

TWO POOR OLD SOULS.

'Tis Christmas night; the streets are bright,
And many windows are alight,
And mirth seems monarch everywhere,
For sounds of laughter fill the air.
But in a little room which knows
No gleam save what the fire shows
Sit, gazing at the glowing coals,
Two poor old souls.

Round them no happy children press
With words and smiles of tenderness;
To them no friends bring greetings gay—
Their friends are dead or far away,
Or else forgotten. At their gate,
Foot deep in snow, no singers wait
To cheer with quaint and jolly trolls
These poor old souls.

And yet two scores of years did he
Do much to add to Christmas glee
With pictures drawn with cunning art
By skilful hand from gentle heart,
And she has told of Christmas time
A hundred tales in prose and rhyme.
Now recompense no creature does
These poor old souls.

And many a feast, in days gone by,
They've spread, when fortune lingered nigh,
And they but little knew of care,
And bade their comrades come and share;
And there—how joyous was the scene,
The walls all hung with Christmas green!
Their hearts were drunk in brimming bowls,
These poor old souls.

But, ah! they faltered in their race,
And never lured to each place,
And seized the wreaths they'd not resigned;
And thus, discredited and left behind,
In time too brief they were forgot.
Alas! it is the common lot,
And will be while earth onward rolls,
For poor old souls.

I left and forgot, until once more
Their names are brought the world before,
And, perchance, some one will tell
How such a picture pleased him well,
Or such a story gladdened shed
Upon his children as they read;
But this will be when death's bell tolls
For two old souls.

—Margaret Eyttinge, in Harper's Weekly.

ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

All day long the steel-colored clouds
Had hung heavily over the snow-mantled hills;
All day long the old farmers had
Nodded the heads sagely at each other,
And said:

"There's more snow in the air;" or,
"We're going to have a spell of weather."
But it seemed that the old farmers
Were wrong, after all; for just at sunset
The clouds parted away, the sun, all gar-
landed with golden beams, laughed over
the frozen landscape, and the beautiful
evening star came to keep his sacred
vigil above the Christmas Eve.

"An ideal view," said Mr. Mackenzie,
stopping on the crest of the hill to ob-
serve the sweet serenity of the old church,
garrisoned with leafless poplar trees, and
the frozen river which reflects the red
sunset in front; the solemn majesty of
the White Mountain range beyond.
"Upon my word, we sojourners in the
semi-tropical valleys of Santa Barbara
haven't any conception what the word
'Christmas' really means! I should like
to be artist enough to paint this scene
as I see it. The first house after you
pass the toll-gate, painted red, with
white trimmings; gable toward the road;
old walls sweep to the rear." Yes, with
a nod of the head, "this is it!"

Mr. Mackenzie was coming East
after ten years' residence on the fair Pa-
cific coast. He had gone thither to make
his fortune. He had made it, and now
he was on the way to fulfill an old love-
engagement with Mary Brown.

They had become affianced ten years
ago. Unlike the generality of men, Mr.
Mackenzie was steadfast and true, even
though all these intervening years, he
had gradually become aware of an ever-
growing unattractiveness between himself
and Mary Brown.
"It would have been better for both of
us if I had left myself unfettered," he
thought. "In those days I did not know
what I wanted, and I suppose she didn't,
either. But a promise is a promise, and
I dare say Mary will make a good wife to
me. I suppose I shall find her changed.
I've changed myself. When a man has
lived over his thirtieth year, he can't
expect time to deal gently with him."
And with these rather unlovely
meditations, Mr. Mackenzie rapped on
the door of the red house with the Lam-
bardy poplars in front of it and the well-
sweep behind.

It was all new to him. He had been
only in the second year of his sojourn in
California, when Mary's father, Bela
Brown, had sold out the old Vermont
homestead and moved up into the Maine
forests. But what were a few score of
miles, more or less, to a man who has
crossed the Sierra Nevada and eaten
sandwiches on the precipices of Cape
Hen?

He rapped again. There was no an-
swer, and he did what he would have
done at a Los Angeles ranch—opened the
door and walked in.
The room was bright with blazing
logs and candle shine. The mantle was
decorated with clusters of holly; wreaths
of laurel leaves glistered overhead, and
festoons of the beautiful princess pine
were fastened over the cheap engravings
and the "Map of the United States" on
the walls.

The kittle sang; the cushioned rock-
ing-chair was drawn up in front of the
hearth, and a volume of Jean Ingelow's
poems lay open on the round work-
table.
"A pretty interior as ever I saw in
my life," said Mr. Mackenzie, looking
complacently round. "Geraniums in the
window; holly and laurel leaves; Jean
Ingelow! I begin to have new hopes of
Mary, after all. She has kept pace with
the times all right."

At this moment there was a little
shriek. The door leading into the back-
kitchen had opened; a lovely young
woman, in a deep-blue merino dress,
with loops of pale blue ribbon in her
hair, stood in the portal, with a glass
dish of apple-sauce in her hand.
"Mary!"
Rolf Mackenzie held out both hands.
He meant to have her advanced boldly
and kissed her, as a man should salute
his fiancée, but a certain sense of pro-
prieté prevented any such demonstra-
tion.
"You are not frightened, are you? It's
only I."
"Only you?"
The blue-eyes—Mary Brown's eyes had
deepened and grown larger and more
lucid, it seemed—were fixed wistfully
upon his face, as if she did not quite
understand.
"Didn't you get my letter?"
"No. What letter?"
"Upon my word," said Mr. Mackenzie
"anything like the stupidity of our
postal arrangements, I never knew. I
mailed that letter just one week before I
started. So I've taken you by surprise
eh?"
"Yes—yes," murmured Mary, blushing
delightfully.
"Well, well. Father Time had not

been so rough with Mary Brown after
all," thought Rolf.

For a girl of thirty, she really had a
wonderful complexion—and that way of
crimping her red-gold tresses all over
her head was extremely becoming. It
made her look full ten years younger than
her actual age.

"But you are glad to see me, Mary?"
Something of the old romantic tenderness—a sensation that he had dreamed
dead and buried long ago—had risen up
into his heart, and quivered in his voice.
It was all right. He was as much in love
as when he was a boy.

"Father will be glad to see you, I dare
say," demurely answered Mary. "Please
to sit down, Mr.—Mr.—"
"No 'Mr.' at all," said Mackenzie, half
vexed, half amused, at this very evident
coquetry. "Call me Rolf, why don't you?"
"Oh, yes, but you are so much older
than I am."

He bit his lip. So far as he could re-
member there was just eighteen months'
difference in their ages. But upon these
subjects one couldn't very well contradi-
ct a lady.

"Your father well?" he asked, by
way of starting upon a new and entirely
safe topic, as he watched Mary's nimble
fingers—how plump and dimple they
were, to-be-sure!—arrange the drape-
ry and set the round table for the coming
meal.

"Quite well," answered Mary. "I ex-
pect him in every minute. He went
over to Berkeley to a funeral this after-
noon, and people have no sort of con-
science about letting him come home in
decency time. I suppose he is a comfort
where there is an illness or death."

Mackenzie lifted his eyebrows inter-
rogatively. Bela Brown was a very
worthy man, as he remembered him, but
short of speech, and entirely devoid of
imaginative qualities.

If he was a comfort to bereaved souls,
it must have been a talent which he had
developed very recently. But he made
no comment on the fact.
"Fine wintry weather," he remarked.
"Quite so," said Mary.

"A decided contrast to the climate I
have left."
"Yes?" questioning. "May I ask
where?"

"The little coquette! What will she
pretend to be ignorant of next!" thought
Mackenzie.

But he only answered, pleasantly:
"Santa Barbara, you know. Under the
Coast Range."

"Oh, Santa Barbara!" Her pretty,
oval face brightened. "I've heard so
much about Santa Barbara of late, from
a neighbor of ours!"

Mary sat down now, and folded her
hands on her lap, with her sweet face
turned away from the fire, and her large,
blue-black eyes sparkling with anima-
tion.

"I wonder," said she, musingly, "if
you have ever met a Mr. Mackenzie
there?"

"A—Mr. Mackenzie?" he repeated,
wondering—what the meaning of all this
was.

"Isn't a great place, like New York
or Boston, you know," reasoned Mary.
"People do meet each other there!"

"Oh, yes; certainly."
"And this Mr. Mackenzie? He was
tall and good-looking, with dark eyes
and a heavy beard."

"Well, yes, it does seem to me as if I
had met him once or twice," said Mac-
kenzie, grimly determined to let Mary
carry the joke as far as she pleased.

"Well," said Mary, smiling roguishly,
"it seems that Mr. Mackenzie, of Santa
Barbara, is engaged to our nearest neigh-
bor—a young woman up toward Cedar
River—only about half a mile from here,
if one goes through the woods; and
what is very funny, her name is just the
same as mine—Mary Brown!"

"Eh?" gasped Mr. Mackenzie.
"She isn't so very pretty," added
Mary. "She's not young, you know, and
her hair is thin, and she wears a frisette,
and somehow it seems to alter the whole
expression of her face. And her sight
has failed, doing fine sewing, and she
has been obliged to take to spectacles."

"Ah!" said Rolf.
Mr. Mackenzie sat holding tight on to
the arm of his easy chair, while a sensa-
tion akin to the trickling of ice-cold water
down his back took possession of him.
He comprehended it all now. He had
found the wrong Mary Brown this
Christmas Eve. The right Mary Brown
was still waiting, Gorgon-like, to turn
him to stone.

"But for all that," chirped on this
sweet voiced siren, "Mr. Thomas Briggs
—he keeps the toll-gate just below—has
fallen in love with her. And—they're
married. Father married them, and he
got his face in elder pulp sauce and
pumpkins," she added, with a laugh.
"And since the wedding she has got a
letter from this very Mr. Mackenzie—
Rolf Mackenzie, of Ruben, or some
such name—that he is coming home this
Christmas to marry her. It was an old
engagement, she says; but she hadn't
written very regularly, and she didn't
think he intended to keep his word.
And Briggs was here on the spot."

"Yes—exactly!" said Mr. Mackenzie,
with some difficulty curbing his extreme
desire to jump up and fling his hat into
the air. "Briggs was on the spot!"

"But," resumed Mary, "what will the
poor man say when he gets home and
finds his sweetheart married to some one
else?"

"I should think," answered Mackenzie,
"that he would say it was the luckiest
escape he had ever had in his life!"

"But he was her lover once!"
"Y—yes; but that was ten years ago.
These long engagements take all the
life out of a love affair. Mackenzie was
ready and willing to marry her, but—"

"Oh!" cried Mary, with a little ris-
ing inflection, "then you did know him
well?"

"Like a book," cried the visitor, glee-
fully. "In fact, I'm Mackenzie myself—
Rolf Mackenzie! And I beg a thousand
pardons, I am sure, but I fancied you
were Mary Brown, grown younger instead
of older. I might have known that time
never went backward."

"Oh!" cried Mary. "And I—"
"You've told the truth," said Macken-
zie. "It's always the best thing to do."
"Was it a dreadful blow?" sympathet-
ically murmured Mary. "Did it take
you by surprise?"

"Not a blow, at all! Don't I tell you
it's a relief? But now, Miss Mary, I
suppose I must go right on."

"It's very cold," said Mary, "and this
road is frightfully solitary. And they
even talk of some one's having seen a
bear somewhere on that mountain ledge
last week. You—you'd better stay with
father until morning. I assure he would
be happy to entertain you."

"You, Miss Mary?" pleadingly
"Why," she said, with the same arch
sparkle under her eyelashes, "I should
like to hear all about Mr. Mackenzie, of
Santa Barbara. It gives one such a new
idea of life, you see?"

"Very well, then," said Mackenzie;
"I'll stay."

Presently the old clergyman, Mary
Brown's father, came in, and renewed
his daughter's hospitable entreaties.

Mr. Mackenzie spent Christmas Eve at
the parsonage.

On Christmas Day he walked over to
Bela Brown's, where he congratulated
the bride—a faded, washed-out looking
woman now—and shook hands with the
groom most cordially.

"I hope you don't lay up nothing agin
me," said Mr. Thomas Briggs, rolling
his light eyes solicitously around in their
sockets.

"Not in the least. I wish you a merry
Christmas!" cried Mackenzie. "And I
dare say Mary will make you the best
wife in the world!"

"But I'm sorry you got so far outen
the road last night," said Briggs.
"When I said the first house beyond the
toll-gate, I meant on the left-hand side,
not the right."

"Oh, it does not in the least signify!"
said Mackenzie, genially. "The Rev.
Mr. Brown entertained me most cordi-
ally."

And thus basely did he conceal the
secret of his kind apprehension. Men
are, morally speaking, rank cowards.
Perhaps it is unnecessary to add that
Mr. Mackenzie married Miss Mary
Brown after all.

"And it's just as well," said the toll-
keeper's bride, "I could never have
brung myself to go so far West. And
they do say the climate 'll agree fast-rate
with old Parson Brown's bronchial tubes.
Mary she's young and slighty, but of
course my Cousin Rolf has a right to
marry as he pleases."

And the next Christmas Eve was spent
by Mr. and Mrs. Rolf Mackenzie under
the shadow of the palms and manzanitas
of sweet Santa Barbara. —Helen
Forrest Graves.

Bennett and the Walter.

A writer in the Brooklyn Eagle tells
this story about James Gordon Bennett,
proprietor of the New York Herald: On
New Year's night three years ago, when
Mr. Bennett reached the Union Club
well-nigh exhausted with the social duties
of the day, he noticed in a dazed sort of
way that several of the club men were
presenting Jacob, the veteran waiter, who
looks after the coats and canes of the
members, with more or less small change
as an earnest of their sincere regard. Mr.
Bennett seemed to realize that something
of the kind was expected of him and
called Jacob. "Jacob," he said, "you
are a good fellow. Here is something
for you," and with much fumbling he
brought out a \$20 bill, which the de-
lighted Jacob accepted with many bows
and scrapes.

"Stop, Jacob," said Mr.
Bennett, feeling in his pocket and
producing another bill. Jacob, over-
powered, was making off when "Stop
Jacob!" again brought him to a stand-
still, and still another bill made its ap-
pearance. "The comedy was getting
amusing and went on until Jacob had a
hat full of money—All Mr. Bennett had
The old man consulted some of the mem-
bers as to what he should do with it and
was advised to tell Mr. Bennett the next
day that he must have overpaid him in a
fit of abstraction. So, when the prop-
rietor of the Herald arrived at the club
the following day Jacob said: "Mr.
Bennett, I think you gave me more for
my New Year's than you intended." Ben-
nett probably had no recollection of
giving Jacob anything, but he replied in
his gravest tones: "How much did I give
you, Jacob?" "Eight hundred dollars,
sir." Such an answer might have
staggered even a man with an income of
\$1,000 a day, but Bennett, without a
suggestion of surprise, said: "Quite
right, Jacob; that was what I intended to
give you."

Ben. Franklin's Parents.

Benjamin Franklin's father pursued
his calling in Boston, and died there
January 10, 1745. He, his wife and
others of his relatives were buried
near the center of the Granary Bury-
ing Ground, on Tremont street, and
over the tomb has been raised by liberal
citizens of Boston a neat, granite obelisk
twenty-one feet in height, and bearing
among other inscriptions the following,
copied from an earlier stone, and com-
posed by their son Benjamin:

JOSIAH FRANKLIN AND ABIAH HIS
WIFE LIE HERE INTERRED.

They lived lovingly together in
wedlock fifty-five years, and without
an estate or any gainful employ-
ment. By constant labor and honest
industry, maintained a large family
comfortably, and brought up this and
teen children and seven grand-children,
respectably. From this in-
stance, reader, be encouraged to dili-
gence in thy calling, and distrust
not Providence.

He was a pious and prudent man;
she a discreet and virtuous woman.

THEIR YOUNGEST SON
IN FILIAL REGARD TO THEIR MEM-
ORY PLACES THIS STONE.

—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

National Anthems.

We find the following in the "Notes
and Queries" column of the San Fran-
cisco Call: Referring to a recent inquiry
and reply in this column concerning the
American national anthem, a corre-
spondent sends the following, showing
that there is some distinct notion between
the "National Anthem" and what he
terms the "Official Anthem."

"The American official anthem is 'The
Star Spangled Banner.' This is played
at 'colors' and whenever men-of-war
are put into commission. The tune of
'America' is known only as 'God Save
the Queen' to foreign navies. 'Hail Col-
umbia' is a hymn which some thought a Na-
tional Anthem, but is really 'Rule Britannia.' En-
glish bands will not play 'The Star Spang-
led Banner' if they can avoid it. On
several occasions English men-of-war
have been notified by American officers
that unless they played it that the Ameri-
can band would cease to play 'God Save
the Queen.' When several vessels of
different nationalities are present at sun-
down each band plays the national air
of each country having a vessel present."

Would Do Better Next Time.

It is related by the gossips that when
Mr. X., a wealthy and aggressively aris-
tocratic denizen of the sacred slopes of
Beacon Hill, brought home his third
wife he was not wholly pleased with the
attitude of the grown up daughters of
his first marriage toward their newest
mother. He summoned the blindest and
most aggressive daughter to a private
conference, and in good, set terms re-
proved her for her coldness to his bride.
The damsel listened with respectful pa-
tience dutetoward the author of her being,
and when he had finished his reprimand
gave promise of amendment by saying
with demure impudence: "Excuse me,
papa; I will try and do better the next
time you are married." —Boston Record.

A big gopher snake was killed recently
at Daytona, Fla., in whose stomach was
found a three-foot rattlesnake still alive.
The gopher was over six feet in length.

THE HERMITAGE.

A VISIT TO THE OLD HOME OF GENERAL JACKSON.

"Old Hickory's" Dwelling Place in
Life and Death Near Nashville
—Historic Fidelity Rem-
nant of Husband and Wife.

A Nashville (Tenn.) letter to the San
Francisco Call says:

In the very heart of the city, on a
commanding elevated site, stands the old
Polk residence, and in its grounds a
modest tomb, beneath which repose the
ashes of James K. Polk, the President of
whom it could truthfully be written:
The beauty of virtue was illustrated in his
life.

The excellence of Christianity exemplified in
his death.

The crowding steps of the business
world are fast approaching this locality,
and it is only a question of time when
the valuable grounds will be covered by
handsome residences. A general desire
is expressed by the older citizens that
the remains of Tennessee's three Presi-
dents—Jackson, Polk and Johnson—
should be placed on Capitol Hill, and al-
though there are at present some diffi-
culties in the way, yet the fitness of such
a placement of these sacred ashes will
some day become imperatively manifest
and such an appropriate disposition of
them will be made.

Some twelve miles out of the Lebanon
turnpike a narrow road turns abruptly
to the left, in the woods, and following
it for a few minutes a double gate is
reached—the entrance to the Hermitage
grounds. A semi-circular drive through
an avenue of cedars leads to the historic
old house. Nearly all of these cedars
are dead and their bare limbs and black-
ened trunks are in keeping with the tone
of mould and decay which permeates all
the surroundings. The frost has already
touched the living trees, and the ground
is deeply carpeted with fallen leaves, to
which additions are constantly being
made by every whisper of the passing
breeze. The house is an ancient two-
story building; a wide porch, above and
below, runs across the entire front; six
large fluted wooden columns, crowned
by capitals of carved leaves, give an air
of imposing solidity, and brick one-story
wings some twenty feet square, on either
side, with doors opening from the porch,
show that comfort and convenience rather
than architectural effect was consulted
in the erection.

At the broad centre door is met old
Alfred, the well-known colored servant
of the General. He was born a slave on
the estate, March 10, 1808, and is the
only living landmark of the "Jackson
times." Slavery or freedom is all the
same to him. He "always belonged to
the Jacksons," and desires to die on the
old ground. He shows us through the
great hall, into which the centre door
opens. This hall is papered with an an-
cient material, illustrating landscapes
and mythological scenes, the colors of
which are still bright here and there, but
the paper is crumbling surely to decay.
In this hall is an arm-chair formerly
owned by General Washington, busts of
Chancellor Livingston and Lewis Cass,
a portrait of Thomas Jefferson, the old-
fashioned mahogany sofas and chairs and
the once elegant chandeliers with their
lamps for burning tallow oil.

In a large room to the left, and the
only one shown to visitors, are collected
the many relics of the past. Portraits of
the General by Earl and Healy (the latter
one finished but four days before the
President's death) and a marble bust,
together with an equestrian portrait,
give a correct idea of the features of
the illustrious man. Many articles of
foreign make and exquisite workman-
ship, in the shape of invalid tables, cabi-
nets, chairs, vases, urns, clocks, silver-
ware, etc., evidence the esteem of friends
at home and abroad, while pipes, war-
blers and curiously braided Indian
handiwork show that the dusky red men
remembered Andrew Jackson. In a little
cabinet with glass doors are many relics,
prominent among which are a British
bayonet, partly imbedded in solid oak,
taken from a tree after the battle of New
Orleans, and a snuff-box, on the lid of
which is a bullet received by the General
in a duel. The floor is covered with a
velvet carpet of the old times, which
retains its brilliant color, elasticity and
richness. Gilbert Paine of 1833
gives but a broken and mournful re-
sponse to the touch, but the black mar-
ble mantels, facings, and tables are as
beautiful to-day as ever. A Latin Bible
of 1598 and one in Sanscrit, written by
monks on vellum, are worthy objects of
interest.

Near the Hermitage stand three old
log houses, now used as negro quarters,
but which formerly were all together and
for many years the headquarters and
home of the General, before the Hermit-
age was built. A short walk through
the tangled garden, with its fences fall-
ing to decay, and the corner is reached,
where a number of graves are marked by
small monuments and headstones.

On one of these we read: "In memory
of R. E. W. Earl, artist, friend and com-
panion of General Andrew Jackson, who
died at the Hermitage, the 10th September,
1847."

"Another," "Andrew Jackson, adopted
son of General Andrew Jackson, who
died at the Hermitage, April 17, 1865,
in the 57th year of his age."

"Another," "Captain Amiel Jackson,
son of Andrew and Sarah Jackson, born
at the Hermitage, June 9, 1837; died
September 20, 1863, of wounds received
at the battle of Chickamauga."

Near these stands the tomb, pagoda
shape, with eight pillars, and three steps
leading to the floor, beneath which rest
the remains of Andrew Jackson and his
wife Rachel. In the centre of the floor
stands a modest monument, on either
side of which is a plain slab, on one of
which is simply inscribed:

GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON,
Born March 15, 1767.
Died June 8, 1845.

And on the other, evidently written by
the husband's loving hand:

Mrs. RACHEL JACKSON,
Who died the 23rd December, 1828,
Her face was fair, her person pleasing,
Her temper amiable, and her heart kind.
She was a devoted friend to the poor,
and a cultivated taste in domestic
pleasures by the most liberal and un-
pretending methods. To the poor
she was a benefactor, to the rich a
counselor, and to the distressed a com-
forter. Her piety was her ornament.
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planted where they now stand. The
creeping myrtle, with its thousands of
arms, is reaching far and wide in its
lonely spot, and its sad grave color is in
most fitting keeping with the locality.
The wind sweeps through the trees, the
leaves fall thick and fast, the weird dead
old cedars wave their bare and withered
branches, the horse's feet fall with a
dull thud on the covered avenue; but a
single tree, the holly, with its ariet ber-
ries, speaks of aught but decay. The
gray-haired Alfred says: "God bless
you, massa," an iron gate clangs behind
us, and the Hermitage is left in its lone-
liness.

The Greatest of Great Walls.

Says a correspondent of the *Milling
World*, who has recently been traveling
in China: Of course we had to go to
the great wall of China. The country
abounds in great walls. Her mural de-
fenses were most extensive—walled coun-
ties, walled cities, walled villages, walled
palaces and temples—wall after wall and
wall within wall. But the greatest of
all is the great wall of China, which
crests the mountain range and crosses
the gorge from here some forty miles
away. Squeezing through the last deep
gorge and a deep rift in the solid rock
cut out by ages of rolling wheels and
tramping feet, we reach the great, frown-
ing, double-battioned gate of stone and
hard-burned brick—one archway tum-
bled in. This was the object of our
mission, the great wall of China, built
213 years before our era; built of huge
slabs of well-burned stone, laid in regular
courses some twenty feet high and then
topped out with large, hard-burned
bricks, filled in with earth and closely
packed on the top with more dark, tawny
brick—the ramparts high and thick and
castellated for the use of arms. Right
and left the great wall sprang far up the
mountain side—now straight, now
curved, to mount the mountain ridge,
surrounding each 300 feet—a frowning mass
of masonry. No need to tell you of
this wall; the books will tell you how
it was built to keep the warlike
Tartars out—twenty-five feet high by
forty thick, 1,300 miles long, with room
on top for six horses to be driven abreast.
Nor need I tell you that 1,400 years
ago the hordes of bay, nor that, in the
main, the material used upon it is
just as good and firm and strong as when
put in place. Twelve hundred miles of
this gigantic work built on the rugged,
craggy mountain tops, vaulting over
gorges, spanning wide streams, netting
the river arcs, ways with huge and bare
of copper, with
swinging doors and bars set thick with
iron armor—wonder in the world be-
cause the old-time classic seven won-
ders, all gone now save the great pyra-
mid, were tops. The great pyramid has
85,000,000 cubic feet, the great wall 6-
85,000,000 cubic feet. An engineer in
Seward's party here some years ago gave
it as his opinion that the cost of this wall,
figuring labor at the same rate, would
more than equal