss Harding."

"Then who in the name of goodness are you?" he demanded, eagerly.

She looked down demurely.

"I am that horrid Miss Leigh, as you called me the other day."  
Tom sat down and stared at her; presently he broke into a great laugh.

"Oh, it's all very well to laugh," she said, in an injured tone.

In a moment more he was kneeling by her chair, looking up into her eyes.

"Miss Leigh—Nellie—"  
"I told you not to call me Nellie, yesterday," she said, tartly.

"Yes, but yesterday isn't to-day; we're engaged now."  
"Engaged, sir? What, after this?"

"Oh, hang the letter! You know I

love you to distraction. You are your own only rival in my love—and you will marry me, dear, won't you?"

"Certainly not. You said I was fast and slangy, and that Hillingdon would be a cheap price to pay to be rid of me. And then this letter! Let go my hand—how dare you, sir! Be quiet, Mr. Luttrell! Tom don't!"

But Tom was not to be denied. After this spirited resistance Miss Leigh surrendered ignominiously.

"Tom," she whispered, as her head lay on his shoulder, "Do you really care for me?" (Kisses and protestations.)

"And you really want to marry me?" (More kisses and protestations.)

"Then, and her voice sank lower yet—"then take down the card, for I'm let to a single gentleman."

General Notes.  
Two persons die every second.  
The average of human life is 31 years.

The debt of Alabama is officially announced as amounting to \$24,410,496.

If an artery is cut, compress above the wound, if a vein is cut, compress below.

The wealth of France is increased by about 80,000,000 by the use of horse-shoe as food.

Fon dust in the eyes, avoid rubbing; dash water in them; remove cinders, etc., with the round point of a lead pencil.

It has lately been proved that fire cannot advance through grass, even when it is blowing a gale, faster than six miles an hour.

Onox built 10 miles, Alabama 11 miles, Delaware 16 miles, North Carolina 17 miles, and Georgia 21 miles of railway last year.

The arsenal at Rock Island, Ill., when complete, will have a capacity equal to the manufacture of munitions of war sufficient to equip 1,000,000 men every six months.

Mrs. JOHN C. FREMONT writes to a gentleman in Philadelphia that the report declaring her husband to be afflicted with a cancer is entirely false, and that the General's health is excellent.

The proprietor of the London *Telegraph* is about to raise the price of advertisements to 2s. 6d. per line. The number of them has become so large as to interfere with the news, and he expects by increasing the price to make more room in his columns. The daily circulation of the *Telegraph* is now about 170,000. So says the paragraph man.

One of the many excellent and healthy regulations of English railways is that no one shall attempt to get on or off from a train in motion. A man named Baynes was recently fined £2 for attempting to get into a car after the train had started, £5 for assaulting the guard who arrested him, £3 for tearing his coat, and £2 for costs. He might better have hired a special train.

A fire insurance agent of Grand Rapids, Mich., has made an estimate of the loss by fire in that city during the year 1875. He foots up the total, \$413,000, and the total insurance, \$182,000. Over three-fourths of the total losses were by the great fire of July 15. The five blocks destroyed by that conflagration are now nearly all rebuilt with a much better class of buildings than those that were destroyed.

The following estimate is given by the *Economiste Francaise* of the existing number of cotton-spinning spindles in Europe and America: Great Britain, 35,000,000; United States, 8,000,000; France, 5,700,000; Germany (Zollverein), 4,300,000; Russia, 2,000,000; Switzerland, 1,800,000; Austria, 1,400,000; Spain, 1,400,000; Belgium, 600,000; Italy, 500,000; other countries, 2,000,000; total, 63,700,000.

Butter.  
The time has been when butter was considered a luxury. The Greeks and Romans used it as an ointment and a medicine. The Romans were accustomed to annoint the bodies of their children with it to render them pliable, and the Burgundians extended its application by using it as a hair oil. Plutarch, the prince of ancient story-tellers, informs us that a Spanish lady once paid a visit to Berenice, the wife of a Deiotarus, and that one smelt so strongly of ointment and the other of butter, that neither could endure the other. We are not told what kind of ointment it was, but we can safely assert that the butter must have been very rancid. The ancient Christians of Egypt burnt butter in their lamps instead of oil; and in more recent times it was used for the same purpose in Roman Catholic churches, during the Christmas festival, to avoid the great consumption of olive. The cathedral of Rouen has a tower called the "Butter tower," from the fact that the Archbishop of Rouen, in A. D. 1500, finding the supply of oil to fail, during Lent, permitted the use of butter in lamps, on condition that each inhabitant should pay six deniers, with which money the tower was built. There are other "butter towers," Notre Dame, Bourges, etc.

SENATOR WRIGHT, of Iowa, has introduced into the Senate the following bill, which is of considerable importance to the new sections of the West:

"Whenever it shall be ascertained, in any proceeding in any court of record having competent jurisdiction, that any one has, in good faith, purchased from the United States any land, and has obtained therefor either a patent or the usual certificate of purchase, and, by reason of prior sale, grant, or other act of the United States, is compelled to yield to such previous title, it shall be competent for the holder of such certificate or patent, or anyone holding under him in like good faith, to make proof, before the Secretary of the Interior, of the value of his improvements made prior to notice of such adverse title, as also of all sums of money paid in procuring such certificate or patent; and it shall be the duty of said Secretary, either by himself or such person as he may appoint for that purpose, to hear and examine all such evidence, investigate the entire claim, determine what the said claimant is entitled to by reason of his failure of title, and report

the same for examination and allowance to the session of Congress next thereafter: Provided, That no claim shall be investigated unless presented within five years next after the adjudication in the courts above contemplated.

NATIONAL LEGISLATION.  
Abstracts of Important Bills Recently Introduced in Congress.

Hon. Stewart L. Woodford has introduced in the House a bill to provide stenographers for sundry of the United States courts. He also has presented another "establishing increased rate of invalid pensions after July 1, 1874."

Gen. Negley, of Pennsylvania, is the author of a humane measure "to protect persons of foreign birth against forcible constraint or involuntary servitude." He provides that any person who shall bring into the United States or Territories any person inveigled or kidnapped in any other country, with intent to hold them to involuntary servitude, shall be deemed guilty of felony, and be imprisoned for a term not exceeding ten years, and fined not exceeding \$5,000.

Mr. Archer, of Maryland, has introduced a bill, somewhat elaborate in its provisions:

"To provide for the settlement of claims of the officers of the Revolutionary Army, and of the widows and children of those who died in service."

Mr. Dawes has introduced a bill to regulate the duties on certain imported goods, chiefly silks.

Mr. Magnius, delegate from Montana, has a bill:

"To amend the act entitled 'An act to provide for the removal of the Flathead and other Indians from the Bitterroot Valley, in the Territory of Montana,' approved June 5, 1872. It extends the time two years."

Mr. Armstrong, delegate from Dakota, has introduced a bill granting the right of way to the Dakota Central Railway Company.

Mr. Armstrong also has a bill:

"To authorize the Saint Paul and Sioux City Railway Company to construct a branch line from Sibley, in the State of Iowa, to Yankton, in the Territory of Dakota."

Mr. Stephen A. Cobb, of Kansas, has introduced an important bill:

"Authorizing proceedings to be instituted in the United States Circuit Court for the District of Kansas, to determine title to Osage ceded lands."

Mr. Cobb is also the author of a bill requiring Indian supplies to be purchased from the lowest bidder, after due advertisement.

Mr. Alexander S. McMill, of Wisconsin, "relating to soldiers' and sailors' homesteads." It provides:

"That from and after the passage of this act no private soldier or officer, or other person, who shall enter land under the provisions of the act entitled 'An act to amend an act relating to soldiers' and sailors' homesteads,' approved June 8, 1872, and the acts amendatory thereto, shall be required to reside on or cultivate the land so entered; but the person making such entry shall make affidavit that he or she enters the same for his or her own use and benefit."

Mr. Waldron, of Michigan, presents a bill:

"Giving the assent of Congress to the State of Michigan to tax all lands sold by the United States therein from and after the date of sale."

Mr. Moses W. Field, of Michigan, has taken a big job. He introduces "a bill to prevent financial panics." It is by the issue of "bonds to be called three and sixty-five convertible bonds."

Senator Crozier, of Kansas, puts in a bill:

"Authorizing the sale of a portion of the Fort Leavenworth military reservation to the Kansas Agricultural and Mechanical Association for fair grounds."

Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, would regulate transportation on the Union Pacific and Kansas Pacific railways, so that there shall be no unjust discriminations—for which his bill provides.

Senator Dennis, of Maryland, wishes to arm and equip the whole body of the militia of the United States, and has a bill to that end.

Mr. Sargent, of California, introduced an elaborate bill to aid in the execution of the laws in the Territory of Utah.

Mr. Sargent has another bill "for the protection of society in the Territory of Utah, and for other purposes." In this bill the bigamous and polygamous are made to suffer. The bill also repeals sundry Territorial statutes, and is generally calculated to bring the Mormons to a sense of their condition, and make them conform to the practices of civilized society.

Table of Distances.

FROM NEW YORK TO		
Place.	Miles.	Miles.
Albany, N. Y.	168	1450
Boston, Mass.	230	1580
Philadelphia, Pa.	37	1520
Baltimore, Md.	185	1500
Washington, D. C.	225	1450
Richmond, Va.	253	1380
Norfolk, Va.	338	1300
Charleston, S. C.	744	1200
Savannah, Ga.	854	1130
Atlanta, Ga.	1000	1030
Montgomery, Ala.	1320	930
Mobile, Ala.	1530	830
New Orleans, La.	1507	730
Galveston, Tex.	1580	630
Houston, Tex.	1200	530
San Antonio, Tex.	1200	430
Indianapolis, Ind.	838	330
Chicago, Ill.	808	230
Cincinnati, O.	744	130
Louis, Mo.	1100	30
Milwaukee, Wis.	1300	20
Detroit, Mich.	679	10
Little Rock, Ark.	1400	0
Omaha, Neb.	1400	0

WOODEN SHOES—Wooden shoes are highly recommended by the agricultural societies and Governments of Europe, as it is often shown that many diseases resulting in impaired constitutions and even in the loss of life have resulted from wearing leather shoes in wet weather. A practical workman from France has been called recently to Germany to superintend their manufacture. They are light and easy to wear, and provided with a small cushion within the upper side to obviate any pressure on that part of the foot. They are of a neat, pleasant appearance blackened or varnished, large enough to accommodate comfortable stockings, and provided with leather straps. Their prices range from 24 to 26 cents, and a very few pairs would last a lifetime.

JANETTE'S HAIR.

BY MILLS O'BRIEN.

"Loosen the snood that you wear, Janette, let me tangle a hand in your hair, my pet—For the world to me had no dancier sight Than your brown hair selling your shoulders white, As I tangled a hand in your hair, my pet.

It was brown with a golden gloss, Janette, it was finer than silk of the floss, my pet; 'Twas a beautiful mist falling down to your waist, 'Twas a thing to be braided, and jeweled, and kissed, 'Twas the loveliest hair in the world, my pet.

My arm was the arm of a clown, Janette, it was stoney, bristled and brown, my pet, But warmly and softly it loved to caress Your round white neck and your wealth of tress, Your beautiful plenty of hair, my pet.

Your eyes had a swimming gloss, Janette, revealing the dear old story, my pet, They were gray, with that chastened tinge of the sky, When they front leaps quickest to snap the fly—and they matched with your golden hair, my pet.

Your lips—but I have no words, Janette, they were as fresh as the twitter of birds, my pet, When the spring is young, and the roses are wet With dew-drops in each red blossom set, And they suited your gold-brown hair, my pet.

Oh, you tangled my life in your hair, Janette, 'Twas a silken and golden snare, my pet, That so gentle the bondage, my soul did inspire The right to continue a slave ev'ning, With my fingers enmeshed in your hair, my pet.

Thus ever I dream what you were, Janette, With your lips, and your eyes, and your hair, my pet; In the darkness of desolate years I roam, And my tears fall bitterly over the stone That covers your golden hair, my pet.

Fifth and Point.

MEN of the time—Chronometer-makers.

The best substitute for coal—Wax weather.

If a Bedesman should lose his teeth, would he talk gum-Arabic?

No other living thing can go so slow as a boy on an errand.

The girl who spelled *cuchre* "you-cur" was evidently thinking of the bow-wow-ers.

QUICK earnestly sympathizes with the young man who found nothing but the old gentleman's compliments in his stocking Christmas morning.

A NEW ENGLAND Justice lately decided that when two families live in the same house, neither family has a right to sing "Captain Jinks more than thirty times in succession without being liable to arrest and fine for disturbing the peace."

A NEW ENGLAND youth who "went West" in search of fortune, writes back that he has joined three churches of different denominations; it is satisfied that that is the way not only to secure patronage, but also to "have a hand in all the fun going on."

Nor long ago a Western minister told the young ladies of his congregation that the first step to ruin was an ostrich feather and a yard of gay-colored ribbon. One of his hearers having occasion the next day to use some ribbon, asked the clerk for "three more steps to ruin."

A COUNTRY paper exclaims: "Lives there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said, 'I'll pay before I go to bed, the debt I owe the printer? Yes, there are some we know full well, who never such a tale could tell, but they, I fear, will go to—well, the place where there's no winter.'"

ONE of the most interesting features of the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition will be a cage containing all the obituary writers of that city. The champion, who will occupy a prominent place near the door, has lately produced the following:

No more his ps will candy bring  
Unto his darling boy,  
He laid him down and died,  
Expressive of his joy.  
With little angels he will stay,  
His rattle spent with joy,  
And lies the day when far away  
He laid them down and died,  
Gone to meet his grandmother.

Life at Dry Tortugas.

Spangler, one of the accomplices of Booth in the assassination of President Lincoln, has been relating to a reporter of the Philadelphia *Mercury* some of his experiences at Dry Tortugas. He says:

"I'm out now something over two years, and do you know that nothing so conspires to annoy me as the wonderful contrast between the length of the days that I spent in my frightful exile, if you can honor such a den with such a name, and those in which I now employ my liberty. In my prison, time seemed to have changed to eternity itself, while now the hours fit by with lightning speed, as though they were jealous of my rescue and wished to cut it short. No, I was not treated harshly, I suppose; that is, I don't think that the authorities at Dry Tortugas meant to be severe upon me simply on account of my forced association with the murderer of Lincoln, but the regulations of the prison were so inhumanly strict that it is a mercy that I am yet alive. Why, would you believe that I have been kept at work for eight days straight ahead with a ball and chain attached to my leg, with not above five hours sleep each night? They acted just as though it was their desire to kill us, for surely the work we were doing was not profitable to the Government or anyone else. I have worked nearly to exhaustion in a rope-walk, and after a week's labor would have the satisfaction of seeing the result of my toil destroyed, that some fellow-prisoner might do it over again. Thus the very rope I had made would be turned into the material for another rope. This was done in hot summer, too, when the burning sun was enough for a man of ordinary power to endure. When I first learned that the period of my sentence had expired, I hadn't ambition enough left in me to care one cent about it. But when the sloop Rhine took me and four others to Key West, and the bracing air of the water had nerved me up, I began to appreciate once more the value of my liberty."

The Seven Wonders of the World.

1. The Pyramids of Egypt.
2. The Pharos of Alexandria.
3. The Walls and Hanging Gardens of Babylon.
4. The Temple of Diana at Ephesus.
5. The Statue of the Olympian Jupiter.
6. The Mausoleum.
7. The Colossus of Rhodes.