

convenience of contractors who were greedy for jobs, was the most elevated spot in Atlanta, and the most picturesque, too, for that matter, for a fine growth of timber crowned the summit.

At night the lights of the town twinkled, and Cassy Tatum, sitting on the front steps, after everything had been put to rights, and the old folks had gone to bed, could hear the cracked and noisy laughter of the women who lived in the shanties that were scattered about at the foot of the hill. The place where these shanties were grouped was called Snake Nation, and was proud of the name. Snake Nation slept soundly all day, but at night — well, old Babylon has its echoes and imitations in the newest town that ever had a corporation line run around it at equal distances from the police court.

“What I hear at night makes me sick, and what I see in the daytime makes me sorry,” remarked Cassy Tatum to Mrs. Shacklett shortly after she had taken up her abode in the small house that has been described.

“You don't have to hear 'em, and you don't have to see 'em,” remarked Mrs. Shacklett, in her squeaky voice. “Don't bother