

range, and feeling sure they had but one round of ammunition with them, we paid no attention to their threats. No shots were fired at us, but threats to shoot were repeated as long as we were in hearing.

"Although we had hurried considerably, we discovered Trippe was out of sight, and we increased our speed, as much to get a view of him as to gain on our pursuers. We had gone but a few yards after so doing before we came to Trippe lying on the ground, near a large crevice or opening in a huge rock. He was completely exhausted, and unable to speak or make himself understood. We scarcely halted on reaching Trippe, as three or four of the confederates had gained the top of the ridge north of the gorge, and were yelling at us to halt and surrender. They were not more than a hundred yards distant, but many rocks of huge proportions intervened between them and ourselves. Trippe at this moment motioned to us with both arms, and then began crawling into the opening in the rock near him. What he wished us to do we did not know, and had no opportunity of ascertaining, as we were obliged to flee for our own safety. He attempted to speak, but could not.

"We left Trippe to his fate, and hurried on without stopping, until we were entirely out of hearing of the rebels. When we were beyond the immediate reach of the enemy, it was a question with us whether we should pause for a few moments, to see if Trippe had escaped their notice, or push ahead. We halted and listened for a few minutes, but heard nothing. We concluded the enemy had found Trippe, and were now looking among the rocks for us, and determined to push forward. We kept on the top of the ridge for the distance of nearly two miles, when we came to a gorge leading down the western slope of the mountain into the valley. We followed down this gorge until we were fully half-way to the valley. In a place entirely surrounded by cedar bushes, we halted to rest. The sides of the gorge were high and rugged, and huge rocks projected from them and hung almost directly over our heads. No sound fell upon our ears; not even of the wind gently blowing, or of running water's low murmur. It was truly a place of solitude. The unfortunate event of the evening, the loss of our comrade, made it doubly safe and solitary to us. As we had made very few, if any, footprints, we knew the enemy could not easily trace us, and though sorrowing and dejected in spirit, we felt safe in the loneliness and seclusion of the place. We felt deeply the loss we had sustained in our separation from Trippe, as we had hitherto deferred to him in all the straits and critical situations in which we had been placed. It was the second time he had been captured—if really re-captured this time—and followed in his attempts to escape prison, and on that account we felt sorry for him. We called to mind the reluctance manifested by him to starting with us on the trip to the lines; also his great discouragement when he came across the citizen in the woods, about ten days previously. We conjectured the rebels had certainly found Trippe. We conjectured, too, that Trippe, in motioning to us, had intended to be understood as directing us to hide, as he was doing; that the rebels would question him as to where the rest of us were, and that he would answer that they were hid among the rocks somewhere near; that they would look for us, and, failing to find us, would accuse him of deceiving and delaying them in their pursuit of us until we were out of reach. Taking this view of the matter we feared the rebels would become exasperated at Trippe, and would treat him cruelly, if they did not murder him. Whatever the result of the fray might have been to Trippe, we knew we were

SOUTHERN PRISON LIFE.

"Free Lance" Describes the Removal to Florence and His Experiences.

[Continued from last week.]

BLACKSHIRE, Nov. 25th.—We left Savannah with sad hearts late yesterday afternoon, on open platform cars, bound for this point, ninety-five miles to the southwest. The ocean breezes chilled us. Two prisoners on the train froze to death, and one rebel soldier was killed by falling from the cars. There are several thousand of us here. We are not shut up in a stockade, but are simply under guard in a gloomy, swampy wood. I don't really know where we are. The small collection of dilapidated shanties at the railroad stopping place is denominated Blackshire by some and Station Nine by others. Some of the rebels say that we are in Northern Florida, and others that we are still in Georgia. We hate Georgia, and will be glad to get out of it. It is not probable that we will be kept here long. [Blackshire is in Pierce county, Georgia.] We have heard good news of the "galvanized Yankees"—the Union prisoners who enlisted in the rebel army. It is said that a party of them spiked some siege guns at Savannah, the other night, and deserted in boats to the Union fleet. It is also reported that ten or twenty "galvanized" sergeants were executed at Augusta, or somewhere else up in that section, a few weeks ago, for organizing a conspiracy to capture their commissioned officers and march their regiment to Sherman's army. The rebels say they are of no account to the confederacy, and do nothing but steal and murder. A train load of prisoners sent from Savannah to Charleston last August maintained on the way, and attempted to overpower the guards, but failed in the attempt, and many were killed.

Nov. 27th.—To-day noon, with many demonstrations of pleasure, the rebel officers announced to us that we are all to be exchanged at Savannah to-morrow. They are now busily engaged in getting our signatures to the parole documents. Intense joy and excitement prevail. Rations for two days have been issued to us. The general consensus is: "If we are going to be exchanged to-morrow what do we want for their corn-meal?" So we are all hard at work cooking and eating it. The parole we are signing reads about as follows: "We, the undersigned, solemnly pledge our sacred word of honor that we will not take up arms again in any garrison, fortification, or field-work of the United States, or do any police or constabulary duty, or any duty usually performed by soldiers, until we have been duly declared exchanged."

SAVANNAH, Nov. 27th.—We signed our parole papers yesterday, and were sent ninety-five miles to this city without a single rebel soldier on any of the trains to guard us. Like fools, we did not escape and make for Fort Pulaski. We came up by night, and every man of us might by this time have reached the Union lines. As it is, we are now under guard again and are bound for Charleston. The pretended parole was a bold piece of strategy on the part of the rebels. They must be getting short of troops. As most of us ate up all our rations last night, on the strength of the exchange canon, we must now starve for forty-eight hours. They will never deceive us again. [On December 9th Sherman's army reached Savannah.] FLORENCE, S. C., Nov. 29th.—We left Savannah

greatest of hardships, and is ruinous to the health. We have wood enough for cooking purposes, but none to keep warm by. The weather is extremely cold at night, and as few prisoners have blankets, many men freeze to death, to say nothing of frost-bitten limbs, that are speedily attacked by gangrene. This is fully as rough a place as Andersonville. It consists of an oblong stockade enclosing two opposite hillsides, with a swamp between, the whole forming an area of about fifteen acres. Of this area the swamp takes up five acres. The stockade runs east and west, being about twice as long as it is wide, and the gate is at the western end. The eastern hillside is not quite so high as the western. Flowing through the swamp from north to south is a brook of crystal water. The stockade logs are unheaved, and instead of sentry boxes, such as were provided at Andersonville and Millen, the earth is heaped up on the outside of the stockade to a sufficient height to form a walk for the sentinels and enables them to see all that transpires inside. At each corner of the stockade is an elevated platform on which artillery is mounted. The guns are pointed to the inside and are kept loaded with grape and canister. The dead-line consists of merely a furrow plowed in the ground, instead of a railing. It is superfluous to state that the prisoners have no tents or barracks. The large majority of them live in holes in the ground, more or less roofed over with mud and sticks. Across the swamp runs a dyke or elevated road, and the creek is spanned by a rough bridge of logs. By reason of its proximity to the bridge the prison market-place is humorously termed "the Rialto." The railroad station is about a mile distant. Florence is in Darlington county, at about the centre of the State of South Carolina, and is about north from Charleston.

Dec. 1st.—The interior of the prison is commanded by Lieutenant Barrett, of the Fifth Georgia infantry, whom the prisoners call "Red Head," by reason of his scarlet hair. He is the Wirz of Florence—the incarnate of meanness and cowardly cruelty. To judge by his language and conduct when we can catch him, he is the most brutal and contemptible wretch I ever saw. He is quite as ready to flourish weapons in the face of unarmed and helpless invalids as Wirz was, and the prisoners state that he has maimed several unoffending men by striking them with a musket butt. The vengeance of the divine confederacy is falling on us, and such a man as Wirz, Winder and Barrett are managing the business. The death rate here is twelve per cent a month; that is, twelve men die every hundred die every month. According to another estimate, the average duration of life is one hundred and twenty-one days. The misery by sickness and starvation is a constant feature. During the last month hundreds of despairing prisoners perished in the rebel army. The garrison consists of the Fifth Georgia regiment and other organizations composed of conscripts and other scum. Colonel Iverson is commander of the post. Once in a while he has a fit of impulse, but he permits too many barbarous acts to go unrebuked to entitle him to be spoken of. As at Millen, we are organized into hundreds and thousands. The wood work is pitch pine, and is so full of pitch that it cuts a long silver, light one end of it and sticks the other end in the ground and writes by it the same as I would by a candle. It burns brilliantly in the little fire holes of our "gopher hole." Why should we work so hard to build houses, especially Northern mansions, when all they really really is a hole in the ground? We are in South Carolina at last, the home of the flow-

STRIKING IT RICH;

Or, From Kitchen to Parlor and Back Again.

[By Ethel Allen.]

CHAPTER I.

I was out in the kitchen flyin' around to get supper, and had just set the table, with the mince pie and the cheese right close to Jim's plate, and the sausage was sizzlin' away on the stove, and, for a wonder, the baby was sleepin' most beautiful, and I was a-hummin' "Old Uncle Joe" very soft to myself, when, all of a sudden, I heard some one come in the store. I quick wiped my hands on my apron and hurried along to wait on 'em, and who should it be but one of them telegraph boys, and he held out an envelope and said, "Ten cents due!" as per as you please.

So I got him the money, and then I walked back to the kitchen with that innocent lookin' little yellow thing in my hand and laid it down carelessly on the table, because the baby was actin' as if he was a-goin' to open his sweet, blessed eyes; but, after I had rocked him to sleep again, I began to wonder if that telegraph wasn't from Joe Murphy, my husband's old partner, who had gone out to Leadville some two months before, and I picked it up in a hurry and tore it open as quick as a wink, and these are the very words that I read:

"Have just sold your interest in the Stunmin' Marin to Ruggles & Co. for \$300,000; will send draft for \$5,000. Balance during the year."

"Joe Murphy."

Well, I didn't fall down in a swoon and faint dead away, and I didn't scream ones, I don't know where I stood for a minute or so, but when the sausage began to sizzle again, I took up the pan very careful and slowly

—gravy and all—over the top of my head, and I stood on the stove; and I've just think it was lucky that Jim happened in just then or I might have had a baby, been in such a confused state of mind, as it was, I threw myself into a mill-lee-on-air, "We're mill-lee-on-air, we're mill-lee-on-air, I can tell you, when I read that Joe's telegraph, only he didn't put his arm 'round my waist, and he hugged me as if he was a man, and he kissed the baby, and the tears run down my face, and I was so glad, and Jim gave me a good blow and said he reckoned he'd do that 'sassage,' if he was a 'mill-lee-on-air.'"

"I says, as I was cooking him some sausage, 'May I have a silk dress, all trimmed with velvet and lace and fringe and all the things you can get?'"

"I'll consider on it a while." "And when they brought brown paper sacks and gold pieces and a gold chain as thick as your arm, I don't know I never had no jewels, Jim, and the gold ring you gave me when we was married."

"I nearly three years ago, ain't it, when you didn't think that day you'd ever see me in a mill-lee-on-air, did you?" "I put my arms 'round his neck and kissed him as many as five or six times." "I said you was poor, Jim, when we was married. You can't never say I married you for no money."

"I'm mighty glad I took you when I did, Jim, notwithstanding that now I might be a rich man, as it were."

"The baby must have a new cap!" "You got him one only last week." "You can wear that for every day now. I'll have a lace one, Jim, all blue silk and a chain for his neck. Do you think it'll be a little to wear a chain, Jim?"

"It's on the size of the thing. If you was as big as the one you were talkin' 'bout, I'm afraid he could hardly stagger with it on; but a nice fine little chain, I don't doubt, he'd be mighty becomin' to his style of beauty."

"What shall we ever do with it all?" "I'll give you a reformin' to that there sassage, I'll give you to dispose of the most of it. I'll give you mill-lee-on-air never got hungry for no common folks? I'm nearly half starved, and there you stand stirrin' that sassage 'round and 'round as if it was puddin' or mush. Steady, there! That's the third spoonful of sassage you've put in my tea. If you'd a done that last night I'd thought you were goin' to ruin me sure, but, as it is, I reckon I can stand it. See here, mill-lee-on-air, always eat bread with their sassage! Just eat me half a dozen slices or so middlin' thick, will you? I ain't got to eat no thin slices of bread after this, I can tell you!"

"Jim, we'll prescribe for the 'New York Ledger' right off!" "Subscribe, you mean, don't you?" "Well, subscribe then. Your gettin' mighty particular all of a sudden. And we'll take the 'Fire-side Companion,' too, Jim. There's lots of mill-lee-on-air in them stories, and we can do just as they do, so we'll be sure to behave right."

"What do you want to behave any different for? I don't see but that you look to be about the same kind of a woman as you was last night, only that pink in your cheeks is so mighty becomin'."

"I'm pretty, ain't I, Jim?" "Fair to middlin'." "If you hadn't been, I shouldn't have married you."

"And I'll look like a real lady when I'm dressed up in silks and satins and everything, won't I, Jim?" "Shouldn't wonder."

"We're as good as any folks now, ain't we, Jim?" "Always was, to my thinkin'."

"And nobody'll look down on us now, will they, Jim?" "Well, some of 'em may, even yet. You see, we're not very educated, and as they say down in Pennsylvania, we haven't no grandfathers."

"But it ain't our fault if our grandfathers is all of 'em dead?" "Their bein' dead doesn't matter. The longer they've been in that mournful condition the more they're worth in the market!"

"Jim Miller, ain't you assumed to talk so of your poor diseased grandfathers?" "Deceased, you mean. That's the second mistake in grammar you've made already this evening!"

"Well, you contradict me, Jim, and I'll contradict you, so we will learn to talk proper. But you oughten to speak so disrespectful of your grandfathers, Jim."

"I didn't mean to be disrespectful. I was only referin' to the account we make of 'em down in old Pennsylvania."

"Don't you suppose western folks think a heap of their grandfathers, too?" "Not in the way I mean. They don't care nobody in Pennsylvania unless your granddaddy was a pretty respectable sort of a gent."

"Couldn't we go back there to live, Jim?" "Not if know myself."

"Why—why—why—wasn't your grand-father respectable, Jim?" "Course he was! He and my grandmother stood in the market sellin' their potatoes and beans and squash and such truck every Saturday mornin' for nigh twenty years, and I'll be bound they didn't cheat nobody one blessed cent's worth, neither. Most respectable, nice, quiet folks as ever you see. If I do say so myself."

"Well, then, Jim, why ain't we somebody, if they was so nice?" "Why, you see, some of them mill-lee-on-air down in old Pennsylvania are so dreadful stuck up by their riches that they don't call it exactly respectable to stand in the market-a-sellin' five cents' worth of cheese, or three eggs, or a quarter of a pound of butter, and so on."

"Then we won't never go there to live! We'll stay West all our lives. But we can talk about your comin' from Pennsylvania, and make people think we are somebody."

"Comin' from Pennsylvania won't help us any out here. Western folks don't care a straw where you come from or where you are goin' to neither, that I can make out."

"I hear somebody out in the store, Jim; ain't you intendin' to wait on 'em? Hurry up."

"See here, Sallie, mill-lee-on-air always take their own time, let me tell you."

"Who was it, Jim?" I says, when he came back.

"Only Jones' boy, for a cent's worth of yeast. He had no idea it was a mill-lee-on-air that was condescendin' to wait on him, had he?"

"Why didn't you give him the yeast?" "Now, what for do you want me to give away a whole cent's worth of good yeast? You'd scolded me well if I'd a-done it last night. If you don't look out we'll come to the poor-house yet."

"Why, how can we ever spend all our money, Jim?" "Wait till you get fairly started. Spendin' money seems to come kind o' natural to women! You've asked me for as many as five or six things a-ready. You'll be wantin' one of them grand coaches next, and a coachman all decked out in a high silk hat with a wide gold band round it, and gold stripes up the sides of his breeches, and goodness knows what all."

"Why, I'd be most afraid of him all, Jim, if he was dressed up in that style."

"Well, I could go with you 'til you got kind o' used to him! He wouldn't hurt you while I was around. I must have my airin', too, every day, so as to prevent my growin' too capulatin'."

"Jim, you don't say that word right?" "Then, how should I say it?" "Why, it's a car-pulatin'."

"How do you know, now?" "Cause Johnny Maloney said one day that his father was a very capulent man."

"That's the only some of his Irish. Where's that air little book Johnny had that tells the meanin' of different words? Did he take it home with him, Christmas?"

"No; it's up in his room."

"Well, go get it, then, and we'll settle this 'ere question right here."

"So I took the lamp and went up stairs to the room Johnny had while he was boardin' with us and attendin' the high school. When I came down again Jim took the book out of my hand and began turnin' the leaves very slow."

"Can't you find it, Jim? Let me look."

"Taint here, as near as I can make out."

"Maybe we don't spell it right."

"You couldn't spell it no different. C-o-p-u-l-a-t-i-o-n—capulent. Hold on a minute! Perhaps there's two p's in it. No, I can't find it that way neither. 'Taint in the book. Here, take it up again."

"But I said it was capulent, Jim."

"Well, I looked for that, too. I wouldn't have said a little book of words as that air. We'll get one with all of 'em in, now we're mill-lee-on-air."

"But it'll cost a lot, Jim. Johnny said he paid two dollars for this 'ere little one."

"Well, one as big as I mean won't be more'n five at the most. You wouldn't mind payin' five dollars for a book as would educate us, would you, Sallie?"

"Not if it had a right pretty bindin', so we could lay it out on the settin'-room table along with the Bible your mother sent us when we was married. There goes the store bell again!"

"Some one wantin' another cent's worth of yeast, or a half box of matches, or a couple of crackers, like as not. Can't they give a mill-lee-on-air no peace at all?"

"When he come back I was leavin' my head on my hands lookin' straight in the fire."

"Jim," I says, speakin' out what I was thinkin', "can't we move out of here by to-morrow?"

"What!" he says, pretty near droppin' his pipe.

"Why, more! How can we ever spend all our money a-lyin' in this way?"

"Now, Sallie, don't you get to feelin' too set up all of a sudden. What would you want of a house bigger than this? We've a nice little parlor and this 'ere kitchen and two sleepin' rooms, not countin' the store. If you had any more rooms to take care on you'd be makin' yourself sick a-scrubb'in' and sweepin' and keepin' 'em clean."

"But I wouldn't do no work myself, Jim; ladies don't work. I'd have a—a—what do they call 'em, Jim? There's one in that story we was a readin'." You get me the paper. There it is on the settee.

"Here's what I mean!" I says, findin' the place. "I'd have a b-o-n-e-to take care of the baby. How do you say that word, Jim? Is it boy or bone, do you think?"

"How do I know? Wait 'til you get one, and then you can ask her."

"Don't you want a lucky, Jim?" "Is it smethin' to call? 'Cause if it is I reckon mince-pie and sassage will do for me for a while yet. But if it's smethin' to drink, why, that alters the case. I wouldn't mind takin' a sip just to see how I liked it."

"What kind of a house shall we live in? I'd kind o' like one of marble—beautiful, clean white marble—all full of big rooms and vandin' stairs, like it says in one of them stories, and great long glasses that we could see ourselves in all over and—and—oh! I'd like a regular castle, Jim!"

"You wouldn't know what to do with a castle after you got one. You'd soon be wishin' yourself back again in this 'ere nice little house. Why, I'd miss the store powerful!"

"But, Jim, now we've got the money, why can't we spend it? You ain't goin' to give it away, are you? We haven't no relations to divide with, you know."

"Well, I can't say I was intendin' to give it away, just at present."

"O, Jim, let's have a regular good time spendin' it then! I'd like to be a real lady, Jim—I never was one, you know—and have silks and satins and jewels and everything."

"We'll have mince-pie every day, won't we, Sallie?"

"Yes, and white sugar, too. I never did like usin' brown sugar."

"Well, we might try it a while, I suppose, seein' you are so set on it, and we could come back here again if we got tired livin' in such a fine house. I'll think on it while you wash up them dishes."

Joe's telegraph was still lyin' there on the table, so I picked it up and began to read it again.

"Jim," I says, "What made Joe call it the Stunmin' Maria mine?"

"'Cause that's the name of a very particular friend of our'n," he says, very cool, lightnin' that little black pipe of his and puffin' away for dear life.

"Tell me about her!" I says, kind o' short, and bitin' my lips to keep me from gettin' too mad.

"What do you want to know?" he goes on, as calm as you please.

"Does she live here in Chicago?" I asks very quiet, but I was hopin' with all my might that she did, so I could get a good look at her.

"That's Joe's and my business," he says,

"Well I don't care nothin' at all about knowin'." I says, very proud, and then what does I do but lay my head on the table and cry like a baby.

Jim was over beside me in less than a minute, a huggin' and kissin' me as hard as ever he could.

"You—don't—love—me—no—more!" I sobs, kind o' broken.

"Yes I do, too! Don't cry darlin', don't cry!"

"And you love me better'n Maria, if I ain't so stunnin', don't you, Jim?"

"A million times better! I'll tell you all about her. You see—"

"But I don't want to hear, Jim! I wouldn't know for nothin' at all! I can trust you, Jim, and—and—and—she ain't regular beautiful is she?"

"Homlier than you are! Hasn't got near as soft cheeks or nice little nose. Couldn't hold a candle to you, no way."

"Well, then, I don't care about her one bit!" I says, puttin' my arms 'round his neck.

"We'll have a regular good time spendin' our money, won't we, Jim?"

"Well, I reckon we'll continue to have as good times as mill-lee-on-air generally does."

And then when I had given him just one more hug I went to washin' the dishes.

[To be continued.]

Tender Recollections of a Blanket. [From Harper's Drawer.]

About a year ago the small-pox prevailed to some extent in Austin, and there were great apprehensions at the time of the dread disease becoming epidemic. It was during this excitement that a sad-eyed colored man entered a pawnbroker arena on Austin avenue with a blanket under his arm, which he offered as collateral security for a temporary loan of a dollar.

The contracting parties disagreed on financial issues, the pawnbroker asserting, with considerable positiveness, that he was inviting financial ruin to take possession of him if he advanced more than a sick quarter on the blanket, while the negro stated if the times were not so panicky, five dollars would be no inducement for him to part with the blanket.

"Why, you are out of your mind," said the pawnbroker, running his arm through a hole in the blanket. "It was not worth three dollars when it was new."

"I know dat, boss, but I hates to part wid dat blanket on account ob de tender recollections connected wid it."

"Eh?" exclaimed the alarmed pawnbroker.

"A peary drop ran down de dusky nose, and as he tried to swallow a big lump de colored man said, 'Dat blanket belonged to my wife's mudder, who died yesterday wid de small-pox, but yer can hab it fer a quarter.'"

People wondered why the colored man with a blanket came out of the shop in haste, as if fired out of a cannon, but he knew why. He wanted to get a good start so as to beat a load of buckshot, with which the pawnbroker was preparing to vaccinate him.

The Test of Brain Power. When Bishop Whitaker was in Candelaria, Nev., recently, he took a stroll in the outskirts of the camp with a party of ladies and golly gentlemen. A man was seen laboriously turning a windlass which hoisted from a shaft a bucket filled with rock. The only thing remarkable about the man at the windlass was his hat, the crown of which was cut clean off, allowing the hot sun to pour down upon a perfectly bald head, some waggish friends having recommended this arrangement as sure to produce a crop of hair. The bishop and his party stood watching the man toiling and grunting at his heavy labor for several minutes, and the kind-hearted clergyman spoke up with concern, and said:

"My friend, why don't you cover up your head? This hot sun will affect your brain."

"Brain, is it?" cried the man, as he gave the windlass another heavily-creaking revolution. "Begob, an' if I had any brains d'ye think I'd be here pullin' up this bucket?"

The bishop and his party hastily retired as the gentleman at the windlass proceeded to express, between tugs and in a very strong way, his opinion of men who had been born, like himself, without brains.

Go Away. [Frederick Langbridge.]

With a bumpy swish and a curdled roar, Sweet Mary's churn goes drumming; Young Reuben leans on the low half door And hopes that the butter's comin'; Then sighs and sighs, and drops his eyes— What words can his feelings utter? "O, drop me down in the churn," he cries, "And make me into butter."

She rests her hands, and gazes stands, At sound of his words' warning; Then flies the staff with a lightsome laugh, "O, go away!" says Mary.

If a maiden's word means naught, they say, The opposite sense is in it. So Reuben fluds in her "Go away!" A "just come in a minute."

"I hope," says he, "I may make so free, With a grin and a nervous stutter, 'My answer should be to your ears,' says she, 'I'll come but leave the butter.'"

His arm on the shelf that holds the delf, He looks across the dairy; "Shall I go to her side? Shall I dare her pride?" "O, go away!" says Mary.

He takes the hint, and he takes a kiss, With fears and inward quaking; She does not take what he takes amiss, Nor seem in an awful taking. Sweet kisses he takes so loud and fast; That he takes her breath completely; He takes her tight in his arms at last, And still she takes it sweetly!

The heart of the boy is wild with joy; He has won her—his, his, his, his; "I'll go right off for the ring to-night!" "O, go away!" says Mary.

The Belle of Prairie Place. [By J. A. Mason.]

No use talkin' 'bout de Big Bend place, Dat lib on de county line; For Betsy Jane, fime de Prairie Place, Jes leaves 'em 'way behine. Oh! you neber could find sich a likely 'ooman, Ef you search out all creation; She beat ob'rythin' in de Flat Creek Quarters, An' she clean out de old Plantation.

She totes herself like a flyin' squirrel, And she clam out de niggers all aroun'; An' 'low de dew drops get off de grass When she draps dem foots on de groun'; She's nice as a right meller apple on the tree, An' she look mighty pretty and sassy; Her mouf's jes as sweet as de corn-cob stopper Dat come out de 'lasses jug.

Bumble bee light on de red clover bloom; 'Fossom ent' simmons in de fall; Robin ketch de fishin' 'wum on de fiel', An' mule chaw his corn in de stall; Big hawk watch whar de little chicken scratchin'; Spider look out for de fly; Nigger stan' still an' he bow an' he scrapp When he see dat gal go by!

Call come loppin' when de old cow call him, 'Fossom-dorg run to de horn; Nigger 'sinn on de tall oak tree, An' mornin'-glory wrop round de corn; Nigger turn 'roun' an' he come mighty quick When he hear dat pretty gal laugh, An' she hang on his arm like de vine on de tree When dey bofe go walkin' down de path!

Her eyes gib light like a fox-fire chawk, Her tee-fall white as de snow; Niggers in de cotton patch keep lookin' back When dey see her come choppin' out de crab; She gine to crowd de hands when de crab-grass growin'.

An' she 'sill all de weeds as she go; An' she kiver up de fencer wid a cloud o' duds, When she bus' dem clouds wid her hoe. —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

heart. I think he had been at one time orderly-sergeant of his company (H. Fifteenth United States Infantry). He enlisted at Columbus, Ohio, in the year 1861. He was never married.

Those of our readers who have become interested in the adventures of the escaped prisoners and wish to read of their hair-breadth escapes from the dangers through which they passed, would do well to send fifty cents to W. H. Newlin, Danville, Ill., and procure a copy of his book.

The four surviving comrades, Newlin, Sutherland, Smith, and Wood, after encountering all sorts of adventures, finally reached Ganley Bridge, in West Virginia, and found a camp of Federal soldiers.