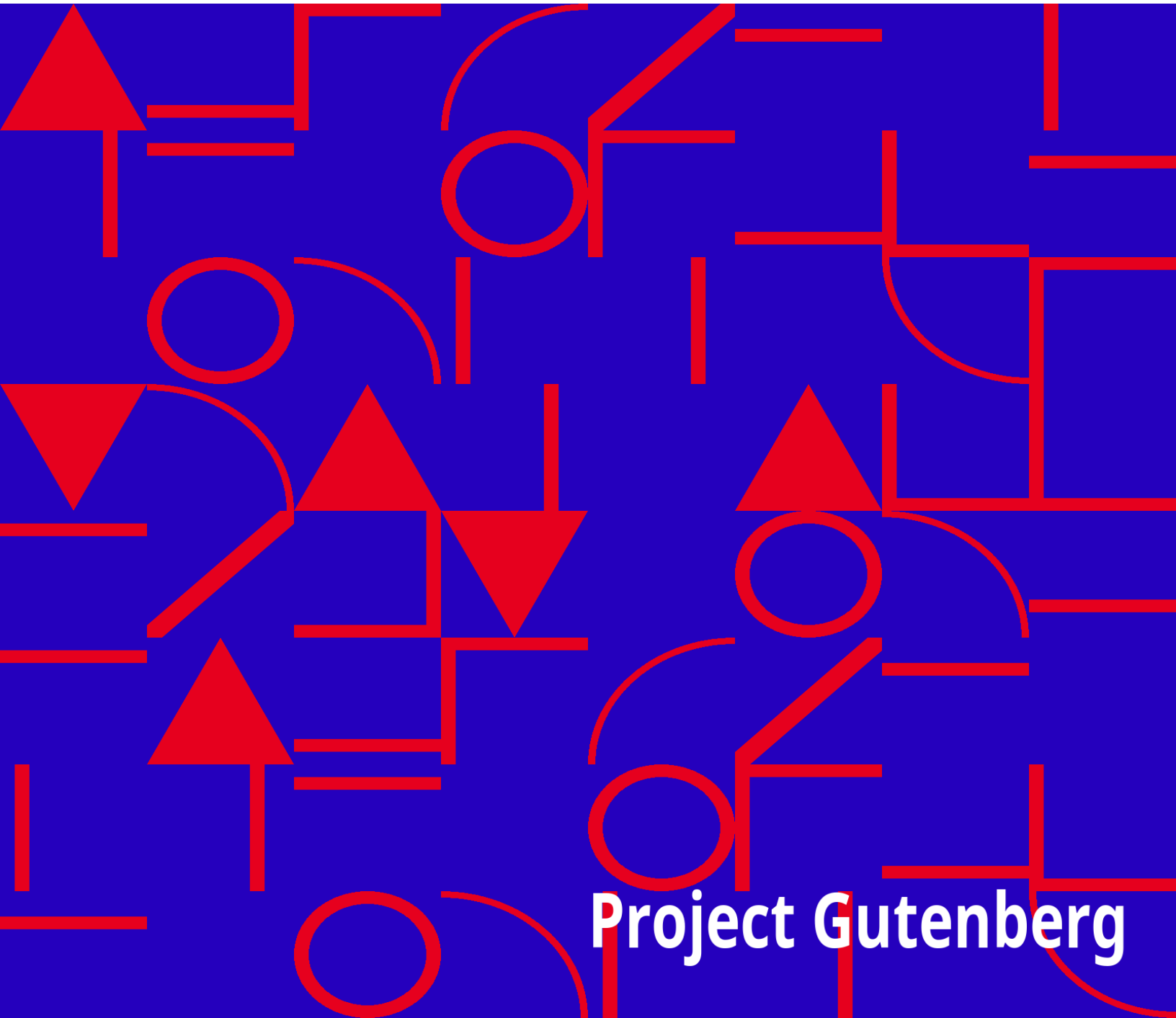
Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife

Marietta Holley



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Transcriber's Note

Archaic and variable spelling, as well as inconsistency in hyphenation, has been preserved as printed in the original book.

"Oh, Josiah," sez I, "what a sight!"—*Frontispiece*. Page 125.

AROUND THE WORLD

WITH

JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE

BY

MARIETTA HOLLEY

AUTHOR OF "SAMANTHA AT THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION," "MY OPINION AND BETSEY BOBBETS'," "SAMANTHA AT SARATOGA," "SAMANTHA AT THE WORLD'S FAIR," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
H. M. PETTIT

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Around the World with
Josiah Allen's Wife.

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AROUND THE WORLD WITH JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE

CHAPTER I

Our son, Thomas Jefferson, and his wife, Maggie, have been wadin' through a sea of trouble. He down with inflamatory rumatiz so a move or jar of any kind, a fly walkin' over the bedclothes, would most drive him crazy; and she with nervious prostration, brought on I spoze by nussin' her pardner and her youngest boy, Thomas Josiah (called Tommy), through the measles, that had left him that spindlin' and weak-lunged that the doctor said the only thing that could tone up his system and heal his lungs and save his life would be a long sea voyage. He had got to be got away from the cold fall blasts of Jonesville to once. Oh! how I felt when I heard that ultimatum and realized his danger, for Tommy wuz one of my favorites. Grandparents ort not to have favorites, but I spoze they will as long as the world turns on its old axletrys.

He looks as Thomas J. did when he wuz his age and I married his pa and took the child to my heart, and got his image printed there so it won't never rub off through time or eternity. Tommy is like his pa and he hain't like him; he has his pa's old ways of truthfulness and honesty, and deep—why good land! there hain't no tellin' how deep that child is. He has got big gray-blue eyes, with long dark lashes that kinder veil his eyes when he's thinkin'; his hair is kinder dark, too, about the color his pa's wuz, and waves and crinkles some, and in the crinkles it seems as if there wuz some gold wove into the brown. He has got a sweet mouth, and one that knows how to stay shet too; he hain't much of a talker, only to himself; he'll set and play and talk to himself for hours and hours, and though he's affectionate, he's a independent child; if he wants to know anything the worst kind he will set and wonder about it (he calls it wonner). He will say to himself, "I wonner what that means." And sometimes he will talk to Carabi about it—that is a child of his imagination, a invisible playmate he has always had playin' with him, talkin' to him, and I spoze imaginin' that Carabi replies. I have asked him sometimes, "Who is Carabi, I hearn you talkin' to out in the yard? Where duz he come from! How duz he look?"

He always acts shy about tellin', but if pressed hard he will say, "He looks like Carabi, and he comes from right here," kinder sweepin' his arms round. But he talks with him by the hour, and I declare it has made me feel fairly pokerish to hear him. But knowin' what strange avenoos open on every side into the mysterious atmosphere about us, the strange ether world that bounds us on every pint of the compass, and not knowin' exactly what natives walk them avenoos, I hain't dasted to poke too much fun at him, and 'tennyrate I spozed if Tommy went a long sea-voyage Carabi would have to go too. But who wuz goin' with Tommy? Thomas J. had got independent rich, and Maggie has come into a large property; they had means enough, but who wuz to go with him? I felt the mantilly of responsibility fallin' on me before it fell, and I groaned in sperit—could I, could I agin tempt the weariness and danger of a long trip abroad, and alone at that? For I tackled Josiah on the subject before Thomas J. importuned me, only with his eyes, sad and beseechin' and eloquent. And Josiah planted himself firm as a rock on his refusal.

Never, never would he stir one step on a long sea-voyage, no indeed! he had had enough of water to last him through his life, he never should set foot on any water deeper than the creek, and that wuzn't over his pumps. "But I cannot see the child die before my eyes, Josiah, and feel that I might have saved him, and yet am I to part with the pardner of my youth and middle age? Am I to leave you, Josiah?"

"I know not!" sez he wildly, "only I know that I don't set my foot on any ship, or any furren shore agin. When I sung 'hum agin from a furren shore' I meant hum agin for good and all, and here I stay."

"Oh dear me!" I sithed, "why is it that the apron strings of Duty are so often made of black crape, but yet I must cling to 'em?"

"Well," sez Josiah, "what clingin' I do will be to hum; I don't go dressed up agin for months, and hang round tarvens and deepos, and I couldn't leave the farm anyway."

But his mean wuz wild and haggard; that man worships me. But dear little Tommy wuz pinin' away; he must go, and to nobody but his devoted grandma would they trust him, and I knew that Philury and Ury could move right in and take care of everything, and at last I sez: "I will try to go, Thomas J., I will try to go 'way off alone with Tommy and leave your

pa——.” But here my voice choked up and I hurried out to give vent to some tears and groans that I wouldn’t harrow Thomas J. with. But strange, strange are the workin’s of Providence! wonderful are the ways them apron strings of Duty will be padded and embroidered, strange to the world’s people, but not to them that consider the wonderful material they are made of, and how they float out from that vast atmosphere jest spoke on, that lays all round us full of riches and glory and power, and beautiful surprises for them that cling to ’em whether or no. Right at this time, as if our sharp distress had tapped the universe and it run comfort, two relations of Maggie’s, on their way home from Paris to San Francisco, stopped to see their relations in Jonesville on their own sides.

Dorothy Snow, Maggie’s cousin, wuz a sweet young girl, the only child of Adonirum Snow, who left Jonesville poor as a rat, went to Californy and died independent rich. She wuz jest out of school, had been to Paris for a few months to take special studies in music and languages; a relation on her ma’s side, a kind of gardeen, travelin’ with her. Albina Meechim wuz a maiden lady from choice, so she said and I d’no as I doubted it when I got acquainted with her, for she did seem to have a chronic dislike to man, and havin’ passed danger herself her whole mind wuz sot on preventin’ Dorothy from marryin’.

They come to Maggie’s with a pretty, good natured French maid, not knowin’ of the sickness there, and Maggie wouldn’t let ’em go, as they wuz only goin’ to stay a few days. They wuz hurryin’ home to San Francisco on account of some bizness that demanded Dorothy’s presence there. But they wuz only goin’ to stop there a few days, and then goin’ to start off on another long sea-voyage clear to China, stoppin’ at Hawaii on the way. Warm climate! good for measles! My heart sunk as I hearn ’em tell on’t. Here wuz my opportunity to have company for the long sea-voyage. But could I—could I take it? Thomas Jefferson gently approached the subject ag’in. Sez he, “Mother, mebby Tommy’s life depends on it, and here is good company from your door.” I murmured sunthin’ about the expenses of such a trip.

Sez he, “That last case I had will more than pay all expenses for you and Tommy, and father if he will go, and,” sez he, “if I can save my boy—” and his voice trembled and he stopped.

“But,” I sez, “your father is able to pay for any trip we want to take.” And he says, “He won’t pay a cent for this.” And there it wuz, the way made clear, good company provided from the doorstep. Dorothy slipped her soft little white hand in mine and sez, “Do go, Aunt Samantha. May I call you Auntie?” sez she, as she lifted her sweet voylet eyes to mine. She’s as pretty as a pink—white complected, with wavy, golden hair and sweet, rosy lips and cheeks.

And I sez, “Yes, you dear little creater, you may call me aunt in welcome, and we be related in a way,” sez I.

Sez Miss Meechim, “We shall consider it a great boon if you go with us. And dear little Tommy, it will add greatly to the pleasure of our trip. We only expected to have three in our company.”

“Who is the third?” sez I.

“My nephew, Robert Strong. He has been abroad with us, but had to go directly home to San Francisco to attend to his business before he could go on this long trip; he will join us there. We expect to go to Hawaii and the Philippines, and Japan and China, and perhaps Egypt.”

“And that will be just what you will enjoy, mother,” sez Thomas J.

Sez I, in a strange axent, “I never laid plans for going to China, but,” sez I, “I do feel that I would love to see the Empress, Si Ann. There is sunthin’ that the widder Heinfong ort to know.”

Thomas J. asked me what it wuz, but I gently declined to answer, merely sayin’ that it was a matter of duty, and so I told Miss Meechim when she asked about it. She is so big feelin’ that it raised me up considerable to think that I had business with a Empress. But I answered her evasive, and agin I giv vent to a low groan, and sez to myself, “Can I let the Pacific Ocean roll between me and Josiah? Will Duty’s apron string hold up under the strain, or will it break with me? Will it stretch out clear to China? And oh! will my heart strings that are wrapped completely round that man, will they stretch out the enormous length they will have to and still keep hull?” I knew not. I wuz a prey to overwhelmin’ emotions, even as I did up my best night-gowns and sheepshead night-caps and sewed clean lace in the neck and sleeves of my parmetty and gray alpaca and got down my hair trunk, for I knew that I must hang onto that apron string no matter where it carried me

to. Waitstill Webb come and made up some things I must have, and as preparations went on my pardner's face grew haggard and wan from day to day, and he acted as if he knew not what he wuz doin'. Why, the day I got down my trunk I see him start for the barn with the accordeon in a pan. He sot out to get milk for the calf. He was nearly wild.

He hadn't been so good to me in over four years. Truly, a threatened absence of female pardners is some like a big mustard poultice applied to the manly breast drawin' out the concealed stores of tenderness and devotion that we know are there all the time, but sometimes kep' hid for years and years.

He urged me to eat more than wuz good for me—rich stuff that I never did eat—and bought me candy, which I sarahuptishly fed to the pup. And he follered me round with footstools, and het the soap stun hotter than wuz good for my feet, and urged me to keep out of drafts.

And one day he sez to me with a anxious face:

"If you do go, Samanthy, I wouldn't write about your trip—I am afraid it will be too much for you—I am afraid it will tire your head too much. I know it would mine."

And then I say to him in a tender axent, for his devotion truly touched me:

"There is a difference in heads, Josiah."

But he looked so worried that I most promised him I wouldn't try to write about the trip—oh! how that man loves me, and I him visey versey. And so the days passed, little Tommy pale and pimpin', Thomas J. lookin' more cheerful as he thought his ma wuzn't goin' to fail him, Maggie tryin' to keep up and tend to havin' Tommy's clothes fixed; she hated to have him go, and wanted him to go. She and Thomas J. wuz clingin' to that string, black as a coal, and hash feelin' to our fingers. Miss Meechim and Dorothy wuz as happy as could be. Miss Meechim wuz tall and slim and very genteel, and sandy complected, and she confided her rulin' passion to me the first time I see her for any length of time.

"I want Dorothy to be a bachelor maid," sez she. "I am determined that she shall not marry anyone. And you don't know," sez she fervently, "what a help my nephew, Robert Strong, has been to me in protectin' Dorothy from lovers. I am so thankful he is going with us on this long trip. He is good as

gold and very rich; but he has wrong ideas about his wealth. He says that he only holds it in trust, and he has built round his big manufactory, just outside of San Francisco, what he calls a City of Justice, where his workmen are as well cared for and happy as he is. That is very wrong, I have told him repeatedly. It is breaking down the Scriptures, which teaches the poor their duty to the rich, and gently admonishes the rich to look down upon and guide the poor. How can the Scriptures be fulfilled if the rich lift up the poor and make them wealthy? I trust that Robert will see his mistake in time, before he makes all his workmen wealthy. But, oh, he is such a help to me in protecting Dorothy from lovers."

"How duz he protect her?" sez I.

"Oh, he has such tact. He knows just how opposed I am to matrimony in the abstract and concrete, and he has managed gently but firmly to lead Dorothy away from the dangers about her. Now, he don't care for dancing at all; but there was a young man at home who wuz just winning her heart completely with his dexterity with his heels, as you may say. He was the most graceful dancer and Dorothy dotes on dancing. I told my trouble to Robert, and what should that boy do but make a perfect martyr of himself, and after a few lessons danced so much better that Dorothy wuz turned from her fancy. And one of her suitors had such a melodious voice, he wuz fairly singin' his way into her heart, and I confided my fears to Robert, and he immediately responded, dear boy. He just practised self-denial again, and commenced singing with her himself, and his sweet, clear tenor voice entirely drowned out the deep basso I had feared. Of course, Robert did it to please me and from principle. I taught him early self-denial and the pleasures of martyrdom. Of course, I never expected he would carry my teachings to such an extent as he has in his business life. I did not mean it to extend to worldly matters; I meant it to be more what the Bible calls 'the workings of the spirit.' But he will doubtless feel different as he gets older. And, oh, he is such a help to me with Dorothy. Now, on this trip he knows my fears, and how sedulously I have guarded Dorothy from the tender passion, and it wuz just like him to put his own desires in the background and go with us to help protect her."

"How did you git such dretful fears of marriage?" sez I. "Men are tryin' lots of times, and it takes considerable religion to git along with one without jawin' more or less. But, after all, I d'no what I should do without my

pardner—I think the world on him, and have loved to think I could put out my hand any time and be stayed and comforted by his presence. I should feel dretful lost and wobblin' without him," sez I, with a deep sithe, "though I well know his sect's shortcomin's. But I never felt towards 'em as you do, even in my most maddest times, when Josiah had been the tryinest and most provokinest."

"Well," sez she, "my father spent all my mother's money on horse-racin', save a few thousand which he had invested for her, and she felt wuz safe, but he took that to run away with a bally girl, and squandered it all on her and died on the town. My eldest sister's husband beat her with a poker, and throwed her out of a three-story front in San Francisco, and she landin' on a syringea tree wuz saved to git a divorce from him and also from her second and third husbands for cruelty, after which she gave up matrimony and opened a boarding-house, bitter in spirit, but a good calculator. I lived with her when a young girl, and imbibed her dislike for matrimony, which wuz helped further by sad experiences of my own, which is needless to particularize. (I hearn afterwards that she had three disappointments runnin', bein' humbly and poor in purse.)

"And now," sez she, "I am as well grounded against matrimony as any woman can be, and my whole energies are aimed on teaching Dorothy the same belief I hold."

"Well," sez I, "your folks have suffered dretful from men and I don't wonder you feel as you do. But what I am a goin' to do to be separated from my husband durin' this voyage is more than I can tell." And I groaned a deep holler groan.

"Why, I haven't told you half," sez she. "All of my sisters but one had trouble with their husbands. Robert's step-ma wuz the only one who had a good husband, but he died before they'd been married a year, and she follered him in six months, leaving twins, who died also, and I took Robert, to whom I had got attached, to the boarding-house, and took care on him until he wuz sent away to school and college. His pa left plenty of money," sez she, "and a big fortune when he came of age, which he has spent in the foolish way I have told you of, or a great part of it."

Well, at this juncture we wuz interrupted, and didn't resoom the conversation until some days afterwards, though I wuz dretful interested in

the big manufactory of Robert Strong's, that big co-working scheme. (I had hearn Thomas J. commend it warmly.)

At last the day come for me to start. I waked up feelin' a strange weight on my heart. I had dremp Philury had sot the soap stun on my chest. But no soap stun wuz ever so hard and heavy as my grief. Josiah and I wuz to be parted! Could it be so? Could I live through it? He wuz out in the wood-house kitchen pretendin' to file a saw. File a saw before breakfast! He took that gratin' job to hide his groans; he wuz weepin'; his red eyes betrayed him. Philury got a good breakfast which we couldn't eat. My trunk wuz packed and in the democrat. The neighborin' wimmen brung me warm good-byes and bokays offen their house plants, and sister Sypher sent me some woosted flowers, which I left to home, and some caraway seed to nibble on my tower which I took.

She that wuz Arvilly Lanfeare brought me a bottle of bam made out of the bark of the bam of Gilead tree, to use in case I should get bruised or smashed on the train, and also two pig's bladders blowed up, which she wanted me to wear constant on the water to help me float. She had painted on one of 'em the Jonesville meetin'-house, thinkin', I spoze, the steeple might bring lofty thoughts to me in hurrycains or cyclones. And on the other one she had painted in big letters the title of the book she is agent for—"The Twin Crimes of America: Intemperance and Greed!" I thought it wuz real cunning in Arvilly to combine so beautifully kindness and business. There is so much in advertising. They looked real well, but I didn't see how I wuz goin' to wear 'em over my bask waist. Arvilly said she wanted to go with me the worst kind. Says she:

"I hain't felt so much like goin' anywhere sense I deserted." (Arvilly did enlist in the Cuban army, and deserted, and they couldn't touch her for it—of which more anon.)

And I sez to her: "I wish you could go, Arvilly; I believe it would do you good after what you have went through."

Well, the last minute come and Ury took us to the train. Josiah went with me, but he couldn't have driv no more than a mournin' weed could.

I parted with the children, and—oh! it wuz a hard wrench on my heart to part with Thomas J.; took pale little Tommy in my arms, like pullin' out his

pa’s heart-strings—and his ma’s, too—and at last the deepo wuz reached.

As we went in we see old Miss Burpy from ’way back of Loontown. She wuz never on the cars before, or see ’em, but she wuz sent for by her oldest boy who lives in the city.

She was settin’ in a big rocken’-chair rocken voyolently, and as I went past her she says:

“Have we got to New York yet?”

“Why,” sez I, “we haint started.”

She sez, “I thought I wuz in the convenience now a-travellin’.”

“Oh, no,” I sez, “the conveyance haint come yet, you will heer it screechin’ along pretty soon.”

Anon we hearn the train thunderin’ towards us. I parted with Tirzah Ann and Whitfield, havin’ shook hands with Ury before; and all others being parted from, I had to, yes, I had to, bid my beloved pardner adoo. And with a almost breakin’ heart clum into the car, Miss Meechim and Dorothy and Aronette having preceeded me before hand. Yes, I left my own Josiah behind me, with his bandanna pressed to his eyes.

Could I leave him? At the last minute I leaned out of the car winder and sez with a choken voice:

“Josiah, if we never meet again on Jonesville sile, remember there is a place where partin’s and steam engines are no more.”

His face wuz covered with his bandanna, from whence issued deep groans, and I felt I must be calm to boy him up, and I sez:

“Be sure, Josiah, to keep your feet dry, take your cough medicine reglar, go to meetin’ stiddy, keep the pumps from freezin’, and may God bless you,” sez I.

And then again I busted into tears. The hard-hearted engine snorted and puffed, and we wuz off.

CHAPTER II

As the snortin' and skornful actin' engine tore my body away from Jonesville, I sot nearly bathed in tears for some time till I wuz aware that little Tommy wuz weepin' also, frightened I spoze by his grandma's grief, and then I knew it wuz my duty to compose myself, and I summoned all my fortitude, put my handkerchief in my pocket, and give Tommy a cream cookey, which calmed his worst agony. I then recognized and passed the compliments of the day with Miss Meechim and Dorothy and pretty little Aronette, who wuz puttin' away our wraps and doin' all she could for the comfort of the hull of us. Seein' my agitation, she took Tommy in her arms and told him some stories, good ones, I guess, for they made Tommy stop cryin' and go to laughin', specially as she punctuated the stories with some chocolate drops.

Dorothy looked sweet as a rose and wuz as sweet. Miss Meechim come and sot down by me, but she seemed to me like a furiner; I wuz dwellin' in a fur off realm Miss Meechim had never stepped her foot in, the realm of Wedded Love and Pardner Reminiscences. What did Miss Meechim know of that hallowed clime? What did she know of the grief that wrung my heart? Men wuz to her like shadders; her heart spoke another language.

Thinkin' that it would mebbe git my mind off a little from my idol, I asked her again about Robert Strong's City of Justice; sez I, "It has run in my mind considerable since you spoke on't; I don't think I ever hearn the name of any place I liked so well, City of Justice! Why the name fairly takes hold of my heart-strings," sez I; "has he made well by his big manufactory?"

"Why, yes, fairly well," sez she, "but he has strange ideas. He says he don't want to coin a big fortune out of other men's sweat and brains. He wants to march on with the great army of toilers, and not be carried ahead of it on a down bed. He says he wants to feel that he is wronging no man by amassing wealth out of the half-paid labor of their best years, and that he is satisfied with an equal and reasonable share of the labor and capital invested. He has the best of men in his employ and they are all well paid and industrious; all

well-to-do, able to live well, educate their children well, and have time for some culture and recreation for themselves and their families. I told him that his ideas were Utopian, but he says they have succeeded even better than he expected they would. But there will come a crash some time, I am sure. There must be rich and there must be poor in this world, or the Scriptures will not be fulfilled."

Sez I, "There ain't no need to be such a vast army of poverty marching on to the almshouse and grave, if it wuzn't for the dram-shop temptin' poor human nater, and the greed of the world, and the cowardice and indifference of the Church of Christ. Enough money is squandered for stuff that degrades and destroys to feed and clothe all the hungry and naked children of the world."

"Oh," sez Miss Meechim, "I don't believe all this talk and clamor about prohibition. My people all drank genteelly, and though of course it was drink that led to the agony and divorces of three of my sisters, and my father's first downfall, yet I have always considered that moderate drinking was genteel. Our family physician always drank genteel, and our clergyman always kept it in his wine cellar, and if people would only exert self control and drink genteel, there would be no danger."

"How duz Robert Strong feel about it?" sez I.

"Oh, he is a fanatic on the subject; he won't employ a man who drinks at all. He says that the city he is founding is a City of Justice, and it is not just for one member of a family to do anything to endanger the safety and happiness of the rest; so on that ground alone he wouldn't brook any drinking in his model city. There are no very rich ones there, and absolutely no poor ones; he is completely obliterating the barriers that always have, and I believe always should exist between the rich and the poor. Sez I, 'Robert, you are sacrilegiously setting aside the Saviour's words, "the poor ye shall always have with you."'

"And he said there was another verse that our Lord incorporated in his teachings and the whole of his life-work, that he was trying to carry out: 'Do unto others as ye would have them to do unto you.' He said that love and justice was the foundation and cap-stone of our Saviour's life and work and he was trying in his weak way to carry them out in his own life and work. Robert talked well," sez she, "and I must confess that to the outward

eye his City of Justice is in a happy and flourishing condition, easy hours of work, happy faces of men, women and children as they work or play or study. It looks well, but as I always tell him, there is a weak spot in it somewhere."

"What duz he say to that?" sez I, dretful interested in the story.

"Why, he says the only weak spot in it is his own incompetence and inability to carry out the Christ idea of love and justice as he wants to."

"I wish I could see that City of Justice," sez I dreamily, for my mind's eye seemed to look up to Robert Strong in reverence and admiration. "Well," sez she, "I must say that it is a beautiful place; it is founded on a natural terrace that rises up from a broad, beautiful, green plain, flashing rivers run through the valley, and back of it rises the mountains."

"Like as the mountains are about Jerusalem," sez I.

"Yes, a beautiful clear stream rushes down the mountain side from the melting snow on top, but warmed by the southern sun, as it flows through the fertile land, it is warm and sweet as it reaches Robert's place. And Robert says," continued Miss Meechim, "that that is just how old prejudices and injustices will melt like the cold snow and flow in a healing stream through the world. He talks well, Robert does. And oh, what a help he has been to me with Dorothy!"

"What duz she say about it?" sez I.

"She does not say so, but I believe she thinks as I do about the infeasibility as well as the intrinsic depravity of disproving the Scriptures."

"Well," sez I, "Robert was right about the mission of our Lord being to extend justice and mercy, and bring the heart of the world into sweetness, light and love. His whole life was love, self-sacrifice and devotion, and I believe that Robert is in the right on't."

"Oh, Robert is undoubtedly following his ideas of right, but they clash with mine," sez Miss Meechim, shakin' her head sadly, "and I think he will see his error in time."

Here Miss Meechim stopped abruptly to look apprehensively at a young man that I knew wuz a Jonesville husband and father of twins. He was

lookin' admirin'ly at Dorothy, and Miss Meechim went and sot down between 'em, and Tommy come and set with me agin.

Tommy leaned up aginst me and looked out of the car window and sez kinder low to himself:

"I wonner what makes the smoke roll and roll up so and feather out the sky, and I wonner what my papa and my mama is doin' and what my grandpa will do—they will be so lonesome?" Oh, how his innocent words pierced my heart anew, and he begun to kinder whimper agin, and Aronette, good little creeter, come up and gin him an orange out of the lunch-basket she had.

Well, we got to New York that evenin' and I wuz glad to think that everybody wuz well there, or so as to git about, for they wuz all there at the deepo, excep' them that wuz in the street, but we got safe through the noise and confusion to a big, high tarven, with prices as high as its ruff and flagpole. Miss Meechim got for her and Dorothy what she called "sweet rooms," three on 'em in a row, one for each on 'em and a little one for Aronette. But I d'no as they wuz any sweeter than mine, though mine cost less and wuz on the back of the house where it wuzn't so noisy. Tommy and I occupied one room; he had a little cot-bed made up for him.

Indeed, I groaned out as I sot me down in a big chair, if he wuz here, the pardner of my youth and middle age, no room Miss Meechim ever looked on wuz so sweet as this would be. But alas! he wuz fur away. Jonesville held on to my idol and we wuz parted away from each other. But I went down to supper, which they called dinner, and see that Tommy had things for his comfort and eat sunthin' myself, for I had to support life, yes, strength had to be got to cling to that black string that I had holt on, and vittles had to supply some of that strength, though religion and principle supplied the biggest heft. Miss Meechim and Aronette wuz in splendid sperits, and after sup—dinner went out to the theatre to see a noted tragedy acted, and they asked me to accompany and go with 'em, for I spoze that my looks wuz melancholy and deprested in extreme, Aronette offerin' to take care of Tommy if I wanted to go.

But I sez, "No, I have got all the tragedy in my own bosom that I can 'tend to." And in spite of my cast-iron resolution tears busted out under my eyeleds and trickled down my nose. They didn't see it, my back wuz turned,

and my nose is a big one anyway and could accommodate a good many tears.

But I controlled my agony of mind. I walked round with Tommy for a spell and showed him all the beauties of the place, which wuz many, sot down with him for a spell in the big, richly-furnished parlors, but cold and lonesome lookin' after all, for the love-light of home wuz lackin', and looked at the glittering throng passing and repassing; but the wimmen looked fur off to me and the men wuz like shadders, only one man seemed a reality to me, and he wuz small boneded and fur away. And then we went to our room. I read to Tommy for a spell out of a good little book I bought, and then hearn him say his prayers, his innocent voice askin' for blessin's from on high for his parents and my own beloved lonely one, and then I tucked him into his little cot and sot down and writ a letter to my dear Josiah, tears dribblin' down onnoticed while I did so.

For we had promised to write to each other every day of our lives, else I could not, could not have borne the separation, and I also begun a letter to Philury. I laid out to put down things that I wanted her to 'tend to that I thought on from day to day after I got away, and then send it to her bime by. Sez I:

"Philury, be sure and put woolen sheets on Josiah's bed if it grows colder, and heat the soap stun for him and see that he wears his woolen-backed vest, takin' it off if it moderates. Tend to his morals, Philury, men are prone to backslide; start him off reg'lar to meetin', keep clean bandannas in his pocket, let him wear his gingham neckties, he'll cry a good deal and it haint no use to spile his silk ones. Oh, Philury! you won't lose nothin' if you are good to that dear man. Put salt enough on the pork when you kill, and don't let Josiah eat too much sassage. And so no more to-night, to be continude."

The next morning I got two letters from my pardner. He had writ a letter right there in the deepo before he went home, and also another on his arrival there. Agony wuz in every word; oh, how wuz we goin' to bear it!

But I must not make my readers onhappy; no I must harrow them up no more, I must spread the poultice of silence on the deep gaping woond and go on with the sombry history. After breakfast Miss Meechim got a big, handsome carriage, drawed by two prancin' steeds, held in by a man buttoned up to his chin, and invited me to take Tommy and go with her and

Dorothy up to the Park, which I did. They wuz eloquent in praises of that beautiful place; the smooth, broad roads, bordered with tall trees, whose slim branches stood out against the blue sky like pictures. The crowds of elegant equipages, filled with handsome lookin' folks in galy attire that thronged them roads. The Mall, with its stately beauty, the statutes that lined the way ever and anon. The massive walls of the Museum, the beautiful lake and rivulets, spanned by handsome bridges. It wuz a fair seen, a fair seen—underneath beauty of the rarest kind, and overhead a clear, cloudless sky.

Miss Meechim wuz happy, though she didn't like the admiring male glances at Dorothy's fresh, young beauty, and tried to ward 'em off with her lace-trimmed muff, but couldn't. Tommy wuz in pretty good sperits and didn't look quite so pale as when we left home, and he wonnered at the white statutes, and kinder talked to himself, or to Carabi about 'em, and I kinder gathered from what he said that he thought they wuz ghosts, and I thought that he wuz kinder reassurin' Carabi that they wouldn't hurt him, and he wonnered at the mounted policemen who he took to be soldiers, and at all the beauty with which we wuz surrounded. And I—I kep' as cheerful a face as I could on the outside, but always between me and Beauty, in whatsoever guise it appeared, wuz a bald head, a small-sized figger. Yes, it weighed but little by the steelyards, but it shaddered lovely Central Park, the most beautiful park in the world, and the hull universe for me. But I kep' a calm frame outside; I answered Miss Meechim's remarks mekanically and soothed her nervous apprehensions as well as I could as she glanced fearfully at male admirers by remarkin' in a casual way to her "that New York and the hull world wuz full of pretty women and girls," which made her look calmer, and then I fell in to once with her scheme of drivin' up the long, handsome Boolevard, acrost the long bridge, up to the tomb of Our Hero, General Grant.

Hallowed place! dear and precious to the hull country. The place where the ashes lie that wuz once the casket of that brave heart. Good husband, kind father, true friend, great General, grand Hero, sleeping here by the murmuring waters of the stream he loved, in the city of his choice, sleeping sweetly and calmly while the whole world wakes to do him honor and cherish and revere his memory.

I had big emotions here, I always did, and spoze I always shall. But, alas! true it wuz that even over the memory of that matchless Hero riz up in my heart the remembrance of one who wuz never heroic, onheeded and onthought on by his country, but—oh! how dear to me!

The memory of his words, often terse and short specially before meal-time, echoed high above the memory of him who talked with Kings and Emperors, ruled armies and hushed the seething battle-cry, and the nation's clamor with "Let us have peace."

But I will not agin fall into harrow, or drag my readers there, but will simply state that, in all the seens of beauty and grandeur we looked on that day—and Miss Meechim wanted to see all and everything, from magestick meetin' houses and mansions, bearin' the stamp of millions of dollars, beautiful arches lifted up to heroes and the national honor, even down to the Brooklyn Bridge and the Goddess of Liberty—over all that memory rained supreme.

The Goddess of Liberty holdin' aloft her blazin' torch rousted up the enthusiastick admiration of Dorothy and Miss Meechim. But I thought as I looked on it that she kinder lifted her arm some as I had seen my dear pardner lift his up when he wuz a-fixin' a stove pipe overhead; and that long span uniting New York and Brooklyn only brought to me thoughts of the length and strength of that apron-string to which I clung and must cling even though death ensued.

Well, after a long time of sight-seeing we returned to our hotel, and, after dinner, which they called luncheon, I laid down a spell with Tommy, for I felt indeed tuckered out with my emotions outside and inside. Tommy dropped off to sleep to once like a lamb, and I bein' beat out, lost myself, too, and evening wuz almost lettin' down her mantilly spangled with stars, when I woke, Tommy still sleepin' peacefully, every minute bringin' health and strength to him I knew.

Miss Meechim and Dorothy had been to some of the big department stores where you can buy everything under one ruff from a elephant to a toothpick, and have a picture gallery and concert throwed in. They had got a big trunk full of things to wear. I wondered what they wanted of 'em when they wuz goin' off on another long journey so soon; but considered that it wuzn't my funeral or my tradin' so said nothin'.

Anon we went down and had a good supper, which they called dinner, after which they went to the opera. Aronette tended to packin' their clothes, and offered to help me pack. But as I told her I hadn't onpacked nothin' but my nightgown and sheepshead night-cap I could git along with it, specially as sheepshead night-caps packed easier than full crowned ones.

So I took Tommy out for a little walk on the broad beautiful sidewalks, and it diverted him to see the crowds of handsomely dressed men and women all seemin' to hurry to git to some place right off, and the children who didn't seem to be in any hurry, and in seein' the big carriages roll by, some drawed by prancin' horses, and some by nothin' at all, so fur as we could see, which rousted up Tommy's wonder, and it all diverted him a little and mebby it did me too, and then we retired to our room and had a middlin' good night's rest, though hanted by Jonesville dreams, and the next morning we left for Chicago.

Dorothy had never seen Niagara Falls or Saratoga, so we went a few milds out of our way that she might see Saratoga's monster hotels, the biggest in the world; and take a drink of the healin' waters of the springs that gushes up so different right by the side of each other, showin' what a rich reservoir the earth is, if we only knew how to tap it, and where.

We didn't stay at Saratoga only over one train; but drove through the broad handsome streets, and walked through beautiful Congress Park, and then away to Niagara Falls.

It wuz a bright moonlight night when we stood on the bridge not far from the tarven where we had our sup—dinner. And Dorothy and Miss Meechim wuz almost speechless with awe and admiration, they said "Oh, how sublime! Oh! how grand!" as they see the enormous body of water sweepin' down that immense distance. The hull waters of the hull chain of Lakes, or inland Seas, sweepin' down in one great avalanche of water.

I wanted dretfully to go and see the place where the cunning and wisdom of man has set a trap to ketch the power of that great liquid Geni, who has ruled it over his mighty watery kingdom sence the creation, and I spoze always calculated to; throwin' men about, and drawin' 'em down into its whirlpool jest like forest leaves or blades of grass.

Who would have dremp chainin' down that resistless, mighty force and make it bile tea-kettles; and light babys to their trundle beds, and turn coffee mills, and light up meetin' houses, and draw canal boats and propel long trains of cars. How it roared and took on when the subject wuz first broke to it. But it had to yield, as the twentieth century approached and the millennium drew nigh; men not so very big boned either, but knowin' quite a lot, jest chained that great roarin' obstropulous Geni, and has made it do good work. After rulin' the centuries with a high hand nobody dastin' to go nigh it, it wuz that powerful and awful in its might and magesty, it has been made to serve, jest as the Bible sez:

"He that is mightiest amongst you shall be your servant," or words to that effect.

But it is a sight, I spoze, to see all the performances they had to go through, the hard labor of years and years, to persuade Niagara to do what they had planned for it to do.

But as I say, this great giant is chained by one foot, as it were, and is doin' good day's works, and no knowin' how much more will be put on it to do when the rest of its strength is buckled down to work. All over the great Empire State, mebby, he will have to light the evenin' lamps, and cook the mornin' meals, and bring acrost the continent the food he cooks, and turn the mills that grinds the flour to make the bread he toasts, and sow the wheat that makes the flour, and talk for all the millions of people and play their music for them—I d'no what he won't be made to do, and Josiah don't, but I spoze it is a sight to see the monster trap they built to hold this great Force. We wanted to go there, but hadn't time.

But to resoom backwards a spell. Miss Meechim and Dorothy was perfectly awe-struck to see and hear the Falls, and I didn't wonder.

But I had seen it before with my beloved pardner by my side, and it seemed to me as if Niagara missed him, and its great voice seemed to roar out: "Where is Josiah? Where is Josiah? Why are you here without him? Swish, swash, roar, roar, Where is Josiah? Where? Roar! Where?"

Oh, the emotions I had as I stood there under the cold light of the moon, cold waters rushin' down into a cold tomb; cold as a frog the hull thing seemed, and full of a infinite desolation. But I knew that if Love had stood

there by my side, personified in a small-sized figger, the hull seen would have bloomed rosy. Yes, as I listened to the awestruck, admirin' axents of the twain with me, them words of the Poet come back to me: "How the light of the hull life dies when love is gone."

"Oh," sez Miss Meechim, as we walked back to the tarven, takin' in the sooveneer store on the way, "oh, what a immense body of water! how tumultous it sweeps down into the abyss below!" I answered mekanically, for I thought of one who wuz also tumultous at times, but after a good meal subsided down into quiet, some as the waters of Niagara did after a spell.

And Dorothy sez, "How the grand triumphal march of the great Lakes, as they hurry onwards towards the ocean, shakes the very earth in their wild haste."

I sez mekanically, "Yes, indeed!" but my thoughts wuz of one who had often pranced 'round and tromped, and even kicked in his haste, and shook the wood-house floor. Ah, how, how could I forgit him?

And at the sooveneer stores, oh, how I wuz reminded of him there! how he had cautioned me aginst buyin' in that very spot; how he had stood by me till he had led me forth empty-handed towards the tarven. Ah well, I tried to shake off my gloom, and Tommy waked up soon after our return (Aronette, good little creeter! had stayed right by him), and we all had a good meal, and then embarked on the sleeping car. I laid Tommy out carefully on the top shelf, and covered him up, and then partially ondressed and stretched my own weary frame on my own shelf and tried to woo the embrace of Morphine, but I could not, so I got up and kinder sot, and took out my pad and writ a little more in my letter to my help.

Sez I, "Philury, if Josiah takes cold, steep some lobely and catnip, half and half; if he won't take it Ury must hold him and you pour it down. Don't sell yourself short of eggs, Josiah loves 'em and they cost high out of season. Don't let the neighbors put upon him because I went off and left him. Give my love to Waitstill Webb and Elder White, give it to 'em simeltaneous and together, tell 'em how much I think on 'em both for the good they're doin'. Tell Arvilly I often think of her and what she has went through and pity her. Give a hen to the widder Gowdey for Christmas. Let Josiah carry it, or no, I guess Ury had better, I am away and folks might talk. The ketch on the outside suller door had better be fixed so it can't blow open. Josiah's

thickest socks are in the under draw, and the pieces to mend his overhalls in a calico bag behind the clothespress door. Guard that man like the apples in your eyes, Philury, and you'll be glad bime by. So no more. To be continude."

Agin I laid down and tried to sleep; in vain, my thoughts, my heart wuz in Jonesville, so I riz up agin as fur as I could and took my handkerchief pin offen the curtain where I had pinned it and looked at it long and sadly. I hadn't took any picture of Josiah with me, I hadn't but one and wuz afraid I should lose it. He hain't been willin' to be took sence he wuz bald, and I knew that his picture wuz engraved on my heart in deeper lines than any camera or kodak could do it. But I had a handkerchief pin that looked like him, I bought it to the World's Fair, it wuz took of Columbus. You know Columbus wuz a changeable lookin' critter in his pictures, if he looked like all on 'em he must have been fitty, and Miss Columbus must have had a hard time to git along with him. This looked like Josiah, only with more hair, but I held my thumb over the top, and I could almost hear Josiah speak. I might have had a lock of his hair to wep' over, but my devoted love kep' me from takin' it; I knew that he couldn't afford to spare a hair with winter comin' on. But I felt that I must compose myself, for my restless moves had waked Tommy up. The sullen roar of the wheels underneath me kep' kinder hunchin' me up every little while if I forgot myself for a minute, twittin' me that my pardner had let me go away from him; I almost thought I heard once or twice the echo, Grass Widder! soundin' out under the crunchin' roar and rattle of the wheels, but then I turned right over on my shelf and sez in my agony of sperit: Not that—not grass.

And Tommy called down, "What say, grandma?" And I reached up and took holt of his soft, warm little hand and sez: "Go to sleep, Tommy, grandma is here."

"You said sunthin' about grass, grandma."

And I sez, "How green the grass is in the spring, Tommy, under the orchard trees and in the door-yard. How pretty the sun shines on it and the moonlight, and grandpa is there, Tommy, and Peace and Rest and Happiness, and my heart is there, too, Tommy," and I most sobbed the last words.

And Tommy sez, “Hain’t your heart here too, grandma? You act as if you wuz ’fraid. You said when I prayed jest now that God would watch over us.”

“And he will, Tommy, he will take care of us and of all them I love.” And leanin’ my weary and mournful sperit on that thought, and leanin’ hard, I finally dropped off into the arms of Morphine.

CHAPTER III

Well, we reached Chicago with no further coincidence and put up to a big hotel kep' by Mr. and Miss Parmer. It seems that besides all the money I had been provided with, Thomas J. had gin a lot of money to Miss Meechim to use for me if she see me try to stent myself any, and he had gin particular orders that we should go to the same hotels they did and fare jest as well, so they wanted to go to the tarven kep' by Mr. Parmerses folks, and we did.

I felt real kinder mortified to think that I didn't pay no attention to Mr. and Miss Parmer; I didn't see 'em at all whilst I wuz there. But I spoze she wuz busy helpin' her hired girls, it must take a sight of work to cook for such a raft of folks, and it took the most of his time to provide.

Well, we all took a long ride round Chicago; Miss Meechim wanted to see the most she could in the shortest time. So we driv through Lincoln Park, so beautiful as to be even worthy of its name, and one or two other beautiful parks and boolevards and Lake Shore drives. And we went at my request to see the Woman's Temperance Building; I had got considerable tired by that time, and, oh, how a woman's tired heart longs for the only true rest, the heart rest of love. As we went up the beautiful, open-work alleviator, I felt, oh, that this thing was swinging me off to Jonesville, acrost the waste of sea and land. But immegiately the thought come "Duty's apron-strings," and I wuz calm agin.

But all the time I wuz there talkin' to them noble wimmen, dear to me because they're tacklin' the most needed work under the heavens, wagin' the most holy war, and tacklin' it without any help as you may say from Uncle Sam, good-natered, shiftless old creeter, well meanin', I believe, but jest led in blinders up and down the earth by the Whiskey Power that controls State and Church to-day, and they may dispute it if they want to, but it is true as the book of Job, and fuller of biles and all other impurities and tribulations than Job ever wuz, and heaven only knows how it is goin' to end.

But to resoom backwards. Lofty and inspirin' wuz the talks I had with the noble ones whose names are on the list of temperance here and the Lamb's Book of Life. How our hearts burnt within us, and how the "blest tie that binds" seemed to link us clost together; when, alas! in my soarinest moments, as I looked off with my mind's eye onto a dark world beginnin' to be belted and lightened by the White Ribbon, my heart fell almost below my belt ribbin' as I thought of one who had talked light about my W. T. C. U. doin's, but wuz at heart a believer and a abstainer and a member of the Jonesville Sons of Temperance.

A little later we stood and looked on one of the great grain elevators, histin' up in its strong grip hull fields of wheat and corn at a time. Ah! among all the wonderin' and awe-struck admiration of them about me, how my mind soared off on the dear bald head afar, he who had so often sowed the spring and reaped the autumn ears on the hills and dales of Jonesville, sweet land! dear one! when should I see thee again?

And as we walked through one of the enormous stock yards, oh! how the bellerin' of them cattle confined there put me in mind of the choice of my youth and joy of my middle age. Wuz he too bellerin' at that moment, shet up as he wuz by environin' circumstances from her he worshipped.

And so it went on, sad things put me in mind of him and joyful things, all, all speakin' of him, and how, how wuz I to brook the separation? But I will cease to harrow the reader's tender bosom. Dry your tears, reader, I will proceed onwards.

The next day we sot off for California, via Salt Lake and Denver.

Jest as we left the tarven at Chicago our mail wuz put in our hands, forwarded by the Jonesville postmaster accordin' to promise; but not a word from my pardner, roustin' up my apprehensions afresh. Had his fond heart broken under the too great strain? Had he passed away callin' on my name?

My tears dribbled down onto my dress waist, though I tried to stanch 'em with my snowy linen handkerchief. Tommy's tears, too, began to fall, seein' which I grabbed holt of Duty's black apron-strings and wuz agin calm on the outside, and handed Tommy a chocolate drop (which healed his woond), although on the inside my heart kep' on a seethin' reservoir of agony and forbodin's.

The next day, as I sot in my comfortable easy chair on the car, knittin' a little, tryin' to take my mind offen trouble and Josiah, Tommy wuz settin' by my side, and Miss Meechim and Dorothy nigh by. Aronette, like a little angel of Help, fixin' the cushions under our feet, brushin' the dust offen her mistresses dresses, or pickin' up my stitches when in my agitation or the jigglin' of the cars I dropped 'em, and a perfect Arabian Night's entertainer to Tommy, who worshipped her, when I hearn a exclamation from Tommy, and the car door shet, and I looked round and see a young man and woman advancin' down the isle. They wuz a bridal couple, that anybody could see. The blessed fact could be seen in their hull personality—dress, demeanor, shinin' new satchels and everything, but I didn't recognize 'em till Tommy sez:

"Oh, grandma, there is Phila Henzy and the man she married!"

Could it be? Yes it wuz Phila Ann Henzy, Philemon Henzy's oldest girl, named for her pa and ma, I knew she wuz married in Loontown the week before. I'd hearn on't, but had never seen the groom, but knew he wuz a young chap she had met to the Buffalo Exposition, and who had courted her more or less ever sence. They seemed real glad to see me, though their manners and smiles and hull demeanors seemed kinder new, somehow, like their clothes. They had hearn from friends in Jonesville that I wuz on my way to California, and they'd been lookin' for me. Sez the groom, with a fond look on her:

"I am so glad we found you, for Baby would have been so disappointed if we hadn't met you."

Baby! Phila Ann wuz six feet high if she wuz a inch, but good lookin' in a big sized way. And he wuz barely five feet, and scrawny at that; but a good amiable lookin' young man. But I didn't approve of his callin' her Baby when she could have carried him easy on one arm and not felt it. The Henzys are all big sized, and Ann, her ma, could always clean her upper buttery shelves without gittin' up in a chair, reach right up from the floor.

But he probable had noble qualities if he wuz spindlin' lookin', or she couldn't adore him as she did. Phila Ann jest worshipped him I could see, and he her, visey versey. Sez she, with a tender look down onto him:

"Yes, I've been tellin' pa how I did hope we should meet you."

Pa! There wuz sunthin' else I didn't approve of; callin' him pa, when the fact that they wuz on their bridal tower wuz stomped on 'em both jest as plain as I ever stomped a pat of butter with clover leaves. But I didn't spoze I could do anything to help or hender, for I realized they wuz both in a state of delirium or trance. But I meditated further as I looked on, it wouldn't probable last no great length of time. The honeymoon would be clouded over anon or before that. The clouds would clear away agin, no doubt, and the sun of Love shine out permanent if their affection for each other wuz cast-iron and sincere. But the light of this magic moon I knew would never shine on 'em agin. The light of that moon makes things look dretful queer and casts strange shadders onto things and folks laugh at it but no other light is so heavenly bright while it lasts. I think so and so duz Josiah.

But to resoom forwards. The groom went somewhere to send a telegram and Phila sot down by me for a spell; their seat wuz further off but she wanted to talk with me. She wuz real happy and confided in me, and remarked "What a lovely state matrimony is."

And I sez, "Yes indeed! it is, but you hain't got fur enough along in marriage gography to bound the state on all sides as you will in the future."

But she smiled blissful and her eyes looked fur off in rapped delight (the light of that moon shin' full on her) as she said:

"What bliss it is for me to know that I have got sunthin' to lean on."

And I thought that it would be sad day for him if she leaned her hull heft, but didn't say so, not knowin' how it would be took.

I inquired all about the neighbors in Jonesville and Zoar and Loontown, and sez I, "I spoze Elder White is still doin' all he can for that meetin' house of hisen in Loontown, and I inquired particular about him, for Ernest White is a young man I set store by. He come from his home in Boston to visit his uncle, the banker, in East Loontown. He wuz right from the German university and college and preachin' school, and he wuz so rich he might have sot down and twiddled his thumbs for the rest of his days. But he had a passion for work—a passion of pity for poor tempted humanity. He wanted to reach down and try to lift up the strugglin' 'submerged tenth.' He wuz a student and disciple of Ruskin, and felt that he must carry a message of helpfulness and beauty into starved lives. And, best of all, he wuz a

follower of Jesus, who went about doin' good. When his rich family found that he would be a clergyman they wanted to git him a big city church, and he might have had twenty, for he wuz smart as a whip, handsome, rich, and jest run after in society. But no; he said there wuz plenty to take those rich fat places; he would work amongst the poor, them who needed him."

East Loontown is a factory village, and the little chapel was standin' empty for want of funds, but twenty saloons wuz booming, full of the operatives, who spent all of their spare time and most of their money there. So Ernest White stayed right there and preached, at first to empty seats and a few old wimmen, but as they got to know him, the best young men and young wimmen went, and he filled their hearts with aspiration and hope and beauty and determination to help the world. Not being contented with what he wuz doing he spent half his time with the factory hands, who wuz driven to work by Want, and harried by the mighty foe, Intemperance. A saloon on every corner and block, our twin American idols, Intemperance and Greed, taking every cent of money from the poor worshippers, to pour into the greedy pockets of the saloon-keepers, brewers, whiskey men and the Government, and all who fatten on the corpse of manhood.

Well, he jest threw himself into the work of helping those poor souls, and helping them as he did in sickness and health they got to liking him, so that they wuz willing to go and hear him preach, which was one hard blow to the Demon. The next thing he got all the ministers he could to unite in a Church Union to fight the Liquor Power, and undertaking it in the right way, at the ballot-box, they got it pretty well subdued, and as sane minds begun to reign in healthier bodies, better times come.

Elder White not only preached every Sunday, but kep' his church open every evening of the week, and his boys and girls met there for healthful and innocent amusements. He got a good library, all sorts of good games, music; and had short, interesting lectures and entertainments and his Church of Love rivalled the Idol Temples and drew away its idol worshippers one by one, and besides the ministers, many prominent business men helped him; my son, Thomas J., is forward in helpin' it along. And they say that besides all the good they're doing, they have good times too, and enjoy themselves first-rate evenings. They don't stay out late—that's another thing Elder White is trying to inculcate into their minds—right living in the way of health as well as morals. Every little while he and somebody else

who is fitted for it gives short talks on subjects that will help the boys and girls along in Temperance and all good things. The young folks jest worship him, so they say, and I wuz glad to hear right from him. Phila is a worker in his meetin' house, and a active member, and so is her pa and ma, and she said that there wuz no tellin' how much good he had done.

"When he come there," sez she, "there wuz twenty saloons goin' full blast in a village of two thousand inhabitants and the mill operatives wuz spendin' most all they earnt there, leavin' their families to suffer and half starve; but when Elder White opened his Church of Love week day evenin's as well as Sunday, you have no idee what a change there is. There isn't a saloon in the place. He has made his church so pleasant for the young folks that he has drawn away crowds that used to fill the saloons."

"Yes," sez I, "Thomas J. is dretful interested in it; he has gin three lectures there."

"Yes, most all the best citizens have joined the Help Union to fight against the Whiskey Power, though," sez Phila, "there is one or two ministers who are afraid of contaminating their religion by politics. They had ruther stand up in their pulpits and preach to a few wimmen about the old Jews and the patience of Job than take holt and do a man's work in a man's way—the only practical way, grapple with the monster Evil at its lair, where it breeds and fattens—the ballot-box."

"Yes," sez I, "a good many ministers think that they can't descend into the filthy pool of politics. But it hain't reasonable, for how are you a goin' to clean out a filthy place if them that want it clean stand on the bank and hold their noses with one hand, and jester with the other, and quote scripter? And them that don't want it clean are throwin' slime and dirt into it all the time, heapin' up the loathsome filth. Somebody has got to take holt and work as well as pray, if these plague spots and misery breeders are ever purified."

"Well, Elder White is doin' all he can," sez Phila. "He went right to the polls 'lection day and worked all day; for the Whiskey Power wuz all riz up and watchin' and workin' for its life, as you may say, bound to draw back into its clutches some of the men that Elder White, with the Lord's help, had saved. They exerted all their influence, liquor run free all day and all the night before, tryin' to brutalize and craze the men into votin' as the Liquor Power dictated. But Elder White knew what they wuz about, and he and all

the earnest helpers he could muster used all their power and influence, and the election wuz a triumph for the Right. East Loontown went no-license, and not a saloon curses its streets to-day. North Loontown, where the minister felt that he wuz too good to touch the political pole, went license, and five more filthy pools wuz opened there for his flock to fall into, to breed vile influences that will overpower all the good influence he can possibly bring to bear on the souls committed to his care."

"But," sez I, "he is writin' his book, 'Commentaries on Ancient Sins,' so he won't sense it so much. He's jest carried away with his work."

Sez Phila, "He had better be actin' out a commentary on modern sins. What business has he to be rakin' over the old ashes of Sodom and Gomorrah for bones of antediluvian sinners, and leave his livin' flock to be burnt and choked by the fire and flames of the present volcano of crime, the Liquor System, that belches forth all the time."

"Well, he wuz made so," sez I.

"Well, he had better git down out of the pulpit," sez Phila, "and let some one git up there who can see a sinner right under his nose, and try to drag him out of danger and ruin, and not have to look over a dozen centuries to find him."

"Well, I am thankful for Ernest White, and I have felt that he and Waitstill Webb wuz jest made for each other. He thinks his eyes of her I know. When she went and nursed the factory hands when the typhoid fever broke out he said 'she wuz like a angel of Mercy.'"

"They said he looked like a angel of Wrath 'lection day," sez Phila. "You know how fair his face is, and how his clear gray eyes seem to look right through you, and through shams and shames of every kind. Well, that day they said his face fairly shone and he did the work of ten men."

"That is because his heart is pure," sez I, "like that Mr. Gallyhed I heard Thomas J. read about; you know it sez:

> "'His strength is as the strength of ten
> Because his heart is pure.'

“And oh!” sez I agin, “how I would love to see him and Waitstill Webb married, and happy.”

“So would I,” sez Phila. “Oh, it is such a beautiful state, matrimony is.”

“And he needs a wife,” sez I. “You know he wouldn’t stay with his uncle but said he must live with his people who needed him, so he boards there at the Widder Pooler’s.”

“Yes,” sez Phila, “and though she worships him, she had rather any day play the part of Mary than of Martha—she had rather be sittin’ at his feet and learnin’ of him—than cookin’ good nourishin’ food and makin’ a clean, sweet home for him. But he don’t complain.”

“What a companion Waitstill would be for him?” I sez agin.

“Yes,” sez Phila, “but I don’t believe she will ever marry any one, she looks so sad.”

“It seems jest if they wuz made for each other,” sez I, “and I know he worships the ground she walks on. But I don’t know as she will ever marry any one after what she has went through,” and I sithed.

“She would marry,” sez Phila warmly, “if she knew what a lovely, lovely state it wuz.”

How strange it is that some folks are as soft as putty on some subjects and real cute on others. Phila knew enough on any other subject only jest marriage. But I spozed that her brain would harden up on this subject when she got more familiar with it—they generally do. And the light of that moon I spoke on liquefies common sense and a state, putty soft, ensues; but cold weather hardens putty, and I knew that she would git over it. But even as I methought, Phila sez, “I must go to my seat, pa will be lookin’ for me.” I see Miss Meechim smotherin’ a smile on her lace-edged handkerchief, and Dorothy’s eyes kinder laughin’ at the idee of a bride callin’ her husband “pa.”

But the groom returned at jest that minute, and I introduced ’em both to Miss Meechim and Dorothy, and we had quite a good little visit. But anon, the groom mentioned incidentally that they wuz a goin’ to live in Salt Lake City.

“Why!” sez I in horrow, “you hain’t a goin’ to jine the Mormons are you?”

And as I said that I see Miss Meechim kinder git Dorothy behind her, as if to protect her from what might be. But I knew there wuzn't no danger from the groom's flirtin' with any other female or tryin' to git 'em sealed to him, for quite a spell I knew that he felt himself as much alone with Baby as if them two wuz on a oasis in the middle of the desert of Sarah. I knew that it would be some months before he waked up to the fact of there bein' another woman in the world. And oh, how Phila scoffed at the idee of pa jinin' the Mormons. They had bought part of a store of a Gentile and wuz goin' to be pardners with him and kinder grow up with the country. I felt that hey wuz a likely couple and would do well, but rememberin' Dorothy's and Miss Meechim's smiles I reached up and stiddied myself on that apron-string of Duty, and took Phila out one side and advised her not to call her bridegroom pa. Sez I, "You hain't but jest married and it don't look well."

And she said that "Her ma always called her father pa."

"Well," sez I, "if you'll take the advice of a old Jonesvillian and well-wisher, you'll wait till you're a few years older before you call him pa."

And she sez, lookin' admirin'ly at him, "I spoze I might call him papa."

Well, you can't put sense into a certain bump in anybody's head if it wuzn't made there in the first place—there are holler places in heads that you can't fill up, do your best. But oh! how her devoted love to him put me in mind of myself, and how his small-sized devotion to her—how it reminded me of him who wuz far away—and oh, why did I not hear from him! my heart sunk nearly into my shues as I foreboded about it. It seemed as if everything brung him up before me, the provisions we had on the dining car wuz good and plenty of 'em, and how they made me think of him, who wuz a good provider. The long, long days and nights of travel, the jar and motion of the cars made me think of him who often wuz restless and oneasy. And even the sand of the desert between Cheyenne and Denver, even that sand brought me fond remembrances of one who wuz sandy complected when in his prime. And oh! when did I not think of him? Christmas had gone by, but how could we celebrate it without a home to set up a Christmas tree, or set out a table with good Jonesville vittles. How I thought on him who made a holiday in my heart by his presence, and always helped me put the leaves in the extension table.

Tommy wanted to hang up his little stockin', and did, hangin' it out like a little red signal of distress over the side of his top shelf, and we filled it with everything good we could git hold on.

Dorothy put in a little silver watch she had bought on her travels, not bigger than a warnut, and Miss Meechim put in some of the toys she had bought for children of her acquaintance. I got a good little picture book for him in Chicago, and a set of Authors, and Aronette gin him two little linen handkerchiefs, hemstitched by herself, and his name, "Tommy," worked in the corners. He wuz real tickled with 'em all. I told Miss Meechim that I had hoped to spend Christmas in Salt Lake City. Knowin' that it wuz a warm climate, I thought I could have a Christmas tree out doors; I thought I could take one of them big pine trees I had read on, and invite Brigham Young's wives, the hull on 'em, to my party, bein' out doors I thought there would be room for 'em all, poor creeters!

But Miss Meechim is very cautious, and she said that she wuz afraid that such a party given by folks in my high position might have a tendency to encourage polygamy.

And I said, "I would rather give a dollar bill than do that, and mebbe I had better give it up, for we shan't git there in time, anyway."

And so I did, and spent the Christmas holidays on the cars, and tried to keep my heart and mind in a Christmas mood, but don't spoze I did, so many fond recollections and sad forebodin's hanted me as the cars swep' us on, on through the valley of the Platte river on to Denver. Miss Meechim, who is a power on dates, said that Denver wuz five thousand two hundred feet above the sea.

And Tommy wonnered, wonnered who measured it, and if they did it with a yard stick as his ma measured cloth, and then he wonnered if his ma missed her little boy, and then he laid up aginst me and kinder cried a little, evanescent grief soon soothed.

We stayed in Denver two days, sallyin' out to different points of interest about it, and here I see irrigation carried on, water carried into the channels around the crops and trees some as I've dug little holes round my house-plants to hold water; only of course Denver wuz carryin' it on, on a bigger scale. It is a handsome city with the water of the Platte river brung in and

running along in little streams by the curbstones. We rode out to Idaho Springs on a narrer railroad but easy goin', through Clear Creek Canon. I liked the looks of the Springs first-rate (they made me think of Josiah).

All the way we see Chinamen workin' hard and patient, as is their wont, and their long frocks they had on made me think of him I mourned for, and their hair hangin' in long braids down their back. So would *his* hair look if he had any, and let it grow.

We had to go a little out of our straight way to visit Salt Lake City but felt that it paid.

CHAPTER IV

Salt Lake lays in a rich valley at the foot of a range of snow-capped mountains that tower up ’round it, seemin’ to the saints, I spoze, as if they wuz heavenly ramparts to protect ’em from evil; and lookin’ to them that despise the saints’ ways and customs, as if the very earth itself was liftin’ up its high hands in horrow at their deeds. But to me, hanted as I wuz by a memory, the mountains looked some like old men with white hair; as his would be when he got older if he wuzn’t bald. I knew that I ort not to think on it, but it would come onbid. It is a beautiful city with electric lights, electric railways, broad streets lined with lofty trees, and little rivulets of pure cold snow-water runnin’ along the side of ’em. The houses are clean and comfortable looking, with well-kep’ lawns and gardens about ’em and flowering shrubs. The temple is a magnificent building; it towers up to heaven, as if it wuz jest as sure of bein’ right as our Methodist Episcopal steeple at Jonesville. Though we know that the M. E. steeple, though smaller in size, is pintin’ the right way and will be found out so on that day that tries souls and steeples and everything else.

The old Bee Hive (where the swarm of Mormons first hived and made gall or honey—or mebby both)—is also an interestin’ sight to meditate on. It is shaped a good deal like one of them round straw bee hives you see in old Sabbath School books. The bride and groom went to their own home to live, on whom we called, or Tommy and I did, and left ’em well situated and happy; and I told him, sez I: “If you ’tend strict to the eighth commandment, you’ll git along first rate.”

And he said that he felt he could rise to any height of goodness with Baby’s help. And she scoffed at the idee of pa ever payin’ any attention to any other woman but her, when he worshipped her so.

Well, so other men have felt and got led off, but I won’t forebode. But I left ’em happy in their own cozy home, which I wuz glad to think I could describe to Phileman and Ann if I ever see that blessed haven, Jonesville, agin.

We went out to visit the Mineral Springs. It only took us about ten minutes on the train, and it only took us about half an hour to go to Garfield Beach. It is the only sand beach on Salt Lake, and some say it is the finest beach in the world, and they say that the sunsets viewed from this spot are so heavenly bright in their glowin' colors that no pen or tongue can describe 'em. The blue-green waves wuz dancin' as we stood on the shore, and we wuz told that if we fell in, the water would hold us up, but didn't try it, bein' in sunthin' of a hurry.

At Miss Meechim's strong request we went on a pleasant trip to York City through the valley of the River of Jordan. How good that name sounded to me! How much like scripter! But, alas! it made me think of one who had so often sung with me on the way home from evenin' meetin', as the full moon gilded the top of the democrat, and the surroundin' landscape:

"By Jordan's stormy banks we stand
And cast a wistful eye
On Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie."

Oh, human love and longing, how strong thou art! I knowed that him meant the things of the sperit, but my human heart translated it, and I sithed and felt that the Jordan my soul wuz passin' through wuz indeed a hard pathway, and I couldn't help castin' a wishful eye on Jonesville's fair and happy land, where my earthly possession, my Josiah, lay.

But to resoom. We had hearn that Polygamy wuz still practised there, and we had hearn that it wuzn't. But every doubt on that subject wuz laid to rest by an invitation we all had to go and visit a Mormon family livin' not fur off, and Miss Meechim and I went, she not wantin' Dorothy to hear a word on the subject. She said with reason, that after all her anxiety and labors to keep her from marryin' one man, what would be her feelin's to have her visit a man who had boldly wedded 'leven wives and might want a even dozen!

I could see it to once, so didn't urge the matter, but left Tommy with her and Aronette. As nigh as I could make out, the Mormons had felt that Miss Meechim and I wuz high in authority in Gentile climes, one on us had that air of nobility and command that is always associated with high authority,

and they felt that one on us could do their cause much good if they could impress us favorable with the custom, so they put their best twenty-four feet forward and did their level best to show off their doctrine in flyin' colors. But they didn't do any good to "one on us," nor to Miss Meechim, either; she's sound in doctrine, though kinder weak and disagreeable in spots.

Well, we found that this family lived in splendid style, and the husband and all his pardners acted happy whether they wuz or not. And I d'no how or why it wuz, but when we all sot down in their large cool parlor, Miss Meechim and I in our luxurious easy chairs, and our host in one opposite with his wife occupyin' 'leven chairs at his sides, a feelin' of pity swep' over me—pity for that man.

Yes, as I looked at that one lonely man, small boneded at that, and then looked at them 'leven portly wimmen that called that man "our husband," I pitied him like a dog. I had never thought of pityin' Mormon men before, but had poured out all my pity and sympathy onto the female Mormons. But havin' a mind like a oxes for strength, I begun to see matters in a new light, and I begun to spozen to myself, even whilst I sot there with my tongue keepin' up a light dialogue on the weather, the country, etc., with the man and his wife ('leven on 'em). I spozed what if they should all git mad at him at one time how wuz he goin' to bear their 'leven rages flashin' from twenty-two eyes, snortin' from 'leven upturned noses, fallin' from 'leven angry voices, and the angry jesters from twenty-two scornful hands. Spozein' they all got to weepin' on his shoulder at one time how could one shoulder blade stand it under the united weight of 'leven full-sized females, most two ton of 'em, amidst more'n forty-four nervous sobs, for they would naterally gin more'n two apiece. In sickness now, if they wanted to soothe his achin' brow, and of course they would all want to, and have the right to. But how could twenty-two hands rest on that one small fore-top? Sixty-six rubs at the least figger, for if they stroked his forehead at all they would want to stroke it three times apiece, poor creeter! would not delerium ensue instead of sooth? And spozein' they all took it into their heads to hang on his arm with both arms fondly whilst out walkin' by moonlight, how could twenty-two arms be accommodated by two small scrawny elbows?

It couldn't be done. And as I mused on't I spoke right out onbeknown to me, and sez I:

“The Lord never meant it to be so; it hain’t reasonable; it’s aginst common sense.”

And the hull twelve sez, “What didn’t the Lord mean? What wuz aginst common sense?”

And bein’ ketched at it, I sez, “The Mormon doctrine;” sez I, “to say nothin’ on moral and spiritual grounds, and state rights, it’s against reason and good sense.”

I felt mortified to think I had spoke out loud, but had to stand my ground after I had said it.

But they all said that the Mormon doctrine wuz the true belief, that it wuz writ in heaven, then it wuz engraved on plates, and dug up by Joe Smith, a Latter Day Saint.

Sez I, “If anybody trys to prove sunthin’ they want to, they can most always dig up sunthin’ to prove it. You say a man dug this plate up; what if some woman should go to diggin’ and find a plate provin’ that one woman ort to have ’leven husbands?”

“Oh, no!” sez the man in deep scorn, “no such plate could be found!”

The wimmen all looked as if they would kinder like to see such dishes, but they all sez faintly, “We don’t spoze that it could be found.”

“But,” I sez, “you don’t know how many plates there are in the ground, nor who’ll dig ’em up.”

“Oh, that idee is preposterous!” sez the man, as visions of dividin’ one woman’s heart into eleven parts and reignin’ over that little mossel riz up before him. “Men never would agree to that; there would be mutiny, internal bloodshed and sizm.”

“Well,” sez I, “mebby there is more or less internal heart bleedin’ goin’ on in the wimmen’s hearts that have to divide a man’s love and care a dozen times.” Sez I, “A hull man’s hull affections are onstiddy and wobblin’ and oncertain enough without dividin’ it up so many times.”

Them wimmen wuz touched. I see a answerin’ gleam of understandin’ come into about twenty-one eyes as I spoke; one on ’em stood firm and looked

hauty and cast iron, but I mistrusted it wuz a glass eye, but don't know, it might have been principle.

And even on the man's small-sized countenance my words had seemed to make a impression. But yet he didn't want to give up in a minute; he spoke of how the Mormons had flourished since they come to Utah, how they had turned the desert into a garden, and he felt that the Lord must look on 'em favorable or they wouldn't be so prosperous.

"Yes," sez I, not wantin' to lie, "your country is beautiful, it is in a flourishing state, and shows the good results of systematic labor, industry and ambition; you have made the desert bloom like the rosy, many of your ways and customs might be follered with profit by older communities, and more orthodox accordin' to my idees. But I don't know as your flourishin' in worldly affairs is any sign of God's favor," and I mentioned the scripter concernin' who it wuz that flourished like the green bayberry tree. So bein' driv out of that argument, he sez, forgittin' his own eleven proofs aginst his story bein' true:

"Polygamy is done away with anyway; the United States have abolished it in Utah."

And I sez: "Well, I should be glad to think that wuz so, for one husband and one wife is as much as the Lord in his mercy ort to ask one human creeter to tend to and put up with. Not but what marriage is a beautiful institution and full of happiness if Love props it up and gilds it with its blessed ray. But one is enough," sez I firmly, "and enough is as good as a feast."

Miss Meechim sot silently by durin' this eloquent discussion—what she felt, she that abhorred the institution of marriage anyway—what she felt to look on and see folks so much married as these wuz, will forever remain a secret, but her looks wuz queer, very, and her nose fairly sought the heavens, it wuz held so high. A few of the wives brought in some refreshments to refresh us, and a few more waited on us and the small husband of their eleven hearts, and almost immegiately we tore ourselves away, takin' in ourn as we left, the hand of the husband and the eleven right hands of the wife.

That evenin' I wuz told I wuz wanted in the parlor, and as I entered quite a good lookin' Mormon man got up and advanced and broke out to once

askin' my help. He said he'd read in the paper that I wuz there to that tarven, and knowin' I stood so high with the public he had ventered to ask my help. He had political yearnin's and wanted to set in the Senate, but as I stood firm as iron again that idee his linement grew almost frenzied, and sez he:

"Do help me, do use your influence with your President. He's afraid of race suicide; tell him I'm the father of forty-seven children—will not that touch his heart?"

"Not a mite!" sez I, "his heart is as true as steel to his one wife and six children. It is a good manly heart that can't be led off by any such brazen statements."

His linement looked lurid and half demented as he sez, "Mebby some high church dignitaries would help me. Or no," sez he, "go to the head of it all, go to the Liquor Power—that's the place to go to, that rules Church and State, that makes the laws. Oh, do go to the Liquor Power, and git it to let me set. I'll pay their usual price for makin' personal laws in a man's favor."

The cold glare in my gray eye froze the words on his lip. "You ask me to go to the Liquor Power for help! Do you know who you're speakin' to?"

"Yes," sez he feebly, "I'm speakin' to Josiah Allen's wife, and I want to set."

His axent wuz heartbroken and I fancied that there wuz a little tone of repentance in it. Could I influence him for the right? Could I frighten him into the right path? I felt I must try, and I sez in a low, deep voice:

"I'll help you to set if you'll set where I want you to."

"Oh, tell me! tell me," sez he, "where you want me to set."

"Not in the high halls where justice is administered, not up there with the pictures of your numerous wives on your heart to make laws condemnin' a man who has only one extra wife to prison for twenty years, which same law would condemn you to prison for 'most a century. That wouldn't be reasonable. Presidents and senators are sot up there in Washington D. C. as examplers for the young to foller and stimulate 'em to go and do likewise. Such a example as yourn would stimulate 'em too much in matrimonial directions and land 'em in prison."

He muttered sunthin' about lots of public men havin' other wives in secret.

"In secret?" sez I. "Well, mebby so, but it has to be in secret, hid away, wropped in disgrace, and if the law discovers it they are punished. That's a very different thing from makin' such a life respectable, coverin' 'em under the mantilly of the law, embroidered too with public honors."

He turned away despairin'ly and murmured mekanically the old heart-broken wail, "I want to set."

And I sez reasonably, "There is no objection to your settin' down, and if I had my way you would set right by them who have done only half or a quarter what you have and in the place the laws have made for them and you."

He turned quick as a wink, "Then you won't help me?"

"Yes," sez I, "I'll help all I can to put you right in with the others that have done jest what you have—openly set our laws at defiance. But if I know myself I won't help a tiger cat to hold a canary bird or a wolf to guard a sheep pen. I won't help a felon up on the seat of justice to make laws for innocent men."

"Innocent men!" And agin he sez, "Ha! ha!"

And agin I didn't care what he said. And I got up and sez, "You may as well leave the presence." And as he turned I sez in conclusion, thinkin' mebby I'd been too hash, "I dare say you have intellect and may be a good man so fur as I know only in this one iniquity and open defiance of our laws, and I advise you to turn right round in your tracks and git ready to set down on high, for you'll find it a much worse thing to prance round through all eternity without settin' than it is to not set here."

He jest marched out of the door and didn't say good bye or good day or anything. But I didn't care. I knowed the minute his card wuz handed to me jest how many wives he had and how he wuz doin' all he could to uphold what he called his religion, but I did hope I'd done him some good but felt dubersome about it. But knowin' I'd clung to Duty's apron strings I felt like leavin' the event. And when Miss Meechim come in I wuz settin' calm and serene in a big chair windin' some clouded blue and white yarn, Aronette holdin' the skein. I'd brung along a lot of woollen yarn to knit Josiah some socks on the way, to make me feel more homelike.

And the next day we proceeded on to California.

CHAPTER V

Miss Meechim and Dorothy looked brighter and happier as every revolution of the wheels brought us nearer their old home, and they talked about Robert Strong and other old friends I never see.

> “Be it ever so humbly,
> There is no place like hum.”

My heart sung them words and carried two parts, one sulferino and one bear tone. The high part caused by my lofty emotions and sweet recollections of home, that hallowed spot; the minor chords caused by feelin’s I have so often recapitulated. Tommy, as the day wore on, went to sleep, and I covered him tenderly on the seat with my little shoulder shawl, and sot there alone; alone, as the cars bore us onward, sometimes through broad green fields of alfalfa, anon over a bridge half a mile long, from whence you could look down and see the flowing stream beneath like a little skein of silver yarn glistening in the sun fur below, agin forests and valleys and farms and homesteads, and anon in an opening through a valley, high bluffs, beautifully colored, could be seen towering up over blue waters, up, up as if they wuz bent on touching the fleecy clouds overhead. And then a green sheltered valley, and then a high range of mountains seen fur off as if overlookin’ things to see that all wuz well, anon a big city, then a village, then the green country agin, and so the pictures passed before me as I sot there.

I had put on a pair of new cuffs and a collar, made for me and hemstitched by Waitstill Webb, and gin to me by her, though I wanted to pay her. Sweet little creeter! how good she wuz to me and to everybody, and I thought of her sad history, and hoped that brighter days wuz ahead on her. I d’no as I’ve told the reader much about her history, and mebby I might as well whilst we are rushin’ on so fast, and Tommy is asleep.

Alan Thorne, the young man she wuz engaged to, wuz brung up by a uncle who had a family of his own to love and tend to, but he did his duty by Alan, gin him a good education and a comfortable, if not affectionate, home in his family. But it wuz a big family all bound up in each other, and Alan had seemed like one who looks on through a winder at the banquet of Life and Love, kinder hungry and lonesome till he met Waitstill Webb. Then their two hearts and souls rushed together like two streams of water down an inclined plane. They literally seemed to be two bodies with one heart, one soul, one desire, one aspiration. He had always been industrious, honest and hard workin'. Now he had sunthin' to work for; and for the three years after he met Waitstill he worked like a giant. He wuz earning a home for his wife, his idol; how happy he wuz in his efforts, his work, and how happy she wuz to see it, and to work herself in her quiet way for the future.

He had bought a home about a mile out of the city, where he was employed, and had got it all payed for. It wuz a beautiful little cottage with a few acres of land round it, and he had got his garden all laid out and a orchard of fruit trees of all kinds, and trees and flowering shrubs and vines around the pretty cottage. There wuz a little pasture where he wuz to keep his cow and a horse, that she could take him with to his work mornings and drive round where she wanted to, and there wuz a meadow lot with a little rivulet running through it, and they had already planned a rustic bridge over the dancing stream, and a trout pond, and she had set out on its borders some water lilies, pink and white, and Showy Ladies and other wild flowers, and she jest doted on her posy garden and strawberry beds, and they'd bought two or three hives of bees in pretty boxes and took them out there; they had rented the place to a old couple till they wanted it themselves. And every holiday and Sunday they walked out to their own place, and the sun did not shine any brighter on their little home than the sun of hope and happiness did in their hearts as they pictured their life there in that cozy nest.

And Alan Thorne, after he loved Waitstill, not only tried to win outward success for her sake; he tried to weed out all the weaknesses of his nater, to make himself more worthy of her. He said to himself when he would go to see her, he would "robe his soul in holiest purpose as for God himself." His pa had at one time in his life drank considerable, but he wuz not a drunkard, and he wuz a good bizness man when the fever carried him off, and his young wife out of the world the same year. Well, Alan wuz jest as

industrious as he could be, and with his happy future to look forward to and Waitstill's love and beloved presence to prop up his manhood, everything promised a fair and happy life for them both; till, like a thunder-cloud out of a clear sky come that deafening report from Spanish brutality that blew up the *Maine* and this nation's peace and tranquility. Dretful deed! Awful calamity! that sent three hundred of our brave seamen onprepared to meet their God—without a second's warning. Awful deed that cried to heaven for pity! But did it bring back these brave fellows sleeping in Havana harbor to their mothers, wives and sweethearts, to have thousands more added to the list of the slain?

"Remember the *Maine*!" How these words echoed from pulpit and Senate and palace and hovel; how they wuz sung in verse, printed in poems, printed in flaming lines of electric light everywhere! From city to country, you saw and heard these words, "Remember the *Maine*!"

I wondered then and I wonder now if the spirit of revenge that swep' through our nation at that time wuz the spirit of the Master.

I d'no nor Josiah don't, whether it wuz right and best to influence the souls of the young till they burnt at white heat with the spirit that our Lord said his disciples must avoid, for said he: "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord."

Well, it is a deep question, deeper than I've got a line to measure; and Josiah's line and mine both tied together don't begin to touch the bottom on't, for we've tried it time and agin. We've argyed aginst each other about it, and jined on and hitched our arguments together, and they didn't touch bottom then, nor begin to. As Mrs. Browning said (a woman I set store by, and always did, I've hearn Thomas J. read about her so much): "A country's a thing men should die for at need."

Yes, to die for, if its safety is imperilled, that I believe and Josiah duz, but I have eppisoded about it a sight, I've had to. I methought how this nation wuz stirred to its deepest depths; how it seethed and boiled with indignation and wrath because three hundred of its sons wuz killed by ignorant and vicious means; how it breathed out vengeance on the cause that slew them; how it called To Arms! To Arms! Remember the *Maine*! But how cool and demute it stood, or ruther sot, and see every year sixty thousand of its best sons slain by the saloon, ten-fold more cruel deaths, too, since the soul and mind wuz slain before their bodies went. No cry for vengeance as the long

procession of the dead wheeled by the doors of the law-makers of the land; no cry: “To arms! to arms! Remember the Saloon.” And more mysterious still, I eppisoded to myself, it would have looked to see the Government rig out and sell to the Spaniards a million more bombs and underground mines to blow up the rest of our ships and kill thousands more of our young men. Wouldn’t it have looked dog queer to the other nations of the world to have seen it done?

But there they sot, our law-makers, and if they lifted their eyes at all to witness the long procession of the dead drift by, sixty thousand corpses yearly slain by the Saloon, if they lifted their eyes at all to look at the ghastly procession, they dropped ’em agin quick as they could so’s not to delay their work of signin’ licenses, makin’ new laws, fixin’ over old ones, and writin’ permits to the murderers to go on with their butchery. Queer sight! queer in the sight of other nations, in the sight of men and angels, and of me and Josiah.

Well, to stop eppisodin’ and resoom backwards for a spell. Alan Thorne hearn that cry: “To arms! To arms!” And his very soul listened. His grandfathers on both sides wuz fighting men; at school and college he’d been trained in a soldier regiment, and had been steeped full of warlike idees, and they all waked up at his cry for vengeance. He had just got to go; it wuz to be. Heaven and Waitstill couldn’t help it; he had to go; he went.

Well, Waitstill read his letters as well as she could through her blindin’ tears; letters at first full of love—the very passion of love and tenderness for his sweetheart, and deathless patriotism and love for his country.

But bime-by the letters changed a little in their tones—they wuzn’t so full of love for his country. “The country,” so he writ, “wuz shamefully neglecting its sons, neglecting their comfort.” He writ they wuz herded together in quarters not fit for a dog, with insufficient food; putrid, dretful food, that no dog would or could eat. No care taken of their health—and as for the health of their souls, no matter where they wuz, if half starved or half clad, the Canteen was always present with ’em; if they could git nothin’ else for their comfort, they could always git the cup that the Bible sez: “Cursed is he that puts it to his neighbor’s lips.” Doubly cursed now—poisoned with adulteration, makin’ it a still more deadly pizen.

Well, sickened with loathsome food he could not eat, half starved, the deadly typhoid hovering over the wretched soldier, is it any wonder that as the tempter held the glass to his lips (the tempter being the Government he wuz fightin' for) the tempted yielded and drank?

The letters Waitstill got grew shorter and cooler, as the tempter led Alan deeper and deeper into his castle of Ruin where the demon sets and gloats over its victims. When the Canteen had done its work on the crazed brain and imbruted body, other sins and evils our Government had furnished and licensed, stood ready to draw him still further along the down-grade whose end is death.

Finally the letters stopped, and then Waitstill, whose heart wuz broke, jined the noble army of nurses and went forward to the front, always hunting for the one beloved, and, as she feared, lost to her. And she found him. The very day that Alan Thorne, in a drunken brawl, killed Arvilly's husband with a bullet meant for another drunken youth, these wimmen met. A rough lookin' soldier knelt down by the dead man, a weepin' woman fell faintin' on his still, dead heart; this soldier ('twas Arville) wuz sick in bed for a week, Waitstill tendin' him, or her I might as well say, for Arville owned to her in her weakness that she wuz a woman; yes, Waitstill tended her faithfully, white and demute with agony, but kep' up with the hope that the Government that had ruined her lover would be lenient towards the crime it had caused. For she reasoned it out in a woman's way. She told Arvilly "that Alan would never have drank had not the Government put the cup to his lips, and of course the Government could not consistently condemn what it had caused to be." She reasoned it out from what she had learnt of justice and right in the Bible.

But Arvilly told her—for as quick as she got enough strength she wuz the same old Arvilly agin, only ten times more bent on fightin' aginst the Drink Demon that murdered her husband. Sez Arvilly: "You don't take into consideration the Tariff and Saloon arguments of apologizin' Church and State, the tax money raised from dead men, and ruined lives and broken hearts to support poor-houses and jails and police to take care of their victims." No; Waitstill reasoned from jest plain Bible, but of course she found out her mistake. Arvilly said: "You'll find the nation that opens its sessions with prayer, and engraves on its money, 'In God We Trust,' don't

believe in such things. You'll find their prayers are to the liquor dealers; their God is the huge idol of Expediency."

Alan Thorne wuz hung for the murder, guilty, so the earthly court said. But who wuz sot down guilty in God's great book of Justice that day? Arvilly believes that over Alan Thorne's name wuz printed:

"Alan Thorne, foolish boy, tempted and ondone by the country he was trying to save." And then this sentence in fiery flame:

"The United States of America, guilty of murder in the first degree."

Dretful murder, to take the life of the one that loved it and wuz tryin' to save it.

Well, Arvilly's last thing to love wuz taken from her cruelly, and when she got strong enough she sot off for Jonesville in her soldier clothes, for she thought she would wear 'em till she got away, but she wuz brung back as a deserter and Waitstill stood by her durin' her trial, and after Alan's death she too wuz smit down, like a posy in a cyclone. Arvilly, in her own clothes now, tended her like a mother, and as soon as she wuz able to travel took her back to Jonesville, where they make their home together, two widders, indeed, though the weddin' ring don't show on one of their hands.

Waitstill goes about doin' good, waitin' kinder still, some like her name, till the Lord sends her relief by the angel that shall stand one day in all our homes. She don't talk much.

But Arvilly's grief is different. She told me one day when I wuz tellin' her 63 to chirk up and be more cheerful and comfortable:

"I don't want to be comfortable; I don't want to feel any different."

"Whyee, Arvilly!" sez I, "don't you want to see any happiness agin?"

"No, I don't," sez she, "I don't want to take a minute's comfort and ease while things are in the state they be." Sez she, "Would you want to set down happy, and rock, and eat peanuts, if you knew that your husband and children wuz drowndin' out in the canal?"

"No," sez I, "no, indeed! I should rush out there bareheaded, and if I couldn't save 'em, would feel like dyin' with 'em."

"Well," sez she, short as pie crust, "that's jest how I feel."

I believe and so Josiah duz that Arvilly would walk right up to a loaded cannon and argy with it if she thought it would help destroy the Saloon, and after she had convinced the cannon she would be perfectly willin' to be blowed up by it if the Saloon wuz blowed up too.

Well, I sot thinkin' of all this till Tommy waked up and we all went out into the dining car and had a good meal. We wuz a little over two days goin' from Salt Lake City to San Francisco, and durin' that time I calculated that I eat enough dirt, that bitter alkali sand, to last lawful all my life. I believe one peck of dirt is all the law allows one person to consume durin' their life. It seems as if I eat more than enough to meet legal requirements for me and Josiah, and I seemed to have a thick coatin' of it on my hull person. And poor little Tommy! I tried to keep his face clean and that wuz all I could do.

But as we drew nearer to California the weather became so balmy and delightful that it condoned for much that wuz onpleasant, and I sez to myself, the lovely views I have seen between Chicago and California I shall never forgit as long as memory sets up in her high chair.

What a panorama it wuz—beautiful, grand, delightful, majestic, sublime—no words of mine can do it justice. No. I can never describe the views that opened on our admirin' and almost awe-struck vision as the cars advanced through natural openin's in the mountains and anon artificial ones.

Why, I had thought that the hill in front of old Grout Nickelson's wuz steep, and the road a skittish one that wound around it above the creek. But imagine goin' along a road where you could look down thousands of feet into running water, and right up on the other side of you mountains thousands of feet high. And you between, poor specks of clay with only a breath of steam to keep you agoin' and prevent your dashin' down into that enormous abyss.

But Grandeur sot on them mountain tops, Glory wuz enthroned on them sublime heights and depths, too beautiful for words to describe, too grand for human speech to reproduce agin, the soul felt it and must leave it to other souls to see and feel.

On, on through mountain, valley, gorge and summit, waves of green foliage, rocks all the beautiful colors of the rainbow, majestic shapes, seemin'ly fashioned for a home for the gods; white peaks—sun-glorified, thousands of

feet high with blue sky above; ravines thousands of feet deep with a glint of blue water in the depths, seemin' to mirror to us the truth that God's love and care wuz over and under us. And so on and on; valleys, mountains, clear lakes, forests and broad green fields, tree sheltered farms, and anon the broad prairie. It wuz all a panorama I never tired of lookin' at, and lasted all the way to California.

As our stay wuz to be so short in San Francisco, Miss Meechim and Dorothy thought it would be best to go to a hotel instead of openin' Dorothy's grand house; so we all went to the tarven Miss Meechim picked out, the beautifullest tarven that ever I sot eyes on, it seemed to me, and the biggest one. Havin' felt the swayin', jiggerin' motion of the cars so long, it wuz indeed a blessin' to set my foot on solid ground once more, and Tommy and I wuz soon ensconced in a cozy room, nigh Miss Meechim's sweet rooms. For she still insisted on callin' their rooms sweet, and I wouldn't argy with her, for I spoze they did seem sweet to her.

Tommy wuz tired out and I had to take him in my arms and rock him, after we'd had our supper, a good meal which Miss Meechim had brung up into their settin'-room, though I insisted on payin' my part on't (she's a good creater, though weak in some ways). Well I rocked Tommy and sung to him:

"Sweet fields beyend the swellin' flood."

And them sweet fields in my mind wuz our own orchard and paster, and the swellin' flood I thought on wuzn't death's billers, but the waters that rolled between California and Jonesville.

Not one word had I hearn from my pardner sence leavin' New York.

"Oh, dear Josiah! When shall I see thee agin?" So sung my heart, or ruther chanted, a deep solemn chant. "Where art thou, Josiah, and when shall we meet agin? And why, why do I not hear from thee?"

The next mornin' after we arrived at San Francisco, Robert Strong appeared at the hotel bright and early, and I don't know when I've ever seen anybody I liked so well. Miss Meechim invited me into her settin'-room to see him.

Havin' hearn so much about his deep, earnest nater and deathless desire to do all the good he could whilst on his earthly pilgrimage, I expected to see a

grave, quiet man with lines of care and conflict engraved deep on his sober, solemn visage.

But I wuz never more surprised to see a bright, laughin', happy face that smiled back into mine as Albina Meechim proudly introduced her nephew to me.

Why, thinkses I to myself, where can such strength of character, such noble purpose, such original and successful business habits be hidden in that handsome, smilin' face and them graceful, winnin' ways, as he laughed and talked with his aunt and Dorothy.

But anon at some chance word of blame and criticism from Miss Meechim, makin' light of his City of Justice and its inhabitants, a light blazed up in his eyes and lit up his face, some as a fire in our open fireplace lights up the spare-room, and I see stand out for a minute on the background of his fair handsome face a picture of heroism, love, endeavor that fairly stunted me for a time. And I never felt afterwards anything but perfect confidence in him; no matter how light and trifling wuz his talk with Dorothy, or how gay and boyishly happy wuz his clear laughter.

He had worked well and faithful, givin' his hull mind and heart to his endeavor to do all the good he could, and now he wuz bound to play well, and git all the good and rest he could out of his play spell. And I hadn't been with 'em more'n several hours before I thought that I had seen further into his heart and hopes and intentions than Miss Meechim had in all her born days.

Robert Strong, before he went away, invited us all to go and see his City of Justice, and we agreed with considerable satisfaction to do so, or at least I did and I spoze the rest did. Miss Meechim would be happy in any place where her nephew wuz, that you could see plain, as much as she disapproved of his methods. Dorothy, I couldn't see so plain what she did think, she bein' one that didn't always let her lips say everything her heart felt, but she used Robert real polite, and we all had a real agreeable visit.

Robert got a big carriage and took us all out driving that afternoon, Miss Meechim and I settin' on the back seat, and Robert and Dorothy facing us, and Tommy perched on Robert's knee; Tommy jest took to him, and visey-versey. Robert thought he wuz just about the brightest little boy he had ever

seen, and Tommy sot there, a little pale but happy, and wonnered about things, and Robert answered all his “wonners” so fur as he could.

We drove through beautiful streets lined with elegant houses, and the dooryards wuz a sight. Think of my little scraggly geraniums and oleanders and cactuses I’ve carried round in my hands all winter and been proud on. And then think of geranium and oleander trees just as common as our maples and loaded with flowers. And palm and bananna trees, little things we brood over in our houses in the winter, and roses that will look spindlin’ with me, do the best I can, in December, all growin’ out-doors fillin’ the air with fragrance.

Robert Strong said we must go to the Cliff House, and Tommy wanted to see the seals.

Poor things! I felt bad to see ’em and to think there wuz a war of extermination tryin’ to be waged aginst ’em, because they interfered with the rights of a few. One of the most interesting animals on the Western continent! It seems too bad they’re tryin’ to wipe ’em out of existence because the fishermen say they eat a sammon now and then. Why shouldn’t they who more than half belong to the water-world once in a great while have a little taste of the good things of that world as well as to have ’em all devoured by the inhabitants of dry land? And they say that the seals eat sharks too—I should think that that paid for all the good fish they eat. But to resoom. Tommy didn’t think of the rights or the wrongs of the seals, he had no disquietin’ thoughts to mar his anticipations, but he wonnered if he could put his hands through ’em like he could his ma’s seal muff. He thought that they wuz muffs, silk lined—the idee! And he “wonnered” a sight when he see the great peaceable lookin’ creeters down in the water and on the rocks, havin’ a good time, so fur as we could see, in their own world, and mindin’ their own bizness; not tryin’ to git ashore and kill off the fishermen, because they ketched so many sammons. And Tommy had to feed the seals and do everything he could do, Robert Strong helpin’ him in everything he undertook, and he “wonnered” if they would ever be changed into muffs, and he “wonnered” if they would like to be with “ribbon bows on.”

At my request we went through Lone Mountain Cemetery, a low mountain rising from the sandy beach full of graves shaded by beautiful trees and

myriads of flowers bending over the silent sleepers, the resistless sea washing its base on one side—just as the sea of Death is washing up aginst one side of Life—no matter how gay and happy it is.

We rode home through a magnificent park of two thousand acres. Money had turned the sandy beach into a wealth of green lawns, beautiful trees and myriads of flowers. I had always sposed that them Eastern Genis in the "Arabian Nights" had palaces and things about as grand and luxurious as they make, but them old Genis could have got lots of pinters in luxury and grand surroundin's if they'd seen the homes of these nabobs in the environins of San Francisco. No tongue can tell the luxury and elegance of them abodes, and so I hain't a goin' to git out of patience with my tongue if it falters and gins out in the task.

CHAPTER VI

The next mornin' while Miss Meechim and Dorothy wuz to the lawyers, tendin' to that bizness of hern and gittin' ready for their long tower, Robert Strong took me through one of them palaces. It stood only a little distance from the city and wuz occupied by one old gentleman, the rest of the family havin' died off and married, leavin' him alone in his glory. Well said, for glory surrounded the hull spot.

There wuz three hundred acres, all gardens and lawns and a drivin' park and a park full of magestick old live oaks, and acres and acres of the most beautiful flowers and all the choicest fruit you could think of.

The great stately mansion was a sight to go through—halls, libraries, gilded saloons, picture galleries, reception halls lined with mirrors, billiard rooms, bowling alleys, whatever that may be, dining rooms, with mirrors extending from the floor to the lofty ceilin's.

I wondered if the lonely old occupant ever see reflected in them tall mirrors the faces of them who had gone from him as he sot there at that table, like some Solomon on his throne. But all he had to do wuz to press his old foot on a electric bell under the table, and forty servants would enter. But I'dno as he'd want 'em all—I shouldn't—it would take away my appetite, I believe. Twenty carriages of all kinds and thirty blooded horses wuz in his stables, them stables bein' enough sight nicer than any dwellin' house in Jonesville.

But what did that feeble old man want of twenty carriages? To save his life he couldn't be in more than one to a time; and I am that afraid of horses, I felt that I wouldn't swap the old mair for the hull on 'em.

At my strong request we made a tower one day to see Stanford University, that immense schoolhouse that is doin' so much good in the world; why, good land! it is larger than you have any idee on; why, take all the schoolhouses in Jonesville and Loontown and Zoar and put 'em all together,

and then add to them all the meetin' houses in all them places and then it wouldn't be half nor a quarter so big as this noble schoolhouse.

And the grounds about it are beautiful, beautiful! We wuz shown through the buildin', seein' all the helps to learning of all kinds and the best there is in the world. And how proud I felt to think what one of my own sect had done in that great werk. How the cross of agony laid on her shoulders had turned to light that will help guide over life's tempestenus ten millions yet onborn. And I sez: "How happy young Leeland must be to know his death has done such grand work, and to see it go on."

"Why," sez Meechim, "how could he see it? He's dead."

Sez I: "Don't you spoze the Lord would let him see what a great light his death has lit up in the werld. In my opinion he wuz right there to-day lookin' at it."

"That is impossible," sez she. "If he wuz there we should have seen him."

Sez I: "You don't see the x-rays that are all about you this very minute; but they are there. You can't see the great force Marconi uses to talk with, but it walks the earth, goes right through mountains, which you and I can't do, Miss Meechim. It is stronger than the solid earth or rock. That shows the power of the invisible, that what we call the real is the transitory and weak, the invisible is the lasting and eternal. What we have seen to-day is sorrow chrystalized into grand shapes. A noble young heart's ideal and asperations wrought out by loveng memory in brick and mortar. The invisible guiding the eye, holding the hand of the visible building for time and eternity."

Miss Meechim's nose turned up and she sniffed some. She wuz a foreigner, how could she know what I said? But Dorothy and Robert seemed to understand my language, though they couldn't speak it yet. And good land! I hain't learnt its A B C's yet, and don't spoze I shall till I git promoted to a higher school.

Well, it wuz on a lovely afternoon that we all went out to the City of Justice, and there I see agin what great wealth might do in lightening the burdens of a sad world. Robert Strong might have spent his money jest as that old man did whose place I have described, and live in still better style, for Robert Strong wuz worth millions. But he felt different; he felt as if he wanted his capital to lighten the burden on the aching back of bowed down and tired

out Labor, and let it stand up freer and straighter for a spell. He felt that he could enjoy his wealth more if it wuz shared accordin' to the Bible, that sez if you have two coats give to him that hasn't any, and from the needy turn not thou away.

That big building, or ruther that cluster and village of buildings, didn't need any steeples to tell its mission to the world. Lots of our biggest meetin' houses need 'em bad to tell folks what they stand for. If it wuzn't for them steeples poor folks who wander into 'em out of their stifling alleys and dark courts wouldn't mistrust what they wuz for. They would see the elegantly dressed throng enter and pass over carpeted aisles into their luxuriously cushioned pews, and kneel down on soft hassocks and pray: "Thy kingdom come," and "Give us this day our daily bread," and "give us what we give others." These poor folks can't go nigh 'em, for the usher won't let 'em, but they meet 'em through the week, or hear of 'em, and know that they do all in their power to keep his kingdom of Love and Justice away from the world. They herd in their dark, filthy, death-cursed tenements, not fit for beasts, owned by the deacon of that church, and all the week run the gauntlet of those drink hells, open to catch all their hard-earned pennies, owned by the warden and vestrymen and upheld by the clergymen and them high in authority, and extolled as the Poor Man's Club. Wimmen who see their husbands enticed to spend all their money there and leave them and their children starving and naked; mothers who see their young boys in whom they tried to save a spark of their childish innocence ground over in these mills of the devil into brutal ruffians who strike down the care-worn form of the one that bore them in agony, and bent over their cradle with a mother's love and hope. As they see all this, and know that this is the true meaning of the prayers put up in them elegant churches, don't they need steeples to tell that they're built to show Christ's love and justice to the world? Yes, indeed; they need steeples and high ones, too.

But this city of Robert Strong's didn't need steeples, as I say. It wuz Christianity built in bricks and mortar, practical religion lived right before 'em from day to day, comfortable houses for workmen, which they could hope to earn and call their own. Pleasant homes where happy love could dwell in content, because no danger stood round, hid in saloons to ruin husband, son and father; comfortable houses where health and happiness could dwell. Good wages, stiddy work, and a share in all the profits made

there; good hard work whilst they did work, ensurin' success and prosperity; but short hours, ensurin' sunthin' beyond wages.

A big house, called a Pleasure House, stood in the centre of the broad, handsome streets, a sort of a centrepiece from which streams of happiness and health flowed through the hull city, some as them little rills of pure snow water flowed through the streets of Salt Lake and Denver. Where all sorts of innocent recreation could be found to suit all minds and ages. A big library full of books. A museum full of the riches of science and art. A big music hall where lovers of music could find pleasure at any time, and where weekly concerts was given, most of the performers being of the musically inclined amongst the young people in the City of Justice. A pretty little theatre where they could act out little plays and dramas of a helpful, inspirin' sort. A big gymnasium full of the best appliances and latest helps to physical culture. A large bathing tank where the white marble steps led down to cool, sweet waters flowing through the crystal pool, free to all who wanted to use it. A free telephone linking the hull place together. I roamed along through the beautiful streets and looked on the happy, cheerful-faced workmen, who thronged them now, for their short day's work wuz ended and they wuz goin' home. My heart swelled almost to bustin' and I sez almost unbeknown to myself, to Robert Strong who wuz walkin' by my side: "We read about the New Jerusalem comin' down to earth, and if I didn't know, Robert Strong, that you had founded this city yourself, I should think that this wuz it."

He laughed his boyish laugh, but I see the deep meanin' in his clear, gray eyes and knew what he felt, though his words wuz light.

"Oh no," sez he, "we read that those gates are pearl; these are just common wood, turned out by my workmen."

Sez I, "The pearl of love and good will to man, the precious stun of practical religion and justice shines on these gates and every buildin' here, and I bless the Lord that I have ever lived to see what I have to-day." And I took out my snowy linen handkerchief and shed some tears on it, I was so affected.

Robert Strong wuz touched to his heart, I see he wuz, but kep' up, his nater bein' such. Miss Meechim and Dorothy wuz walkin' a little ahead, Tommy between 'em. And anon we come to the house Robert lived in; not a bit

better than the others on that street, but a nice comfortable structure of gray stun and brick, good enough for anybody, with wide sunshiny windows, fresh air, sunshine, plenty of books, musical instruments and furniture good enough, but nothing for show.

Here his motherly-looking housekeeper spread a nice lunch for us. His overseer dined with us, a good-looking chap, devoted to Robert Strong, as I could see, and ready to carry out his idees to the full. Miss Meechim couldn't find anything, it seemed to me, to pick flaws in, but she did say to me out to one side, "Just think how Robert lives in a house no better than his workmen, and he might live in a palace."

Sez I, warmly, "Robert Strong's body may stay in this comfortable brick house, good enough for anybody, but the real Robert Strong dwells in a royal palace, his soul inhabits the temple of the Lord, paved with the gold and pearl of justice and love, and its ruff reaches clear up into heaven from where he gits the air his soul breathes in."

"Do you think so? I never thought of it in that light; I have thought his ideas was erroneous and so my clergyman thinks. Rev. Dr. Weakdew said to me there were a great many texts that he had preached from all his life, that if these ideas of Robert's was carried out universally, would be destroyed and rendered meaningless. Texts it had always been such a comfort to him to preach from, he said, admonishing the poor of their duty to the rich, and comforting the poor and hungry and naked with assurances that though hungry here they may partake of the bread of life above, if they are humble and patient and endure to the end, and though shivering and naked here, they may be clothed in garments of light above."

And I sez, "Bein' that we are all in this world at present, I believe the Lord would ruther we should cover the naked limbs and feed the starvin' bodies here, and now, and leave the futur to Him."

But Miss Meechim shook her head sadly. "It sounds well," sez she, "but there is something wrong in any belief that overthrows Scripture and makes the poor wealthy."

"Well," sez I, "if it wuz our naked backs that the snow fell on, and the hail pelted, and our stomachs that wuz achin' and faint for food, we should sing a different tune."

“I trust that I should sing a Gospel tune in any event,” sez she.

“Well,” sez I, “we needn’t quarrel about that, for we couldn’t feel much like singin’ in them cases. But if we did sing I think a good hymn would be:

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love.

“And if the rich and poor, Capital and Labor would all jine in and sing this from the heart the very winders of heaven would open to hear the entrancin’ strains,” sez I. But I don’t spoze I changed her mind any.

Dorothy bein’ naterally so smart, wuz impressed by all we had seen, I could see she wuz, and when he wuzn’t lookin’ at her I could see her eyes rest on Robert Strong’s face with a new expression of interest and approval. But she wuz full of light, happiness and joy—as she ort to be in her bright youth—and she and Robert and Miss Meechim spoke of the trip ahead on us with happy anticipations.

But I—oh, that deep, holler room in my heart into which no stranger looked; that room hung with dark, sombry black; remembrances of him the great ocean wuz a-goin’ to sever me from—he on land and I on sea—ten thousand miles of land and water goin’ to separate us; how could I bear it, how wuz I goin’ to stand it? I kep’ up, made remarks and answered ’em mekanically, but oh, the feelin’s I felt on the inside. How little can we tell in happy lookin’ crowds how many of the gay throng hear the rattle of their own private skeletons above the gayest music!

Well, we got home to the Palace hotel in good season, I a-talkin’ calmly and cheerfully, but sayin’ in the inside, “’Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam, be it ever so humbly there is no place like home.” My home wuz my pardner, the place where he wuz would look better than any palace.

I went up to my room and after gettin’ Tommy to bed, who wuz cross and sleepy, I finished the letter to my help, for we wuz goin’ to start in the mornin’.

“Oh, Philury!” the letter run, “my feelin’s, you cannot parse ’em, even if you wuz better grounded in grammar than I think you be. Not one word from my beloved pardner do I hear—is Josiah dead?” sez I. “But if he is don’t tell me; I could not survive, and Tommy has got to be went with. But

oh! if sickness and grief for me has bowed that head, bald, but most precious to me, deal with him as you would deal with a angel unawares. Bile his porridge, don't slight it or let it be lumpy, don't give him dish-watery tea, brile his toast and make his beef tea as you would read chapters of scripter—carefully and not with eye service. Hang my picter on the wall at the foot of the bed, and if it affects him too much, hang my old green braize veil over it, you'll find it in the hall cupboard."

But why should I sadden and depress the hearts of a good natered public? I writ seven sheets of foolscap, and added to what I had already writ, it made it too big to send by mail, so I put it in a collar box and sent it by express, charges paid, for I knew the dear man it wuz addressed to, if he wuz still able to sense anything, would like it better that way. And then my letter sent off I begun to pack my hair trunk anew.

Well, the day dawned gloriously. I spoze I must have slep' some, for when I opened my eyes I felt refreshed. Tommy wuz awake in his little bed and "wonnerin'" at sunthin' I spoze, for he always wuz, and breakfast wuz partook of by the hull party, for Robert Strong had come with a big carriage to take us to the ship and took breakfast with us, and soon, too soon for me, we stood on the wharf, surrounded by a tumultous crowd, goin' every which way; passengers goin', visitors comin', and officials from the ship goin' about tending to everything; trunks and baggage being slammed down and then anon being run onto the ship, Miss Meechim's, Dorothy's and Robert Strong's baggage piled up on one side on us and I carefully keepin' watch and ward over a small-sized hair trunk, dear to me as my apples in my eyes, because every inch on it seemed to me like a sooveneer of that dear home I might never see agin.

As I stood holdin' Tommy by the hand and keepin' eagle watch over that trunk, how much did that big ship look like a big monster that wuz agoin' to tear my heart all to pieces, tearin' my body from the ground that kep' my pardner on its bosom. Tears that I could not restrain dribbled down my Roman nose and onto my gray alpacky waist; Dorothy see 'em and slipped her kind little hand into mine and soothed my agony by gently whisperin':

"Maybe you'll get a letter from him on the ship, Aunt Samantha."

Well, the last minute come, the hair trunk had been tore from my side, and I, too, had to leave terry firmy, whisperin' to myself words that I'd hearn,

slightly changed: “Farewell, my Josiah! and if forever, still forever fare thee well.” My tears blinded me so I could only jest see Tommy, who I still held hold of. I reached the upper deck with falterin’ steps. But lo, as I stood there wipin’ my weepin’ eyes, as the him sez, I hearn sunthin’ that rung sweetly and clearly on my ears over all the conflicting sounds and confusion, and that brung me with wildly beatin’ heart to the side of the ship.

“Samantha! stop the ship! wait for me! I am comin’!”

Could it be? Yes it wuz my own beloved pardner, madly racin’ down the wharf, swingin’ his familiar old carpet satchel in his hand, also huggin’ in his arms a big bundle done up in newspaper, which busted as he reached the water’s edge, dribblin’ out neckties, bandanna handkerchiefs, suspenders, cookies, and the dressin’ gown with tossels.

He scrambled after 'em as well as he could in his fearful hurry, and his arms bein' full, he threw the dressin' gown round his shoulders and madly raced over the gang plank, still emitting that agonizing cry: "Samantha, wait for me! stop the ship!" which he kep' up after I had advanced onward and he held both my hands in hisen.

Oh, the bliss of that moment! No angel hand, no reporter even for the New York papers could exaggerate the blessedness of that time, much as they knew about exaggeration. Tears of pure joy ran down both our faces, and all the sorrows of the past seperation seemed to dissolve in a golden mist that settled down on everything round us and before us. The land looked good, the water looked good, the sky showered down joy as well as sunshine; we wuz together once more. We had no need of speech to voice our joy; but anon Josiah did say in tremblin' axents as he pressed both my hands warmly in hisen: "Samantha, I've come!" And I, too, sez in a voice tremblin' with emotion:

"Dear Josiah, I see you have." And then I sez tenderly as I helped him off with the dressin' gown: "I thought you said you couldn't leave the farm, Josiah."

"Well, I wuz leavin' it; I wuz dyin'; I thought I might as well leave it one way as t'other. I couldn't live without you, and finally I ketched up what clothes I could in my hurry and sot out, thinkin' mebby I could ketch you in Chicago. You see I have got my dressin' gown and plenty of neckties."

"Well," sez I in my boundless joy and content, "there are things more necessary on a long sea voyage than neckties, but I've got some socks most knit, and I can buy some underclothes, and we will git along first rate." "Yes, Arvilly said so." Sez he, "Arvilly told me you'd manage."

"Arvilly?" sez I, in surprised axents.

"Yes, Arvilly concluded to come too. She said that if you hadn't started so quick she should have come with you. But when she found out I was comin' she jest set right off with me. She's brung along that book she's agent for, 'The Twin Crimes of America: Intemperance and Greed.' She thinks she can most pay her way sellin' it. She jest stopped on the wharf to try to sell a copy to a minister. But here she is." And, sure enough, she that wuz Arvilly Lanfear advanced, puttin' some money in her pocket, she had sold her book.

Well, I wuz surprised, but glad, for I pitied Arvilly dretfully for what she had went through, and liked her. Two passengers had gin up goin' at the last minute or they couldn't have got tickets.

I advanced towards her and sez: "Arvilly Lanfear! or she that wuz, is it you?"

"Yes, I've come, and if ever a human creeter come through sufferin' I have. Why, I've been agent for 'The Wild Deeds of Men' for years and years, but I never knew anything about 'em till I come on this tower. I thought that I should never git that man here alive. He has wep' and wailed the hull durin' time for fear we shouldn't ketch you."

"Oh, no, Arvilly!" sez the joyous-lookin' Josiah.

"I can prove it!" sez she, catchin' out his red and yeller bandanna handkerchief from his hat, where he always carries it: "Look at that, wet as sop!" sez she, as she held it up. It wuz proof, Josiah said no more.

"I knew we should ketch you, for I knew you would stop on the way. I thought I would meet you at the deepo to surprise you. But I had to bank my house; I wuzn't goin' to leave it to no underlin' and have my stuff freeze. But when I hern that Josiah wuz comin' I jest dropped my spade—I had jest got done—ketched up my book and threw my things into my grip, my trunk wuz all packed, and here I am, safe and sound, though the cars broke down once and we wuz belated. We have just traipsed along a day or two behind you all the way from Chicago, I not knowin' whether I could keep him alive or not."

Sez I fondly, "What devoted love!"

"What a natural fool!" sez Arvilly. "Did it make it any better for him to cry and take on? That day we broke down and had to stop at a tarven I wuz jest mad enough, and writ myself another chapter on 'The Wild Deeds of Men,' and am in hopes that the publisher will print it. It will help the book enormously I know. How you've stood it with that man all these years, I don't see; rampin' round, tearin' and groanin' and actin'. He didn't act no more like a perfessor than—than Captain Kidd would if he had been travelin' with a neighborin' female, pursuin' his wife, and that female doin' the best she could for him. I kep' tellin' him that he would overtake you, but I might as well have talked to the wind—a equinoctial gale," sez she. Josiah

wuz so happy her words slipped offen him without his sensin' 'em and I wuz too happy to dispute or lay anything up, when she went on and sez:

"I spoze that folks thought from our jawin' so much that we wuz man and wife; and he a yellin' out acrost the sleeper and kinder cryin', and I a hollerin' back to him to 'shet up and go to sleep!' It is the last time I will ever try to carry a man to his wife; but I spozed when I started with him, he bein' a perfessor, he would act different!"

"Well," sez I, in a kind of a soothin' tone, "I'm real glad you've come, Arvilly; it will make the ship seem more like Jonesville, and I know what you have went through."

"Well," sez she, "no other livin' woman duz unless it is you." She kep' on thinkin' of Josiah, but I waved off that idee; I meant her tribulations in the army. And I sez, "You may as well spend your money travelin' as in any other way."

"Yes, I love to travel when I can travel with human creeters, and I might as well spend my money for myself as to leave it for my cousins to fight over, and I can pay my way mostly sellin' my book; and I've left my stuff so it won't spile."

"Where is Waitstill Webb?" sez I.

"Oh, Waitstill has gone back to be a nurse—she's gone to the Philippines."

Sez I gladly, "Then we shall see her, Arvilly."

"Yes," sez she, "and that wuz one reason that I wanted to go, though she's acted like a fool, startin' off agin to help the govermunt. I've done my last work for it, and I told her so; I sez, if see the govermunt sinkin' in a mud hole I wouldn't lift a finger to help it out. I always wanted to see China and Japan, but never spozed I should."

"It is a strange Providence, indeed, Arvilly, that has started us both from Jonesville to China. But," sez I, "let me make you acquainted with the rest of our party," and I introduced 'em. Josiah wuz embracin' Tommy and bein' embraced, and he had seen 'em all but Robert Strong.

CHAPTER VII

In a few minutes the great ship begun to breathe hard, as if tryin' to git up strength for the move, and kinder shook itself, and gin a few hoarse yells, and sot off, seemin' to kinder tremble all over with eagerness to be gone. And so we sot sail, but ship and shore and boundless water all looked beautiful and gay to me. What a change, what a change from the feelin's I had felt; then the cold spectral moonlight of loneliness rested on shore and Golden Gate, now the bright sun of love and happiness gilded 'em with their glorious rays, and I felt well. Well might Mr. Drummond say, "Love is the greatest thing in the world." And as I looked on my precious pardner I bethought fondly, no matter how little a man may weigh by the steelyards, or how much a Arvilly may make light on him, if Love is enthroned in his person he towers up bigger than the hull universe. And so, filled with joy radiatin' from the presence of the best beloved, and under the cloudless sunshine of that glorious day, I set out on my Trip Abroad. Yes, I wuz once more embarked on that great watery world that lays all round us and the continents, and we can't help ourselves.

And the days follered one another along in Injin file, trampin' silently and stiddily on, no matter where we be or what we do. So we sailed on and on, the ship dashin' along at I don't know how many knots an hour. Probably the knots would be enough if straightened out to make a hull hank of yarn, and mebby more. Part of the time the waves dashin' high. Mebby the Pacific waves are a little less tumultous and high sweepin' than the Atlantic, a little more pacific as it were, but they sway out dretful long, and dash up dretful high, bearin' us along with 'em every time, up and down, down and up, and part of the time our furniture and our stomachs would foller 'em and sway, too, and act. The wind would soar along, chasin' after us, but never quite ketchin' us; sometimes abaft, sometimes in the fo'castle, whatever that may be.

And under uz wuz the great silent graveyard, the solemn, green aisles, still and quiet, and no knowin' how soon we should be there, too, surrounded by the riches of that lost world of them that go down in ships, but not doin' us

any good. Only a board or two and some paint between us and destruction (but then I don't know as we are seperated any time very fur from danger, earthquakes, tornados and such). And good land! I would tell myself and Josiah, for that matter I've known wimmen to fall right out of their chairs and break themselves all up more or less, and fall often back steps and suller stairs and such. But 'tennyrate I felt real riz up as I looked off on the heavin' billers, and Faith sez to me, "Why should I fear since I sailed with God." The seas, I am journeying, I told myself with Duty on one side of me and on the other side Josiah, and the sun of Love over all. I got along without any seasickness to speak of, but my pardner suffered ontold agonies—or no, they wuzn't ontold, he told 'em all to me—yes, indeed!

Tommy "wonnered" what made the big vessel sail on so fast, and what made so much water, where it all come from, and where it wuz all goin' to. And at night he would lay on his little shelf and "wonner" what the wind wuz sayin'; one night he spoke out kinder in rhyme, sez he: "Grandma, do you know what the wind is sayin?" And I sez:

"No, dear lamb; what is it sayin'?" It has sounded dretful, kinder wild and skairful to me, and so it had to Josiah, I knew by the sithes he had gin. Sez Tommy, it sez:

> "Don't be afraid my little child,
> God will take care of you all the while."

And I sez, "Thank you, Tommy, you've done me good." And I noticed that Josiah seemed more contented and dropped off to sleep real sweet, though he snored some. Sometimes Tommy would "wonner" what seasickness wuz like, if it wuz any like measles, but didn't find out, for he wuzn't sick a day, but wandered about the great ship, happy as a king, making friends everywhere, though Robert Strong remained his chief friend and helper. Dorothy wuz more beautiful than ever it seemed to me, a shadow of paleness over her sweet face peeping out from the white fur of her cunning little pink hood, makin' her look sweeter than ever. There wuz two or three handsome young men on board who appreciated her beauty, and I spoze the gold setting of her charming youth. But Miss Meechim called on Robert Strong to help protect her, which he did willingly enough, so fur as I could see, by payin' the most devoted attention to her himself, supplying every real or

fancied want, reading to and with her, and walking up and down the deck with her, she leanin' on his arm in slippery times.

"Dear boy!" said Miss Meechim, "how lovely he is to me. He would much rather spend his time with the men in the smoking and reading room, but he has always been just so; let me express a wish and he flies to execute it. He knows that I wouldn't have Dorothy marry for all the world, and had it not been for his invaluable help I fear that she would have fallen a prey to some man before this."

"She is a pretty girl," sez I, "pretty as a pink rosy."

"Yes," sez she, "she is a sweet girl and as good as she is beautiful."

There wuz the usual variety of people on the ship.—Page 84.

There was the usual variety of people on the ship. The rich family travelin' with children and servants and unlimited baggage; the party of school girls with the slim talkative teacher in spectacles, tellin' 'em all the pints of interest, and stuffin' 'em with knowledge gradual but constant; the stiddy goin' business men and the fashionable ones; the married flirt and the newly

married bride and husband, sheepish lookin' but happy; old wimmen and young ones; young men and old ones; the sick passenger confined to his bed, but devourin' more food than any two well ones—seven meals a day have I seen carried into that room by the steward, while a voice weak but onwaverin' would call for more. There wuz a opera singer, a evangelist, an English nobleman, and a party of colored singers who made the night beautiful sometimes with their weird pathetic melodies.

There wuz two missionaries on board, one the Rev. Dr. Wessel, real dignified actin' and lookin'—he wuz goin' out as a missionary to China, and a young lady going out as a missionary to Africa, Evangeline Noble—she wuz a member of some kind of a sisterhood, so she wuz called Sister Evangeline. I sot a sight of store by her the first time I laid eyes on her. Anybody could see that she wuz one of the Lord's anointed, and like our cousin John Richard, who went out as a missionary to Africa several years ago, she only wanted the Lord's will pinted out to her to foller it to the death if necessary. Livin' so nigh to the Kingdom as she did she couldn't help its breezes fannin' her tired forehead occasionally, and the angels' songs and the sound of the still waters from reachin' her soul. She had left a luxurious home, all her loved ones, a host of friends, and wuz goin' out to face certain hardships, and probable sickness and death amongst a strange half savage people, and yet she had about the happiest face I ever saw. His peace wuz writ down on her brow. Her Lord journeyed with her and told her from day to day what he wanted her to do. After we got well acquainted she told me that ever since her conversion there were times when she became unconscious to things on earth, but her soul seemed to be ketched up to some other realm, where He, who wuz her constant helper and guide, told her what to do. I told Josiah about it, and he sez:

"I'd ruther see that than hear on't. How can she be ketched up, weighin' pretty nigh two hundred?"

Sez I, "Your views are material, Josiah. I said her soul wuz ketched up."

"Oh, well, my soul and body has ginerally gone together where I've went."

"I don't doubt that," sez I, "not at all. Spiritual things are spiritually discerned."

"Well," sez he, "I've hearn a sight about such things as that, but I'd ruther see 'em myself."

Well, it wuzn’t but a day or two after that that he had a chance to see if he had eyes. Sister Evangeline wuz settin’ with Josiah and me on the deck, and all of a sudden while she wuz talkin’ to us about her future life and work in Africa, her face took on a look as yourn would if your attention had been suddenly arrested by a voice calling you. She looked off over the water as if it wuzn’t there, and I felt that someone wuz talkin’ to her we couldn’t see—her face had jest that look, and at last I hearn her murmur in a low voice:

“Yes, Master, I will go.”

And most immegiately her soul seemed to come back from somewhere, and she sez to me:

“I am told that there is a poor woman amongst the steerage passengers that needs me.” And she riz right up and started, like Paul, not disobedient to the Heavenly vision, not for a minute. She told me afterward that she found a woman with a newly-born child almost dying for want of help. She was alone and friendless, and if Sister Evangeline hadn’t reached her just as she did they would both have died. She wuz a trained nurse, and saved both their lives, and she wuz as good as she could be to ’em till we reached port, where the woman’s husband wuz to meet her.

Josiah acted stunted when I told him, but sez weakly, “I believe she hearn the woman holler.”

And I sez, “She wuz fainted away, how could she holler?”

And he sez, “It must be a heavy faint that will keep a woman from talkin’.”

The other missionary, Elder Wessel, I didn’t set quite so much store by. His only child Lucia wuz on board going out to China with a rich tea merchant’s family as a governess for their little daughter, and some one told me that one reason that Elder Wessel hearn such a loud call to go as a missionary to China was because Lucia wuz goin’ there.

Now, there wuz a young chap over in Loontown who had tried doctorin’ for a year or two and didn’t make much by it, and he thought he see a sign up in the heavens, G. P., and he gin out that he had had a call “go preach,” and went to preachin’, and he didn’t make so well by that as he did by his doctorin’, and then he gin out that he had made a mistake in readin’ the letters; instead of goin’ to preach they meant “give pills,” so he went back to his doctorin’ agin, and is doin’ first rate. That wuzn’t a call.

But to resoom. Elder Wessel jest worshipped this daughter, and thought she wuz the sweetest, dearest girl in the world. And she wuz a pretty girl with soft, bright innocent eyes. She wuz educated in a convent, and had the sweet, gentle manners and onworldly look that so many convent-bred girls have. She and Aronette struck up a warm friendship, though her pa wouldn't have allowed it I spoze if he hadn't seen how much store we all sot by Aronette.

We got real well acquainted with Elder Wessel and Lucia; and her proud pa wuz never tired of singin' her praises or ruther chantin' 'em—he wuz too dignified to sing. Arvilly loved to talk with him, though their idees wuz about as congenial as ile and water. He wuz real mild and conservative, always drinked moderate and always had wine on his table, and approved of the canteen and saloon, which he extolled as the Poor Man's Club. He thought that the government wuz jest right, the big trusts and license laws jest as they should be.

Arvilly dearly loved to send sharp arrows of sarkasm and argument through his coat armor of dignified complacency and self-esteem, for truly his idees wuz to her like a red rag to a bull.

Miss Meechim kinder looked down on Arvilly, and I guess Arvilly looked down on her. You know it happens so sometimes—two folks will feel real above each other, though it stands to reason that one of 'em must be mistook. Miss Meechim thought she wuz more genteel than Arvilly, and was worth more, and I guess she had had better advantages. And Arvilly thought she knew more than Miss Meechim, and I guess mebby she did. Miss Meechim thought she wuz jest right herself, she thought her native land wuz jest right and all its laws and customs, and naterally she looked down dretfully on all foreigners. She and Arvilly had lots of little spats about matters and things, though Miss Meechim wuz so genteel that she kep' her dignity most of the time, though Arvilly gin it severe raps anon or oftener.

But one tie seemed to unite 'em a little—they wuz real congenial on the subject of man. They both seemed to cherish an inherent aversion to that sect of which my pardner is an ornament, and had a strong settled dislike to matrimony; broken once by Arvilly, as a sailor may break his habit of sea-faring life by livin' on shore a spell, but still keepin' up his love for the sea.

But of their talks together and Arvilly's arguments with Elder Wessel more anon and bime by. Arvilly stood up aginst the sea-sickness as she would

aginst a obstinate subscriber, and finally brought the sickness to terms as she would the buyer, on the third day, and appeared pale but triumphant, with a subscription book in her hand and the words of her prospectus dribblin' from her lips. She had ordered a trunkful to sell on sight, but Arvilly will never git over what she has went through, never.

As the days went on the big ship seemed more and more to us like a world, or ruther a new sort of a planet we wuz inhabitin'—it kinder seemed to be the centre of the universe. I overheard a woman say one day how monotonous the life wuz. But I thought to myself, mebby her mind wuz kinder monotonous—some be, you know, made so in the first on't; I found plenty enough to interest me, and so Josiah did.

There wuz a big library where you could keep company with the great minds of the past and present. A music room where most always some of the best music wuz to be hearn, for of course there wuz lots of musicians on board, there always is. And for them that wanted it, there wuz a smokin' room, though Josiah or I didn't have any use for it, never havin' smoked anything but a little mullen and catnip once or twice for tizik. And there wuz a billiard room for them that patronized Bill, though I never did nor Josiah, but wuz willin' that folks should act out their own naters. I spoze they played cards there, too. But Josiah and I didn't know one card from another; I couldn't tell Jack from the King to save my life.

We stayed in the music room quite a good deal and once or twice Josiah expressed the wish that he had brought along his accordeon.

And he sez: "It don't seem right to take all this pleasure and not give back anything in return."

But I sez, "I guess they'll git along without hearin' that accordeon."

"I might sing sunthin', I spose," sez he. "I could put on my dressin' gown and belt it down with the tossels and appear as a singer, and sing a silo."

That wuz the evenin' after Dorothy, in a thin, white dress, a little low in the neck and short sleeves, had stood up and sung a lovely piece, or that is I 'spoze it wuz lovely, it wuz in some foreign tongue, but it sounded first rate, as sweet as the song of a robin or medder lark—you know how we all like to hear them, though we can't quite understand robin and lark language. It wuz kinder good in Josiah to want to give pleasure in return for what he had had,

but I argyed him into thinkin' that he and I would give more pleasure as a congregation than as speakers or singers. For after I had vetoed the singin' that good man proposed that he should speak a piece. Sez he, "I could tell most the hull of the American Taxation."

And I sez, "I wouldn't harrer up the minds of the rich men on board with thoughts of taxes," sez I, "when lots of 'em are goin' away to get rid on 'em."

"Well," sez he, "I could tell the hull of Robert Kidd."

And I sez, "Well, I wouldn't harrer up their feelin's talkin' about hullsale stealin'; they have enough of that to hum in the big cities."

So gradual I got him off from the idee.

There wuz one little boy about Tommy's age and a sister a little older I felt real sorry for, they looked so queer, and their ma, a thin, wirey, nervous lookin' woman brooded over 'em like a settin' hen over her eggs. They wuz dressed well, but dretful bulged out and swollen lookin', and I sez to their ma one day:

"Are your children dropsical?"

And she sez, "Oh, no, their health is good. The swellin's you see are life preservers." She said that she kep' one on their stomachs night and day.

Well, I knew that they would be handy in a shipwreck, but it made 'em look queer, queer as a dog.

And now whilst the passengers are all settin' or standin' on their own forts and tendin' to their own bizness, and the big ship ploughin' its big liquid furrow on the water I may as well tell what Arvilly went through. I spoze the reader is anxious to know the petickulers of how she come to be in the Cuban army and desert from it. The reason of her bein' in the army at all, her husband enlisted durin' the struggle for Cuban independence, and Arvilly jest worshippin' the ground he walked on, and thinkin' the world wuz a blank to her where he wuz not, after the last care he left her wuz removed, and always havin' done as she wuz a mind to as fur as she could, she dressed herself up in a suit of his clothes and enlisted onbeknown to him, so's to be near to him if he got woonded, and 'tennyrate to breathe the same air he did and sleep under the same stars. She adored him.

It must be remembered that Arvilly had never loved a single thing till she fell in love with this man, her folks dyin' off and leavin' her to come up the best she could, and imposed upon and looked down upon on every side, and workin' hard for a livin', and after she got old enough to read and understand, bein' smart as a whip and one of the firmest lovers of justice and fair play that ever wuz born, she become such a firm believer in wimmen's rights that she got enemies that way. Well, you know right when she started for the World's Fair, helpin' herself along by sellin' the book, "The Wild, Wicked, and Warlike Deeds of Men" (which she said she felt wuz her duty to promulgate to wimmen to keep 'em from marryin' and makin' fools of themselves). Well, right there, some like Paul on his way to Jerusalem breathin' vengeance against his Lord, a great light struck him down in the road, so with Arvilly, the great light of Love stopped her in her career, she dropped her book, married the man she loved and who loved her, and lived happy as a queen till the Cuban war broke out.

Her husband wuz a good man, not the smartest in the world, but a good, honest God-fearin' man, who had had a hard time to get along, but always tried to do jest right, and who hailed Arvilly's bright intellect and practical good sense and household knowledge as a welcome relief from incompetence in hired girl form in the kitchen. His first wife died when his little girl wuz born, and she wuz about seven when Arvilly married her pa. Well, he bein' jest what he wuz—conscientious, God-fearin' and havin' hearn his minister preach powerful sermons on this bein' a war of God aginst the Devil, enlightenment and Christianity aginst ignorance and barbarism, America aginst Spain—he got all fired up with the sense of what wuz his duty to do, and when his mind wuz made up to that no man or woman could turn him. Arvilly might have just as well spent her tears and entreaties on her soapstun. No, go he must and go he would. But like the good man he wuz, he made everything just as comfortable as he could for her and his little daughter, a pretty creeter that Arvilly too loved dearly. And then he bid 'em a sad adoo, for he loved 'em well, and Arvilly had made his home a comfortable and happy one. But he choked back his tears, tried to smile on 'em with his tremblin' lips, held 'em both long in his strong arms, onclosed 'em, and they wuz bereft. Well, Arvilly held the weeping little girl in her arms, bent over her with white face and dry eyes, for his sake endured the long days and longer nights alone with the child, for his sake taking good care of her, wondering at the blow that had fell upon her, wondering that if in

the future she could be so blest agin as to have a home, for love is the soul of the home, and she felt homeless.

Well, she watched and worked, takin' good care of the little one, but bolts and bars can't keep out death; Arvilly's arms, though she wuz strong boneded, couldn't. Diphtheria wuz round, little Annie took it; in one week Arvilly wuz indeed alone, and when the sod lay between her and what little likeness of her husband had shone through the child's pretty face, Arvilly formed a strange resolution, but not so strange but what wimmen have formed it before, and probably will agin till God's truth shall shine on a dark world and be listened to, and wars shall be no more. She made up her mind to foller the man she loved, to enlist. She wuz always a masculine lookin' creeter, big, raw boneded, and when she cut off her hair and parted it on one side in a man's way and put on a suit of her husband's clothes she looked as much, or more like a man than she had ever looked like a woman. She locked the doors of her home till the cruel war should be ended, and he whose love made her home should return. Till then, if indeed it should ever be, she left her happiness there in the empty, silent rooms and sallied off. She had disposed of her stock and things like that, folks not bein' surprised at it, bein' she wuz alone, but all to once she disappeared, utterly and entirely, nobody hearn of her and folks thought that mebby she had wandered off in her grief and put an end to her life. Not one word wuz hearn of her until lo and behold! the strange news come, Arvilly's husband wuz killed in a drunken brawl in a licensed Canteen down in Cuba and Arvilly had deserted from the army, and of course bein' a woman they couldn't touch her for it. That wuz the first we ever knowed that she wuz in the army.

CHAPTER VIII

Arvilly deserted from the army and gloried in it; she said, bein' a woman born, she had never had a right, and now she took it. After her husband wuz buried, and her hull life, too, she thought for a spell, she deserted, but bein' ketched and court-martialed, she appeared before the officers in her own skirt and bask waist and dared 'em to touch her. Waitstill Webb, the young sweetheart of the man that shot her husband, wuz with her. Good land! Arvilly didn't lay up nothin' aginst her or him; he wuz drunk as a fool when he fired the shot. He didn't know what he wuz doin'; he wuz made irresponsible by the law, till he did the deed, and then made responsible by the same law and shot. Waitstill wuz named from a Puritan great-great-aunt, whose beauty and goodness had fell onto her, poor girl! She stood by Arvilly. They wuz made friends on that dretful night when they had stood by the men they loved, one killed and the other to be killed by the govermunt. Poor things! they wuz bein' protected, I spoze our govermunt would call it; it always talks a good deal about protectin' wimmen; 'tennyrate the mantilly of the law hung over 'em both and shaded 'em, one man layin' dead, shot through the heart, the other condemned to be shot, both on 'em by legal enactments, both men not knowin' or meanin' any more harm than my Josiah up in Jonesville if he had been sot fire to by law and then hung by law because he smoked and blistered. Good land! them that sets a fire knows that there has got to be smoke and blisters, there must be.

The officers they wuz just dumb-foundered at the sight of a woman with a bask waist on in that position—a bein' court-martialed for desertion—and her speech dumb-foundered 'em still more, so I spoze; I hearn it from one who wuz there.

Sez Arvilly to 'em, and they wuz drew up in battle array as you may say, dressed up in uniform and quite a few on 'em, the Stars and Stripes behind 'em, and the mantilly of the law drapin' 'em in heavy folds. And I don't spoze that through her hull life Arvilly wuz ever so eloquent as on that occasion. All her powers of mind and heart wuz electrified by the dretful shock and agony she had underwent, and her words fell like a hard storm of

lightenin' and hail out of a sky when it is just stored full of electrical power and has got to bust out.

Sez Arvilly: "You men represent the force and power of the govermunt that falsely sez it is the voice of the people; we two represent the people. As you are the force and power and will of the law, we are the endurance, the suffering. You decide on a war. When did a woman ever have any voice in saying that there should be a war? They bear the sons in agony that you call out to be butchered; their hearts are torn out of their bosoms when they let their husbands, sons and lovers go into the hell of warfare, and you tax all her property to raise money to help furnish the deadly weapons that kill and cut to pieces the warm, living, loving forms that they would give their lives for.

"But you men decide on a war, as you have on this. You say it wuz from motives of philanthropy and justice; you drag us, the people, out of peaceful, happy homes to leave all we love, to face mutilation, agony and death; you say your cause wuz just, I say it is a war of revenge—a war of conquest."

Why it fairly made goose pimples run over me when I hearn on't. Sassin' the govermunt, she wuz—nothin' more nor less. But she went on worse than ever.

"You say that it wuz to give freedom to the people of Cuba. Look at the millions of your own wimmen enslaved in legal fetters! You say it wuz to protect the wimmen and children of Cuba from the cruelty and brutality of unscrupulous rulers. Look at the wimmen and children of your own country cowering and hiding from crazed drunken husbands, sons and fathers. More misery, murder, suicides, abuse and suffering of every kind is caused by the saloon every day of the year in the United States than ever took place in Cuba in twice the same time, and you not only stand by and see it, but you take pay from the butchers for slaughtering the innocents! You miserable hypocrites, you!" Sez Arvilly, "I would talk about pity and mercy, you that know no pity and no mercy for your own wimmen and children.

"You pose before foreign nations as a reformer, a righter of wrongs, when you have cherished and are cherishing now the most gigantic crime and wrong that ever cursed a people; turning a deaf ear to the burdened and dying about you; wives, mothers, daughters—for whose safety and well-being you are responsible—have told you that the saloon killed all the

manhood and nobility of their husbands, sons, and fathers; made the pure, good men, who loved and protected them, into cold-hearted brutes and demons who would turn and rend them—still you would not hear. You have seen the dretful procession of one hundred thousand funerals pass before you every year, slain by this foe that you pamper and protect.

"Lovers of good laws have told you that the saloon blocked up the way to every reform and wuz the greatest curse of the day; still you threw your mighty protection around the system and helped it on. The most eminent doctors have told you that drunkenness ruined the bodies of men; Christian clergymen told you that it ruined their souls, and that the saloon was the greatest enemy the Church of Christ had to contend with to-day; that when by its efforts and sacrifices it saved one soul from ruin, the saloon ruined two to fill the place of that one who wuz saved, and still you opholded it.

"Petitions signed by hundreds of thousands of the best people of the land have been sent to you, but these petitions, weighted down with the tears and prayers of these people, have been made a jest and a mock of by you. And strangest, most awful of sights—incredible almost to men and angels—this govermunt, that sot out as a reformer to Christianize Cuba and the Philippines, have planted there this heaviest artillery of Satan, the saloon, to bind the poor islanders in worse bondage and misery than they ever dremp on. Hain't you ashamed of yourself! You fool and villain!" (Oh! dear me! Oh, dear suz! To think on't; Arvilly wuz talkin' to the govermunt, and callin' it a fool and villain! The idee! Why, it wuz enough to skair anybody most to death!) I spoze it made a great adoo. I spoze that the men who represented the govermunt wuz too horrified to make a reply. Arvilly always did go too fur when she got to goin'. But it can't be denied that she had great reason for her feelin's, for the strongest argument wuz still to come. I spoze she got almost carried away by her own talk and feelin's, for all of a sudden they said she lifted her long bony hand and arm—Arvilly always wuz kinder spare in flesh—she lifted up her arm and her bony forefinger seemed to be follerin' the lines of some words writ up there on the wall, sez she slowly, in a awful voice:

"My country! thou are weighed in the balance and found wanting!"

It wuz indeed thrillin', but after a minute's silence she went on: "Look at me!" sez she, pintin' that same forefinger first at herself and then at the tall veiled figger of the young girl beside her—"Look at us; we, the people,

represent to you another of your favorite reforms, the Canteen, that product of civilization and Christianity you transplanted from our holy shores to the benighted tropics. How many petitions have you had wet with the tears of wives and mothers, weighted down with their prayers to close this gateway to hell. But no, for a price, as Judas sold his Lord, you have trafficked in human souls and will do so. And you are the power—you control; we are the people—we suffer. We leave all we love, we go out and fight your battles when you tell us to, we face mutilation and death for you—isn't that enough? No; besides the foe in front you set us aginst, you introduce a foe into our midst that is a million times as fatal and remorseless. The foe in front only aims at our bodies; this foe, before it kills our bodies, kills honor, manhood, all that is noble and worthy to be loved—a devilish foe indeed, but by your command it is let loose upon us; we are the people, we must endure it. Look at me!"—agin she pinted that bony forefinger at herself—"I had a husband I loved as well as the gracious lady in the White House loves her husband. He wuz a good man. He thought he owed a duty to his country. He went to fight her battles at her call. He might have escaped Spanish bullets, but not this foe this Christian govermunt set aginst him. In a low Canteen, a vile drinking den, rented by you for the overthrow of men's souls and bodies, in a drunken brawl a bullet aimed by a crazed brain for another poor ruined boy reached my husband's faithful heart, faithful to the country that slew him, not for patriotism or honor, but for a few pennies of money—not even the thirty pieces of silver Judas earnt for betraying his Lord. This bullet wuz sent from the hand of a young man, a college graduate, one of the noblest, brightest and best of men until this foe our govermunt set for him vanquished him. He got into a quarrel with another drunken youth, another victim of the Canteen, and meant to shoot him, but the unsteady hand sent it into the heart of my husband, who went into that vile place thinkin' he could appease the quarrel. This young man was shot for *your* crime and here is his widow," and turning to Waitstill, she said, "Lift up your vail; let them look upon us, the people."

The young girl drew back her vail and a face of almost perfect beauty wuz disclosed, but white as death. The big dark eyes wuz full of sorrow and despair, sadder than tears. She simply said:

"I loved him—he was murdered—I have come to denounce his murderers."

Her voice wuz low, but the words fell like drops of blood, so vivid, so full were they of the soul of her being.

“Yes,” sez Arvilly, “and you are his murderer. Not the Spaniards, not the foe of this govermunt that the poor young fellow tried with a boy’s warm-hearted patriotism to save. You murdered him.” She turned to let her companion speak agin, but the power to speak had gone from her; her slender figure swayed and Arvilly caught her in her strong arms. She had fainted almost away; she could say no more. But what more could she say to this govermunt.

“He was murdered—I loved him—I have come to denounce his murderers.”

Arvilly helped Waitstill down on a bench where she leaned back still and white most as if she wuz dead. But before Arvilly went out with Waitstill leanin’ on her arm, she turned and faced them dumb-foundered men once more:

“Who is accountable for the death of her lover?” pintin’ to the frail, droopin’ figger. “Who is accountable for the death of my husband? Who is accountable for the death and everlastin’ ruin of my son, my husband, my father and my lover? sez the millions of weepin’ wimmen in America that the Canteen and saloon have killed and ruined. These questions unanswered by you are echoin’ through the hull country demandin’ an answer. They sweep up aginst the hull framework of human laws made professedly to protect the people, aginst every voter in the land, aginst the rulers in Washington, D. C., aginst the Church of Christ—failing to git an answer from them they sweep up to God’s throne. There they will git a reply. Woe! woe! to you rulers who deviseth iniquity to overthrow the people committed to your care.”

Arvilly then went out, leadin’ Waitstill, and when she come back to Jonesville she come with her, a patient mourner, good to everybody and goin’ out to day’s works for seventy-five cents a day, for she had no other way to live, for she wuzn’t strong enough then to go on with her nursing and she hadn’t a relation on earth, and the man our govermunt murdered in that Canteen represented all there wuz on this broad earth for her to love. They worshipped each other, and Waitstill is waitin’ till the time comes for her to die and meet the man she loved and lost, havin’ to live in the meantime, because she couldn’t stop breathin’ till her time come. So, as I say, she went

out doin' plain sewin', beloved by all both great and small, but a mourner if there ever wuz one, lookin' at his picture day in and day out, which she wears in her bosom in a locket—a handsome, manly face, took before our govermunt made a crazy lunatick and a murderer of him.

Jest as different from Arvilly as day is from night, but the cold hands of grief holds their hearts together and I spoze that she will always make it her home with Arvilly as long as she lives, she wants her to—that is, if the plan I have in my head and heart don't amount to anything, but I hope for the land sake that it will, for as I've said many a time and gin hints to her, there never wuz two folks more made for each other than she and Elder White.

But she's gone now to the Philippines as a nurse in a hospital, which shows how different she and Arvilly feels; Arvilly sez that she wouldn't do anything to help the govermunt agin in any way, shape or manner, not if they should chain her and drag her to the front; she would die before she would help the great, remorseless power that killed her husband for a little money. She's made in jest that way, Arvilly is, jest as faithful to the remembrance of her wrongs as a dog is to a bone, settin' and gnawin' at it all the time. And when they come to collect her taxes last year she says:

"No taxes will you ever git out of me to help rare up Saloons and Canteens to kill some other woman's husband."

"But," sez the tax man, a real good man he wuz and mild mannered, "you should be willing to help maintain the laws of your country that protects you."

And then I spose that man's hair (it wuz pretty thin, anyway) riz right up on his head to hear her go on tellin' about the govermunt killin' her husband. But seein' she wuz skarin' him she kinder quelled herself down and sez:

"What has this country ever done for me. I have had no more voice in makin' the laws than your dog there. Your dog is as well agin off, for it don't have to obey the laws, that it has no part in makin'. If it digs up a good bone it don't have to give it to some dog politician to raise money to buy dog buttons to kill other dogs and mebby its own pups. Not one cent of taxes duz this hell-ridden govermunt git out of me agin—if I can help it."

The man ketched up his tax list and flewed from the house, but returned with minions of the law who seized on and sold her shote she wuz fattin' for

winter's use; sold it to the saloon keeper over to Zoar for about half what it wuz worth, only jest enough to pay her tax. But then the saloon keeper controlled a lot of bum votes and the collector wanted to keep in with him.

Yes, as I wuz sayin', Waitstill Webb is as different from Arvilly as a soft moonlight night lit by stars is from a snappin' frosty noonday in January. Droopin' like a droopin' dove, feelin' that the govermunt wuz the worst enemy she and her poor dead boy ever had, as it turned out, but still ready to say:

"Oh Lord, forgive my enemy, the Government of the United States, for it knows what it does."

Which she felt wuz ten-fold worse than as if it did wickedly without knowin' it, and she knew that they knowed all about it and couldn't deny it, for besides all the good men and wimmen that had preached to 'em about it, they had had such sights of petitions sent in explainin' it all out and beggin' 'em to stop it, onheeded by them and scorfed at. But she stood ready to go agin and serve the govermunt as a nurse, trying to heal the woonds caused by bullet and knife, and the ten-fold worse woonds caused by our govermunt's pet wild beast it rents out there to worry and kill its brave defenders. I looked forward with warm anticipations to seein' her, for I sot store by her. She had fixed over my gray alpacky as good as new, and made me a couple of ginghams, and I thought more of havin' her with me than I did of her work, and once when I wuz down with a crick in the back, and couldn't stir, she come right there and stayed by me and did for me till the creek dwindled down and disappeared. Her presence is some like the Bam of Gilead, and her sweet face and gentle ways make her like an angel in the sick room. Arvilly is more like a mustard plaster than Bam. But everybody knows that mustard is splendid for drawin' attention to it; if it draws as it ort to, mustard must and will attract and hold attention. And I spoze there hain't no tellin' what good Arvilly has done and mebby will do by her pungent and sharp tongue to draw attention to wrongs and inspire efforts to ameliorate 'em. And the same Lord made the Bam of Gilead and mustard, and they go well together. When mustard has done its more painful work then the Bam comes in and duz its work of healin' and consolin'. 'Tennyrate anybody can see that they are both on 'em as earnest and sincere in wantin' to do right as any human creeters can be, and are dretful well thought on all over Jonesville and as fur out as Loontown and Zoar.

Some wimmen would have held a grudge aginst the man that murdered her husband and not bore the sight of the one who loved and mourned him so constant. But Arvilly had too much good horse sense for that; she contends that neither of the men who wuz fightin' wuz much to blame. She sez that if a sane, well man should go out and dig a deep pit to catch men for so much a head, and cover it all over with green grass and blossoms and put a band of music behind it to tempt men to walk out on it, to say nothin' of a slidin' path leadin' down to it, all soft with velvet and rosy with temptations, if a lot of hot-headed youth and weak men and generous open-minded men who wuzn't lookin' for anything wrong, should fall into it and be drownded for so much a head, she sez the man who dug the pit and got so much apiece for the men he led in and ruined would be more to blame than the victims, and she sez the man who owned the ground and encouraged it to go on would be more to blame than the man who dug the pit. And further back the men who made the laws to allow such doin's, and men who voted to allow it, and ministers and the Church of Christ, who stood by like Pilate, consenting to it and encouraged by their indifference and neglect what they might have stopped if they wanted to—they wuz most to blame of all.

Well, this is what Arvilly has went through.

Day by day we sailed onwards, and if the days wuz beautiful, the nights wuz heavenly, lit by the glowin' moon that seemed almost like another sun, only softer and mellerer lookin'; and the lustrous stars of the tropics seemed to flash and glitter jest over our head almost as if we could reach up and gather 'em in our hands into a sheaf of light.

The weather seemed to moderate and we had to put on our thinnest garments in the middle of the day. But my poor Josiah could not make much change; he had to wear his pepper-and-salt costoom in publick, which wuz pretty thick, but I fixed sunthin' for him to wear in our state-room, where we passed considerable time. I took one of my outing jackets that was cut kinder bask fashion, trimmed with lace and bows of ribbon and pinned it over in the back, and it fitted him quite well and wuz cool. He liked it; he thought it become him, it wuz so dressy, but I wouldn't let him appear in publick in it.

I dressed Tommy in his summer suit, and wore my figgered lawn and wuz none too cool. We only had one heavy storm, but that wuz fearful; everything dashed round and wuz broke that could be. I put Tommy in his little crib and fastened him in, and fastened my most precious treasure,

Josiah, to the berth. I then tied myself up, and we bore it as well as we could, though every time the ship went down into the trough of the sea I felt that it wuz dubersome about its ever comin' out agin, and every time it mounted up on one of them stupendous billers, higher than the Jonesville meetin' house, I felt doubtful whether or no it would fall bottom side up or not. Tommy wuz cryin', and Josiah wuz kinder whimperin', though for my sake he wuz tryin' to bear up. But I'll hang a curtain up before that seen and not take it down agin till we wuz all ontied and the sun wuz shinin' down on smoother waters.

At last after seven days' stiddy sailin' a little spec wuz seen in the distance one mornin' gradually growin' in size, and other little specks wuz sighted, also growin' gradual, and at last they turned to solid land rising up out of the blue water, clad in strange and beautiful verdure behind the white foamin' billers of surf. And instinctively as we looked on't I broke out singin' onbeknown to me, and Josiah jined in in deep base:

> "Sweet fields beyend the swellin' flood
> Stand dressed in livin' green."

We sung it to Balermy. Josiah hain't much of a singer, and my voice hain't what it once wuz, but I d'no as in any conference meetin' that him ever sounded sweeter to me, or I sung it with more of the sperit.

CHAPTER IX

How beautiful wuz the shore as we approached it, its scenery different from Jonesville scenery, but yet worth seein'—yes, indeed! Mountain and valley, rock and green velvet verdure, tall palm trees shadin' kinder low houses, but still beautiful and attractive. And what beautiful colors greeted our weary eyes as we drew nigher. I thought of that gate of Jerusalem the Golden, all enamelled with emerald, amethyst, chalcedony, and pearl sot in gold. The golden brown earth made from melted lava, the feathery foliage of the palms that riz up beyend the dazzlin' white beach, the crystal blue waters with myriad-hued fishes playing down in its crystal depths. Oh, how fair the seen as we approached nearer and see plainer and plainer the pictured beauty of the shore. Shinin' green valley, emerald-topped mountain, amethyst sea; which wuz the most beautiful it wuz hard to say.

Evangeline Noble stood off by herself leanin' on the rail of the deck as if she see through the beauty into the inner heart of things, and see in her mind's eye all the work her own people, the missionaries, had done there. The thought that they had taken the natives like diamonds incrusted in dirt and cleansed them of the blackest of their habits. She see in the past natives burying their children alive, putting to death the mentally weak, worshipping horrible idols, killing and eating their enemies, etc., etc. But now, under the blessed light of the torch, that long procession of martyrs had held up, the former things wuz passin' away, and she, too, wuz one of that blessed host of God's helpers. She looked riz up and radiant as if she see way beyend the islands of the sea and all she hoped to do for her Master on earth, and as if he wuz talking to her now, teaching her his will.

Nigher to us Elder Wessel wuz standing, and he sez, lifting up his eyes to heaven:

"Oh islands of the sea! where every prospect pleases and only man is vile."

And Arvilly hearn him and snapped out, "I d'no as they're so very vile till traders and other civilized folks teach 'em to drink and cheat and tear

round.” His eyes lost in a minute that heavenly expression they had wore and sez he:

“Oh, islands of the sea! where every prospect pleases and eat each other up and etcetery.”

“Well, I d’no,” sez she, “but I’d ruther be killed to once by a club and eat up and be done with than to die by inches as wimmen do under our civilized American license laws. The savages kill their enemies, but the American savage kills the one that loves him best, and has to see her children turned into brutes and ruffians, under what is called a Christian dispensation. There hain’t no hypocrisy and Phariseeism in a good straight club death, and most likely whilst he wuz eatin’ me up he wouldn’t pose before foreign nations as a reformer and civilizer of the world.”

“Oh, Sister Arvilly,” sez he, “think of the hideous idols they worship! You can’t approve of that,” sez he.

But Arvilly, the ondanted, went on, “Well I never see or hearn of any savage idol to compare in hegiousness with the Whiskey Power that is built up and pampered and worshipped by Americans rich and poor, high and low, Church and State. Let any one make a move to tear that idol down from its altar, made of dead men’s bones, and see what a flutter there is in the camp, how new laws are made and old laws shoved aside, and new laws fixed over, and the highest and the lowest will lie and cringe and drag themselves on their knees in front of it to protect it and worship it. Don’t talk to me about your wood idols; they hain’t nothin’ to be compared to it. They stay where they’re put, they don’t rare round and kill their worshippers as this Whiskey idol duz. I’d think enough sight more of some men high in authority if they would buy a good clean basswood idol and put it up in the Capitol at Washington, D. C., and kneel down before it three times a day, than to do what they are doin’; they wouldn’t do half the hurt and God knows it, and He would advise ’em that way if they ever got nigh enough to Him so’s He could speak to ’em at all.”

“Oh, Sister Arvilly!” sez Elder Wessel, and he looked as if he would faint away. And I too wuz shocked to my soul, specially as Josiah whispered kinder low to me:

“Samantha, we might git a small idol whilst we’re here. You know it would come handy in hayin’ time and when the roads are drifted full.”

I looked at him in a way that he will remember through his hull life, and sez he quick, “I shan’t do nothin’ of the kind unless you’re willin’.”

“Willin’!” sez I, in heart-broken axents. “What will happen next to me?” And then indignation dried my tears before they fell and I sez, “I command you, Josiah Allen, to never speak to me on this subject agin; or think on’t!” sez I fiercely.

He muttered sunthin’ about thinkin’ what he wuz a mindter. And I turned to Arvilly and sez, to git her mind off:

“See that native, Arvilly, standin’ up on that board!”

For as our good ship bore us onward we see crowds of natives standin’ up on little tottlin’ boards, dartin’ through the water every which way, risin’ and fallin’ on the waves. I couldn’t done it to save my life. No, Josiah nor me couldn’t stood on boards like that on our creek, to say nothin’ of the Pacific Ocean. But we should never have appeared in public dressed in that way—it wuzn’t decent, and I told Josiah I wouldn’t look at ’em if I wuz in his place; I mistrusted that some on ’em might be wimmen. And then I thought of the Garden of Eden, when Adam and Eve first took the place, and I didn’t really know what to think. But I drawed Arvilly’s attention to one on ’em that seemed extra dextrious in managin’ his board and sez, “How under the sun duz he do it, Arvilly?”

“I d’no,” sez she, and she added dreamily, “I wonder if he would want a copy of the ‘Twin Crimes,’ or the ‘Wicked and Warlike.’ If I do sell any here to the natives it’ll put some new idees in their heads about idol worship wickeder and warliker than they ever had.” Miss Meechim and Dorothy wuz approachin’ and Robert Strong I see looked off with rapt eyes onto the glorious seen. And as no two can see the same things in any picture, but see the idees of their own mind, blended in and shadin’ the view, I spozed that Robert Strong see rared up on the foreground of that enchantin’ seen his ideal City of Justice, where gigantic trusts, crushin’ the people’s life out, never sot its feet, but love, equality and good common sense sot on their thrones in the middle on’t, and the people they ruled wuz prosperous and happy. And anon he looked down into Dorothy’s sweet face as if no foreign shore or any inner vision ever looked so good to him.

Miss Meechim hated to have Dorothy see them natives, I see she did; actin’ so skittish towards the male sect always, it wuz dretful galdin’ to her to see

’em in that state and specially to have Dorothy see ’em. She looked awful apprehensive towards them swimmers and board riders and then at her niece. But when she catched sight of Robert by her side a look of warm relief swep’ over her anxious face, as if in her mind’s eye she see Dorothy by his help walkin’ through the future a prosperous and contented bacheldor maid.

Tommy wuz kinder talkin’ to himself or to his invisible playmate. He wonnered how he wuz goin’ to git on shore, wonnerin’ if he could stand up on one of them little boards and if his grandpa and grandma would each have one to stand up on, and kinder lookin’ forward to such an experience I could see, and Josiah wuz wonderin’ how soon he could git a good meat dinner. And so as on shore or sea each one wuz seein’ what their soul’s eye had to see, and shakin’ ever and anon their own particular skeletons, and shettin’ ’em up agin’ in their breast closets.

Well, as we approached nigher and nigher the wharf we see men dressed in every way you could think on from petticoats to pantaloons, and men of every color from black down through brown and yeller to white, and wimmen the same. Well, it wuzn’t long before we wuz ensconced in the comfortable tarven where we put up. Elder Wessel and his daughter and Evangeline Noble went to the same tarven, which made me glad, for I like ’em both as stars differin’. Elder Wessel I regarded more as one of the little stars in the Milky Way, but Evangeline as one of the big radiant orbs that flashed over our heads in them tropic nights.

The tarven we went to wuz called the Hawaiian Hotel. We got good comfortable rooms, Arvilly’s bein’ nigh to ourn and Dorothy’s and Miss Meechim’s acrost the hall and the rest of the company comfortably located not fur away. Well, the next mornin’ Josiah and I with Tommy walked through some of the broad beautiful streets, lined with houses built with broad verandas most covered with vines and flowers and shaded by the most beautiful trees you ever see, tall palms with their stems round and smooth as my rollin’ pin piercin’ the blue sky, and fur, fur up the long graceful leaves, thirty feet long some on ’em. And eucalyptus and begoniea and algebora with its lovely foliage, and pepper trees and bananas and pomegranates and tamarind and bread fruit and rose apples, tastin’ and smellin’ a good deal like a rosy. And magnificent oleanders and fuchias and geraniums and every other beautiful tree and blossom you ever hearn on.

And take it with these rich colored posies and luxuriant green foliage and the white suits and hats of the men, and the gay colored clothing of the women we met, lots of them with wreaths of flowers round their necks hangin' most to their feet, take it all together it wuz a seen long, long to be remembered. And then we walked up on Punch Bowl Hill, five hundred feet above the level of the sea, and looked off on a broad beautiful picture of sea, mountain and valley soft and beautiful and a-bloom with verdure, and anon bold, rugged and sublime, and I sez to Josiah:

"This very place where we're standin' now wuz once a volcano and belched forth flames, and that also," sez I, pintin' to Tantalus that riz up two thousand feet. "And," sez I, "they say that the view from that is glorious."

"Well," sez he, "I guess we hadn't better climb up there; it might bust out agin. And I wouldn't have you sot fire to, Samantha, for a thousand worlds like this," (he didn't want the work of climbin', that wuz it). And I didn't argy with him, for I thought it would be quite a pull for us to git up there and git Tommy up, and I didn't know as the child ort to climb so fur, so I didn't oppose my pardner when he propsed to go back to the tarven, and we santered back through the streets filled with citizens of all countries and dressed accordin', to the grounds around the tarven. We put Tommy into a hammock and sot down peaceful nigh by him. The sun shone down gloriously out of a clear blue sky, but we sot in the shade and so enjoyed it, the bammy air about us seemed palpitating with langrous beauty and fragrance, and I sez to my pardner:

"Don't this remind you, Josiah, of what we've heard Thomas J. read about:

> "'The island valley of Avileon
> Where falls not rain nor hail nor any snow.'"

"Where it seems always afternoon."

"I d'no," sez Josiah, "as I ever hearn of such a land. I never wuz any hand to lay abed all the forenoon."

"But, Josiah, there is sunthin' so dreamy and soothin', so restful in the soft slumbrous atmosphere, it seems as if one could jest lay down in that hammock, look off onto the entrancin' beauty around, breathin' the soft balmy air, and jest lay there forever."

“I guess,” sez he, “that the dinner bell would be apt to roust you out the second or third day.”

But Miss Meechim jined us at jest this minute, and she sez to me, “I feel just as you do, I feel as though I would fain dwell here forever.”

And Josiah sez: “I believe it would be a good thing for you, Miss Meechim, to stay here right along; you could probable do considerable good here preachin’ to the natives aginst marriage, they’re pretty apt to marry too much if they’re let alone, and you might curb ’em in some.” (Josiah can’t bear Miss Meechim, her idees on matrimony are repugnant to him.) But she didn’t argy with him. She sez: “Robert is planning a trip to the Pali, and wants to know if you won’t join us.”

And Josiah says, “Who is Pali?”

And she sez, “It is the precipice five hundred feet high, where King Kamehameha drove off his enemies.”

Well, we wuz agreeable and jined the party. Robert had got a wagonette and he and Dorothy, Miss Meechim and Arvilly and Josiah and I jest filled the seats, Tommy sot in Josiah’s lap or between us.

It is quite a long ride to the Pali, but we didn’ realize it, because the scenery all along is so lovely and so novel. That view from the top I hain’t a-goin’ to try to describe, nor I sha’n’t let Josiah try; I don’t like to have that man flat out in his undertakin’s. Good land! do you want us to tell how many sands there wuz on the flashing white beach that stretched out milds and milds? And we might as well as to describe that enchantin’ panorama and take up all the different threads of glory that lay before us and embroider ’em on language. No, you must see ’em for yourself, and then you hain’t goin’ to describe ’em. I d’no but Carabi could. I hearn Tommy talkin’ and “wonnerin’” to him as he stood awestruck beside me, but no mortal can.

Well, I thought I must not slight the volcano Kilauea, which means the House of Everlasting Fire. And how that volcano and everything in Hawaii reminded me of the queen who once rained here—and the interview I once had with her. We happened to be visitors to the same summer resort. You know she lives in Washington, D. C., now.

I sent word that I wuz there and craved a augence, which wuz gladly granted. She had hearn of me and I had hearn of her, which made everything

agreeable. So at the appinted hour I wuz ushered by one of her hired men into her presence. I liked her looks first rate; of course she hain't what you may call handsome, and her complection is pretty middlin' dark, but she has a good look and a good way with her. She came forward and greeted me with great cordiality and gin the hand I extended a warm grasp, and I hern visey versey, and sez she:

"I am glad to see you, Josiah Allen's wife." And I sez, speakin' the name Liliukolani well as I could, "I also am glad to hail the Queen of the Sandwich Islands."

That tickled her, and she sez: "I was not deceived in you; you are one who can recognize royalty if the cloud of adversity and trouble is wreathin' it in its black folds."

And I sez, "Clouds often covers the sun and moon, but the light is there jest the same." I felt to pity her as she went on and related her troubles to me. Her throne kicked out from under her by them that wanted to set down on it, the high chairs of her loyal friends took by her enemies who craved the soft cushions. Even her private property grabbed away from her. Why, how should any of us feel to have a neighbor walk in when we wuz havin' a family quarrel and jest clean us out of everything—kitchen stove, bureau, bed and beddin' and everything; why, it would rile us to our depths, any on us.

She sez, "I feel that my kingdom wuz stole away from me." And I sez:

"I know jest how you feel. There wuz a woodsy island down in our creek that Josiah had called hisen for years and years, rained peaceful and prosperous over so we spozed, it made a dretful handy place for our young stock to stand in the shade in the summer, and our ducks and geese jest made their hum there, but what should Bill Yerden do when he bought the old Shelmadine place but jest scoop up that island and try to prove that it wuz hisen. It wuz jest stealin', Josiah and I always felt so. But he wuz down with tizik at the time, and I wore out nussin' him, and Bill put bob iron fence round it, real sharp bobs, too, and we had to gin in. Of course it wuzn't a big spot, but we despised the idee of havin' it took from us just as much as though it wuz the hull contient of Asia, and we can't git over it, Josiah nor me can't. And I know jest how you feel, and I sympathize with you."

And she sez, "Sympathy is sweet, but justice is sweeter."

And I sez, “That is so, but when you can’t git justice, sympathy is better than nothin’.”

“Yes,” sez she, “I know it, but I am lookin’ forward to the day when I shall git my rights agin. I am jest as much a queen as Queen Alexandra is to-day, and my kingdom is just as much mine.”

Sez I, “That is just the way Josiah and I feel; we can’t help lookin’ forward to gittin’ our rights, but don’t spoze we ever shall, for life is short, and Josiah don’t want any more of our live stock tore up on them bobs; and, as I’ve said to Josiah many a time, Bill Yerden feels guilty, or he wouldn’t rare up such sharp defences round it.”

Well, we had a good deal more of jest such profitable and interestin’ talk as two such great wimmen would naterally, and we parted away from each other with a cordial hand shake and mutual good feelin’. But she called me back and sez she: “I want to give you one word of solemn warnin’ before we part,” and I stopped stun still and listened.

“I don’t know,” sez she, “as you’ll ever be a queen.”

“Well, mebby not,” sez I, “but I am thought a sight on in Jonesville, and there is no knowin’ what may happen.”

“Well,” sez she, “if you ever are a queen, a ruler of a kingdom, don’t let any other nation protect you. Protectin’,” sez she, “has been the ruin of more than one individual and nation.”

And I promised her that I would look out for it if I ever wuz a queen, but reminded her that there wuz times too when it came handy, and saved our necks to be protected, and then I finished, gracefully backin’ out of her presence. I like her first rate, and believe she is a likely woman; I believe she has been lied about, she jest the same as told me she had; if she wuz a woman that took in washin’s for a livin’ there wouldn’t have been so much said about her. Why, it is jest as easy for envious folks to run them high in position and try to demean ’em as it is to fall off a log.

CHAPTER X

Some of the party felt that they couldn't leave the islands without seein' the great Kilauea and some didn't care to go. I felt that I must see it and so did Arvilly, and Josiah looked on me as fondly and proudly as if I myself wuz a volcano and said, "If Samantha goes I shall." Robert Strong wanted to go and so did Dorothy; Miss Meechim didn't feel like going and offered to take care of Tommy with the help of Aronette. Elder Wessel wouldn't go, for Lucia wuzn't very well and he felt that she had better stay and rest at the tarven, and I spozed that Aronette and Lucia would have a pretty good time, for they always seemed to when they wuz together. Evangeline Noble was visiting some friends of hers on the island. There wuz a smart young English clergyman goin' with us and a Scotchman, both good lookin' and good actin'. The Scotchman wuz Sir Duncan Ramsey and didn't act any more sot up than if he wuz a plain mister. He paid considerable attention to Dorothy, too, but Miss Meechim said that she didn't worry about Dorothy at all since I would chaperone her, and Robert wuz going to protect her from any possible lover. Sez Miss Meechim:

"Robert knows that I would almost rather have that volcano burst forth its burning lava and wash her away on its bosom than to have her engulfed in that terrible state of matrimony from which I and mine have suffered so horribly."

"Well," sez I, "I can't speak for you and yourn, but for me and ourn," sez I, "no state under the heavens would be agreeable for me to live in if my beloved pardner wuzn't in it too."

"Oh, well," sez she, "exceptions prove the rule; your husband is congenial and good to you."

"Oh, well," sez I, "as to the daily acts and queer moves of pardners the least said the soonest mended, but Love is the great ruler; where he rules any state is blest, be it torrid or frigid."

That evenin' Arvilly and Elder Wessel had a argument about votin' and other things. I knew I ort to be in my room packin' my satchel bag, for we expected to be gone a week or ten days, but I did kinder want to hear how their talk come out. He said he didn't vote; he said he thought it wuz a clergyman's duty to set and judge of the right and wrong of actions, not take part in 'em.

And Arvilly says, "I always spozed the Almighty did that; I didn't know as human men wuz obleeged to. I know he cursed them that dealt in strong drink, and blest them that gin even a cup of cold water to the little ones, which I spoze meant help to the poorest and lowest. And I guess that whatever your idees are about it, when you come to the judgment day you won't set up there on the throne judgin', but you'll be down with the rest on us givin' an account of how you've used your talents, your influence, and if you've wropped your mantilly of protection around thieves and murderers that you know the whiskey trade is made of; you'll find that it will drop off there, and you will be judged accordin' to your works. But mebby you'll be made to see before you git there that you're in the wrong on't upholdin' this evil."

Arvilly's axent wuz as sharp as any simeter, and it seemed to go right through Elder Wessel's robe of complacency and self-esteem and rend it. He looked dretful bad, and I spoke up, meanin' to pour a little ile on his woonds, and sayin' what I thought, too. Sez I:

"Folks hain't so guilty often as they are thoughtless; ministers and church people who don't use their influence aginst this evil don't realize what they're doin'—they don't think."

"They're guilty if they don't think," sez Arvilly, "if they are blest with common sense. If I wuz walkin' by a deep pond in broad daylight, and see a dozen little children sinking that I might save by a little effort, I wonder how many would believe me when I said that I see 'em drowndin' but didn't try to save 'em because I didn't think. If I had ears and eyes and common sense, and could save 'em and didn't, I wuz guilty of murder, and so the Lord would look at it and everybody else that knew anything." And she looked at me some as if I didn't know anything, jest because I intimated that ministers and church members didn't want to do such wickedness, but didn't think—Arvilly is hash. But I had to admit that she had some common sense on her side. Sez she agin:

“The Church of Christ could do anything it wanted to if it jined its forces, took holt as if it meant to do sunthin’, but as it is indifference folds its hands, self interest murders humanity, greed upholds intemperance, and all about us in Church and State are drink makers and drink takers, and heaven knows which of ’em will git to hell first!” Arvilly is dretful hash; when she gits rousted up her indignation is like lightnin’, and she don’t care where it strikes or who. It struck Elder Wessel hard.

“I should be afraid!” sez he, and his voice fairly trembled with indignation, “I should be afraid to talk of the Church of Christ as you do!”

“Let it behave itself then!” sez Arvilly, “be converted and come out on the Lord’s side to the help of the weak aginst the mighty!”

“The saloon,” sez Elder Wessel dogmatically, “is the Poor Man’s Club.” He wuz all rousted up by her hash talk and come out plainer than he had come. “The rich man has his club, and the saloon is the Poor Man’s Club. He has a right to go there for a little recreation.”

“Re-creation!” sez Arvilly. “If you think drinkin’ pizen whiskey is re-creatin’ a man, you’re different from me.”

“And me, too,” sez I. “If you call it re-creatin’ to go to the Poor Man’s Club sober and sane,” sez Arvilly, “and stagger home at midnight crazy drunk, I say he hain’t no right to re-create himself that way; he re-creates himself from a good man and worthy member of society into a fiend, a burden and terror to his family and community. Now Elder White’s idee of re-creatin’ men is different; he believes in takin’ bad men and re-creatin’ ’em into good ones, and I wish that every minister on earth would go and do likewise.”

“I know nothin’ about Elder White,” sez Elder Wessel hautily.

“He’s our minister in Loontown,” sez Arvilly. “He has his church open every night in the week for re-creatin’ in the right way.”

“I don’t approve of that,” sez Elder Wessel. “The church of the Most High is too sacred to use for such purposes.”

“A minister said that once to Elder White,” sez Arvilly, “and he answered ’em with that warm meller smile of hisen, ‘Where are my boys and girls more welcome and safe than at home, and this is their Father’s house,’” sez he.

“Using that holy place for recreation is very wrong,” sez Elder Wessel.

Sez Arvilly, “I told you that he used it to re-create anew to goodness and strength. He has music, good books, innocent games of all kinds, bright light, warmth, cheerful society, good lectures, and an atmosphere of good helpful influences surroundin’ ’em, and he has sandwiches and coffee served in what wuz the pastor’s study, and which he uses now, Heaven knows, to study the big problem how a minister of the Most High can do the most good to his people.”

“Coffee,” sez Elder Wessel, “is all right in its place, but the common workman hankers after something stronger; he wants his beer or toddy, the glass that makes him forget his trouble for a time, and lifts him into another world.”

“Well, I spoze the opium eater and cocaine fiend hanker after the fool paradise these drugs take ’em into, but that’s no sign that they ort to destroy themselves with ’em.”

“Coffee, too, is deleterious,” sez Elder Wessel. “Some say that it is worse than whiskey.”

I spoke up then; I am a good coffee maker, everybody admits, and I couldn’t bear to hear Ernest White talked aginst, and I sez: “I never hearn of a workman drinkin’ so much coffee that he wuz a danger to his family and the community, or so carried away with it that he spent his hull wages on it. Such talk is foolish and only meant to blind the eyes of justice and common sense. Elder White’s Mutual Help Club, as he calls it, for he makes these folks think they help him, and mebby they do, is doin’ sights of good, sights of it. Young folks who wuz well started towards the drunkard’s path have been turned right round by it, and they save their wages and look like different men since they have left the Poor Man’s Club, as you call it, and patronize hisen.”

“And Elder White has showed,” sez Arvilly, “by his example just what the Church of Christ could do if it wanted to, to save men from the evil of this present time and git ’em headed towards the Celestial City.”

“Oh!” sez Elder Wessel, “I would no more use the church dedicated to the Most High in the way you speak of than I would use the communion cup to pass water in.”

“If a man wuz dyin’ of thirst, and that cup could be used to save him, don’t you spoze the Lord would want it used for that, Elder Wessel?” sez Arvilly.

“Oh, no! oh, no!” sez he: “give not that which is holy unto dogs; cast not your pearls before swine.”

“That is jest what I have been preachin’ to you,” sez Arvilly. “Give not that which is holy, the best nater, and goodness of boys and men to the dogs, the brutes that lay in wait for ’em in whiskey laws. The God in man is murdered every ’lection day by professors of religion and ministers.”

“Why—whyee,” sez Elder Wessel, sinkin’ back in his chair.

“Yes,” sez the dantless Arvilly, “I mean jest what I say; them that refuse to vote and help in the matter are jest as guilty as license voters; they are consentin’ to the crucifixion of Christ in man. And the poor drunkards are not the only ones they help nail to the cross. The innocent life and happiness of wimmen and children these wicked laws lift up on the cross of agony, and their hearts’ blood cries to heaven for judgment on them that might have helped ’em and would not. The Church of Christ is responsible for this crime,” sez Arvilly, “for there is not an evil on earth that could stand before the combined strength of a united church.”

Sez Elder Wessel, gittin’ back considerable dignity (her hash talk madded him awfully), sez he, “I simply see things in another light from what you do.”

“He that is not for me is against me,” sez Arvilly.

Sez the Elder in a dogmatic axent, real doggy it wuz, “I say again, the saloon is the Poor Man’s Club.”

And I sez dreamily, “Talkin’ of a club as a club, a club in the hands of a drunken man, strikin’ at and destroyin’ all the safety and happiness of a home, yes,” sez I, “it is such a club.”

“Yes,” sez Arvilly, “if poundin’ his wife to jelly, and his children to deformity and death, is a Poor Man’s Club, the saloon is one.”

Sez he agin, “Rich men have their clubs to which they may go, and drink all they choose—carouse, do as they please, and why not poor men, too?” he added.

And I sez, “Grantin’ that rich men do drink and carouse at their clubs, as I don’t know whether they do or not, two wrongs never made one right, and the liquor couldn’t hurt ’em so much, for they can buy it pure, and the poor man’s drink is pizen by adulteration, makin’ a more dangerous drunk, ruinin’ their health and makin’ ’em spilin’ for fights and bloodshed. The rich man can stay all night at his club, or if he goes home the decorous butler or vally can tend to him and protect his family if need be; he won’t stagger in at midnight to a comfortless room, where his wife and little ones are herded in cold and starvation and are alone and at his mercy, and the rich man’s carouse at his club won’t keep his wife and children hungry for a week.”

Bein’ driv out of that position Elder Wessel tried a new tact: “The poor man has just as much right to the social enjoyment they git out of their saloon as you have, madam, to your afternoon teas and church socials.”

“What hinders the poor man from ’tendin’ socials?” sez Arvilly, spiritedly. “They are always bein’ teased to, and anyway I never knew tea to make anybody crazy drunk.”

“The poor man,” sez Elder Wessel in his most dictorial way, all of Arvilly’s talk havin’ slipped offen him like rain water offen a brass horn, “the poor man, after he has worked hard all day, and has nothing to go home to but a room full of cryin’ children, discomfort, squalor and a complaining wife, is justified in my opinion to go to the only bright, happy place he knows of, the saloon.”

But I sez, bein’ such a case for justice, “How is it with the wife who has worked hard all day in the home of discomfort and squalor, her work being rendered ten times harder and more nerve destroying than her husband’s by the care of the cryin’ children, how would it be for them, who are equally responsible for the marriage and the children, to take holt together and make the children happier and the home less full of discomfort?”

“Yes,” sez Arvilly, “is it goin’ to make the home less full of discomfort to have him reel home at midnight and dash the hungry cryin’ baby aginst the wall and put out its feeble life, and mebby kill the complainin’ wife too?”

“Oh, those are extreme cases and uncommon,” sez Elder Wessel.

“Not oncommon at all,” sez Arvilly. “If you read the daily papers you will see such things as this, the direct work of the saloon, are continually

occurring, too common in fact to attract much attention."

He couldn't deny this, for he knew that we read the papers jest the same as he did, and the fact that he couldn't deny it seemed to kinder tire him, and he sez, getting up:

"I guess I will go and smoke a cigar." And he went. And I went up to my room, too, to pack my satchel bag, for we expected to start the very next mornin' and to be gone about a week or ten days.

Well, the steamer took us to Hilo, and the panorama that swep' by us on that steamer can't never be reproduced by any camera or kodak; the sapphire blue water, the hills standing like mountains of beaten gold and velvety green verdure, and beyond the soft blue and purple mountain ranges, agin deep clefts and cliffs of richest colored rocks with feathery white waterfalls floating down on 'em like a veil, anon pleasant landscapes, sugar cane plantations, picturesque houses, windmills, orchards, dancing brooks and broad green fields. No dissolvin' view wuz ever so entrancin', but like all others it had to dissolve.

We reached Hilo the second day and we all went to a comfortable tarven, and the next mornin' bright and early we sot off on the stage for the volcano over, I state, and state it fearlessly, the most beautiful road that wuz ever built towards any volcano or anything else. Why, I've thought that the road between Jonesville and Loontown wuz beautiful and easy travellin'. Old Hagadone is path-master and vain of the road, and calls the men out twice a year to pay poll taxes and such by workin' it. Sugar maples, elder bushes, and shuemakes, and wild grapes and ivy run along the side of the stun wall, makin' it, I always had thought, on-approachable in beauty. But, good land! if old Hagadone had seen that road he would have turned green as grass with envy.

Imagine a wide road, smooth as glass, cut right out of a glowing tropical forest with a almost onimagined splendor, that I spoze was meant to be onseen by mortal eyes, risin' up on each side on't. Why, I've been as proud as a peacock of my little hibiscus growin' in grandma Allen's old teapot, and when that blowed out one little blow I called the neighbors in to witness the gorgeous sight. Imagine a hibiscus tree, as big as one of our biggest maples, fairly burnin' all over with the gorgeous blossoms, and bananas with their great glossy leaves, and lantannas. Wuzn't I proud of my lantanna growin' in

Ma Smith's blue sugar bowl? I thought it wuz a lovely sight when it had three blows on it at one time. But imagine milds and milds of 'em risin' up thirty feet on each side of the road, and little spindlin' palms, that we envy if growin' two feet high, growin' here to a hundred feet or more, and begonias and geraniums growin' up into tall trees and of every color, tuberoses and magnolias loadin' the air with fragance, the glossy green of the ohia tree with the iaia vine climbing and racing over it all, mingled in with tamarind and oranges and bamboo, and oleanders with their delicious pink and white blossoms. Sez I: "Do you remember my little oleander growin' in a sap bucket, Josiah? Did you ever think of seein' 'em growin' fifty feet high? What a priceless treasure one would be in Jonesville."

And he whispered back real voyalent: "Don't think, Samantha, of gittin' me to lug one of them fifty-foot trees all the way hum. I've broke my back for years luggin' round your old oleander in a tub, but never will I tackle one of them trees," and he looked up defiantly into the glossy boughs overhead.

"I hain't asked you to, Josiah, but," sez I dreamily: "I would love to git some slips of them fuchia and begonia trees, and that jasmine," sez I, pintin' up to the emerald waves of foliage enriched by them I have named, and as many other glowin' with perfume and beauty as there are stars in the heavens, or so it seemed to me. Sez I: "What a show I could make in Jonesville with 'em." Sez I: "What would Miss Bobbett and Sister Henzy say if they could see 'em?" And I pinted up at a gigantick trumpet creeper and convolvuli, festooned along the boughs of a giant geranium and hanging down its banner of bloom.

"They'd say, let well enough alone. I tell you I can't break up my trip diggin' dirt and tendin' to a lot of houseplants from Dan to Beersheba."

"We're not goin' to Dan," sez I, "and if we wuz a man might meet Dan doin' worse than pleasin' his pardner. Look at that jasmine," sez I. "Is that much like that little slip of Sister Bobbett's growin' in a tea-cup? And see! oh, do see, Josiah, them night bloomin' ceriuses! Oh, take it on a moonlight night, the walls of fragrant green on either side, and them lovely blows, hundreds and thousands of 'em shinin' out like stars of whiteness, full of the odor of Paradise. Oh, what a sight, Josiah Allen, for us to see!"

And he sez, "Don't git any idee, Samantha, of you and me comin' way back here by moonlight, for we can't do it. The road is thirty milds long, and if we

tried it we shouldn't git here till they had done blowin'."

"I hain't no idee of tryin' it, Josiah, I wuz only revellin' in the idee of what the glory of the sight must be."

"Well," sez he, "I am revellin' in the idee of havin' a good meat dinner if we ever git to Hilo." And he added with a sarcastick smile, "Don't that make you think of poker? High, low—all it wants is Jack and the Game."

I gin him a stern look and sez, "Some knowledge is demeanin' to a perfessor." And he acted puggicky and didn't say another word for a mild or so. But I sot calm and looked away into the entrancin' seen. And all the time we wuz rollin' on towards the volcano.

Robert and Dorothy seemed to be enjoying the seen as much as I did, and Arvilly wuz tryin' to canvass the Scotchman. The Englishman had already bought the "Twin Crimes," and so she wuz as happy as she ever would be, I spozed.

Well, after that long enchantin' ride through Paradise, at last we reached the place we wuz bound for and put up to the Volcano House, from which a good view of the volcano is seen at night, but nothin' to what it is to stand on its shores. Well, I will pass over all intervenin' incidents, some as the lava duz when it gits started, and draw the curtain on us agin as we stood in front of that awful, majestic, dretful, sublime, unapproachable, devilish, glorious—a thousand times glorious—and not to be forgot till death, sight. Tongue can't utter words to describe it; the pen hain't made, the egg hain't laid to hatch out the soarin' eagle whose feathers could be wrought into a pen fittin' to describe that seen. Why, I have thought when the mash got to burnin' down to the lake it wuz a grand sight; Jonesvillians have driv milds to see it. I have seen upwards of ten acres of the mash burnin' over at one time, and felt awestruck, and so did Sister Bobbett, for we went down together once with our pardners on a buckboard. But, sez I to myself almost instinctively:

"What if Sister Bobbett wuz here? What would she say?"

Imagine a great lake of fire instead of water, waves of burning lava dashing up onto its shores, bustin' way up in the air at times, towerin' pillers of flame, swishin' and swashin', fire and flames, and brimstun for all I know. What—what wuz goin' on way down in the depths below if this wuz the

seen outside? So wildly I questioned my heart and Josiah. “Oh, Josiah!” sez I, “what—what a sight! Did I ever expect to witness such a seen? No, oh no,” I sez. “What do you spoze is goin’ on inside of that great roarin’, blazin’ monster?” Sez he, “I know what’s goin’ on inside of me; I know I am jest starvin’, faintin’ away fur want of food.”

“Well,” sez I soothin’ly, “when we get back to the Volcano House I will ask for some bread and milk for you.”

“Bread and milk!” sez he bitterly. “I want pork and beans, and ham, and biled greens, and chicken pie and Injun puddin’!”

“Well, well,” sez I, “be calm. Do jest see them great waves and fields of lava, milds and milds of ’em, once jest melted fire, rollin’ on and rollin’ on—what a sight!” sez I. On one side wuz a sort of a high terrace, over which the fiery flames had fell and hardened into solid waves lookin’ some as our Niagara would look if her flowin’ waters should suddenly harden as they flowed. I pinted it out to Arvilly, who wuz by my side. Sez I, “Do look at that! It seems as if Nater had jest hung up that stupendous sheet there and writ on it the word Glory! Unapproachable glory and magesty!”

Sez Arvilly dreamily, “If I could jest dig out in that smooth lava the words, ‘The Twin Crimes of America—Intemperance and Greed,’ and train the volcano to run blazin’ fire into the mould, what a advertisement that would be for my book, or for the ‘Wild, Wicked and Warlike Deeds of Man.’ It would help the sale of both on ’em tremendously.”

And I sez, “Don’t try to train no volcanos, Arvilly; you would find them worse to handle than any man you ever tackled.”

“Well,” sez she dreamily, “I believe it could be done.”

Robert Strong and Dorothy stood clost together, he a-protectin’ her, as I spozed. ’Tennyrate he seemed dretful careful where she stepped and how and when, and she looked up real confidin’ and sweet into his face, and then, awestruck and wonder smit, down into the burnin’ lake below. The Englishman and Scotchman had gone on a little nigher to it, with the guide. Hale-mau-mau (House of Endless Fire), well did the natives name it. Well, it wuz long before we tore ourselves from the sublime seen, and I dremp of it all night. I see Josiah bore from me on the lava flood, and then agin I wuz swep’ from him and dashed up on a billow of flame, and visey versey, versey

visey. I had a dretful night, and got up twice and looked out of the winder on the grand spectacle. But towards mornin' I had a beautiful vision: my pardner and me wuz bore back to Jonesville, and sot in our own door yard under a spreadin' geranium tree, and Sister Bobbett stood admirin'ly before me with a tea-cup in her hand, beggin' for a slip from the immense branches. It wuz a sweet dream, and I waked up refreshed.

CHAPTER XI

Well, one week later we found ourselves agin on the boundless deep, the broad Pacific, bound for the Philippines. How fur off from Jonesville did I seem as I thought on't, but Love journeyed with me, and Duty. Tommy wuz gittin' fat and rosy, his cough grew better every day, and he looked and acted like a different child.

This wuz to be a longer voyage than we had took. We layed out to stop to the Philippines first, and so on to China and Japan. It beats all how soon you settle down and seem to feel as if the great ship you are embarked on is the world, and the little corner you occupy your home, specially if you have a devoted pardner with you to share your corner, for Love can make a home anywhere. Arvilly got a number of new subscribers and made friends amongst the passengers, but Elder Wessel avoided her. And he didn't seem to like Sister Evangeline. I told him what I had seen and hearn, for it seemed to me like a olive branch bore into our dark, rainy world by a dove of Paradise. But he scoffed at it; he said that it wuz all imagination. But I sez: "It hain't imagination that the poor woman wuz dyin' and Sister Evangeline saved her." And he said that wuz a coincidence, and I said that it wuz a pity there wuzn't more such coincidences. And he didn't answer me at all. He wuz settin' up on his creed with his legs hangin' off, and he sot straight, no danger of his gittin' off and goin' down amongst the poor steerage passengers and helpin' 'em. He thought he wuz a eminent Christian, but in my opinion he might have been converted over agin without doin' him any harm.

Well, the big world we wuz inhabitin' moved on over the calm waters. Josiah read a good deal, settin' in the library with Tommy on his knee. And I read some myself, but took considerable comfort studyin' the different passengers, some as if they wuz books with different bindin's, some gilt and gay, some dull and solid and some sombry, but each with different readin' inside.

And stiddy and swift, onheedin' any of our feelin's or fears, the great ship ploughed on, takin' us towards that wuz comin' to meet us onbeknown to us. Miss Meechim kep' up pretty well, keepin' a good lookout on Dorothy, but restin' her mind on Robert Strong's protection, and Robert and Dorothy seemed to enjoy themselves better and better all the time, singing together, and walking up and down the deck for hours on pleasant days and matchless nights lit with the brilliant light of moon and star, and Southern Cross, and I didn't know what other light might be shinin' on 'em onbeknown to Miss Meechim, but mistrusted by me.

Elder Wessel, when we wuz with Lucia, didn't seem to want anything else on earth. She wuz a pretty girl, but I could see that she wuz very romantic; she had read sights of novels, and wuz lookin' out for some prince in disguise to ride up on a white charger to carry her off and share his throne. But I could see that if the right influences wuz throwd around her she had the makin' of a noble woman in her, and I hoped she would grow up a good, helpful woman. She had a great influence over Aronette, whose nater wuz more yieldin' and gentle, and I didn't altogether approve of their intimacy, but considered that it would be broke off pretty quick, as they would part for good and all when we got to China. You may wonder why I worried about Aronette; well, the reason wuz, I loved her, jest as everybody else did who knew her well. She wuz a darling girl, always sweet tempered, always trying to help somebody; Dorothy loved her just as much as though she wuz her sister and would have treated her exactly like one if it hadn't been for Miss Meechim. She loved Aronette herself, and showed her love by her goodness, buying her everything she needed and didn't need, but she wuz so hauty naturally that she insisted on Aronette's keepin' her place, as she said. And she was so sweet dispositioned and humble sperited she didn't want to do any different. Well, I spoze Miss Meechim wuz right; if Aronette wuz Dorothy's maid it wuzn't to be expected that she would take her visitin' with her, and it wuz Aronette's delight to wait on Dorothy as devotedly as if no ties of love bound their young hearts together. Robert Strong liked and respected her, I spoze mebby on Dorothy's account, and Tommy adored her; why, even Josiah felt towards her, he said, some as if she wuz Tirzah Ann growed young agin.

Arvilly's heart she won completely by makin' her a bag to carry the "Twin Crimes" in. It wuz made of handsome black silk, worked all round in pink

silk in a handsome pattern, and she had worked on one side in big letters, “The Twin Crimes of America, Intemperance and Greed.”

Arvilly almost cried with joy when she gin it to her, and sez to me, “That Aronette is the best girl in the hull world and the sweetest. Look at that embroidery,” sez she, holdin’ up the handsome bag before my eyes, “you can see that as fur as you can see me; that bag alone is enough to sell the book, and I wuz jest wearin’ out the agent’s copy. There hain’t anything in the world I wouldn’t do for that girl.” Yes, we all loved her dearly, and a dozen times a day we would say to each other what should we ever do without Aronette.

Josiah wuz seasick some, but not nigh so bad as he thought, and Tommy kept well and happy all the time, and wonnered and wonnered at everything and seemed to take comfort in it, and he would set in his little chair on deck and talk to Carabi for hours, and I d’no whether Carabi wuz enjoyin’ the trip or not; I didn’t seem to have any way of knowin’. One day Tommy and I wuz lookin’ off on the broad blue waters and we see approachin’ what looked like a boat with its tiny sail set. It looked so like a boat set out from fairyland that instinctively I thought of Carabi, but a passenger standin’ by said that it wuz a Nautilus, and afterwards we see lots of ’em. And the Southern Cross bent over us nights as if to uphold our souls with the thought that our heavenly gardeen would take care on us. And some nights the sea wuz lit up with phosphorescent light into a seen of glory that I can’t describe and hain’t goin’ to let Josiah try to; I hain’t a goin’ to have that man made light of, and Shakespeare couldn’t do justice to it. Low down over our heads the heavens leaned, the glassy waters aspired upward in sparks of flame. The south wind whispered soft, strange secrets to us, sweeping up from the misty horizon. Our souls listened—but shaw! I said I wuzn’t goin’ to try to describe the glory and I hain’t.

And the ship sailed on. One evenin’ there wuz another steamer sighted, most everybody wuz on deck. Sister Evangeline wuz down takin’ care of that poor woman and child and the fever patients; Tommy wuz asleep; Josiah wuz readin’ the old newspaper he had wropped his clothes in, and which he had treasured fondly. He wuz readin’ the advertisements, Help Wanted and such. I asked him what good them advertisements would do him ten thousand milds from hum, but he said no knowin’ what might happen and anything in the paper wuz good readin’.

That man's blind adherence to party has caused me many a forebodin', it is a menace to good government and public safety, and I have told him so. Well, I santered down into the cabin and there I found Elder Wessel all alone. He had jest been readin' a powerful editorial that coincided with his views exactly, and he leaned back and put a thumb in each arm-hole of his vest and sez:

"What a glorious work the United States is doin' here in the Philippines."

And I sez, "Yes, that is so, the United States is doin' a great and noble work in educating and civilizing the natives, if it wuzn't for the one great mistake she is making and duz make wherever she plants her banner in a new country amongst a new people.

"Side by side with her schoolhouses and churches that are trying to lift humanity heavenward the American Saloon is found lowering humanity and undoing the work these ministers and teachers have so faithfully tried to do."

I guess he didn't hear me, but 'tennyrate he went right on: "Oh, yes, oh, yes, our Christian nation goes to these benighted islands, carrying Christianity and civilization in its hand. Of course they may not ever come up to the hite of our own perfect, matchless civilization, but they will approach it, they will approach it."

Sez Arvilly: "Our nation won't come up to them in years and years, if it ever duz!"

He jumped as if he had been shot; he thought we wuz alone, and sez: "Why—why, Sister Arvilly—you must admit these savages are behind us in knowledge."

"So much the worse for us; the sin of ignorance is goin' to be winked at, but if we know better we ort to do better." Elder Wessel wuz stunted, but he murmured instinctively sunthin' about our carryin' the Bible and the knowledge of heaven to 'em.

Arvilly snapped out: "What good will that do if we carry private hells to burn 'em up before they die? A pretty help that is! What is the use of teachin' 'em about heaven if our civilization makes sure the first thing it duz to keep 'em out of it, for no drunkard shall inherit heaven. What's the use of gittin' 'em to hankerin' after sunthin' they can't have."

The Elder wuz almost paralyzed, but he murmured instinctively sunthin' about our duty to the poor naked heathen hanging like monkeys from the tree tops, like animals even in their recreation. And Arvilly bein' so rousted up and beyend reasonable reason, sez: "That's their bizness about not bein' clothed, and anyway it is jest as the Lord started the human race out in the Garden of Eden, and they do wear enough to cover their nakedness, and that's more than some of our fashionable wimmen do, and 'tennyrate they don't suffer so much as our wimmen do with their torturin' tight shoes and steel instruments of agony bound round their waists, compressin' their vital organs into a mass of deformity."

Elder Wessel wuz so browbeat that he kinder got offen his subject, and with a dazed look he murmured sunthin' about "the wicked religion of Cuba when the Americans took it—the Papal indulgences, the cruel bull fights, the national recreations—you could always tell the low state of a nation's civilization by the brutish recreations they indulged in."

Sez Arvilly, in a loud, mad axent, "Talk about brutal amusements, why they ort to send missionaries to America to reform us as fur up in decency as to use animals to fight fur our recreation instead of human bein's. Bulls hain't spozed to have immortal souls, and think how America pays two men made in the image of God so much an hour—high wages, too—to beat and pound and maim and kill each other for the amusement of a congregation of Christian men and wimmen, who set and applaud and howl with delight when a more cruel blow than common fells one on 'em to the earth. And then our newspapers fight it all over for the enjoyment of the family fireside, for the wimmen and children and invalids, mebby, that couldn't take in the rare treat at first sight. Every blow, every cruel bruise that wuz made in the suffering flesh reproduced for Sunday reading. And if one of the fighters is killed and his mangled body taken out of the fighting ring forever, taken home to his wife and children with the comfortin' peticulars that he wuz killed for the amusement of men and wimmen, most on 'em church members, and all citizens of our Christian republic by special license of the government, why then the newspapers, which are the exponents of our civilization and the teachers of our youth, have a splendid time relating the ghastly story under staring headlines. After all this, talk to me about our country's dastin to have the face to reform any other country's amusement. Our prize fights that our nation gives licenses for its people to enjoy are as much worse than bull fights, in view of America's professions of goodness,

as it would be for an angel to fly down 'lection day amongst a drunken crowd and git drunk as a fool, and stagger round and act with her wings dirty and a-floppin'."

Elder Wessel wuz took completely back, I could see, by Arvilly's eloquence, and I wuz myself. The sharp-toothed harrow of grief had turned up new furrows in her soul, in which strange plants growed. And before Elder Wessel could speak she went on a-thinkin' back about sunthin' he'd said.

"Indulgences to sin! If I granted licenses for all kinds of sin for money, as our nation duz, I wouldn't talk about Papal indulgences. See how wimmen are used—embruted, insulted, ground beneath the heel of lust and ruin by these same license laws."

"But, Sister Arvilly," sez he, "I was reading only this morning a sermon upon how much our civilization had to do in lifting women into the high place they occupy to-day."

"High place!" sez Arvilly, and I fairly trembled in my shoes to hear her axent. "Wimmen occupy a dretful high place. I can tell you jest the place she occupies. You have been told of it often enough; you ort to know it, but don't seem to. A woman occupies the same bench with lunatics, idiots and criminals, only hern is enough sight harder under legal licenses and taxation laws."

"But," sez the Elder, "the courtesy with which women are treated, the politeness, the deference——"

"If you wuz kicked out of your meetin' house, Elder Wessel, would it make any difference to you whether the shue you wuz kicked with wuz patent leather or cowhide? The important thing to you would be that you wuz layin' on the ground outside, and the door locked behind you."

Sez Elder Wessel, "That is a strong metafor, Sister Arvilly. I had never looked at it in that light before."

"I presume so," sez she. "The very reason why there are so many cryin' abuses to-day is because good men spend their strength in writin' eloquent sermons aginst sin, and lettin' it alone, instead of grapplin' with it at the ballot box. Our Lord took a whip and scourged the money changers out of the temple. And that is what ministers ort to do, and have got to do, if the

world is saved from its sins—scourge the money changers who sell purity and honor, true religion and goodness for money.

“Satan don’t care how much ministers talk about temperance and goodness and morality in the pulpit to a lot of wimmen and children that the congregations are made up of mostly, or how many essays are writ about it, tied with blue ribbin. But when ministers and church members take hold on it as Ernest White has and attacks it at the ballot box, and defends and reinforces the right and left flank with all the spiritual and material and legal forces he can muster, why then Satan feels his throne tremble under him and he shakes in his shues.”

But before Elder Wessel could frame a reply Josiah come in with the news that the steamer had approached and brung mail to the passengers. And we all hurried up to see what we had got.

Well, the steamer wuz passin’ away like ships in the night, but I found that I had several letters from home. The children wuz gettin’ well. Philury and Ury well and doin’ well. And one letter wuz from Cousin John Richard, that blessed creeter! who, it will be remembered, went to Africa as a missionary to help the colony of freedmen to a knowledge of the true freedom in Christ Jesus. Only two idees that blessed creeter ever seemed to have: first, what his duty wuz, and, second, to do it. His letter run as follows:

“Dear Cousin: Here in the far off tropics where I thought to live and die with the people I have loved and given my life to help, the Lord has wonderfully blessed our labors. The Colony is prospering as I never expected to see it. The people are beginning to see that a true republic can only exist by governing one’s own self, that in the hands of each individual is the destiny of the nation. We are a peaceful people, greatly helped under the Lord by the fact that not a saloon blackens the pure air of Victor.

“How can the crazed brain of a drunken man help a nation only to weaken and destroy? How can children born under the curse of drink be otherwise than a burden and curse to the public weal? How can a righteous ruler handle this menace to freedom and purity save to stamp it beneath his feet? As we have no saloons in Victor, so we have no almshouses or prisons, the few poor and wrongdoers being cared for by private individuals, remunerated by public tax.

“So greatly has the Lord prospered us that I felt I was needed elsewhere more than here; I felt that America instead of Africa needed the help of teachers of the Most High. Tidings have reached me from the Philippines that made me think it was my duty to go there. Into these islands, inhabited, as has been said, by people ‘half devil, half child,’ has been introduced the worst crime of America, the drink evil, the worst demon outside the bottomless pit, making of sane, good men brutes and demons, a danger to themselves and the whole community.

“It is hard to believe that a Christian civilization, a Christian ruler, should send regiments of bright young boys so far from all the deterring influences of home and home life; send those who were the light of happy homes, the idols of fond hearts, to face the dreadful climate, the savage warfare, to colonize the graveyards in the sodden earth, to be thrown into the worst evils of war, to face danger and death, and with all this provided by the government that should protect them this dreadful temptation to ensnare their boyish wills and lead them into captivity.

“Then I could not leave Victor, but now that I can I feel that God is calling me to go there to preach the gospel of Christ, to fight this mighty foe, Intemperance, to preach the gospel of sane and clean living and thinking. Knowing from my experience here in Victor, had I no other knowledge of it, how that blessed gospel of love is the only true liberty. For what advantage is liberty of the body when the soul, the weak will, is bound in the most galling of chains?

“America is doing a great work in educating and helping this country, and were it not for this evil I go to combat, its work would be blessed of God and man.

“So, as I said, I sail to-morrow for the Philippines with three of my native converts, good Christians, willing to die, if need be, for their faith.”

This letter had been written more than a month, so long had it been comin’ to me, and I wuz tickled enough to think that when we got to the Philippines we should see Cousin John Richard.

CHAPTER XII

The shore of Manila looked dretful low and flat as we come up to it some as old Shelmadine's land lays along the lake shore. So you'd think that if it rained hard and raised the water a inch it would overflow it. And the houses looked dretful low and squatty, mebby it wuz on account of earthquakes they built 'em so. Josiah thought it wuz so they could shingle 'em standin' on the ground. I inclined to the earthquakes.

Our boat wuz small enough to go over the surf and up the Pasig River. The water didn't look very clean, and on it wuz floatin' what looked like little cabbage heads. Josiah thought they wuz, and sez he real excited:

"Thank fortin if they have cabbages to throw away here I shall be likely to git a good biled dinner, and mebby a biled puddin' with lemon sass."

But they wuzn't cabbages, they wuz some kind of a water plant that growed right there in the water. As we sailed along some queer lookin' boats, lookin' some like corn houses standin' on end, bulged out towards us from the shore. They said they wuz cargo lighters to onload ships, and mebby they wuz. And one peculiarity I see that I despised. The natives all seemed to wear their shirts over their pantaloons, hangin' loose, and some on 'em didn't have on any pantaloons, jest the shirt, and some not even that, jest a sash or so tied round about 'em.

I despised the sight and sez to Josiah: "They might do as much as Adam did anyway; they might wear some leaves round 'em, there is plenty of fig trees here I spoze."

And he sez: "I have been thinkin' that it is a crackin' good idee to wear the shirt over the pantaloons; it would be cool and look all right after we got used to it; the bottom of the shirt could be ruffled or trimmed with tattin or red braid, and they would look as dressy agin as I've always wore 'em."

I looked daggers at him out of my eyes and sez: "What won't you take it into your head to do next, Josiah Allen?"

But our attention wuz drawed off by Arvilly, who approached us. She looked skornfully at the costoom of the natives, and I hearn her say to herself: “Not much chance to canvass here.” But even as she spoke her eye fell hopefully on the opposite shore, like a good book agent scanning the earth and heavens for a possible subscriber.

Miss Meechim, who had come on deck with Dorothy and Robert, looked benignantly at the natives and sez: “The poor ye shall always have with you,” and she put her hand in the little bag that she always wore at her side and said: “I wonder if I have got a copy of that blessed tract with me, ‘The Naked Sinner Clothed and in His Right Mind.’”

But Robert sez to her: “They wouldn’t thank you for clothes, Aunt Albina; you will have to wait until we reach New York; some of the naked there would be gladly covered up from the snow and storms.”

“Oh, don’t compare our own blessed land with this heathen clime.”

“But,” sez Robert, “the warm breezes here bring only joy and comfort to that sinner’s naked limbs, and the sin of ignorance may be forgiven. But the shivering sinners, crouching on the cold stone doorsteps, hearing dimly through their benumbed senses prayers and thanksgivings to the Most High for mercies they have no part in, why that is quite a different matter.”

Aronette wuz standing a little ways apart, talking with a young man. He wuz payin’ her compliments, I knew, for there wuz a pink flush on her pretty face, and his eyes had admiration in them. I didn’t like his looks at all; he looked dissipated and kinder mean, and I thought I would warn her aginst him when I got a good chance. Lucia Wessel, too, wuz holding her young charge by the hand, but her attention wuz all drawed off by another young chap that I’d seen with her a number of times, and I didn’t like his looks; he had the same sort of a dissipated look that the other young man had, but I see by the expression of Lucia’s innocent eyes that she didn’t share in my opinion; she looked as if she wuz fairly wropped up in him. I wondered what Elder Wessel would have said if he could have seen that look. But he wuz in blissful ignorance. He thought her bosom wuz composed of a equal mixture of snow and crystal, through which he could read every thought and emotion as soon as they wuz engraved on it. He thought there was no characters written there as yet by any manly hand save his own writ in characters of fatherly and daughterly love. He wuz holdin’ forth to Arvilly, and she with

her nose turned up as fur as nater would let it go, wuz listenin' because he wouldn't let her git away. I thought by her expression he wuz praisin' the license laws, for on no other subject wuz he so eloquent, and on no other did Arvilly's nose turn up to such a hite.

Dorothy and Tommy wondered what those strange trees were that grew on the shore in front, and Robert Strong hastened to their side to help them to such information as he had on the subject. And he had knowledge on almost every subject under the heavens, so it seemed to me.

Well, anon or a little after, we found ourselves on shore and I wuz glad to feel terry firmy under my feet once more. Lots of times on board ship the terry wuz so fur from the firmy that the solid land felt good under the soles of our shoes. Yes, indeed! And though for some time tables and chairs, and even beds and bureaus had a way of advancin' up towards us and then retreatin' away from us over and over, yet as I say terry wuz considerable more firmy than the deck had been.

Well, it wuzn't long before we found ourselves at a comfortable hotel, not too comfortable, but decently so; and in the fulness of time we wuz seated at the table partaking of food which, though it didn't taste like my good Jonesville vittles, still I could eat and be thankful for. Josiah whispered to me:

"Onions and garlicks and peppers; I never could bear any on 'em, and here I be filled up with 'em; there hain't a single dish on this table but what's full of 'em. Oh, Samantha!" sez he pitifully, "if I could only eat one of your good dinnerses or supperses agin' it seems as if I would be willin' to die."

And I whispered back to him to be calm. Sez I, "Do be reasonable; it ain't logic or religion to expect to be to home and travellin' abroad at the same time."

He see it wuzn't and subsided with a low groan, and begun to nibble agin' on his food, but his looks wuz mournful, and if I could I would have put on a apron willin'ly and gone down into the kitchen and cooked him a good square meal, but I knew it wouldn't be thought on, so I kep' calm.

Well, our bed wuz kinder queer. It wuz quite noble lookin', four high posts with lace curtains looped up and mosquito nettin' danglin' down, and instead of springs a woven cane mattress stretched out lookin' some like our cane

seat chairs. How to git under that canopy and not let in a swarm of mosquitoes wuz what we didn't know, but we did finally creep under and lay down. It wuz like layin' on the barn floor, the cane mattress didn't yield a mite, and Josiah's low groans mingled with my sithes for quite a spell. Tommy wuz fast asleep in his little bed and so didn't sense anything. Well, the tegus night passed away, happily I spoze for the attentive mosquitoes who shared the canopy with us, and mebby liked to sample foreign acquaintances, but tegus for us, and we wuz glad when it wuz time to git up.

The first meal of the day wuz brought to our room; chocolate not over good, some bread and some eggs, almost raw, wuz what it consisted of. Josiah, who wanted some lamb chops, baked potatoes and coffee, wuz mad as a hen. "Heavens and earth!" sez he, "why I never sucked eggs when a boy; have I got to come to it in my old age? Raw eggs and chocklate you could cut with a knife. A few years of such food will leave you a widder, Samantha."

"Well," sez I, "do let's make the best of it; when you're in Rome do as the Romans do."

"I shan't suck eggs, for no Romans or for no Phillippine."

"Eat 'em with your spoon," sez I, "as you'd ort to."

"Or with my knife," sez he. "Did you see them officers last night to the table eatin' sass with a knife? I should thought they'd cut their mouths open."

"Well, it is their way here, Josiah. Let's keep up and look forrerd to goin' home; that's the best fruit of travellin' abroad anyway, unless it is seein' Tommy so well and hearty."

Josiah looked at his rosy face and didn't complain another word. He jest worships Thomas Josiah. Well, after we eat this meal we went out walkin', Josiah and I and Tommy, and I spoze Carabi went along, too, though we didn't see him. But then what two folks ever did see each other? Why I never see Josiah, and Josiah never see me, not the real us.

Well, it wuz a strange, strange seen that wuz spread out before us; the place looked more'n half asleep, and as if it had been nappin' for some time; the low odd lookin' houses looked too as if they wuz in a sort of a dream or stupor. The American flag waved out here and there with a kind of a lazy bewildered floppin', as if it wuz wonderin' how under the sun it come to be there ten thousand milds from Washington, D. C., and it wuz wonderin' what

on earth it floated out there in the first place for. But come to look at it clost you could see a kind of a determined and sot look in the Stars and Stripes that seemed to say, “Well, now I am here I hain’t goin’ to be driv out by no yeller grounded flags whatsumever.”

Some of the carriages that we met wuz queer lookin’, rough wooden two-wheeled carts, that looked as if they’d been made by hand that mornin’. Josiah said that he could go out into the woods with Ury and cut down a tree and make a better lookin’ wagon in half an hour, but I don’t spoze he could. Some on ’em wuz drawed by a buffalo, which filled Josiah with new idees about drivin’ one of our cows in the democrat.

Sez he: “Samantha, it would be real uneek to take you to meetin’ with old Line back or Brindle, and if the minister got dry in meetin’, and you know ministers do git awful dry sometimes, I could just go out and milk a tumbler full and pass it round to him.”

But I drawed his attention off; I couldn’t brook the idee of ridin’ after a cow and havin’ it bellerin’ round the meetin’ house. The native wimmen we met wuz some on ’em dressed American style, and some on ’em dressed in their own picturesque native costoom. It wuz sometimes quite pretty, and one not calculated to pinch the waist in. A thin waist, with immense flowing sleeves and embroidered chemise showing through the waist, a large handkerchief folded about the neck with ends crossed, a gay skirt with a train and a square of black cloth drawn tight around the body from waist to knees. Stockings are not worn very much, and the slippers are not much more than soles with little strips of leather going over the foot, and no heels. Anon we would meet some Chinamen, with eyes set in on a bias, and their hair hanging in two long tails down their backs; lots of them we see, then a priest would move slowly along, then a Spanish señora, then a sailor, then perhaps a native dressed partly in European costoom lookin’ like a fright. The street cars are little things drawed by one horse, and the streets are badly paved when they’re paved at all.

There wuz some handsome houses in the residence portion of the city, but aside from the Cathedral there are few public buildings worth seeing. But one thing they have here always beautiful, and that is the luxuriant tropical vegetation, beautiful blossoming trees and shrubs, and the multitude of flowers, tall palms, bamboo, ebony, log-wood, mangoes, oranges, lemons, bread fruit, custard apples, and forty or fifty varieties of bananas, from little

ones, not much more than a mouthful, to them eighteen or twenty inches long. Josiah enjoyed his walk, finding many things to emulate when he got back to Jonesville. Among 'em wuz the Chinamen's hair; he thought it wuz a dressy way to comb a man's hair, and he wondered dreamily how his would look if he let it grow out and braid it. But he said if he did, he should wear red ribbons on it, or baby blue. But I knew there wuz no danger of his hair ever stringin' down his back, for I could, if danger pressed too near, cut it off durin' his sleep, and would, too, even if it led to words.

Wall, Arvilly's first work, after she had canvassed the hotel-keeper for the "Twin Crimes," and as many of the guests as she could, wuz to find out if Waitstill wuz there. And sure enough she found her. She wuz in one of the hospitals and doin' a good work, jest as she would anywhere she wuz put. She come to the hotel to see us as soon as she could, and Arvilly seemed to renew her age, having Waitstill with her agin. We writ to once to Cousin John Richard.

Robert Strong and Dorothy wuz dretful interested in Waitstill, I could see, and they asked a great many questions about her work in the hospital. And I see that Robert wuz only grounded in his convictions when Waitstill told him of the sickness the doctors and nurses had to contend with, and how largely it wuz caused by liquor drinking. Hundreds of American saloons in Manila, so she said, and sez she, "How can the hospitals hope to undo the evils that these do to men's souls and bodies?" Sez she, "You know what a fearful disease and crime breeder it is in a temperate climate, but it is tenfold worse here in this tropical land."

She wuz anxious to hear all the news from Jonesville, and I willin'ly told her what Phila Ann had told me about Elder White, and the noble work he was doin' in East Loontown, and I sez, "Missionary work is jest as necessary and jest as important and pleasin' to God if done in Loontown as in the Antipithies."

And she said she knew it. And I sez: "Elder White is working himself to death, and don't have the comforts of life, to say nothin' of the happiness he ort to."

Waitstill didn't say nothin', but I fancied a faint pink flush stole up into her white cheeks, some like the color that flashes up onto a snowbank at sunset. Life wuz all snow and sunset to her, I could see, but I knowed that she wuz

the one woman in the world for Ernest White, the ideal woman his soul had always worshipped, and found realized in Waitstill—poor little creeter!

I didn't know whether the warm sun of his love could melt the snow and frozen hail or not—the sun duz melt such things—and I knew love wuz the greatest thing in the world. Well, I had to leave the event to Providence, and wuz willin' to; but yet, after a woman duz leave things to the Most High to do, she loves to put in her oar and help things along; mebby that is the way of Providence—who knows? But 'tennyrate I gin another blind hint to her before we left the conversation.

Sez I, "Ernest White is doin' the Lord's work if ever a man did, and I can't think it is the Lord's will that whilst he's doin' it he ort to eat such bread as he has to—milk emtin's and sour at that, to say nothin' of fried stuff that a anaconda couldn't digest. He deserves a sweet, love-guarded home, and to be tended to by a woman that he loves—one who could inspire him and help him on in the heavenly way he's treading alone and lonesome." Her cheeks did turn pink then, and her eyes looked like deep blue pools in which stars wuz shinin', but she didn't say anything, and Robert Strong resoomed his talk with her about her hospital work. And before she left he gin her a big check to use for her patients; I don't know exactly how big it wuz, but it went up into the hundreds, anyway; and Dorothy gin her one, too, for I see her write it; Miss Meechim gin her her blessin' and more'n a dozen tracts, which mebby will set well on the patients, if administered cautious. I myself gin her the receipt for the best mustard poultice that ever drawed, and two pairs of clouded blue-and-white wool socks I had knit on the way, and though it wuz a warm country she said they would come handy when her patients had chills.

There wuz two young American girls at the hotel, and they happened to come into the parlor while we wuz talkin' and they sent a big present to the hospital. I guess they wuz real well off and good dispositioned. They wuz travellin' alone and seemed to be havin' a real good time. One on 'em wuz sunthin' of a invalid, but wuz outdoors all day, I spoze tryin' to git well. They minded their own bizness and didn't do any hurt so fur as I could see, but Elder Wessel couldn't bear 'em. Sez he to me one day:

"I spoze they represent the new young woman?"

He said it real skornful, and Arvilly, who wuz present, took him up real snappish. “Well, what of it? What have they done?” If that poor man had said that black wuz black and white wuz white, Arvilly would found fault with it.

“I don’t object to what they have done,” sez he, “so much as to what they are. Young American women know too much.” And Arvilly sez with a meanin’ glance at him, “That is sunthin’ that everybody don’t have to stand.”

She might just as well have called him a fool, her axent wuz such. Arvilly is too hash. Sez he: “Now my Lucia is different. She knows nothing about sin and wickedness, and I got this position for her, so that as soon as she left the convent she was placed directly in the care of this good woman and her little innocent child. What does she know of sin or sorrow, or worldliness or vanity?”

“Or danger?” sez I meanin’ly. “If she always has some one at her side to guard her, her perfect ignorance and innocence is a charm, but how would it be in the hour of danger and temptation? Why should anybody fear being burned if they had no knowledge of fire?”

“Oh,” sez he, “her divine innocence is her safeguard. Evil would retire abashed before the timid glance of her pure eyes.”

“I hope so,” sez I dryly. “I hope so. But I never knew the whiteness of its wool to help a lamb if a wolfdog got after it. But mebby it will in her case,” sez I reasonably. “I don’t want to break up your happiness,” sez I.

“You cannot,” sez he dogmatically. “You cannot. I have brought up my Lucia in the only right way for a young girl to be brought up. She has been completely separated from young people of the opposite sex; she knows nothing of fashionable flirting and folly. And when I see such abnormal creatures as the New Girl, as they call her, I am horrified, shocked beyond words at the spectacle of their brazen independence and what they call their freedom, their comradeship with the opposite sex, their fearlessness and boldness and frankness with gentlemen, talking with them really as if they were of the same sex as themselves. As I see this I thank God my Lucia is different.”

Well, she wuz a pretty little thing, with eyes as innocent and timid as a young fawn’s that had never been outside its green covert in the great

wilderness. But I knew that under her baby looks and baby ways wuz a woman's heart; a woman's emotions and impulses would roust up when the time come and the sun of love shone down on her. Why, Nater had layed down laws before Elder Wessel did; he couldn't keep her from thinkin' about her future mate; she would let her mind dwell on some one if it wuz only the man in the moon. And I knew the world wuz full of bad men as well as good men. How would it be with her if thrown with a wolf in sheep's clothing? If guarded and sheltered, all right, but if onguarded and onwarned and thrown into temptation and danger, I felt that trouble wuz ahead for Lucia Wessel. But I knew it wuz no use for me to hist up a danger flag in front of her, for her father wouldn't let me. But I felt dubersome about her, dretful dubersome. She and Aronette had formed a real girl attachment for each other, and some way I didn't like the idee on't, but don't know as I could have told why.

Well, we didn't lay out to stay long in Manila, but we did stay long enough so Dorothy and Miss Meechim and Robert Strong went round and see the different islands. They went to Illollo and wuz gone for three days, Aronette stayin' with me at the tarven, and Dorothy told me when she got back how beautiful the journey wuz. The water wuz like glass, the sunrise and sunset marvellous, thickly wooded shores on either side filled with oncounted wealth. Great forests of sandal-wood, enough to build houses of, and how we treasure little snips on't in fan sticks. Mahogany trees enough to build barns and cow stables on, and how we gloat over a old clock case or lamp stand made on't. She said that Illollo wuz like most old Spanish towns, dretful old lookin' and kinder run down. The natives dressed like others she had seen, but spoke a different language. They went to the American general's headquarters some two milds off. A hundred varieties of palm trees grow along the road and every sort of tropical tree. The natives wuz all dark complected, but some good lookin', most all bareheaded or else with a gay turban and knives stuck in the sashes of their gay tunics.

One day whilst the party wuz gone Tommy and I wuz takin' a little walk; Josiah couldn't go, he had got hold of a New York paper of three weeks before, and was readin' it through from title page to Lost and Found column. We wandered into a little cross street lined on each side with little shops with the shopkeepers squattin' in the door, and outside the native wives and children. Everything under the sun almost wuz to be found in these shops, and we had wandered along for quite a good ways lookin' at the curious

things, and still more curious people, when we met Aronette and Lucia, accompanied by the two young men I had seen with 'em on the boat; they wuz on the stoop of one of the old business buildin's, gigglin' and laughin' like a bevy of swallers round the eaves of a Jonesville barn.

But, as I said before, I didn't like the looks of the young men, and on Aronette's return I told her so, feelin' I wuz in a measure responsible for her safety whilst her mistress wuz away. Aronette wuz combin' Tommy's hair and curlin' it over her finger as I talked to her, which made me feel some mean to attact her whilst in my service, but Duty's apron string fluttered down before me and I stiddied myself on it as I spoke real good warnin' words to her.

Sez I, "My dear, I didn't like the looks of the young men I saw you walkin' with to-night." Sez I, "I saw them two young men coming out of a saloon not a half hour before, and" sez I, "they look to me dissipated and mean. They drink; I know by their looks they do."

And she sez, "Oh, dear madam, I only went out to take the air a little while. You know I care for nobody in this country. My heart is in old Normandie," sez she, the tears welling up to the blue well of her eyes. "My heart is with my Pierre, but," sez she, kinder tossin' her head, not a high toss, only a little vain pretty motion of a pretty, thoughtless girl, some like a bluebird in the spring of the year, "if a young man insists on paying you a little attention what can a poor little girl do? The days are long when one is young and her own Pierre so far away, and, dear madam, Lucia was with me."

“Another innocent, ignorant young creature,” sez I; “two little butterflies fluttering about instead of one, not thinkin’ or carin’ for the fouler’s net,” sez I, smilin’ on her pleasant, for I couldn’t help it. For I knew the heart of youth, and the monotony of life, and the need of young hearts for each other. But I didn’t like the young men’s looks and told her so agin, and she laughed, and said she didn’t like their looks either. Sez she, “Their breath always smells of the whiskey. Faugh!” sez she, “it makes me sick,” and she shrugged her shoulders in the true French way.

And I sez agin, lookin’ solemn, “No young man whose breath smells of whiskey is safe for any young girl to associate with. It is a pizen atmosphere that blasts every sweet and pure thing that comes nigh it.” And I sithed.

And she said in her own sweet way that she knew I was telling the truth, for I talked just as her own sweet mother did. And she bent down with one of her pretty foreign ways and kissed my hand. Dear little thing, I didn’t spoze my talk had done her much good, but then I considered it couldn’t do her any hurt ’tennyrate. And so I left the event to the overruling Power, just as we poor weak mortals have to.

CHAPTER XIII

Well, a day or two after that Josiah and I wuz takin' a walk, meetin' occasionally Turks all dressed Turkey fashion, and Japans, and Yankees and men and wimmen and children, when who should we meet face to face but Cousin John Richard, that blessed man. As I said, we had writ and writ and tried to find him, but didn't know but we should have to hunt round considerable, but wuz bound to not leave the islands till we'd seen him. But lo and behold! here he wuz, lookin' just as good and heavenly minded as ever. He wuz santerin' along apparently lost in deep thought or nearly lost.

But when he see us he grasped our hands with a welcome that made us know that no matter to what a extent a man's soul may live in the heavens, his heart is tied with deathless ties to the relations on his own side and to their pardners if they be congenial.

We stopped stun still and talked quite a spell about different things, our health, the relations and so forth.

Anon I sez, "Cousin John Richard, you look wan and pale, but it is a blessed work you are doin'."

He had opened a midnight mission, helpin' the weak and tempted and overcome of both sects, preachin' the love of Christ and follerin' his teachin' up by good works.

He told us all about it as we santered on and said he wuz not weary or discouraged. And I could see that though his linement looked pale and worn a deathless light shone in his deep kind eyes and I knew he wuz endurin' as seein' Him who wuz invisible.

As we walked on he said, sadly pintin' to a barren lookin' spot sown thick with graves, "In this deadly climate the Drink Demon has little to do to assist his brother, Death. Our poor northern boys fall like rotten leaves before a hurricane."

Sez I, lookin' up to the blue sky, "Why don't the heavens fall when such things affront the light of day!"

"The patience of God," sez Cousin John Richard, "is one of the things we cannot measure."

"Nor his pity nuther," sez I in heart-broken axents, for as I looked at them thickly sown graves and thought of the mothers and wives and sweethearts fur, fur away mournin' for them that wuz not, my tears fell and I wiped 'em off with my snowy linen handkerchief.

Well, Cousin John Richard had an appointment in another part of the city and we parted away from each other, he promisin' to come and see us at our tarven before we left the city.

Well, we didn't make a long stay in Manila. But Arvilly beset me to go with her to see General Grant, who was here on a tour of inspection, on this subject so near to her heart, and which she had made her lifework. She said that it wuz my duty to go.

But I sez, "Arvilly, you talk so hash; I can't bear to have the son of the man who saved his country talked to as I am afraid you will if you git to goin'."

Sez she, "I won't open my head. You know the subject from A to izzard. I'll jest stand by and listen, but somebody ort to talk to him. Hundreds and hundreds of American saloons in this one city! Forced onto these islands by our country. Sunthin' has got to be done about it. If you don't go and talk to him about it I shall certainly go alone, and if I do go," sez she, "he will hear talk that he never hearn before."

"I'll go, Arvilly," sez I hurriedly, "I'll go and do the best I can, but if you put in and talk so hash it will jest throw me off the track."

"A promise is a promise," sez she; "I never did break my word yet."

Well, havin' made the necessary preliminary moves, we met General Grant by appointment in his own quarters. Before we got inside the lines we had to advance and give the countersign, which wuz Whiskey. Arvilly planted herself right there like a balky mule and said she would die in her tracks before she said it. But I, knowin' that it wouldn't make nor break the traffick, sez, "Whiskey," and I added, "May the Lord destroy it!" Arvilly sez, "Amen!" and we walked in past the astounded sentry with out heads

up. (General Grant hadn't nothin' to do with that countersign; it wuz some officer's doin's.) Well, General Grant seemed quite pleased to see us. He's a real good-lookin' man, and if he hadn't any properties of his own he would be beloved for his pa's sake, but he has properties of his own. He is a good man and a smart one. Well, the first compliments bein' passed, I lanched out into my bizness.

Sez I, "Brigadier General Grant, I have come to you on the most important mission any ambassador ever travelled on."

Sez he, "What sovereign, madam, do you represent, and from what country do you come?" Sez I, "Brigadier General Grant, my mission is from the Lord of Hosts, and the country I come to plead for is your own native land—the United States—the land your own illustrious pa saved with the Lord's help."

He wuz deeply affected I see and invited us to set down, consequently we sot. And I sez, plungin' to once into my bizness as my way is in Jonesville or the Antipathies: "Brigadier General, everybody knows that you are a brave man and a good man." He thanked me and looked pleased, as well he might from such an enconium from one of the first wimmen of the ages, and I resoomed: "General Grant," sez I, "are you brave enough and good enough to tackle the worst foe America ever had?"

Sez he, "What foe do you allude to, mam?"

Sez I, "The foe that slays one hundred thousand a year, and causes ten thousand murders every year, steals the vittles and clothes from starvin' wimmen and children, has its deadly grip on Church and State, and makes our civilization and Christianity a mock and byword amongst them that think."

"You allude to Intemperance, I presume," sez he. He's dretful smart; he knew it in a minute from my description.

"Yes," sez I, "a foe a million times as dangerous as any your army ever faced, and a million times as hard to chase out of its ambuscade."

Sez I, "Frederic (I thought mebby it would sound more convincin' and friendly if I called him Frederic, and I wanted to convince him; I wanted to like a dog), I don't believe in war, but when your men died in battle they didn't moulder out a livin' death, chained to tender hearts, dragged along

the putrid death path with 'em. Their country honored 'em; they wuzn't thrust into dishonored graves, some as paupers, some as criminals swingin' from scaffolds. Their country mourns for 'em and honors 'em. It wuzn't glad to cover their faces away from the light, brutish faces to hant 'em with reproach, I should think, knowin' how they died. Try to think of that, Frederic; try to take it to heart."

I hearn Arvilly behind me breathin' hard and kinder chokin' seemin'ly, and I knew she wuz holdin' herself in as tight as if she had a rope round her emotions and indignations to keep her from breakin' in and jinin' our talk, but she wuz as true as steel to her word and didn't say nothin' and I resoomed:

"You've got to take such things to hum to realize 'em," sez I. "Owin' to a sweet mother and a good father your boy mebby is safe. But spozein' he wuzn't, spozein' you and his sweet ma had to look on as millions of other pas and mas have to and see his handsome, manly young face growin' red, dissipated, brutal; his light, gay young heart changed to a demon's, and from bein' your chief pride you had to hide him out of sight like the foul and loathsome leper he had become. Millions of other pas and mas that love their boys as well as you love yours have to do this. And if it wuz your boy what would you say of the legalized crime that made him so? Wouldn't you turn the might of your great strength aginst it?"

He didn't speak out loud, but I see from his looks that he would. "Then," sez I, "do, do think of other pas and mas and sisters and sweethearts and wives weepin' and wailin' for husbands, sons and brothers slain by this enemy! I spoze," sez I reasonably, "that you think it is an old story and monotonous, but Love is an old story and Grief and Death, but they are jest as true as at the creation and jest as solemn." I thought he looked a good deal convinced, but he looked as if he wuz thinkin' of the extreme difficulty of reachin' and vanquishin' this foe intrenched as it is in the lowest passions of men, hidin' behind the highest legal barriers and barricaded behind meetin' house doors, guarded by the ballots of saint and sinner; I read these thoughts on his forehead, and answered 'em jest as if he'd spoke.

Sez I, "When your illustrious father come up face to face with a foe no other general could manage, did he flinch and draw back because it had been called onmanageable by everybody else? No, he drawed a line

between good and evil, black and white, and says, 'I'll fight it right out on this line.' And he did, and before his courage and bravery and persistence the foe fell. Now, Frederic, here is the biggest foe that the American people are facin' to-day; here are weak generals and incompetent ones. Nobody can manage it; them high in authority wink at it and dassent tackle it, and so on down through all the grades of society—Church and State—they dassent touch it. And what is the burnin'est shame, them that ort to fight it support it with all the political and moral help they can give it. Here is a chance, Frederic, for you to do tenfold more for your country's good than ever your revered father did, and you know and I know that if it wasn't for this great evil and a few others, such as the big Trusts and a few other things, our country is the greatest and best that the sun ever shone on. If we loved our country as we ort to we would try to make her do away with these evils and stand up perfect under the heavens. It is the ma that loves her child that spanks her into doin' right if she can't coax her, and now do lay hold and help your country up onto the highest pedestal that a country ever stood on, and I'll help boost all I can." I hearn behind me a loud "amen," turned into a cough. Arvilly wuzn't to blame; it spoke itself onbeknown to her.

Sez I, "This is a hard job I am askin' you to tackle. The foe your father fit was in front of him, but this foe is within and without, and has for allies, powers and principalities and the Prince of Darkness. And now will you, bearin' the name you do, of General Grant, will you flinch before this black-hearted foe that aims at the heart and souls of your countrymen and countrywomen, or will you lead the Forlorn Hope? I believe that if you would raise the White Banner and lead on this army of the Cross, Church and State would rally to your battle-cry, angels would swarm round your standard and the Lord of Hosts go forward before you."

He didn't say he would, I spoze he wuz too agitated. But he sez sunthin' in a real polite way about what a good Ambassador his country had in me.

But I sez sadly, "I can't do much, Frederic. I am a woman, and the only weepon that is able to slay this demon is hung up there in Washington, D. C. Wimmen can't reach up to it, they can't vote. But you can; your arm is longer, and with that you can slay this demon as St. George slew the dragon. And heaven itself would drop down heavenly immortelles to mix with our laurel leaves to crown your forehead. Think on it, Frederic, no war

wuz ever so holy, no war on earth wuz ever so full of immortal consequences."

And here I riz up, for I felt that I must leave the Presence, not wantin' to make the Presence twice glad. I reached out my right hand and sez, "Good-by, and God bless you, for your own sake and for the sake of your noble pa."

He looked earnest and thoughtful, that allusion to the boy he loved so, named after his illustrious grandpa, had touched his very soul. I felt that I had not lost my breath or the eloquence I had lavished. I felt that he would help save other bright young boys from the demon that sought their lives—the bloody demon that stalks up and down our country wrapped in a shelterin' mantilly made of the Stars and Stripes—oh, for shame! for shame that it is so! But I felt that General Grant would come up to the help of the Lord aginst the mighty, I felt it in my bones. But I wuz brung down a good deal in my feelin's as Arvilly advanced to the front. She had kep' her word as to talkin', though the indignant sniffs and sithes behind me showed how hard it had been for her to keep her word, but now she advanced and sez, as she drew out her two books from her work bag: "General Grant, I have two books here I would like to show you, one is the 'Twin Crimes of America: Intemperance and Greed,' that subject so ably presented to you by Samantha; the other is 'The Wild, Wicked and Warlike Deeds of Men.'"

Sez General Grant, risin' up: "I haven't time, madam, to examine them, but put me down as a subscriber to both." Arvilly wuz in high sperits all the way back. As we wended our way to the tarven agin who should we find but Waitstill Webb, and we wuz dretful glad on't, for we wuz layin' out to leave Manila in a few days, and this would be our last meetin' for some time, if not forever. Though I wuz glad to see when questioned by me about her return that she didn't act so determined as she had acted about devotin' her hull life to nursin' the sick.

She told Arvilly confidential that she had had a letter from Ernest White since we had seen her. Arvilly knew that he had wanted to make her his bride before she left Jonesville. But the two ghosts, her murdered love and her duty, stalked between 'em then, and I spozed wuz stalkin' some now. But as I said more previous, the sun will melt the snow, and no knowin'

what will take place. I even fancied that the cold snow wuz a little more soft and slushy than it had been, but couldn’t tell for certain.

CHAPTER XIV

A dretful thing has happened! I am almost too agitated to talk about it, but when I went down with my pardner and Tommy to breakfast ruther late, for we wrote some letters before we went down, Miss Meechim broke the news to me with red eyes, swollen with weepin'. Aronette, that dear sweet little maid that had waited on all on us as devoted as if we wuz her own mas and mas, wuz missin'. Her bed hadn't been slep' in for all night; she went out early in the evenin' on a errent for Dorothy and hadn't come back.

She slept in a little room off from Dorothy's, who had discovered Aronette's absence very early in the morning, and they had all been searching for her ever sence. But no trace of her could be found; she had disappeared as utterly as if the earth had opened and swallowed her up. Dorothy wuz sick in bed from worry and grief; she loved Aronette like a sister; and Miss Meechim said, bein' broke up by sorrow, "Next to my nephew and Dorothy I loved that child."

And anon another dretful thing wuz discovered. Whilst we wuz talkin' about Aronette, Elder Wessel rushed in distracted, with his neck-tie hangin' under one ear, and his coat buttoned up wrong and the feathers of his conceit and egotism and self-righteousness hangin' limp as a wet hen.

Lucia had gone too; had disappeared jest as Aronette had, no trace could be found of her; her bed had not been slept in. She, too, had gone out on an errent the evening before. She and Aronette had been seen to leave the hotel together in the early evening. Elder Wessel, half distracted, searched for them with all his strength of mind and purse.

I started Josiah off a huntin' the minute he had got through eatin'. He refused pint blank to go before. "Eat," sez I, "who can eat in such a time as this?"

Sez he, "It goes agin my stomach every mou'ful I take (which was true anyway), but we must eat, Samantha," sez he, helpin' himself to another cake. "We must eat so's to keep up our strength to hunt high and low."

Well, I spozed he wuz in the right on't, but every mou'ful he consumed riled me. But at last the plate wuz emptied and the coffee pot out and he sot off. And we searched all that day and the next and the next, and so did Miss Meechim and Arvilly, with tears runnin' down her face anon or oftener.

Robert Strong, led on, Miss Meechim said by her anxiety, but I thought mebby by the agony in Dorothy's sweet eyes as well as his own good heart, didn't leave a stone unturned in his efforts to find 'em. But they had disappeared utterly, no trace could be found of 'em. They had been seen during the evening with the two young men they had got acquainted with and that I didn't like. They had been seen speaking with them as they came out of the shop where Dorothy had sent Aronette, and the young men could not be found.

Well, we had all searched for three days without finding any trace of the two missing girls. Everything wuz ready for our departure, but Dorothy said that she could not, could not go without Aronette, but Robert Strong said and believed that the child was dead. He had come to the belief that she and Lucia by some accident had fallen into the water and wuz drowned. Dorothy had cried herself sick and she looked wan and white, but bein' so sweet dispositioned she give up when we all said that we must go before long, and said that she would go too, though I knew that her heart would remain there wanderin' round in them queer streets huntin' for her lost one. The morning of the third day after they wuz lost I wuz down in the parlor, when a man come in and spoke to Robert Strong, and they both went out together talking earnestly, and I see in Robert's face a look of horrow and surprise that I had never seen in it before; and the first time Robert saw me alone after that he told me the dretful news. He said that the man that spoke to him was a detective he had employed, and the evening before he had come acrost a man who had been out of town since the night Aronette wuz lost. This man told the detective that he saw her and Lucia and the two young men coming out of a saloon late at night, staggering and reeling they all wuz, and they disappeared down a cross street towards another licensed house of ruin. Licensed by Christian America! Oh, my achin' heart to think on't! "I wonder if our govermunt is satisfied now," I broke out, "since it has ruined her, one of the sweetest girls in the world. But how did they ever entice 'em into that saloon?" sez I.

“They might have made them think it was respectable, they do serve lunches at some of them; of course they didn’t know what kind of a place it was. And after they wuz made stupid drunk they didn’t know or care where they went.”

“I wonder if America is satisfied now!” I sez agin, “reachin’ out her long arms clear acrost the Pacific to lead them sweet girls into the pit she has dug for her soldiers? Oh!” sez I, “if she’d only been drownded!” And I wiped my streamin’ eyes on my linen handkerchief.

And Robert sithed deep and sez, “Yes, if she had only died, and,” he sez, “I can’t tell Dorothy, I cannot.”

And I sez, “There is no need on’t; better let her think she’s dead. How long,” sez I, turning toward him fierce in my aspect, “how long is the Lord and decent folks goin’ to allow such things to go on?”

And he sez, “Heaven knows, I don’t.” And we couldn’t say more, for Dorothy wuz approachin’, and Robert called up a smile to his troubled face as he went forward to meet her. But he told me afterwards that the news had almost killed Elder Wessel. He had to tell him to help him in his search. He wuz goin’ to stay on there a spell longer. He had to tell him that Lucia had been seen with Aronette staggering out of a saloon with two young men late at night, reeling down a by-street to that other licensed house which our Christian govermunt keeps nigh the saloon, it is so obleegin’ and fatherly to its men and boys.

When he told him Elder Wessel fell right down in his chair, Robert said, and buried his face in his hands, and when he took his hands down it wuz from the face of an old man, a haggard, wretched, broken-down old man.

The People’s Club House didn’t wear the kindly beneficent aspect it had wore. He felt that coffee and good books and music would have been safer to fill the Poor Man’s Club with; safer for the poor man; safer for the poor man’s family. Tea and coffee seemed to look different to him from whiskey, and true liberty that he had talked about didn’t seem the liberty to kill and destroy. The license law didn’t wear the aspect it had wore to him, the two licensed institutions Christian America furnished for its citizens at home and abroad seemed now to him, instead of something to be winked at and excused, to be two accursed hells yawning for the young and innocent and

unsuspicious as well as for the wicked and evil-minded. Ungrateful country, here wuz one of thy sons who sung the praises of thy institutions under every sky! Ungrateful indeed, to pierce thy most devoted vassal with this sharp thorn, this unbearable agony.

“For how was he goin’ to live through it,” he cried. How was he? His beautiful, innocent daughter! his one pet lamb! It was not for her undoing that he had petted and smiled on these institutions, the fierce wolves of prey, and fed them with honeyed words of excuse and praise. No, it wuz for the undoing of some other man’s daughter that he had imagined these institutions had been raised and cherished.

He wuz an old broken man when he tottered out of that room. And whilst we wuz moving heaven and earth hunting for the girls he wuz raving with delerium with a doctor and trained nurse over him. Poor man! doomed to spend his hull life a wretched wanderer, searching for the idol of his heart he wuz never to see agin—never!

Well, the time come when we wuz obleeged to leave Manila. Robert Strong, for Dorothy’s sake as well as his own, left detectives to help on the search for the lost ones, and left word how to communicate with him at any time. Waitstill Webb, bein’ consulted with, promised to do all in her power to help find them, but she didn’t act half so shocked and horrified as I spozed she would, not half so much as Arvilly did. She forgot her canvassin’ and wep’ and cried for three or four days most all the time, and went round huntin’, actin’ more’n half crazy, her feelin’s wuz such. But I spoze the reason Waitstill acted so calm wuz that such things wuz so common in her experience. She had knowledge of the deadly saloon and its twin licensed horror, dretful things was occurring all the time, she said.

The detectives also seemed to regard it as nothing out of the common, and as to the saloon-keeper, so much worse things wuz happenin’ all the time in his profession, so much worse crimes, that he and his rich pardner, the American Govermunt, sees goin’ on all the time in their countless places of bizness, murders, suicides, etc., that they evidently seemed to consider this a very commonplace affair; and so of the other house kep’ by the two pardners, the brazen-faced old hag and Christian America, there, too, so many more terrible things wuz occurrin’ all the time that this wuz a very tame thing to talk about.

But to us who loved her, to us whose hearts wuz wrung thinkin' of her, mournin' for her, cryin' on our pillers, seekin' with agonized, hopeless eyes for our dear one, we kep' on searchin' day and night, hopin' aginst hope till the last minute of our stay there. And the moon and stars of the tropics looked in night after night to the room where the old father lay at death's door, mourning for his beautiful innocent daughter who wuz lost—lost.

But the hour come for us to go and we went, and right by us, day or night, in sun or shade, from that hour on a black shadder walked by the side on us in place of the dimpled, merry face of the little maid. We didn't forgit her in the highest places or the lowest. And after days and days had passed I felt guilty, and as if I hadn't ort to be happy, and no knowin' where she'd drifted to in the cruel under world, and wuz like sea-weed driftin' in the ocean current. And when we wuz out evenin's, no matter where I wuz, I watched the faces of every painted, gaudy dressed creeter I see, flittin' down cross streets, hoping and dreading to see Aronette's little form. Arvilly and Miss Meechim openly and loudly, and Dorothy's pale face and sorrowful eyes, told the story that they too wuz on the watch and would always be. But never did we catch a glimpse of her! never, never.

As we drew nigh to the city of Victoria on Hongkong island we see that it wuz a beautiful place. Big handsome houses built of gray stun, broad roads tree-bordered, leadin' up from terrace to terrace, all full of trees, covered with luxuriant tropical foliage. It wuz a fair seen clear from the water's edge, with its tall handsome houses risin' right up from the edge of the bay, clear up to the top of Victoria mountain, that stands up two thousand feet, seemin'ly lookin' over the city to see what it is about. And this is truth and not clear simely, for the Governor General and Chief Justice have houses up there which they call bungalows, and of course they have got to see what is goin' on. The hull island is only nine milds long and three wide. And here we wuz ten thousand milds from home. Did the Hongkongers ever think on't, that they wuz ten thousand milds from Jonesville? I hope they didn't, it would make 'em too melancholy and deprested.

We all went to a comfortable tarven nigh by, and after partakin' of nourishin' food, though kinder queer, and a good night's rest, we felt ready to look round and see what we could. Josiah and I, with little Tommy, wuz the first ones up in the mornin', and after breakfast we sallied out into the street. Here I proposed that we should take a jinrikisha ride. This is a chair

some like a big willow chair, only with a long pole fastened to each side and two men to carry you round. Josiah wuz real took with the looks on 'em, and as the prize wuz low we got into the chairs, Tommy settin' in Josiah's lap, and wuz carried for quite a ways through the narrer streets, with shops juttin' out on each side, makin' 'em still narrerer.

Josiah gin orders that I overheard to "go at a pretty good jog past the stores where wimmen buy sooveneers," but I presoomed that they didn't understand a word he said, so it didn't do any hurt and I laid out to git some all the same. But what a sight them streets wuz; they wuz about twenty feet wide, and smooth and clean, but considerable steep. To us who wuz used to the peaceful deacons of Jonesville and their alpaca-clad wives and the neighbors, who usually borry sleeve and skirt and coat and vest patterns, and so look all pretty much alike, what a sight to see the folks we did in goin' through just one street. Every sort of dress that ever wuz wore we see there, it seemed to me—Europeans, Turks, Mohomadeans, Malays, Japanese, Javanese, Hindoos, Portuguese, half castes, and Chinese coolies. Josiah still called 'em "coolers," because they wuz dressed kinder cool, but carryin' baskets, buckets, sedans, or trottin' a sort of a slow trot hitched into a jinrikisha, or holdin' it on each side with their hands, with most nothin' on and two pigtail braids hangin' down their backs, and such a jabberin' in language strange to Jonesville ears; peddlers yellin' out their goods, bells ginglin', gongs, fire-crackers, and all sorts of work goin' on right there in the streets. Strange indeed to Jonesville eyes! Catch our folks takin' their work outdoors; we shouldn't call it decent.

We went to the Public Gardens, which wuz beautiful with richly colored ornamental shrubbery. I sez to Josiah:

"Did I ever expect to see allspice trees?"

And he sez: "I can't bear allspice anyway."

"Well," sez I, "cinnamon trees; who ever thought of seein' cinnamon trees?"

An' he looked at 'em pretty shrewd and sez: "When I git home I shan't pay no forty cents a pound for cinnamon. I can tell 'em I've seen the trees and I know it ort to be cheaper." Sez he, "I could scrape off a pound or two with my jack-knife if we could carry it."

But I hurried him on; I wuzn't goin' to lug a little wad of cinnamon ten thousand milds, even if he got it honest. Well, we stayed here for quite a spell, seein' all the beautiful flowers, magnificent orchids—that would bring piles of money to home, jest as common here as buttercups and daisies in Jonesville, and other beautiful exotics, that we treasure so as houseplants, growin' out-doors here in grand luxuriance—palms, tree-ferns, banian trees, everything I used to wonder over in my old gography I see right here growin' free. Tommy wuz delighted with the strange, beautiful flowers, so unlike anything he had ever seen before. We had got out and walked round a spell here, and when we went to git into our sedan chairs agin, I wuz a little behind time, and Josiah hollered out to me:

"Fey tea, Samantha!"

"Tea?" sez I. "I hain't got any tea here." And I sez with dignity, "I don't know what you mean."

"Fey tea," he sez agin, lookin' clost at me.

And I sez agin with dignity, "I don't know what you mean." And he sez to me: "I am talkin' Chinese, Samantha; that means 'hurry up.' I shall use that in Jonesville. When you're standin' in the meetin' house door talkin' about bask patterns and hired girls with the female sisters, and I waitin' in the democrat, I shall holler out, 'Fie tea, Samantha;' it will be very stylish and uneek."

I didn't argy with him, but got in well as I could, but havin' stepped on my dress and most tore it, Josiah hollered out, "See sum! see sum! Samantha!"

And I, forgittin' his fashionable aims, sez to him, "See some what, Josiah?"

"See sum, Samantha. That means 'be careful.' I shall use that too in Jonesville. How genteel that will make me appear to holler out to Brother Gowdey or Uncle Sime Bentley, in a muddy or slippery time, 'See sum, Brother Gowdey; see sum, Uncle Sime!' Such doin's will make me sought after, Samantha."

"Well," sez I, "we'd better be gittin' back to the tarven, for Arvilly will be wonderin' where we are and the rest on 'em."

"Well, just as you say, Samantha," and he leaned back in his chair and waved his hand and says to the men, "Fey tea, fey tea; chop, chop."

I expect to see trouble with that man in Jonesville streets with his foreign ways.

Well, we wuz passin' through one of the narrer streets, through a perfect bedlam of strange cries in every strange language under the sun, so it seemed, and seein' every strange costoom that wuz ever wore, when, happy sight to Jonesville eyes, there dawned on my weary vision a brown linen skirt and bask, made from my own pattern.

Yes, there stood Arvilly conversin' with a stately Sikh policeman. She held up the "Twin Crimes" in a allurin' way and wuz evidently rehearsin' its noble qualities. But as he didn't seem to understand a word she said she didn't make a sale. But she wuz lookin' round undanted for another subscriber when she ketched sight of us. And at my request we dismissed the jinrikishas and walked back to the tarven with her.

Dorothy and Miss Meechim and Robert Strong come back pretty soon from a tower of sight-seein', and they said we'd all been invited to tiffen with the Governor-General the next day. Well, I didn't have the least idee what it wuz, but I made up my mind to once that if tiffenin' wuz anything relatin' to gamblin' or the opium trade, I shouldn't have a thing to do with it. But Josiah spoke right up and sez he had rather see tiffen than anybody else in China, and mistrustin' from Robert's looks that he had made a mistake, he hastened to add that tiffenin' wuz sunthin' he had always hankered after; he had always wanted to tiffen, but hadn't the means in Jonesville.

Sez Robert, "Then I shall accept this invitation for breakfast for all our party." And after they went out I sez: "I'd hold myself a little back, Josiah. To say that you'd never had means to take breakfast in Jonesville shows ignorance and casts a slur on me."

"Oh, I meant I never had any tiffen with it, Samantha; you'll see it don't mean plain breakfast; you'll see that they'll pass some tiffen, and we shall have to eat it no matter what it's made on, rats or mice or anything. Whoever heard of common breakfast at twelve M.?"

Well, it did mean just breakfast, and we had a real good time. We went up in sedan chairs, though we might have gone on the cars. But we wanted to go slower to enjoy the scenery.

I had thought the view from the hill back of Grout Nickleson's wuz beautiful, and also the Pali at Honolulu, but it did seem to me that the seen we looked down on from the top of Victoria mountain wuz the most beautiful I ever did see. The city lay at our feet embowered in tropical foliage, with its handsome uneek buildin's, its narrer windin' streets stretchin' fur up the mountain side, runnin' into narrerer mountain paths covered with white sand. The beautiful houses and gardens of the English colony clost down to the shore. The tall masts of the vessels in the harbor looking like a water forest with flowers of gayly colored flags. And further off the Canton or Pearl River, with scores of villages dotting its banks; glittering white temples, with their pinnacles glistening in the sunlight; pagodas, gayly painted with gilded bells, rising up from the beautiful tropical foliage; broad green fields; mountains soarin' up towards the blue heavens and the blue waters of the sea.

A fair seen, a fair seen! I wished that sister Henzy could see it, and told Josiah so.

And he sez with a satisfied look, "Wait till I describe it to 'em, Samantha. They'd ruther have me describe it to 'em than see it themselves." I doubted it some, but didn't contend.

The breakfast wuz a good one, though I should have called it dinner to home. Josiah wuz on the lookout, I could see, for tiffen to be passed, but it wuzn't, so he ort to give up, but wouldn't; but argyed with me out to one side that "they wuz out of tiffen, and hadn't time to buy any and couldn't borry."

Well, the Governor-General seemed to be greatly taken with Dorothy. A relation on his own side wuz the hostess, and Miss Meechim acted real relieved when it turned out that he had a wife who wuz visiting in England.

I sot at the right hand of the Governor-General and I wanted to talk to him on the opium question and try to git him to give up the trade, but concluded that I wouldn't tackle him at his own table. But I kep' up a stiddy thinkin'.

That very mornin' I read in the daily paper that two missionaries had arrived there the day before, and on the same steamer three hundred chests of opium.

Poor creeters! didn't it seem mockin' the name of religion to help convert the natives and on the same steamer send three hundred chests of the drug to ondo their work and make idiots and fiends of 'em.

It seemed to me some as if I should read in the Jonesville "Augur" or "Gimlet" that our govermunt had sent out three or four fat lambs to help the starvin' poor and sent 'em in the care of thirty or forty tigers and wild cats.

No doubt the lambs would git there, but they would be inside the wild cats and tigers.

Such wicked and foolish and inconsistent laws if made by women would make talk amongst the male sect, and I wouldn't blame 'em a mite; I should jine with 'em and say, "Sure enough it is a proof that wimmen don't know enough to vote and hain't good enough; let 'em drop the political pole, retire into the background and study statesmanship and the Bible, specially the golden rule." But to resoom.

Arvilly tried to turn the conversation on the "Twin Crimes" of America, but didn't come right out and canvass him, for which I wuz thankful. They all paid lots of attention to Tommy, who had a great time, and I spoze Carabi did too.

We had fruits and vegetables at the table, all gathered from the Governor-General's garden—fresh fruit and vegetables in February, good land! Pickin' berries and pineapples while the Jonesvillians' fruit wuz snowballs and icesuckles; jest think on't!

Well, Robert Strong thought we had better proceed on to Canton the next day and we wuz all agreeable to it.

After we all went back to the tarven and I had laid down a spell and rested, I went out with Arvilly and Tommy for a little walk, Miss Meechim, and Dorothy, and Robert Strong havin' gone over to Maceo, the old Portuguese town on the mainland. They wanted to see the place where Camoens wrote his great poem, "The Lusiad," and where he writ them heart-breakin' poems to Catarina. Poor creeters! they had to be separated. King John sent him off from Lisbon, wantin' the girl himself, so I spoze. Catarina died soon of a broken heart, but Camoens lived on for thirty years in the body, and is livin' now and will live on in the Real Life fer quite a spell.

Yes, his memory is jest as fresh now as it ever wuz in them streets he wandered in durin' his sad exile, while the solid stun his feet trod on has mouldered and gone to pieces, which shows how much more real the onseen is than the seen, and how much more indestructible. Iron pillars and granite columns aginst which his weary head had leaned oft-times had all mouldered and decayed. But the onseen visions that Camoens see with his rapt poet's eye wuz jest as fresh and deathless as when he first writ 'em down. And his memory hanted the old streets, and went before 'em and over 'em. How much more real than the tropical birds that wheeled and glittered in the luxuriant tropical foliage, though they couldn't lay hands on 'em and ketch 'em and bring a few to me, much as I would liked to have had 'em. But these bein' the real, as I say, they wuz also with me way over in Hongkong. I thought a sight on him all the time they wuz gone, and afterwards I thought of the honor and dignity his noble verse had gin to his country, and how princely the income they had gin him after they let him return from his exile. Twenty-one dollars a year! What a premium that wuz upon poesy; the Muse must have felt giddy to think she wuz prized so high, and his native land repented of the generosity afterwards and stopped the twenty-one dollars a year.

But then after his starved and strugglin' life wuz ended his country acted in the usual way, erected monuments in his honor, and struck off medals bearin' his liniment. The worth of one medal or one little ornament on the peak of one of his statutes might have comforted the broken heart and kep' alive the starved body and gin him some comfort. But that hain't the way of the world; the world has always considered it genteel and fashionable to starve its poets, and stun its prophets, with different kinds of stuns, but all on 'em hard ones; not that it has done so in every case, but it has always been the fashionable way.

Dorothy and Robert talked quite a good deal about the sad poet and his works, their young hearts feelin' for his woe; mebby sunthin' in their own hearts translatin' the mournful history; you know plates have to be fixed jest right or the colors won't strike in. It is jest so in life. Hearts must be ready to photograph the seens on, or they won't be took. Some hearts and souls are blank plates and will always remain so. Arvilly seemed lost in thought as they talked about the poet (she hain't so well versed in poetry as she is in

the license laws and the disabilities of wimmen), and when she hearn Robert Strong say, “Camoens will live forever,” she sez dreamily:

“I wonder if he’d want to subscribe for the ‘Twin Crimes’?” And sez she, “I am sorry I didn’t go over with you and canvass him.” Poor thing! she little knew he had got beyend canvassin’ and all other cares and troubles of life two hundred years ago. But Miss Meechim wuz dretful worked up about the gambling going on at Maceo, and she sez it is as bad as at Monte Carlo. (I didn’t know who he wuz, but spozed that he wuz a real out and out gambler and blackleg). And sez she, “Oh, how bad it makes me feel to see such wickedness carried on. How it makes my heart yearn for my own dear America!” Miss Meechim is good in some things; she is as loyal to her own country as a dog to a root, but Arvilly sez:

“I guess we Americans hadn’t better find too much fault with foreign natives about gambling, when we think of our stock exchanges, huge gamblin’ houses where millions are gambled for daily; thousands of bushels of wheat put up there that never wuz growed only in the minds of the gamblers. Why,” sez Arvilly, warmin’ up with her subject, “we are a nation of gamblers from Wall Street, where gamblin’ is done in the name of greed, down to meetin’ houses, where bed-quilts and tidies are gambled for in the name of religion. From millionaires who play the game for fortunes down to poor backwoodsmen who raffle for turkeys and hens, and children who toss pennies for marbles.”

Sez Miss Meechim, “I guess I will take a little quinine and lay down a spell.” Arvilly tosted her head quite a little after she retired and then she went out to canvass a clerk in the office. Arvilly is dantless in carriage, but she is too hash. I feel bad about it.

CHAPTER XV

Arvilly and I went out for a walk, takin' Tommy with us. We thought we would buy some sooveneers of the place. Sez Arvilly, "I want to prove to the Jonesvillians that I've been to China, and I want to buy some little presents for Waitstill Webb, that I can send her in a letter."

And I thought I would buy some little things for the children, mebby a ivory croshay hook for Tirzah Ann and a paper cutter for Thomas J., and sunthin' else for Maggie and Whitfield. It beats all what exquisite ivory things we did see, and in silver, gold, shell, horn and bamboo, every article you can think on and lots you never did think on, all wrought in the finest carvin' and filigree work. Embroideries in silk and satin and cloth of gold and silver, every beautiful thing that wuz ever made you'd see in these shops.

I wuz jest hesitatin' between a ivory bodkin with a butterfly head and a ivory hook with a posy on the handle, when I hearn the voice of my pardner, seemin'ly makin' a trade with somebody, and I turned a little corner and there I see him stand tryin' to beat down a man from Tibet, or so a bystander told me he wuz, a queer lookin' creeter, but he understood a few English words, and Josiah wuz buyin' sunthin' as I could see, but looked dretful meachin and tried to conceal his purchase as he ketched my eye. I see he wuz doin' sunthin' he ort not to do, meachinness and guilt wuz writ down on his liniment. But my axent and mean wuz such that he produced the object and tried hard to explain and apologize.

It wuz a little prayer-wheel designed for written prayers to be put in and turned with a crank, or it could be hitched to water power or a wind-mill or anything, and the owner could truly pray without ceasing. Oh how I felt as he explained! I felt that indeed the last straw wuz bein' packed onto my back, but Josiah kep' on with his apoligizin'.

"You needn't look like that, Samantha; I can tell you I hain't gin up religion or thought on't. I want you to know that I am still a strong, active member of the M. E. meetin' house, but at the same time," sez he, "if I—if there—

spozein' there wuz, as it were, some modifications and conveniences that would help a Christian perfessor along, I don't know as I would be to blame to avail myself of 'em."

Sez I, "If you're guiltless what makes you look so meachin?"

"Well, I most knew you wouldn't approve on it, but," sez he, "I can tell you in a few short words what it will do. You can write your prayers all out when you have time and put 'em into this wheel and turn it, or you can have it go by water, you can hitch it to the windmill and have it a-prayin' while you water the cattle in the mornin', and I thought, Samantha, that in hayin' time or harvestin' when I am as busy as the old Harry I could use it that way, or I could be a turnin' it on my way to the barn to do the chores, or I could hitch it onto the grin'stone and Ury and I could pray for the whole family whilst we wuz whettin' the scythes."

"Not for me," sez I, groanin' aloud, "not for me."

"You needn't look like that, Samantha; I tell you agin I wuzn't goin' to use it only when I wuz driv to death with work. And I tell you it would be handy for you when you expected a houseful of company, and Philury wuz away."

"No, indeed!" sez I; "no such wicked, wicked work will be connected with my prayers."

"Well," sez Arvilly, "I d'no as it would be much wickeder than some prayers I've hearn when folks wuz in a hurry; they would run their thanksgivin's into their petitions and them into their amens, and gallop through 'em so there wuzn't a mite of sense in 'em. Or take so much pains to inform the Lord about things. I hearn one man say," sez Arvilly:

"'O Lord, thou knowest by the morning papers, so and so.' I d'no as a prayer turned off by a wheel would look much worse or be much less acceptable."

Josiah looked encouraged, and sez he to me, *soty vosey*, "Arvilly always did have good horse sense."

Sez I, "They wuzn't run by machinery—wicked, wicked way. A boughten machine!" sez I, shettin' up my eyes and groanin' agin.

“No,” sez Josiah eagerly, “I wuz agoin’ to tell you; I’ve got a wheel to home and a cylinder that come offen that old furnace regulator that didn’t work, and I thought that with a little of Ury’s help I could fix one up jest as good as this, and I could sell this for twice what I gin for it to Deacon Henzy or old Shelmadine, or rent it through hayin’ and harvestin’ to the brethren, or——”

Sez I, “You would disseminate these wicked practices, would you, in dear Christian Jonesville? No, indeed.”

“I tell you agin I wuzn’t a-goin’ to use it only in the most hurryin’ times—I——”

But I sez, “I will hear no more; give it back to the man and come with your pardner!”

And I linked my arm in hisen and motioned to the man to move off with his wheels. And my looks wuz that dignified and lofty that I spoze it skairt him and he started off almost immegiately and to once.

And I hain’t hern no more about it, but don’t know how much more trouble I may have with it. No knowin’ what that man may take it into his head to do in Jonesville or China. But prayer-wheels! little did I think when I stood at the altar with Josiah Allen that I should have to dicker with them.

It only took six hours to sail from Hongkong up to Canton. The scenery along the Pearl River is not very interesting except the rice fields, banana groves with pagodas risin’ amongst ’em anon or oftener, and the strange tropical foliage, cactuses that we raise in little jars riz up here like trees.

The native villages along the ruther flat shore looked kinder dilapidated and run down, but yet they looked so different from Jonesville houses that they wuz interestin’ in a way. The forts that we passed occasionally looked as if they would stand quite a strain. But the queerest sight wuz the floatin’ houses that we had to sail through to land. Two hundred thousand folks live on them boats, are born on ’em, grow up, marry, raise a family and die, all right there on the water, just as other folks live on the land.

If a young man courts a girl he takes her and her setting out, which is mebby a extra night gown, or I don’t know what they do call ’em—their dresses look like night gowns. Well, she will take that and a rice kettle and go into his junk and mebby never leave it through her life only to visit her

friends. The children swarmed on them boats like ants on a ant-hill, and they say that if they git too thick they kinder let 'em fall overboard, not push 'em off, but kinder let 'em go accidental like, specially girls, they kinder encourage girls fallin' off. And the Chinese think that it is wrong to save life. If any one is drownin', for instance, they think that it is the will of the higher Power and let 'em go. But they look down on girls dretfully. If you ask a Chinaman how many children he has got he will say "Two children and two piecee girl." Jest as if boys was only worthy to be called children, and girls a piece of a child. Miss Meechim wuz indignant when that way of theirs wuz mentioned; she considers herself as good if not better than one man and a half. Sez she: "The idee of calling a boy a child, and a girl a piece of a child, or words that mean that."

But Arvilly sez, "Well, how much better is it in the United States—or most of 'em? Girls don't even have the comfort of thinkin' that they're a piece of a person; they're just nothin' at all in the eyes of the law—unless the law wants to tax 'em to raise money." Sez she, "I would be thankful 'lection day if I wuz a piece of a woman, so that five or six of us would make a hull citizen." Miss Meechim had never thought on't before, she said she hadn't, but nobody could git her to say a word aginst American customs no more than they could aginst herself. She thinks that she and America are perfect, but puts herself first. Well, America is the best land under the sun; I've always said so. But I feel towards it as I do towards Josiah: what faults it has I want to talk it out of, so that it will stand up perfect among nations as Josiah could amongst men if he would hear to me. Arvilly likes to stir Miss Meechim up; I believe she sez things a purpose sometimes to set Miss Meechim off; but then Arvilly talks from principle, too, and she is real cute.

There wuz all sorts of boats, theatre junks and concert junks and plain junks, and Josiah wuz dretful took with this floatin' city, and sez to once that he should build a house boat as soon as he got home—he and Ury. He said that he could use the old hay-rack to start it—that and the old corn-house would most make it.

"Where will you put it?" sez I.

"Oh, on the creek or the canal," sez he. "It will be so uneek for us to dwell when we want to, on the briny deep."

"I guess there hain't much brine in the creek or the canal," Josiah.

“Well, I said that for poetical purposes. But you know that it would be very stylish to live in a boat, and any time we wanted to, when onexpected company wuz comin’, or the tax collector or book agent, jest hist the sail and move off, it would be dretful handy as well as stylish.”

“Well, well,” sez I, “you can’t build it till you git home.” I felt that he would forgit it before then. Arvilly looked thoughtfully at ’em and wondered how she wuz goin’ to canvass ’em, and if they would do as Josiah intimated if they see her comin’. Miss Meechim wondered if they could git to meetin’ in time, they seemed to move so slow, and Robert Strong said to Dorothy:

“Well, a poor man can feel that he owns the site his home stands on, as well as the rich man can, and that would be a hopeless attempt for him in our large American cities, and he can’t be turned out of his home by some one who claims the land.”

And Tommy wondered how the little boys could play ball, and if they didn’t want to slide down hill, or climb trees, or pick berries, and so on and so on. And every one on us see what wuz for us to see in the movin’ panoramy.

Canton is a real queer city. The streets are so narrer that you can almost reach out your hands and touch the houses on both sides, they are not more than seven or eight feet wide. There are no horses in Canton, and you have to git about on “shanks’s horses,” as Josiah calls it, your own limbs you know, or else sedan chairs, and the streets are so narrer, some on ’em, that once when we met some big Chinese man, a Mandarin I believe they called him, we had to hurry into one of the shops till he got by, and sometimes in turnin’ a corner the poles of our chairs had to be run way inside of the shops, and Josiah said:

“I would like to see how long the Jonesvillians would stand such doin’s; I would like to see old Gowdey’s fills scrapin’ my cook stove, it is shiftless doin’s, and ort to be stopped.”

But I knew he couldn’t make no change and I hushed him up as well as I could. Robert Strong got quite a comfortable tarven for us to stay in. But I wuz so afraid all the time of eatin’ rats and mice that I couldn’t take any comfort in meat vittles. They do eat rats there, for I see ’em hangin’ in the markets with their long tails curled up, ready to bile or fry. Josiah said he

wished he had thought on't, he would brung out a lot to sell, and he wuz all rousted up to try to make a bargain to supply one of these shops with rats and mice. Sez he:

"It will be clear profit, Samantha, for I want to get rid on 'em, and all the Jonesvillians do, and if I can sell their carcasses I will throw in the hide and taller. Why, I can make a corner on rats and mice in Jonesville; I can git 'em by the wagon load of the farmers and git pay at both ends." But I told him that the freightage would eat up the profits, and he see it would, and gin up the idee onwillin'ly.

Though I don't love such hot stuff as we had to eat, curry, and red peppers, and chutney, not to home I don't, but I see it wuz better to eat such food there on account of the climate. Some of our party had to take quinine, too, for the stomach's sake to keep up, for you feel there like faintin' right away, the climate is such.

It must be that the Chinese like amusements, for we see sights of theatres and concert rooms and lanterns wuz hangin' everywhere and bells. And there wuz streets all full of silk shops, and weavers, and jewelry, and cook shops right open on either side. All the colors of the rainbow and more too you see in the silks and embroideries, and jewelry of all kinds and swingin' signs and mat awnings overhead, and the narrer streets full of strange lookin' folks, in their strange lookin' dresses.

We visited a joss house, and a Chinaman's paradise where opium eaters and smokers lay in bunks lookin' as silly and happy as if they wouldn't ever wake up agin to their tawdy wretchedness. We visited a silk manufactory, a glass blowing shop. We see a white marble pagoda with several tiers of gilded bells hangin' on the outside. Inside it wuz beautifully ornamented, some of the winders wuz made of the inside of oyster shells; they made a soft, pleasant light, and it had a number of idols made of carved ivory and some of jade stun, and the principal idol wuz a large gilded dragon.

Josiah said the idee of worshippin' such a looking creeter as that. Sez he, "I should ruther worship our old gander." And Miss Meechim wuz horrified, too, at the wickedness of the Chinese in worshippin' idols.

But Arvilly walked around it with her head up, and said that America worshipped an idol that looked enough sight worse than that and a million

times worse actin'. Sez she, "This idol will stay where it is put, it won't rare around and murder its worshippers."

And Miss Meechim sez coldly, "I don't know what you mean; I know that I am an Episcopalian and worship as our beautiful creed dictates."

Sez Arvilly, "Anybody that sets expediency before principle, from a king to a ragpicker; any one who cringes to a power he knows is vile and dangerous, and protects and extends its influence from greed and ambition, such a one worships a far worse idol than this peaceable, humbly-lookin' critter and looks worse to me enough sight."

I hearn Miss Meechim say out to one side to Dorothy, "How sick I am of hearing her constant talk against intemperance; from California to China I have had to hear it. And you know, Dorothy, that folks can drink genteel."

But Dorothy, with her sweet lips trembling and her white dimpled chin quivering, sez, "I should think we had suffered enough from the Whiskey Power, Auntie, to hear anything said against it, and at any time."

And Robert Strong jined in with Dorothy, and so Miss Meechim subsided, and I see a dark shadder creep over her face, too, and tears come into her pale blue eyes. She hain't forgot Aronette, poor little victim! Crunched and crushed under the wheels of the monster Juggernaut America rolls round to crush its people under. I wuz some like Arvilly. When I thought of that I didn't feel to say so much aginst them foreign idols, though they wuz humbly lookin' as I ever see. And speakin' of idols, one day we see twelve fat hogs in a temple, where they wuz kept as sacred animals, and here agin Miss Meechim wuz horrified and praised up American doin's, and run down China, and agin Arvilly made remarks. Sez she:

"The hogs there wallowing in their filth are poor lookin' things to kneel down and worship, but they're shut up here with priests to tend to 'em; they can't git out to roam round and entice innocents into their filthy sties and perpetuate their swinish lives, and that is more than we can say of the American beastly idols, or our priesthood who fatten them and themselves and then let 'em out to rampage round and act."

Miss Meechim sithed deep and remarked to me "that the tariff laws wuz a absorbin' topic to her mind at that time." She did it to change the subject.

We went to a Chinese crematory and the Temple of Longevity, where if you paid enough you could git a promise of long life. Josiah is clost, but he gin quite a good deal for him, and wuz told that he would live to be one hundred and twenty-seven years of age. He felt well. Of course we had a interpreter with is who talked for us. Josiah wanted me to pay, too, for a promise. Sez he with a worried look:

"I shall be wretched as a widower, Samantha; do patronize 'em, I had ruther save on sunthin' else than this."

So to please him I gin 'em a little more than he did, and they guaranteed me one hundred and forty years, and then Josiah worried agin and wanted me to promise not to marry agin after he wuz gone. He worships me. And I told him that if I lived to be a hundred and forty I guessed I shouldn't be thinkin' much about marryin', and he looked easier in his mind.

One day we met a weddin' procession, most a mild long, I should say. The bride wuz ahead in her sedan chair, her dress wuz richly embroidered and spangled, a veil fringed with little pearls hung over her face. Pagodas with tinkling gilt bells, sedan chairs full of silk and cloth and goods of all kinds wuz carried in the procession by coolies. Idols covered with jade and gilt jewelry, a company of little children beatin' tom-toms and gongs, and the stuffed bodies of animals all ornamented with gilt and red paper riggers wuz carried, and at the tail end of the procession come the friends of the family.

The bridegroom wuzn't there, he wuz waitin' to hum in his own or his father's house for the bride he'd never seen. But if the bride's feet wuz not too large he would most likely be suited.

Miss Meechim said, "Poor young man! to have to take a wife he has never seen; how widely different and how immeasurably better are such things carried on in America."

Sez Arvilly, "What bridegroom ever did see his bride as she really wuz? Till the hard experience of married life brought out her hidden traits, good and bad? Or what wife ever see her husband's real temper and character until after years of experience?"

Sez I, "That's so; leaves are turned over in Josiah Allen's mind now as long as we've been pardners that has readin' on 'em as strange to me as if they wuz writ in Chinese or Japan."

But then it must be admitted that not to see your wife's face and know whether she's cross-eyed or snub-nosed is tryin'. But they say it is accordin' to the decree of Feng Shui, and therefore they accept it willingly. They have a great variety of good fruit in Canton—some that I never see before—but their vegetables don't taste so good as ours, more stringy and watery, and their eggs they want buried six months before usin' 'em. I believe that sickened me of China as much as anything. But then some folks at home want their game kep' till it hain't fit to eat in my opinion. But eggs! they should be like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion—the idee of eatin' 'em with their shells all blue and spotted with age—the idee!

CHAPTER XVI

We wuz all invited one day to dine with a rich Chinaman Robert Strong had got acquainted with in San Francisco. Arvilly didn't want to go, and offered to keep Tommy with her, and the rest of us went. The house wuz surrounded with a high wall, and we entered through a small door in this wall, and went into a large hall openin' on a courtyard. The host met us and we set down on a raised seat covered with red cloth under some big, handsome lanterns that wuz hung over our heads. Servants with their hair braided down their backs and with gay dresses on brought in tea—as good as any I ever drank—and pipes. Josiah whispered to me:

"How be I agoin' to smoke tobacco, Samantha? It will make me sick as death. You know I never smoked anything but a little catnip and mullen for tizik. I wonder if he's got any catnip by him; I'm goin' to ask."

But I kep' him from it, and told him that we could just put the stems in our mouths, and pretend to smoke enough to be polite.

"Hypocrasy," sez Josiah, "don't become a deacon in high standin'. If I pretend to smoke I shall smoke, and take a good pull." And he leaned back and shut his eyes and took his pipe in his hand, and I guess he drawed on it more than he meant to, for he looked bad, sickish and white round his mouth as anything. But we all walked out into the garden pretty soon and he looked resuscitated.

It was beautiful there; rare flowers and exotics of all kinds, trees that I never see before and lots that I had seen, sparklin' fountains with gold fish, grottos all lit up by colored lanterns, and little marble tablets with wise sayings. Josiah said he believed they wuz ducks' tracks, and wondered how ducks ever got up there to make 'em, but the interpreter read some on 'em to us and they sounded first rate. Way up on a artificial rock, higher than the Jonesville steeple, wuz a beautiful pavilion with gorgeous lanterns in it and beautiful bronzes and china.

In the garden wuz growin' trees, trimmed all sorts of shapes, some on 'em wuz shaped like bird cages and birds wuz singin' inside of 'em. There wuz one like a jinrikisha with a horse attached, all growin', and one like a boat, and two or three wuz pagodas with gilt bells hangin' to 'em, another wuz shaped like a dragon, and some like fish and great birds. It wuz a sight to see 'em, all on 'em a growin', and some on 'em hundreds of years old. Josiah says to me:

"If I ever live to git home I will surprise Jonesville. I will have our maple and apple trees trimmed in this way if I live. How uneek it will be to see the old snow apple tree turned into a lumber wagon, and the pound sweet into a corn house, and the maples in front of the house you might have a couple on 'em turned into a Goddess of Liberty and a statter of Justice, you are such a hand for them two females," sez he. "Of course we should have to use cloth for Justice's eye bandages, and her steelyards I believe Ury and I could trim out, though they might not weigh jest right to the notch."

And I sez, "Justice has been used to that, to not weighin' things right, it wouldn't surprise her." But I told him it would be sights of work and mebby he'll give it up.

Soon afterwards we wuz all invited to dinner in this same house. And so ignorant are the Chinese of Jonesville ways that at a dinner the place of honor is at the left instead of the right of the host. Everything that can be in China is topsy tervy and different from us. I wuz chose for that honorable place at the left of our host. We all stood for quite a while, for it is China table etiquette to try to make the guest next to us set down first, but finally we all sot down similtaneous and at the same time. Josiah thinks that it is because China is right down under us the reason that she gits so turned over and strange actin', but 'tennyrate, endin' our dinner as we do with sweets, it didn't surprise me that we begun our dinner by havin' sweetmeats passed, each one helpin' ourselves with chop sticks, queer things to handle as I ever see, some like the little sticks I have seen niggers play tunes with. Josiah seemed to enjoy hisen the best that ever wuz, and to my horrow he took both on 'ern in his right hand and begun to play Yankee Doodle on 'em.

I stepped on his foot hard under the table, and he broke off with a low groan, but I spoze they would lay it to a foreigner's strange ways. After the sweetmeats wuz partook of we had dried melon seeds, the host handin' 'em

round by the handful. Josiah slipped his into his pocket. I wuz mortified enough, but he said:

“Of course he wants us to plant ’em; nobody but a fool would expect us to eat melon seeds or horse feed.”

I wuz glad Josiah didn’t speak in China, I guess they didn’t understand him. A rice-wine wuz passed with this, which of course I did not partake of. Much as I wanted to be polite I could not let this chance pass of holdin’ up my temperance banner. I had seen enough trouble caused by folks in high station not holdin’ up temperance principles at banquets, and I wuzn’t to be ketched in the same way, so I waived it off with a noble and lofty jester, but Miss Meechim drinked wine every time it wuz passed, and she got real tonguey before we went home, and her eyes looked real kinder glassy—glassier than a perfessor’s eyes ort to look. Then we had bird’s-nest soup, which is one of the most costly luxuries to be had in Canton. They are found on precipitous rocks overhanging the sea, and one must risk his life to get them. It didn’t taste any better to me than a chip. It seemed to be cut in little square yeller pieces, kind of clear lookin’, some like preserved citron only it wuz lighter colored, and Josiah whispered to me:

“We can have bird’s-nest soup any day to hum, Samantha. Jest think of the swaller’s nest in the barn and robin’s nest and crow’s nest, why one crow’s nest would last us a week.”

“It would last a lifetime, Josiah, if I had to cook it; sticks and straw.”

“Well, it would be real uneek to cook one, or a hornet’s nest, and would be a rarity for the Jonesvillians, and in the winter, if we run out of bird’s-nest, you could cook a hen’s nest.”

But I sez, “Keep still, Josiah, and let’s see what we’ll have next.”

Well, we had ham, fish, pigeon’s eggs and some things I didn’t know the name of. The host took up a little mess of sunthin’ on his chop stick and handed it to me. I dassent refuse it, for he meant it as a honor, but I most know it wuz rat meat, but couldn’t tell for certain. I put my shoulder blades to the wheel and swallered it, but it went down hard.

Bowls of rice wuz passed round last. Between the courses we had the best tea I ever tasted of; only a few of the first leaves that open on the tea plant are used for this kind of tea, and a big field would be gone over for a pound

of it. After it is cured it is flavored with the tea blossom. I had spozed I had made good tea to home on my own hot water tank, and drinked it, but I gin up that I had never tasted tea before.

On our way home we went through the Street of Benevolence and I wuz ashamed to run Miss Meechim in my mind.

They name their streets real funny; one street is called Everlasting Love, or it means that in our language, and there is Refreshing Breezes, Reposing Dragons, Honest Gain, Thousand Grandsons, Heavenly Happiness, and etc., etc.

Josiah said that he should see Uncle Sime Bentley and Deacon Henzy about naming over the Jonesville streets the minute he got home. Sez he, "How uneek it will be to trot along through Josiah's Never Ending Success, or Prosperous Interesting Josiah, or the Glorious Pathmaster, or the Divine Travellin' Deacon, or sunthin' else uneek and well meanin'."

Sez I, "You seem to want to name 'em all after yourself, Josiah. Uncle Sime and Deacon Henzy would probable want one or two named after them."

"Well," sez he, "we could name one Little Uncle, and one Spindlin' Deacon, if they insisted on't."

Josiah wuz in real good sperits, I laid it partly to the tea, it wuz real stimulating; Josiah said that it beat all that the Chinese wuz so blinded and out of the way as to do things so different from what they did in Jonesville. "But," sez he, "they're politer on the outside than the Jonesvillians, even down to the coolers."

Sez I, "Do you mean the coolies?"

"Yes, the coolers, the hired help, you know," sez he. "Catch Ury fixin' his eye on his left side coat collar when he speaks to me not dastin' to lift it, and bowin' and scrapin' when I told him to go and hitch up, or bring in a pail of water, and catch him windin' his hair in a wod when he wuz out by himself and then lettin' it down his back when he came to wait on me."

Sez I, "Ury's hair is too short to braid."

"Well, you can spozen the case, can't you? But as I wuz sayin', for all these coolers are so polite, I would trust Ury as fur agin as I would any on 'em. And then they write jest the other way from we do in Jonesville, begin their

letters on the hind side and write towards 'em; and so with planin' a board, draw the plane towards 'em. I would like to see Ury try that on any of my lumber. And because we Jonesvillians wear black to funerals, they have to dress in white. Plow would I looked at my mother-in-law's funeral with a white night gown on and my hair braided down my back with a white ribbin on it? It would have took away all the happiness of the occasion to me.

"And then their language, Samantha, it is fixed in such a fool way that when they want a word different, they yell up the same word louder and that makes it different, as if I wuz to say to Ury kinder low and confidential, 'I shall be the next president, Ury;' and then I should yell up the same words a little louder and that would mean, 'Feed the brindle steer;' there hain't no sense in it. But I spoze one thing that ails them is their havin' to stand bottom side up, their feet towards Jonesville. Their blood runs the wrong way. Mebby I shouldn't do any better than they do if I stood so the hull of the time; mebby I should let my finger nails grow out like bird's claws and shake my own hands when I meet company instead of theirn. Though," sez Josiah, dreamily, "I don't know but I shall try that in Jonesville; I may on my return from my travels walk up to Elder Minkley and the bretheren in the meetin'-house, and pass the compliments with 'em and clasp my own hands and shake 'em quite a spell, not touchin' their hands. I may, but can't tell for certain; it would be real uneek to do it."

"Well," sez I, "Josiah, every country has its own strange ways; we have ourn."

Sez he, "How you would scold me if I wuz to wear my hat when we had company, and here it is manners to do it, and take off your specs. Why should I take off my specs to meet Elder Minkley?"

"Well," sez I, "there hain't anything out of the way in it, if they want to."

Sez Josiah, "You seem to take to China ways so, you and Arvilly, that I spoze mebby you'll begin to bandage your feet when you git home, and toddle round on your big toes."

And I sez, "I d'no but I'd jest as soon do that as to girt myself down with cossets, or walk round with a trailin' dress wipin' up all the filth of the streets to carry home to make my family sick."

But it is a awful sight. I had the chance right there in Canton to see a foot all bound up to make it the fashionable size.

The four small toes wuz twisted right under the ankle, and the broken, crushed bones of the foot pressed right up where the instep should be. The pain must have been sunthin' terrible, and very often a toe drops off, but I spoze they are glad of that, for it would make the little lump of dead flesh they call their feet smaller. They wear bright satin shoes, all embroidered and painted, and their little pantelettes cover all but the very end of the toe. They all, men and wimmen, wear a loose pair of trowsers which they call the foo, and a kind of jacket which they call a sham.

"A fool and a sham," Josiah called 'em all the time. The wimmen have their hair all stuck up with some kind of gum, making it as good as a bunnet, but I would fur ruther have the bunnet. Sometimes they wear a handkerchief over it. Wimmen hain't shut up here as they are in Turkey, but no attention is paid to their education and they are looked down on. Men seem to be willin' to have wimmen enjoy what religion they can, such as they have. But her husband won't let her set to the table with him, and he can whip her to death and not be touched for it, but if she strikes back a single blow he can get a divorce from her.

I thought wimmen wuz worse off here than they wuz in America, but Arvilly argyed that our govermunt sold stuff and took pay for it that made men beat their wives, and sold the right to make wicked wimmen and keep 'em so, and took wimmen's tax money to keep up such laws. And she went over such a lot of unjust laws that I didn't know but she wuz right, and that we wuz jest about as bad off in some things. They marry dretful young in China. Little babies are engaged to be married right whilst they're teethin', but they can't marry I guess till they are ten or twelve years old.

From Canton we went back to Hongkong, intendin' to go from there to Calcutta. But Dorothy felt that she must see Japan while she wuz so near, and we concluded to go, though it wuz goin' right out of our way in the opposite direction from Jonesville. But when Dorothy expressed a wish Robert Strong seemed to think it wuz jest as bindin' on him as the law of the Medes and Persians, whatever they may be, and Miss Meechim felt so too, so though as I say it wuz some as though I should go to she that wuz Submit Tewksberrys round by the widder Slimpsey's and Brother Henzy's.

We found some mail here to the tarven, letters from the dear children and our help. Thomas J. and Maggie wuz gittin' better, and the rest well, and all follerin' our journey with fond hearts and good wishes. Philury and Ury writ that everything was goin' well on the farm and the Jonesvillians enjoyin' good health. Arvilly got a paper from Jonesville and come in to read it to us. It had been a long time on the road. It said that a new bill was a-goin' to be introduced to allow wimmen to vote, but she didn't seem to be encouraged about it much. Sez she: "The law won't do anything about that as long as it is so busy grantin' licenses to kill folks via Saloon and other houses of death and ruin and canals and trusts and monopolies to protect to steal the people's money."

But I sez, "I do hope the bill will pass for the sake of Justice, if nothin' else. Justice," sez I, "must have been so shamed to see such things goin' on that she wuz glad she wore bandages over her eyes; and her hands have shook so she hain't weighed even for some time; to see her sect taxed without representation, punished and hung by laws she has no voice in makin'."

Josiah sez, "I admit that that is ruther hard, Samantha, but that hain't the nick on't. The pint is that wimmen hain't got the self-control that men has. The govermunt is afraid of her emotional nater; she gits wrought up too quick. She is good as gold, almost a angel, in fact, as we male voters have always said. But she is too hasty; she hain't got the perfect calmness, the firm onmovable sense of right and wrong, the patience and long sufferin' that we men have; she flies off too sudden one way or t'other; govermunt well fears she would be a dangerous element in the body politick."

Jest as Josiah finished this remark Arvilly read out a thrillin' editorial about the war between Russia and Japan; the editor commented on the wickedness of men plungin' two great empires into warfare, slaughterin' thousands and thousands of men, bringin' ontold wretchedness, distress, pestilence and destitution just to gratify ambition or angry passion. For it wuz this, he said, in the first place, whatever it became afterward.

A war of defence, of course, argued an aggressor, and he talked eloquent about Courts of Arbitration which would do away with the wholesale butchery and horror of war. And he called eloquent on Peace to fly down on her white wings bearing the olive branch, to come and stop this unutterable woe and crime of war.

(Arvilly left off readin' to remind Josiah that Peace wuz always depictered as a female, and then resoomed her readin'.)

In conclusion, the editor lamented the fact that in the annals of our nation men so often forgot the Golden Rule and gin vent to voylent passions and onbecomin' behavior.

Sez Josiah, "I guess I will take Tommy and go out for a little walk, Samantha, I feel kinder mauger."

"I should think you would!" sez Arvilly, lookin' hull reams of by-laws and statutes at him.

And I sez, "Whilst you're walkin', dear Josiah, you might meditate on the danger to the govermunt from wimmen's emotional nature, and the patience and long sufferin' of men voters." I said it real tender and good, but he snapped me up real snappish.

Sez he, "I shall meditate on what I'm a minter. Come, Tommy," and they went out.

CHAPTER XVII

And the next day we started for Yokohama. I had felt kinder dubersome about goin' through countries that wuz plunged in a great war, but we got along all right, nobody shot at us or made any move to, and we didn't see anybody hurt. But knowed that the warfare wuz ragin' away somewhere out of our sight.

Death wuz marchin' along on his pale horse in front of the army, and hearts wuz breakin' and the light of the sun and of life darkened in thousands and thousands of grand and humble homes.

I felt dretful when I thought on't, but hain't goin' to harrow up the reader's feelin's talkin' about it, knowin' it won't do any good, and anyway they've all read the particulars in the daily papers.

Well, we reached Yokohama with no fatal casualties to report, though my pardner wuz real seasick, but brightened up as we drew nigh to shore. Here and there a little village with quaint houses could be seen, and anon a temple or shrine riz up above the beautiful tropical foliage and further off the Fujiyama, the sacred mountain, riz up above the other mountains.

We come into the harbor about half-past three and arrove at our tarven about five. When we drew nigh the shore almost naked boatmen come out to meet us in their sampans, as they call their little boats (Josiah called 'em "sass pans" right to their face, but I don't spoze they understood it). They wuz to take us into the shore and they wuz yellin' to each other fearful as they pushed their boats ahead. Their toilettes consisted mostly of figgers pricked into their skins, dragons and snakes seemed their favorite skin ornaments, the color wuz blue mostly with some red. Josiah sez to me as we looked down on 'em from the dock:

"Them coolers wouldn't have to carry a Saratoga trunk with 'em when they travel; a bottle of ink and a pin would last 'em through life." It wuz a real hot day, and Josiah continered, "Well, their clothin' is comfortable anyway, that's why they are called coolers, because they're dressed so cool," and,

sez he, “what a excitement I could make in Jonesville next summer in dog-days by introducin’ this fashion.”

I looked on him in horrow, and he added hastily, “Oh, I should wear a short tunic, Samantha, comin’ down most to my knees, with tossels on it, and I shouldn’t wear snakes or dragons on my skin, I should wear some texts of Scripter, or appropriate quotations, as Josiah the fair, or Josiah the pride of Jonesville, runnin’ down my legs and arms, and I shouldn’t have ’em pricked in, I could have ’em painted in gay colors.”

“Oh, heavens!” sez I, lookin’ up to the sky, “what won’t I hear next from this man!”

“I hadn’t said I should do it, Samantha; and ’tennyrate it would be only through dog-days. I said what a excitement it would make if I concluded to do it.”

Sez I, “It is a excitement that would land you in Jonesville jail, and ort to.”

But at that minute Arvilly and Miss Meechim come up to us and broke off the conversation. Japan boatmen jest wear a cloth round their loins, and some of ’em had a little square of matting fastened by a rope round their necks to keep the rain offen their backs.

After goin’ through the custom house, where we got off easy, we went to a tarven called the Grand Hotel and had a good night’s rest.

CHAPTER XVIII

The next mornin', after tiffen, which wuz what they call breakfast, bein' just so ignorant of good Jonesville language, Josiah and I and Tommy sallied out to see what we could see, the rest of our party havin' gone out before.

Wantin' to go a considerable ways, we hired two jinrikishas, and I took Tommy in my lap, and I must say that I felt considerable like a baby in a baby carriage carryin' a doll; but I got over it and felt like a grandma before I had gone fur. How Josiah felt I don't know, though I hearn him disputin' with the man about his prices—we had took a interpreter with us so we could know what wuz said to us. The price for a jinrikisha is five sen, and Josiah thought it meant five cents of our money, and so handed it to him. But the man wuz so ignorant he didn't know anything about Jonesville money, and he kep' a-callin' for sen, and the interpreter sez "Sen," holdin' up his five fingers and speakin' it up loud, and I hearn Josiah say:

"Well, you fool, you, I have given you five cents! What more do you want?" But at last he wuz made to understand; but when Josiah made him know where he wanted to go the interpreter said that the sedan carriers wanted a yen, and my poor pardner had another struggle. Sez he:

"You consarned fool, how do you spoze I can give you a hen? Do you spoze I can git into my hen house ten thousand milds off to git you a hen? Or do you want me to steal one for you?"

"A yen," sez the interpreter, and the way he said it it did sound like hen.

"Well, I said hen, didn't I?" said my pardner.

But I leaned out of my baby cart and sez, "Y-e-n, Josiah. A yen is their money, a dollar."

"Oh, why don't they call it a cow or a brindle calf?" He wuz all het up by his efforts to understand. They call one of their dollars a yen, a sen is a cent,

and a rin is the tenth part of a cent. Josiah fell in love with the copper rins with square holes in the centre. Sez he:

“How I would love to furnish you with ’em, Samantha, when you went to the store in Jonesville. I would hand you out five or six rins and you could string ’em and wear ’em round your neck till you got to the store.”

“Yes,” sez I, “half a cent would go a good ways in buyin’ family stores.”

“Well, it would have a rich look, Samantha, and I mean to make some when I git home. Why, Ury and I could make hundreds of ’em out of our old copper kettle that has got a hole in it, and I shouldn’t wonder if I could pass ’em.”

Miss Meechim had a idee that the Japans wuz in a state of barbarism, but Arvilly who wuz always at swords’ pints with her threw such a lot of statistics at her that it fairly danted her. There are six hundred newspapers in Japan. The Japanese daily at Tokio has a circulation of 300,000. She has over 3,000 milds of railroads and uses the American system of checking baggage. Large factories with the best machinery has been built late years, but a great part of the manufacturing is done by the people in their own homes, where they turn out those exquisite fabrics of silk and cotton and rugs of all the colors of the rainbow, and seemingly as fadeless as that bow. Slavery is unknown, and there is very little poverty with all the crowded population. The Japans are our nearest neighbors acrost the Pacific and we’ve been pretty neighborly with ’em, havin’ bought from ’em within the last ten years most three hundred millions worth of goods. She would miss us if anything should happen to us.

Yokohama is a city of 124,000 inhabitants, most all Japans, though in what they call the settlement there are fifteen or twenty thousand foreigners. There are beautiful homes here with flower gardens containing the rarest and most beautiful flowers, trees and shrubs of all kinds.

The day Josiah had his struggle with the interpreter and Japan money we rode down the principal streets of Yokohama. And I would stop at some of the silk shops, though Josiah objected and leaned out of his jinrikisha and sez anxiously:

“Don’t spend more’n half a dozen rins, Samantha, on dress, for you know we’ve got more than 10,000 milds to travel and the tarven bills are high.”

Sez I in real dry axents, “If I conclude to buy a dress I shall have to have as much as a dozen rins; I don’t believe that I could git a handsome and durable one for less.” My tone was sarcastical. The idee of buyin’ a silk dress for half a cent! But I didn’t lay out to buy; I wuz jest lookin’ round.

I saw in those shops some of the most beautiful silks and embroideries that I ever did see, and I went into a lacquer shop where there wuz the most elegant furniture and rich bronzes inlaid with gold and silver. They make the finest bronzes in the world; a little pair of vases wuz fifteen hundred dollars and you couldn’t get ’em for less. But why shouldn’t there be beautiful things in a country where every one is a artist?

We stopped at a tea house and had a cup of tea, delicious as I never spozed tea could be and served by pretty young girls with gay colored, loose silk suits and hair elaborately dressed up with chains and ornaments; their feet and legs wuz bare, but they wuz covered with ornaments of brass and jade. Afterwards we passed fields of rice where men and wimmen wuz working, the men enrobed in their skin toilette of dragons and other figures and loin cloth and the wimmen in little scanty skirts comin’ from the waist to the knees. Their wages are eight cents a day. I wondered what some of our haughty kitchen rulers, who demand a dollar a day and the richest of viands would say if they wuz put down on a basis of eight cents a day and water and rice diet.

The little bamboo cottages are lovely lookin’ from the outside with their thatched roofs, some on ’em with little bushes growin’ out on the thatch and little bunches of grass growin’ out under the eaves. The children of the poor are entirely naked and don’t have a rag on ’em until they’re ten or twelve. A lot of ’em come up to the jinrikishas and called out “oh-hi-o” to Josiah, and he shook his head and sez affably:

“No, bub, I’m from Jonesville.”

But the interpreter explained oh-hi-o means good mornin’; and after that for days Josiah would say to me as soon as I waked up, “Ohio,” and wanted to say it to the rest, but I broke it up.

One thing Josiah thought wuz wicked: a Japanese is not allowed to wear whiskers till he is a grandpa, so old bachelors have to go with smooth faces.

Sez Josiah, “What if Cousin Zebedee Allen couldn’t wear whiskers? Why,” sez he, “his whiskers are his main beauty, and naterally Zeb is more particular about his looks than if he wuz married. Such laws are wicked and arbitrary. Why, when I courted my first wife, Samantha, my whiskers and my dressy looks wuz what won the day. And I d’no,” sez he inquiringly, “but they won your heart.”

“No,” sez I, “it wuzn’t them, and heaven only knows what it wuz; I never could tell. I’ve wondered about it a sight.”

“Well,” sez he, “I didn’t know but it wuz my whiskers.”

We passed a number of temples where the people worship. The two principal religions are the Shinto and the Buddhist. The Shinto means, “The way of the gods,” and they believe that their representative is the Mikado, so of course they lay out to worship him. The Buddhists preach renunciation, morality, duty, and right living. Bein’ such a case to cling to Duty’s apron strings I couldn’t feel towards the Buddhists as Miss Meechim did. Sez she, “Oh, why can’t they believe as we do in America? Why can’t they all be Episcopalians?”

But ’tennyrate all religions are tolerated here, and as Arvilly told Miss Meechim when she wuz bewailin’ the fact that they wuzn’t all Episcopals and wuzn’t more like our country.

Sez Arvilly, “They don’t drownd what they call witches, nor hang Quakers, nor whip Baptists, nor have twenty wives. It don’t do for us to find too much fault with the religion of other nations, Miss Meechim, specially them that teaches the highest morality, self-control and self-sacrifice.”

Miss Meechim was huffy, but Arvilly drove the arrer home. “Gamblin’ is prohibted here; you wouldn’t be allowed gamble for bed-quilts and afghans at church socials, Miss Meechim.”

Miss Meechim wouldn’t say a word. I see she wuz awful huffy. But howsumever there are lots of people here who believe in the Christian religion.

We passed such cunning little farms; two acres is called a good farm, and everything seemed to be growin’ on it in little squares, kep’ neat and clean, little squares of rice and wheat and vegetables.

And Josiah sez, “I wonder what Ury would say if I should set him to transplantin’ a hull field of wheat, spear by spear, as they do here, set ’em out in rows as we do onions. And I guess he’d kick if I should hitch him onto the plow to plow up a medder, or onto the mower or reaper. I guess I’d git enough of it. I guess he’d give me my come-up-ance.”

“Not if he wuz so polite as the Japans,” sez I.

“And what a excitement it would make in Jonesville,” sez Josiah, “if I should hitch Ury and Philury onto the mowin’ machine. I might,” he continered dreamily, “just for a change, drive ’em into Jonesville once on the lumber wagon.”

But he’ll forgit it, I guess, and Japan will forgit it too before long. Their tools are poor and fur behind ourn, and some of their ways are queer; such as trainin’ their fruit trees over arbors as we do vines. Josiah wuz dretful took with this and vowed he’d train our old sick no further over a arbor. Sez he, “If I can train that old tree into a runnin’ vine I shall be the rage in Jonesville.”

But he can’t do it. The branches are as thick as his arm. And I sez, “Children and trees have to be tackled young, Josiah, to bend their wills the way you want ’em to go.” They make a great fuss here over the chrysantheum, and they are beautiful, I must admit. They don’t look much like mine that I have growin’ in a kag in the east winder.

Their common fruits are the persimmons, a sweet fruit about as big as a tomato and lookin’ some like it, with flat black seeds, pears, good figs, oranges, peaches, apples. There is very little poverty, and the poorest people are very clean and neat. Their law courts don’t dally for month after month and years. If a man murders they hang him the same week.

But mebby our ways of lingerin’ along would be better in some cases, if new evidence should be found within a year or so, or children should grow up into witnesses.

We went into a Japanese house one day. It is made on a bamboo frame, the roof and sides wuz thatched with rye straw, the winders wuz slidin’ frames divided into little squares covered with thin white paper. The partitions wuz covered with paper, and movable, so you could if you wanted to make your house into one large room. Josiah told me that he should tear out every

partition in our house and fix 'em like this. "How handy it would be, Samantha, if I ever wanted to preach."

And I told him that I guessed our settin' room would hold all that would come to hear him preach, and sez I, "How would paper walls do with the thermometer forty below zero?" He looked frustrated, he had never thought of that.

The house we went into wuz sixteen feet square, divided into four square rooms. It wuz two stories high, and little porches about two feet wide wuz on each story, front and back. There wuz no chimney; there wuz a open place in the wall of the kitchen to let the smoke out from the little charcoal furnace they used to cook with, and one kettle wuz used to cook rice and fish; no spoons or forks are needed. The doors and frame-work wuz painted bronze color. There wuzn't much furniture besides the furnace and tea-kettle that stands handy to make tea at any time. A few cups and saucers, a small clock, a family idol, and a red cushioned platform they could move, high and wide enough for a seat so several can set back to back, is about all that is necessary.

Their floors are covered with a lined straw matting, soft as carpet; they sleep on cotton mats put away in the daytime; their head-rest is a small block of wood about one foot long, five inches wide and eight inches high. A pillow filled with cut rye straw and covered with several sheets of rice paper isn't so bad, though I should prefer my good goose feather pillows. The Japanese are exceedingly neat and clean; they could teach needed lessons to the poorer classes in America.

We one day made an excursion twenty milds on the Tokiado, the great highway of Japan. It is broad and smooth; five hundred miles long, and follers the coast. Part of the way we went with horses, and little side trips into the country wuz made with jinrikishas. Quaint little villages wuz on each side of the road, and many shrines on the waysides. That day we see the famous temple of Diabutsu with its colossal bronze idol. It wuz fifty feet high and eighty-seven feet round. The eyes three feet and a half wide. One thumb is three and a half feet round. He seemed to be settin' on his feet.

A widder and a priest wuz kneelin' in front of this idol. The priest held in one hand a rope and anon he would jerk out melancholy sounds from a big

bronze bell over his head. In his other hand he held some little pieces of wood and paper with prayers printed on 'em. As he would read 'em off he would lay one down on the floor, and the widder would give him some money every time. I thought that wuz jest about where the prayers went, down on the floor; they never riz higher, I don't believe.

Josiah wuz kinder took with 'em, and sez he, "How handy that would be, Samantha, if a man wuz diffident, and every man, no matter how bashful he is, has more or less wood chips in his back yard. Sometimes I feel diffident, Samantha."

But I sez, "I don't want any wooden prayers offered for me, Josiah Allen, and," sez I, "that seen shows jest how widders are imposed upon."

"Well," sez he, "she no need to dickered with the priest for 'em if she hadn't wanted to."

And I did wish that that little widder had known about the One ever present, ever living God, who has promised to comfort the widder, be a father to the orphan, and wipe away all tears.

But the Sunrise Land is waking up, there is a bright light in the East:

> In the beauty of the lilies Christ is born acrost the sea,
> With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me.

With the sweet gentleness and amiable nater of the Japans what will not the divine religion of the Lord Jesus do for them? It will be plantin' seed in good ground that will spring up a hundredfold.

I spoze that it wuz on Robert Strong's account (he is acquainted with so many big Chinamen and Japans) that we wuz invited to a elegant tiffen in one of the Mikado's palaces at Tokio. The grounds wuz beautiful, the garden containing some of the most beautiful specimens of trees, trained into all shapes, some on 'em hundreds of years old, but havin' their faculties yet, and growin' jest as they wuz told to, and all the beautiful flowers and shrubs that Japan can boast of, and palm trees, bananas, giant ferns and everything else beautiful in the way of vegetation.

The palace is one of the oldest in Tokio. It wuz only one story high, but the rooms wuz beautiful. The fan chamber wuz fifty feet square, the walls

covered with fans of every size and shape and color. The only furniture in this room wuz two magnificent cabinets of lacquer work and four great, gorgeous bronze vases.

The tiffen wuz gin by a high official; there wuz fifty guests. The hour was two in the afternoon. There wuz ten ladies present—two beautiful Japanese ladies, dressed in the rich toilette of Japan. The lunch cards wuz little squares of scarlet paper, with black Japanese writing. Josiah looked at the card intently and then whispered to me:

“How be I goin’ to know what I am eatin’ from these duck tracks?”

But I whispered, “Le’s do what the rest do, Josiah, and we’ll come out all right.”

But we had a dretful scare, for right whilst we wuz partakin’ of the choice Japan viands a loud rumblin’ sound wuz hearn, and I see even as we rushed to the door the timbers of the ceilin’ part and then come together agin and the great bronze chandelier swing back and forth. My pardner ketched hold of my hand and hurried me along on a swift run and wouldn’t stop runnin’ for some time. I tried to stop him, for I got out of breath, but he wuz bound to run right back to Yokohama, thirty miles off. But I convinced him that we would be no safer there, for you can’t argy with earthquake shocks and tell when they’re comin’, they are very common in all parts of Japan. After the first heavy shock there wuz two lighter ones, and that ended it for that time. But though we all went back to the table, I can’t say that I took any great comfort in the tiffen after that.

A blow has fell onto me I wuzn’t prepared for. We found a number of letters waitin’ for us here at the tarven that Robert Strong had ordered to be forwarded there. It seemed so good, whilst settin’ under a palm tree, seein’ jinrikishas go by, and Chinas and Japans, to set and read about the dear ones in Jonesville, and the old mair and Snip.

The letters wuz full of affection and cheer, and after readin’ ’em I gathered ’em up and sought my pardner to exchange letters with him, as I wuz wont to do, and I see he had quite a few, but what was my surprise to see that man sarahuptishushly and with a guilty look try to conceal one on ’em under his bandanna. And any woman will know that all his other letters wuz as dross to me compared to the one he was hidin’. I will pass over my

argyments—and—and words, before that letter lay in my hand. But suffice it to say, that when at last I read it and all wuz explained to me, groans and sithes riz from my burdened heart deeper and despairener than any I had gin vent to in years and years.

And I may as well tell the hull story now, as I spoze my readers are most as anxious about it as I wuz. Oh, Josiah! How could you done it? How I do hate to tell it! Must I tell the shameful facts? Oh, Duty! lower thy strongest apron strings and let me cling and tell and weep. And there it had been goin' on for months and I not mistrustin' it. But Duty, I will hold hard onto thy strings and tell the shameful tale.

Josiah owned a old dwellin' house in the environs of Jonesville, right acrost from Cap'n Bardeen's, who rented it of him to store things in. The town line runs right under the house, so the sink is in Zoar, and the cupboard always had stood in Jonesville. But owin' to Ernest White's labors and prayers and votes, his and all other good ministers and earnest helpers, Jonesville went no-license now jest as Loontown did last year.

And jest as Satan always duz if he gits holt of souls that he can't buy or skair, he will try to cheat 'em, he is so suttle. It seems that after we got away that Cap'n Bardeen moved that cupboard over to the other side of the room into Zoar and went to sellin' whiskey out on't. Awful doin's! The minute I read the letter I sez:

"Josiah Allen, do you write this very minute and stop this wicked, wicked works!" Sez I: "No knowin' how many Jonesvillians will feel their religion a-wobblin' and tottlin' just by your example; naterally they would look up to a deacon and emulate his example—do you stop it to once!"

"No, Samantha," sez he, "Cap'n Bardeen and his father owns more cows than any other Jonesvillians. If I want to be salesman agin in the Jonesville factory I mustn't make 'em mad, and they pay a dretful high rent."

"I wouldn't call it rent," sez I, "I'd call it blood-money. I'd run a pirate flag up on the ruff with these words on it, 'Josiah Allen, Deacon.'"

He wuz agitated and sez, "Oh, no, Samantha; I wouldn't do that for the world, I am so well thought on in the M. E. meetin' house."

"Well, you won't be well thought on if you do such a thing as this!" sez I. "Jest think how Ernest White, that good devoted minister, has labored and

prayed for the good of souls and bodies, and you tryin' your best to overthrow it all. How could you do it, Josiah?"

"Well, I may as well tell you, Samantha, I writ to Ury and kinder left it to him. He knows my ambitions and my biziness. He knows how handy money is, and he fixed it all straight and right."

"Ury!" sez I, "why should you leave it to Ury? Does he keep your conscience and clean it off when it gits black and nasty by such doin's as this?"

"No, Samantha, I've got my conscience all right. I brought it with me on my tower."

"Why should you leave it to Ury? He's your hired man, he would do as you told him to," sez I. "For a Methodist deacon such acts are demeanin' and disgustin' for a pardner and Jonesville to witness, let alone the country." And agin I sez, "You can stop it in a minute if you want to, and you know right from wrong, you know enough to say yes or no without bringin' Ury into the scrape; Ury! spozein' you git him into it, I can tell you he won't bear the brunt of it before the bar of this country or that bar up above. You'll have to carry the responsibility of all the evil it duz, and it will be a lastin' disgrace to you and the hull Methodist meetin-house if you let it go on."

Agin he sez, "Ury fixed it all right."

"How did Ury fix it?" sez I, in the cold axents of woman's skorn and curiosity.

"Well, Ury said, make Bardeen stop sellin' whiskey out of the cupboard, make him sell it out of the chist. There is a big chist there that Bardeen bought to keep grain in, sez Ury; let Bardeen move that cupboard acrost the room back into Jonesville, set the chist up on the sink in Zoar and sell it out of that. Ury said that in his opinion that would make it all right, so that a perfessor and a Methodist deacon could do it with a clear conscience."

Sez I, "Do you write to once, Josiah Allen, and tell Bardeen to either stop such works, or move right out."

"Well," sez he blandly, real bland and polite, "I will consider it, Samantha, I will give it my consideration."

“No, no, Josiah Allen, you know right from wrong, truth from falsehood, honesty from dishonesty, you don’t want to consider.”

“Yes, I do, Samantha; it is so genteel when a moral question comes up to wait and consider; it is very fashionable.”

“How long do you lay out to wait, Josiah Allen?” sez I, coldly.

“Oh, it is fashionable to not give a answer till you’re obleeged to, but I will consult agin with Ury and probable along by Fall I can give you my ultimatum.”

“And whilst you are a considerin’ Bardeen will go on a sellin’ pizen to destroy all the good that Ernest White, that devoted minister of Christ, and all the good men and wimmen helpers have done and are a doin’.”

“Well,” sez Josiah, “I may as well tell you, you would probably hear on’t, Ernest White writ me some time ago, and sent me a long petition signed by most all the ministers and leadin’ men and wimmen, beggin’ me to stop Bardeen.”

“Well, what did you tell him, Josiah Allen?”

“I told him, Samantha, I would consider it.”

“And,” sez I, “have you been all this time, months and months, a considerin’?”

“Yes, mom,” sez he, in a polite, genteel tone, “I have.”

“Well, do you stop considerin’ to once, Josiah Allen.”

“No, Samantha, a pardner can do a good deal, but she can’t break up a man’s considerin’. It is very genteel and fashionable, and I shall keep it up.”

I groaned aloud; the more I thought on’t, the worse I felt. Sez I, “To think of all the evils that are a flowin’ out of that place, Josiah, and you could stop it to once if you wuz a minter.”

“But,” sez Josiah, “Ury sez that if it wuzn’t sold there by Cap’n Bardeen the factory folks would go over into Zoar and git worse likker sold by low down critters.”

Sez I, “You might as well say if Christians don’t steal and murder, it will be done by them of poor moral character. That is one strong weepon to kill the

evil—confine the bizness to the low and vile and show the world that you, a Methodist and a deacon, put the bizness right where it belongs, with murder and all wickedness, not as you are sayin' now by your example, it is right and I will protect it."

"Well," sez Josiah, as sot as a old hen settin' on a brick bat, "it is law; Ury has settled it."

My heart ached so that it seemed to clear my head. "We'll see," sez I, "if it can't be changed. I'll know before a week has gone over my head." And I got up and dragged out the hair trunk, sithin' so deep that it wuz dretful to hear, some like the melancholy winter winds howlin' round a Jonesville chimbly.

"What are you a goin' to do, Samantha?" sez Josiah anxiously.

"I am goin' back home," sez I, "to-morrer to see about that law."

"Alone?" sez he.

"Yes, alone," sez I, "alone."

"Never!" sez Josiah. "Never will I let my idol go from Japan to Jonesville unprotected. If you must go and make a town's talk from China to Jonesville I'll stand by you." And he took down his hat and ombrell.

"What would you do if you went back?" sez I. "I should think you had done enough as it is; I shall go alone."

"What! you go and leave all the pleasures of this trip and go alone? Part from your pardner for months and months?"

"Yes," sez I wildly, "and mebby forever. It don't seem to me that I can ever live with a man that is doin' what you are." And hot tears dribbled down onto my sheep's-head night-caps.

"Oh, Samantha!" sez he, takin' out his bandanna and weepin' in consort, "what is money or ambition compared to the idol of my heart? I'll write to Ury to change the law agin."

"Dear Josiah!" sez I, "I knew, I knew you couldn't be so wicked as to continue what you had begun. But can you do it?" sez I.

Sez he cheerfully, as he see me take out a sheep's-head night-cap and shet down the trunk led, "What man has done, man can do. If Ury can fix a law once, he can fix it twice. And he done it for me." Sez he, "I can repeal it if I am a minter, and when I am a minter." And he got up and took a sheet of paper and begun to write to repeal that law. I gently leggo the apron-string dear Duty had lowered to me; it had held; pure Principle had conquered agin. Oh, the relief and sweetness of that hour! Sweet is the pink blush of roses after the cold snows of winter; sweet is rest after a weary pilgrimage.

Calm and beautiful is the warm ambient air of repose and affection after a matrimonial blizzard. Josiah wuz better to me than he had been for over seven weeks, and his lovin' demeanor didn't change for the worse for as many as five days. But the wicked wrong wuz done away with.

I writ a letter to Ernest White tellin' him I never knowed a word about it till that very day, and my companion had repealed the law, and Cap'n Bardeen had got to move out or stop sellin' whiskey. He knows how I worship Josiah; he didn't expect that I would come out openly and blame him; no, the bare facts wuz enough.

I ended up the letter with a post scriptum remark. Sez I: "Waitstill Webb is sweeter lookin' than ever and as good as pure gold, jest as she always wuz, but the climate is wearin' on her, and I believe she will be back in Jonesville as soon as we are, if not before. She is a lovely girl and would make a Christian minister's home in Loontown or any other town a blessed and happy place."

I thought I wouldn't dast to do anything more than to give such a little blind hint. But to resoom. Folks seem to have a wrong idee about the education of the Japanese. There are twenty-eight thousand schools in Japan, besides the private and public kindergartens. There are over three million native students out of a school population of seven million. There are sixty-nine thousand teachers, all Japanese, excepting about two hundred and fifty American, German and English. Nearly ten million dollars (Japanese) is raised annually for educational purposes from school fees, taxes, interest on funds, etc. They have compulsory school laws just like ours. And not a drunken native did we see whilst in Japan, and I wish that I could say the same of New York for the same length of time or Chicago or Jonesville.

And for gentle, polite, amiable manners they go as fur ahead of Americans as the leaves of their trees duz, and I've seen leaves there more'n ten feet long. The empire of Japan consists of three thousand eight hundred islands, from one eight hundred milds long to them no bigger than a tin pan, and the population is about forty-three million. I don't spoze any nation on earth ever made faster progress than Japan has in the last thirty years: railways, telegraph postal system. It seems as if all Japan wanted wuz to find out the best way of doin' things, and then she goes right ahead and duz 'em.

Robert Strong wuz talking about what the word Japan meant, the Sunrise Land. And he said some real pretty things about it and so did Dorothy. They wuz dretful took with the country. Robert Strong has travelled everywhere and he told me that some portions of Japan wuz more beautiful than any country he had ever seen. We took several short journeys into the interior to see the home life of the people, but Robert Strong, who seemed to be by the consent of all of us the head of our expedition, thought that we had better not linger very long there as there wuz so many other countries that we wanted to visit, but 'tennyrate we decided to start for Calcutta from Hongkong, stopping on the way at Shanghai.

CHAPTER XIX

We wuz a goin' to stop for a day or two at Shanghai and I wuz real glad on't, for I felt that I must see the Empress, Si Ann, without any more delay, and I hearn she wuz there visitin' some of her folks.

Yes, I felt the widder Hien Fong ort to hear what I had to say to her with no further delay, I felt it wuz a duty that I owed toward the nation and Josiah.

The voyage from Yokohama to Shanghai is very interesting, a part of it is through the inland sea, mountains and valleys on both sides, many islands and large and small towns all along the shores. Our hull party kep' well and all enjoyed all the strange picturesque scenery, most as new to us as if we wuz on another planet. Yes, I d'no as Jupiter would look any stranger to us than the country did, or Mars or Saturn.

We wuz over a day crossin' the Yaller Sea, well named, for its water is as yaller as the sands on its shores. I'd hate to wash white clothes in it. And as we drew near Shanghai it wuz all alive with Chinese junks full of men, wimmen and children. The children here on these boats seem to be tied up with ropes, givin' 'em room to crawl round, same as I have tied up Jonesville hens that wanted to set.

Shanghai means, "approaching the sea," and I spoze it might just as well mean approaching from the sea, as we did. Old Shanghai is surrounded by a wall and moat and is entered by six gates, the roads are only ten feet wide and dirty and bad smellin', and most of its houses are small, though there are a few very fine buildings, according to their style, lots of little piazzas jutting out everywhere with the ends turned up, that seems to be their taste; why a ruff or a piazza straight acrost would have been a boon to my Jonesville trained eyes. The houses on the principal streets are used for shops; no winders on the first floor; they are all open in front during the day and closed by heavy latticework at night.

The favorite carriage here is a wheelbarrow, the wheel in the centre and a seat on each side. Josiah and I got into one, he carryin' Tommy in his lap,

but he sez with a groan:

“I never spozed that I should git down to this, Samantha, to ride in a wheelbarrow. What would Ury say! I am glad he can’t see it, or Deacon Henzy or any of the other Jonesville brothers and sistern.”

The furrin suburbs are laid out like a European city, with broad streets, well lighted and clean. We went on the Bubbling Well Road, named from a boiling spring a few miles out. The road is broad and smooth as glass with beautiful villas along the way; we also passed a great number of small burying places. They have to bury folks according to the rules of Feng Shui. If Feng Shui should order a burial place in a dooryard it would have to be there. It rules buildings, customs, laws, everything. I asked a Chinaman who could talk English what this Feng Shui wuz that they had to obey it so strictly, and he described it as being like the wind and water: like wind because you don’t know where it come from nor when it would go or where; and like water because you could never know how to grasp it, it would elude you and slip away and you would have nothing in your hand to show. Miss Meechim cried out about the enormity of such a law and laid it to the evil doin’s of furriners, but Arvilly said that it wuz some like the laws we had in America, for we found out on inquiry that money would most always appease this great Feng Shui and git it to consent to most anything if it wuz paid enough, just as it did in America.

Josiah said he had a good mind to set up some such thing in Jonesville when he got back, sez he, “I wouldn’t name it Feng Shui just like this, I might call it Fine Shue or sunthin’ like that. And jest see, Samantha, how handy it would be if the meetin’ house went aginst me I would jest git up and lift up my hand and say, ‘Fine Shue has decided. It will be as I say.’ Or on ’lection day, if I wuzn’t put up for office, or when they elect somebody besides me, or at the cheese factory if they put up another salesman, or on the beat, if they wanted another pathmaster, I’d jest call on the Fine Shue and there I’d be. Why, Samantha,” sez he, gittin’ carried away in his excitement, “I could git to be President jest as easy as fallin’ off a log if I could make the Fine Shue work.”

“Yes,” sez I, “but that is a big if; but do you want to, Josiah, turn back the wheels of our civilization that are creaky and jolty enough, heaven knows, back into worse and more swampy paths than they are runnin’ in now?”

“I d’no,” sez Josiah, “but it would be all right if it wuz run by a man like me; a Methodist in full standin’, and one of the most enlightened and Christian men of the times.”

But I lifted my hand in a warnin’ way and sez, “Stop, Josiah Allen, to once! such talk is imperialism, and you know I am sot like a rock aginst that. Imperialism is as much out of place in a republic as a angel in a glue factory.”

Well, I am in hopes that ten thousand milds of travel will jolt some idees out of his mind.

Being in Shanghai over Sunday, we attended service held by a missionary. It wuz a beautiful service which we all enjoyed. The words of this good Christian man in prayer and praise sounded to our ears as sweet as the sound of waters in a desert land. Over a hundred wuz present, and after service the pulpit wuz moved off and several wuz baptized in water jest as they do in America.

The rich and poor seem to live side by side more than they do in our country, and rich merchants live over their shops; mebby it is to protect them from the Feng Shui, for if that gits on track of a rich man a great part of his wealth is appropriated by the government; it very often borrys their money—or what it calls borryin’.

Shanghai wuz the first place where I see men carryin’ fans. When they’re not fannin’ themselves they put the fan at the back of their neck, for a ornament I guess.

Josiah made a note in his pocket diary: “Mem—To git a fan the day after I git home, to carry it to Jonesville to meetin’, to fan myself with it on the way there before Elder Minkley and Brother Henzy. Mem—A red and yaller one.” But of this fan bizness more anon.

There are not many wimmen in the streets here. The poorer class of Chinese let their feet grow to the natural size; it is only the aristocracy who bind up their feet.

But my mission to the Empress wore on me. I felt that I must not delay seekin’ a augience. And, as it happened, or no, not happened—it wuz to be—one day whilst Josiah and Arvilly and Tommy and I wuz walkin’ in a beautiful garden, the rest of the party bein’ away on another tower after

pleasure and instruction, Josiah and Tommy had gone to see the fish in a fountain a little ways off, and Arvilly wuz some distance away, when all of a sudden I heard a bystander say in a low, awe-struck voice, “There is the Empress.”

She wuz walkin’ through the garden with two ladies-in-waiting, and a elegant carriage wuz goin’ slow a little ways off, givin’ her a chance for excercise, I spoze. She wuz dressed in a long, colored silk night-gown—or it wuz shaped like one—though they wear ’em day times, all embroidered and glitterin’ with precious stuns. She didn’t have her crown on—mebby it wuz broke and away to be fixed—but her hair wuz combed dretful slick and stuck full of jewelled pins and stars, etc. I knowed her by her picture, and also by my feelin’s, and I sez to myself, Now is the time for me to onburden myself of the important mission that had been layin’ so heavy on my chist. Yes, Duty’s apron strings jest drawed me right up in front of her, and I advanced, holdin’ out my hand in as friendly a way as if she had come for a all-day’s visit to me in Jonesville. Her ladies-in-waitin’ kinder fell back, and as I advanced I bowed real low—as low as I dasted to, for I felt that I wouldn’t have ketched my feet in the facin’ of my dress and fell down at that time for a dollar bill. She’s smart; she recognized my lofty sperit, and her greetin’ wuz considerable cordial, though held back by her Chinese education.

Sez I, “Empress Si Ann (I d’no but I ort to call her Sarah Ann, that’s probable her name docked off by her folks to pet her. But I thought I wouldn’t meddle with a pet name; I’d call her Si Ann).”

Sez I, “I set out from Jonesville with a important message for you, and I’ve bore it over the ocean on a tower and now I lay it at your feet.”

I here paused to give her a chance to wonder what it wuz, and get some excited, then I went on, “I felt that I must see you on my own account and Josiah’s and the nation’s, and tell you not to, oh, not to lay that Piece Conference to us. I have laid awake nights worryin’ about it, for fear you’d think that Josiah and I, bein’ prominent Americans, had jined in and wuz tryin’ to cut China to pieces. But we hadn’t a thing to do with it.”

I meant to keep Josiah in the background, knowin’ the Chinese aversion to mix up the sects in company, but he’d come back and he had to put in his oar here and sez he, “No, they couldn’t git me to jine ’em. I wuz down with

a crick at the time and Samantha had to nuss me. We had our hands full and we couldn't have jined 'em anyway," he sez.

I wunk at him and stepped on his toe, but nothin' could stop him, and he went on, "I wouldn't have jined 'em anyway, Miss Hein Fong, I wouldn't treat a neighbor so."

"Neighbor?" sez she wonderin'ly.

"Yes," sez he, "you know our land jines on the under side. China jines my paster in the middle, though owin' to the way our land lays we can't neighbor much, and," sez he, "you're enough sight better neighbors than some I've got, your folks are old settlers and have always tended to their own bizness and kep' their cattle and hens to hum, which is more than I can say for all the neighbors whose land jines mine."

But I could see that the ladies-in-waitin' wuz oneasy at havin' a man talkin' to 'em so free and I kinder advanced in front of him and sez:

"Josiah and I wuz dretful tickled with the idee at first when we spozed that conference meant real p-e-a-c-e and tryin' to bring the most beautiful gift of God and joy of heaven nigher to earth. Why, it jest riz us right up, we felt so highly tickled with it. But when we see 'em begin to spell it p-i-e-c-e, and quarrel over the pieces, why, then we turned right agin 'em. Why, good land! even if it wuz right, Josiah has got all the land he wants to work and more too, and as I tell him, what is the use of him or the nation havin' a great lot of land to stand idle and pay taxes on, and keep a gang of hired men to watch. Men and nations can git land poor, I believe."

I see she liked what I said about the Peace Commission, but I wuz afraid she didn't git my idee jest right, so I sez, "I believe in the first on't the Zar's idee come right down from heaven, filtered into his comprehension mebby through a woman's apprehension. But you know how it is, Si Ann, in the berry lot now if there are bushes hangin' full of big ones jest over the fence and somebody else is gittin' 'em all, you kinder want to jine in and git some on 'em yourself, though you may be a perfesser and singin' a Sam tune at the time, specially if the fence is broke down that separates you. I can see how it wuz with that Piece Commission and make allowances for 'em, but we didn't have a thing to do with it and we don't want any of the pieces."

My axent carried conviction with it; I see she looked relieved. She didn't say it right out, but I felt that we hadn't fell in her estimation, and I went on:

"And I don't want you to blame Uncle Sam either, Si Ann. I believe he will help you all he can, help you in the right way, too; help you to help yourselves. But your folks have got to brace up and do their part; Uncle Sam will neighbor with you if you give him a chance. He's real good-hearted, though bein' so easy and good-natered, he is deceived lots of times and influenced and led around by them that want to make money out of him, such as the trusts and the liquor power. But he stands ready to neighbor with you, and don't turn your back on him, Si Ann. Don't do anything to get him huffy, for though he hain't quick to git mad, he's got a temper when it's rousted up."

She said sunthin' about Uncle Sam turnin' her folks out and not lettin' 'em step their feet on our sile. I couldn't deny it, and it kinder danted me for a minute how I wuz goin' to smooth that over, but concluded that as in every other emergency in life, the plain truth wuz the best, and I sez in a real amiable voice:

"Si Ann, there is two sides to that jest as there is to every national and neighborhood quarrel. Uncle Sam hain't liked the way your folks have acted with him, and though I dare presoom to say he's some to blame, yet I can see where your folks have missed it. They would flock right over to our place, crowdin' our own folks out of house and home, and expect Uncle Sam to protect 'em, and then they would jest rake and scrape all they could offen us and go home to spend their money; wouldn't even leave one of their bones in our ground. They didn't want to become citizens of the United States, they seemed to kinder want to set down and stand up at the same time, which hain't reasonable if it is done by an American or a Chinee."

She said sunthin' about the masses of other foreigners that Uncle Sam allowed to crowd into our country.

"Well," sez I, "they're willin' to become citizens, the German and English and Irish and Russian and Italian babies grow up Americans. But it wuzn't so with your folks, Si Ann. From the children's little pig-tails down to their little wooden shues they wuz clear China, soaked in, dyed in the wool, born so, and as long as their bones hung together and afterwards, clear China.

They kep' themselves jest as fur from American institutions and beliefs as ile stays away from water and wouldn't mix any more. Their bodies stayed on our shores whilst they could make money out of us. But their souls and minds wuz jest as fur removed from our institutions and constitutions as if they wuz settin' in Jupiter with their legs hangin' off. It wuz galdin' to Uncle Sam and finally he had to stop it. But he didn't do it out of meanness. He jest had to, for of course you know your own folks come first."

And thinkin' mebby I'd been too hash describin' her folks I went on, "I spoze mebby that high stun wall of yourn has kinder stiffened and hardened the nature of your folks and made it harder for 'em to change. But you're on the right track now, Si Ann, you have begun to break down that big wall, you've begun to be more neighborly. And don't you ever crouch down and hide behind that great stun wall agin; you jest keep right on bein' neighborly and Uncle Sam will help you."

Si Ann looked real good and as if she took every word I said in good part; bein' naterally so smart she would recognize the onselfishness and nobility of my mission, but I see that there wuz a real pert look on one of the ladies' faces as she said sunthin' to one of the other ones, and I mistrusted that they didn't like what I had said about that wall of theirn, and I went on to say to Si Ann:

"Of course you may say that a nation or a woman has a right to do as they've a mind to, but common sense must be used if you are goin' to enjoy yourself much in this world. Now, we had a neighbor in Jonesville that sot out in married life determined not to borrow or lend, dretful exclusive, jest built a high wall of separation round herself and family. But after tryin' it for a year or so she wuz glad to give it up, and many is the cup of tea and sugar I've lent her since, and she borries and lends her washtub now or biler, or settin' hens, or anythin'. And she sez that she and her family takes as much agin' comfort now and are doin' as well agin', for of course the neighbors didn't set so much store by 'em as they did when their ports wuz open, as you may say, and they wuz more neighborly."

I could see by Si Ann's face that she not only enjoyed all I said, but believed a good share on't, and bein' such a case for justice, I felt that I ort to let her know I realized our own nation's short-comin's, as well as hern. Sez I, "I hain't got a word to say to you, Si Ann, about the different castes

in your country, when the wimmen in my own land build up a wall between themselves and their kitchen helpers higher than the highest peak of your stun wall and harder to git over, and I don't want to say a word about your folks bindin' down their children's feet to make 'em small as long as our own females pinch down their waists till they're in perfect agony and ten times as bad as to pinch their feet, for the life, the vital organs don't lay in the feet, or hain't spozed to, and so it don't hurt 'em half so much to be tortured. And as long as they drag round yards of silk and velvet through the streets to rake up filth and disease to carry home and endanger their own lives and their families; no, as long as our females do all this I hain't nothin' to say about your dress and customs here, nor I hain't a goin' to cast reflections agin you about your men wearin' night gowns and braidin' their hair down their backs. Good land, Si Ann! you and I know what men be. We are married wimmen and seen trouble. You couldn't stop 'em if you tried to. If Josiah Allen took it into his head to braid his hair down his back, I should have to let it go on unless I broke it up sarahuptishly by cuttin' it off when he wuz asleep, but thank fortin' he hain't got enough so that the braid would be bigger than a pipe stale anyway if he should let it grow out, and he is so dressy he wouldn't like that. But I've tried to break up his wearin' such gay neckties for years and years, and if he should go out and buy one to-day it would most likely be red and yaller."

I withdrawed him, bowin’ very low and smilin’ at her.—Page 219.

I felt that China hadn’t been used exactly right; I knowed it. Younger nations—new-comers, as you may say—had made light on her and abused her, usin’ the very type the Chinese had invented to say they didn’t know anything and usin’ the gunpowder they had invented to blow ’em up with. I had felt that the Powers hadn’t treated ’em well, and I had made up my mind some time ago that when I see the Powers I should tell ’em what I thought on’t. Then there wuz the opium trade—a burnin’ shame! I wanted to sympathize with her about that, but thought mebby it wuz best to not harrer up her feelin’s any more, so I sez in a real polite way:

“I have nothin’ further to say now, Si Ann, only to bid you adoo and to tell you that if you ever come to Jonesville be sure and come and see me; I’ll be proud and happy to have you.”

Here Josiah had to put in his note: “Good-by, Widder!” sez he. If I had had time I would have tutored him; he spoke just as he would to widder Gowdey.

I wanted him to act more courtly and formal, but it wuz too late, it wuz spoke. “Good-by, Widder; we’ll have to be a-goin’. We’ve had quite a spell of weather, but it looks some like rain now, and I have a important engagement to-night, and we’ll have to be gittin’ hum.”

But I gently withdrawed him, bowin’ very low myself and lookin’ dretful smilin’ at her.

Like all great monarchs, she wanted to make her visitors a present, and she proposed to send us several drawin’s of tea of the kind she used, and a little hunk of opium, though, as I told her, I should never use it in the world only to smoke in a pipe for the toothache; and she also proposed to send us a china sugar-bowl and a piece of the Chinee wall, which last I told her I should value high as a sign that the old things wuz passin’ away and better days comin’.

And then I made some more real low bows and Josiah did, bein’ wunk at by me, and we withdrawed ourselves from the Presence. But Josiah, always overdoin’ things, takin’ out his bandanna and a-wavin’ it towards her as he bowed most to the ground. But what wuz my surprise as we walked away kinder backward, Josiah mutterin’ to me that he should fall flat if he backed off much furder! What wuz my horrow to see Arvilly advance with a copy of her books and present ’em to the Empress. One of the ladies-in-waiting, who seemed to talk English quite considerable, looked at the books and read their titles to her Majesty, who immediately signified her desire to purchase ’em, and before she left the group Arvilly had sold three copies of the “Twin Crimes” and two of the “Wild and Warlike.”

Poor Empress! Poor Si Ann! Well might she treasure the last-named book, “The Wild, Wicked and Warlike Deeds of Men.” Poor thing! I am afraid she will see plenty of it herself. Them Powers, sometimes, when they git to goin’, act like the Old Harry.

CHAPTER XX

The engagement my pardner had spoke on wuz to meet a Chinaman that wuz comin' to see Robert Strong that evenin'. Robert had met him in California, and Josiah seemed dretful anxious to git home so as to dress up for his reception. And I sez, "There is time enough; I shouldn't think it would take you more than two hours to wash your hands and change your neck-tie."

"Well," sez he, in a evasive way, "I—I don't want to be scrimped for time."

So, as Tommy and I wanted to stop along on the way, he left us and went home. Robert had told us a good deal about this man, Mr. Hi-wal-hum; about his wealth and high official standing, and Josiah had been talkin' more or less about him all day; he looked forrered to it. He had said to me: "Samantha, this man is a Potentate, and it stands us in hand to be polite always to Potentates."

Well, I couldn't dispute him nor didn't want to. When we arriv home I thought I would have jest about time to go to my room and wash my face and hands and put on a clean collar and cuffs and change Tommy's clothes. Tommy went on a little ahead of me, and I see him bend down and stretch his little neck forrered and look through the door as if he wuz agast at some sight. And as I come up he put his little fingers on his lips, as I spoze he'd seen me do, and whispered: "Keep still, Grandma; I don't know what Grandpa is doin'."

I looked over his shoulder and thought to myself I should think as much, I should think he wouldn't know. There stood Josiah Allen before the glass and of all the sights I ever see his dress went ahead. He had got on a red woolen underskirt and his dressin' gown over it kinder floated back from it, and he had took out of my trunk a switch of hair that Tirzah Ann had put in, thinkin' mebby I would want to dress my head different in foreign countries; I hadn't wore it at all, and it wuz clear in the bottom of my trunk, but he had got at it somehow and had fastened it onto his head, and it hung down his back and ended with a big broad, red ribbin bow; it was one of Tommy's neck-ties. And he'd got all my jewelry—every mite on't—and had fastened

it onto him on different places, and all of Tommy's ribbins to tie his collar with, wuz made into bows and pinned onto him, and my C. E. badge and W. C. T. U. bow of white ribbin, and he had got my big palm leaf fan and had tied a big, red bow on't, and he wuz standin' before the glass fannin' himself and cranin' his neck one way and tother to see how he looked and admire himself, I spoze. And anon he tried to put the fan over his right ear. The idee! a palm leaf fan that wouldn't shet. And he spoke out to himself:

"No, I can't do that, but I can be fannin' myself, all the time fannin' and bowin'." And then he stepped forrerd towards the glass and made a bow so low that his switch flopped over and ketched on the rocker of a chair and he couldn't move either way without jerkin' his braid off.

"Goodness gracious!" I hearn him say, "I never yet tried to be genteel without its being broke up some way," and he gin a jerk and left his switch on the floor. He took it up tenderly and smoothed it out and wuz tryin' to attach it to his head agin. It wuz fastened on by a red ribbin comin' up over his head and tied on top. But at that minute he ketched sight of me and he looked some meachin', but he begun immegiately pourin' our profuse reasons for his costoom and manners.

Sez he, "You know, Robert wants us to meet that high official, and I felt that it would help our relations with China if I should dress up China fashion."

Sez I, "It will help one of your relations if you'll take off that red petticoat of hern, and ribbins and cameos and badges and things."

Sez he, "I am doin' this for political reasons, Samantha, and can't be hampered by domestic reasons and ignorance." And he kep' on tyin' the bow on his foretop.

Sez I, "For the sake of your children and grandchildren won't you desist and not put 'em to shame and make a laughin' stock of yourself before Miss Meechim and Arvilly and all the rest?"

"I shall do my duty, Samantha," sez he, and he pulled out the ribbin of the bow, so that it sot out some like a turban over his forward. "Of course I look very dressy and pretty in this costoom, but that is not my reason for wearin' it; you and Arvilly are always talking about political men who don't come up to the mark and do their duty by their constituents. I am a very influential

man, Samantha, and there is no tellin' how much good I shall do my country this day, and the sneers of the multitude shall not deter me."

Sez I, almost fearfully, "Think of the meetin' house, Josiah, where you're a deacon and looked up to; what will they say to hear of this, passin' yourself off for a Chinaman; dressin' up in petticoats and red ribbins!"

Sez he, cranin' his neck round to see the bow hangin' down his back, "Our old forefathers went through worse trials than this when they eat their cartridge boxes and friz themselves at Valley Forge," and he fingered some of them bows and ornaments on his breast agin with a vain, conceited smirk of satisfaction. I wuz at my wits' end; I glanced at the door; there wuz no lock on it; what should I do? Religion and common sense wouldn't move him, and as for my sharpest weepon—good vittles—here I wuz hampered, I couldn't cook 'em for him, what could I do?

Sez he agin, "I only do this for patriotism; I sacrifice myself on the altar of my country," and he fanned himself gracefully, lookin' sarahuptishly into the glass.

"Well," sez I, growin' calm as I thought of a forlorn hope, "mebby it is best, Josiah, and I hain't a-goin' to be outdone by you in patriotism. I too will sacrifice myself." And I proceeded to comb my hair with a firm look on my face. He looked alarmed.

"What do you mean, Samantha?" sez he.

"I won't let you go ahead of me in sacrificing yourself, Josiah. No, I will go fur ahead of what you or anybody else would do; it will most probable kill me, but I shall not falter."

"What is it, Samantha?" sez he, droppin' the fan and approachin' me with agitated mean. "What are you goin' to do? If it is to throw yourself in front of any idol and perish, I will save you if I shed the last drop of blood in my system!"

"Yes," sez I, "you could do great bizness in savin' me, togged out as you are, made helpless by your own folly; but," sez I, in a holler, awful axent, "it hain't that, Josiah; it is fur worse than losin' my life; that wouldn't be nothin' in comparison."

He looked white as a piller case. Sez he: "Tell me to once what you lay out to do."

“Well,” sez I, “if you must know, I spoze that it might help our relations with China if I should part with you and wed a China potentate. It would kill me and be bad for the potentate, but if your country’s welfare is at stake, if it would help our relations I——”

“Let the relations go to Jericho, Samantha! every one on ’em, and the Potentates! every one on ’em!” and he kicked off them robes quicker than I can tell the tale.

Sez I, “Josiah, you needn’t tear every rag you’ve got on; take ’em off quietly.” He’d put ’em on over his own clothes. He obeyed me implicitly, and sez he anxiously, as he laid ’em all on the bed:

“You’ve gin up the idee, hain’t you, Samantha?”

Sez I, “I have for the present, Josiah, I wuz only doin’ it to emulate your sacrifice; if you don’t sacrifice yourself any further, I shan’t.”

He hadn’t been so good to me for sometime as he wuz for the rest of that day. I only done it to stop his display, and my conscience hain’t been quite at rest ever sence about it, but then a woman has to work headwork to keep her pardner within bounds. I wuzn’t goin’ to have him make a fool of himself before Arvilly and Miss Meechim. Arvilly would never let him hearn the end on’t nor me nuther.

Well, we met the potentate in our own clothes and he met us in his own clothes, jest as he and we had a right to. He wuz a real sensible man, so Robert Strong said, and he understood a good deal of his talk and ort to know.

Well, from Shanghai we sailed for Hongkong and then embarked for Point de Galle on the island of Ceylon, expectin’ to stop on the way at Saigon in Cochin-China and Singapore.

It wuz dretful windy and onpleasant at first. It is much pleasanter to read about a monsoon in Jonesville with your feet on a base burner than to experience one on a steamer. Everything swayed and tipped and swung, that could, even to our stomachs. We only made a short stop at Saigon—a hotter place I wuz never in. I thought of the oven in our kitchen range and felt that if Philury wuz bakin’ bread and meat and beans and got into the oven to turn ’em, she knew a little about the climate we wuz enjoying.

As we ascended the river our ship got a little too near the shore and kinder run its prow into a jungle where the monkeys hung from the tree-tops and made fun of us, I spoze, mad at our invadin' their domain and wanted us to pay, 'tennyrate the muskeeters sent in their bills, sharp ones. Saigon is a pretty place set in its tropical scenery; it has eighty or ninety thousand inhabitants and belongs to France. The natives are small and slower than time in the primer.

Singapore is an island in the straits of Malacca and is twenty-four milds long and fourteen wide; it is a British province ruled by native princes under the Queen. Here the days and nights are of equal length and it rains about every day; it has a mixed population, Chinamen, Malays, Europeans and a few Americans, mebby a hundred thousand in all.

We didn't stay long here, but rode out in what they called a Jherry lookin' like a dry goods box drawed by a couple of ponies.

Josiah sez to me, "I am glad that the Malay coolers wear a little more than the Japans." And the coolies here did wear besides their red loin cloth a narrer strip of white cotton cloth hangin' over their left shoulders. Our hotel wuz a very comfortable one; it consisted of several buildin's two stories high connected by covered halls; it wuz surrounded by handsome trees and beautiful ornamental shrubbery and flowers.

The wide verandas wuz very pleasant, with their bamboo chairs and couches and little tables where you could have tea served. Birds of the most beautiful plumage soared and sung in the trees, and butterflies that looked like flowers on wings fluttered about. You can't tell men from wimmen by their clothes. They all wear earrings and bracelets and nose-rings. Josiah sez to me:

"I have always said, Samantha, that men didn't dress gay enough; a few bracelets and breastpins and earrings would add to a man's looks dretfully, and I mean to set the fashion in Jonesville. It would take ten years offen my age. Jest see how proud the men walk; they feel that they're dressed up; it gives 'em a lofty look."

The men did seem to have a different gait from the females; the wimmen looked more meek and meachin. We didn't stay long in Saigon, but we visited the Whampoo garders and found that they were perfectly beautiful, made by Mr. Whampoo, a rich Chinaman. There wuz fifty acres under most perfect cultivation. Here the Chinese fad of dwarfing and training trees wuz

carried to perfection; there wuz trees trained into all sorts of shapes. One wuz a covered carriage about three feet high, with a horse, all tree, but natural as life; and then there wuz pagodas and men and wimmen and animals and birds all growin' and havin' to be trimmed by the patient Chinese gardener. The tree they can use best is a evergreen with a little leaf and a white flower not much bigger than the head of a pin. But there wuz not only every tropical tree you could think on, palm, cocoanut, nutmeg, cinnamon, tea, coffee, and clove bush, but trees and plants from every part of the world, some from America.

Here wuz a Victoria lily in its full beauty, the dark green leaves edged with brown and red, as big round as our washtub, and turned up on the edges about two inches. Each plant has one leaf and one flower. And we see the most lovely orchids here; Dorothy thought them the most beautiful of all. Well, in a day or two we sot out for Ceylon's isle.

As we drew nigh to Ceylon I sez to Josiah: "Did you ever expect, Josiah Allen, to feel

> "'The balmy breezes
> That blow from Ceylon's Isle
> Where every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile?'"

And he sez, holdin' on his hat, "I shouldn't call these breezes very bammy, and you no need to lay such a powerful stress on *man*, Samantha, that term, man, means wimmen too in this case."

"Yes," sez Arvilly, who wuz standin' nigh, "that term, man, always includes wimmen when there is any blame or penalty attached, but when it sez 'Man is born free and equal,' it means men alone."

"Yes," sez Josiah, smilin' real pleasant, "you've happened to hit it jest right, Arvilly."

"Well," sez I, "do look and enjoy the beauty that is spread out right before you." Our good ship made its way into the harbor of Colombo, through a multitude of boats with men of every color and size at their oars and all gesticulating and jabbering in axents as strange to us as Jupiter talk would be. Some of the boats wuz queer lookin'; they are called dugouts, and have

outriggers for the crew to set on. They carry fruit and provision to the steamers in the bay, and take passengers to and fro.

Bein' took by one to terry firmy, we soon made our way through the chatterin' strange lookin' crowd of every color and costoom to a tarven where we obtained food and needed rest, and the next mornin' we sallied out some as we would if we had jest landed on the shores of another planet to explore a new world.

We walked through the streets by big gardens that seemed jest ablaze with color and swoonin' with perfume. The low white houses wuz banked up with drifts of blossom and verdure as the Jonesville houses wuz with snow drifts on a winter day. Sweet voiced birds in gayest plumage swung and soared aloft instead of the ice-suckles that hung from the eaves of Jonesville houses. And instead of Ury clad in a buffalo coat and striped wool mittens walking with icy whiskers and frost-bitten ears to break the ice in the creek, wuz the gay crowd of men, wimmen and children dressed in all the rich colors of the rainbow, if they wuz dressed at all. Solid purple, yellow, green, burnin' colors palpitating with light and cheer under the warm breezes and glowin' sunshine.

Sometimes the children wuz in jest the state that Adam and Eve wuz when they wuz finished off and pronounced good. Sometimes a string and a red rag comprised their toilette, but they all seemed a part of the strange picture, the queer, mysterious, onknown Orient. The gorgeous colorin' of the men's apparel struck Josiah to the heart agin; he vowed that he would show Jonesville the way for men to dress if he ever got home agin. Sez he, "I will show Deacon Henzy and Uncle Sime Bentley that a man can wear sunthin' besides that everlastin' black or gray." Sez he:

"I can dress gay with small expense; I can take one of your white woolen sheets and color it with diamond dye a bright red or a green or yeller at a outlay of ten cents per sheet, and one of my bandannas will make a crackin' good turban. Let me walk into the Jonesville meetin' house with that gorgeous drapery wropped round me, why I should be the lion of the day."

"Yes," sez I, "you would break up the congregation as quick as a real lion would."

"Well, I'll tell you, Samantha, there is beauty in such a costoom that our sombry coats and pantaloons and vests can't come nigh to."

I spoze Ceylon is the most beautiful place in the world, such glow and richness of color, such aboundin' life in the verdure, in the animal and vegetable kingdom. No wonder so many think it wuz the original Garden of Eden; no shovelin' snow for Adam or bankin' up fruits and vegetables for winter's use. No, he could step out barefoot in the warm velvety grass in December, and pick oranges and gather sweet potatoes and cucumbers, and strawberries if Eve took it into her head she wanted a shortcake pie. And little Cain could cut up cane literally, and every way, in January, and Abel pile flowers and fruit on his altar all the year round. But I wonder which of their descendants built these immense magnificent cities layin' fur below forests and billows of turf and flowers.

I wonder how they looked and what language they spoke and what their politics wuz. Arvilly thought they must have been temperance folks. Sez she, "Any city that has reservoirs twenty milds long believed in drinkin' water." We had took a tower to see one of them dug up cities, and sure enough the water reservoir wuz twenty milds long; jest think from that what the size of the hull city must have been, when their waterin' trough, as you may say, wuz as long as America's biggest city. Stately stairways, up which twenty carriages big as our democrat could pass side by side if horses could climb stairs.

A row of tall pillers, ten milds in length, line the roads to some of them cities, and I sez:

"Oh, good land! How I wish I could be a mouse in the wall and see who and what passed over them roads, and why, and when, and where."

And Josiah sez, "Why don't you say you wish you wuz a elephant and could look on? your simely would seem sounder."

And I sez, "Mebby so, for hull rows of carved marble elephants stand along them broad roads; I guess they worshipped 'em."

And he sez, "I wuz alludin' to size."

Robert Strong looked ruther sad as we looked on them ruins buried so deep by the shovel of time. But I sez to him in a low voice:

"There is no danger of the city you're a-rarin' up ever bein' engulfed and lost, for justice and mercy and love shine jest as bright to-day as when the

earth was called out of chaos. Love is eternal, immortal, and though worlds reel and skies fall, what is immortal cannot perish."

He looked real grateful at me; he sets store by me.

Everywhere, as you walk through the streets, you are importuned to buy sunthin'; some of the finest jewels in the world are bought here. The merchants are dretful polite, bowin' and smilin', their hair combed back slick and fastened up with shell combs. They wear white, short pantaloons and long frocks of colored silk, open in front over a red waistcoat; sometimes they are bare-footed with rings on their toes; they wear rings in their nose and sometimes two on each ear, at the top and bottom.

Josiah studied their costoom with happy interest, but a deep shade of anxiety darkened his mean as they would spread out their wares before me, and he sez with a axent of tender interest:

"If you knew, Samantha, how much more beautiful you looked to me in your cameo pin you would never think of appearin' in diamonds and rubies."

I sez, "I guess I won't buy any nose-rings, Josiah, my nose is pretty big anyway."

"Yes," he interrupted me eagerly, "they wouldn't be becomin', Samantha, and be in the way eatin' sweet corn on the ear and such."

There are lots of men carryin' round serpents, and I sez to Josiah, "Who under the sun would want to buy a snake unless they wuz crazy?"

"Yes," said Josiah, "Eve made a big mistake listenin' to that serpent; there probable wuzn't but one then, and that's the way they have jest overrun the garden, her payin' attention and listenin' to it. Females can't seem to look ahead."

And I sez, "Why didn't Adam do as you always do, Josiah, ketch up a stick and put an end to it?" I always holler to Josiah if I see a snake and he makes way with it.

But such talk is onprofitable. But Josiah hadn't a doubt but this was the Garden of Eden and talked fluent about it.

One odd thing here in Ceylon is that foxes have wings and can fly. Josiah wanted to get one the worse way; he said that he would willin'ly carry it home in his arms for the sake of havin' it fly round over Jonesville, and sez

he, “They are so smart, Samantha, they will git drunk jest as naterally as men do, they would feel to home in America.” And they say they do steal palm wine out of bowls set to ketch it by the natives and are found under the trees too drunk to git home, not havin’ wives or children willin’ to lead ’em home, I spoze, or accomidatin’ policemen.

But I sez, “Don’t you try to git the animals in America to drinkin’, Josiah Allen.” Sez I, “I should be mortified to death to see the old mair or Snip staggerin’ round as men do, lookin’ maudlin and silly; I should despise the idee of lowerin’ the animals down to that state.”

“Well, well, I don’t spoze I can git one of these foxes anyway, though I might,” sez he dreamily, “git one real drunk and carry it.” But I guess he’ll gin it up.

The jungles all round us wuz, I spoze, filled with wild animals. Elephants, tigers and serpents, big and little, besides monkeys and more harmless ones. The snake charmers did dretful strange things with ’em, but I didn’t look on. I always said that if snakes would let me alone, I would let them alone. But they brought all sorts of things to sell: embroideries of all kinds, carved ivory, tortoise shell and all kinds of jewels. Paris and London gits some of their finest jewels here.

Men and wimmen are all bejewelled from head to foot, children up to ten years of age are almost always naked, but wearin’ bracelets, anklets and silver belts round their little brown bodies, sometimes with bells attached. Some of the poorer natives chew beetle nuts which make their teeth look some like an old tobacco chewer’s. They eat in common out of a large bowl and I spoze they don’t use napkins or finger bowls. But unlike the poor in our frozen winter cities, as Arvilly said, there is little danger of their starving; warm they will be from year’s end to year’s end, and the bread tree and cocoanut palm supply food, and the traveller’s palm supplies a cool, delicious drink. There is one palm tree here—the talipot—that blooms when about forty years old with a loud noise and immegiately dies. Arvilly said that they made her think of some political candidates.

Dorothy and Robert Strong and Miss Meechim wanted to go to Kandy, the capital of Ceylon, only seventy milds away, to see the tooth of Boodha. Miss Meechim said she wanted to weep over it. She is kinder romantic in spots,

and Josiah hearn her and said, soty vosey, to me, “You won’t ketch me weepin’ over any tooth unless it is achin’ like the Old Harry.”

But I kinder wanted to see the tooth. I had hearn Thomas J. read a good deal about Prince Siddartha, Lord Buddha, and how he wuz “right gentle, though so wise, princely of mean, yet softly mannered, modest, deferent and tender hearted, though of fearless blood,” and how he renounced throne and wealth and love for his people, to “seek deliverance and the unknown light.”

I had always pictured him as looking more beautiful than any other mortal man, but of this more anon.

Josiah and Arvilly concluded to go too; it wuz only a four hours’ ride. We passed coffee plantations, immense gardens and forests full of ebony trees, the strange banion tree that seems to walk off all round itself and plant its great feet solidly in the earth, and then step off agin, makin’ a hull forest of itself, and satin wood trees, and India rubber, bamboo, balsam, bread fruit, pepper and cinchony or quinine bushes, tea and rice plantations. Our road led up the mountain side and anon the city of Kandy could be seen sot down in a sort of a valley on the mountain. We had our dinner at the Queen’s Hotel, and from there sallied out to see the sights. Not fur from the hotel wuz a artificial lake three milds round, built by some king. His very name is forgotten, whilst the water of this little lake he dug out splashes up on the shore jest as fresh as ever. All round the lake is a beautiful driveway, where all sorts of vehicles wuz seen. Big barouches full of English people, down to a little two-wheeled cart drawed by one ox. Crowds of people, jewels, bright color, anon a poor woman carrying her baby astride her hip, men, wimmen, children, a brilliant, movin’ panorama.

The tooth of Buddha is kep’ in a temple called Maligawa, or Temple of the Tooth, and I laid out to have a considerable number of emotions as I stood before it. But imagine a tooth bigger than a hull tooth brush! What kind of a mouth must Lord Buddha have had if that wuz a sample of his teeth? Why, his mouth, at the least calculation, must have been as big as a ten-quart pan! Where wuz the beauty and charm of that countenance—that mouth that had spoke such wise words?

I don’t believe it wuz his tooth. I hain’t no idee it wuz. No human bein’ ever had a mouth big enough to hold thirty odd monsters like that, let alone this noble prince, “with godlike face and eyes enwrapped, lost in care for them

he knew not, save as fellow lives." There is a mistake somewhere. There wuz lots of natives round worshippin' it. But I felt that if Prince Siddartha could speak out of Nirvana he would say:

"Don't worship that tooth, Josiah Allen's wife; it hain't mine nor never wuz; but worship the principles of love and compassion and self-sacrifice I tried to teach to my people." And almost instinctively I sez, "I will, Prince Siddartha, I will."

And Josiah sez: "What say, Samantha?" And I sez:

"Let's go out, Josiah, and see the sacred tree, Bo, that they worship."

"I'll go," sez Josiah, "but you won't git me to worship no tree, I can tell you that. I've cleared off too many acres and chopped and sawed too much cord wood to worship a tree."

"Did I ask you to, Josiah?" sez I. "It would break my heart to see you bend your knee to any idol. But this is the oldest tree in the world; it is over two thousand years old."

"Wall, it ort to be cut down, Samantha, if it is that age; it is seasoned and would make crackin' good lumber."

Oh, how oncongenial Josiah Allen is by spells; he seemed to be quite a distance off from me as he made them remarks. But Robert Strong and Dorothy shared my feelin's of reverence for a tree whose mighty branches might have shaded the head of our Lord and whose leaves might have rustled with the wind that swept the brow of Napoleon and Cæsar and Pharo for all I knew. There wuz some natives burnin' camphor flowers before it and some on 'em had hung up little lamps in its branches. They say that one hundred thousand pilgrims visit it each year. Well, we driv round some, seein' all the strange, picturesque sights; past tea plantations and a tea factory, the botanical gardens where we driv milds through its beautiful tree shaded avenoos; there are twenty-five thousand kinds of plants here in this garden; some say it is the finest collection in the world. And we driv past some of the native dwellings, and some beautiful villas where Europeans live durin' the warm season, past the library, a beautiful building standing on pillars on the shores of the lake, and by the Governor's palace, handsome enough for any king and queen, and we got back to Colombo middlin' late and tired out. But as tired as Josiah wuz he talked considerable to me about

“Bud,” as familiar as if he wuz well acquainted with him, but I sez, “You mean B-u-d-d-h, Josiah.” But I thought to myself as the Chinese have five thousand different names for him one more wouldn’t neither make nor break him.

Well, the next day we embarked for Calcutta. Our steamer stopped two milds off from Madras. The wind was so high we couldn’t get any nearer. None of our party went ashore but Robert Strong. He wuz tied into an arm-chair and swung off by ropes down into a little boat that wuz dashin’ up and down fur below.

I wouldn’t done it fur a dollar bill. The surf boats are deep, made of bark and bamboo, shaped some like our Indian canoes. But no matter how much the winds blew or the boats rocked, lots of native peddlers come aboard to sell jewelry, fans, dress stuffs; and snake charmers come, and fakirs, doin’ their strange tricks, that I d’no how they do, nor Josiah don’t.

Madras has more than half a million inhabitants, and it looked well from the steamer: handsome villas, beautiful tropical trees, and hull forests of cactus ablaze with their gorgeous blossoms. It bein’ Sunday whilst on our way from Madras to Calcutta the captain read service, and afterwards made his Sunday inspection of the crew. The sailors and cooks wuz Hindus, the stewards English and Scotch. The crew had on short white trousers, long white jackets and white caps, all on ’em wuz barefooted.

We sailed acrost the Bay of Bengal, where I spoze Bengal tigers wuz hidin’ in the adjacent jungles, though we didn’t meet any and didn’t want to. And so on to the Hoogly River; one of the mouths of the Ganges, and on to Calcutta.

Calcutta is over four thousand milds from Hongkong. And oh, my heart! how fur! how fur from Jonesville. Most fourteen thousand milds from our own vine and apple trees and the children. It made my head turn round so that I tried to furgit it.

CHAPTER XXI

As we approached Calcutta we seemed to be travellin' through big gardens more beautiful than our own country can boast of; rich, strange, tropical trees and shrubs and flowers grew luxuriant around the pleasant villas. The English district with its white two-story houses made me think some of an American village. We went to the Great Eastern Hotel, right opposite the gardens of the Viceroy's palace.

We had pleasant rooms that would have been pretty hot, but great fans are swung up in our room and the hired help swing 'em by a rope that goes out into the hall. It beats all how much help there is here, the halls seemed full on 'em, but what would our hired help say if we made 'em dress like these Hindus? They wear short pantaloons that don't come down to their knees and then they wind a long strip of white cloth round their thighs and fasten it round their waist, leavin' their right shoulder and arm bare naked. An American family of four livin' in Calcutta have thirty servants, ten of 'em pullin' at these punkeys or fans. They don't eat in the house of their employer; but in a cabin outside.

There is a long, beautiful street called The Strand, shaded by banyan and palm trees; on one side on't is the park so lovely that it is called the Garden of Eden, full of beautiful trees, shrubs and flowers, pagodas, little temples and shrines. Josiah and I and Tommy went there in the evenin' and hearn beautiful music. Josiah wanted to ride in a palanquin. It is a long black box and looks some like a hearse. I hated to see him get in, it made me forebode. But he enjoyed his ride, and afterwards I sot off in one, Josiah in one also nigh by with Tommy. One side of it comes off so you can git in and set on a high cushion and read or knit. I took my knittin' and most knit one of Josiah's heels whilst I rid by palaces and elephants and camels and fakirs and palm trees. Oh, Jonesville yarn! you never expected to be knit amid seens like this. I can knit and admire scenery first rate, and my blue and white yarn seemed to connect me with Jonesville in some occult way, and then I knew Josiah would need his socks before we got home.

Seein' that the other ladies did so I had throwed my braize veil gracefully over my head instead of my bunnet. The natives are as fond of jewels here as they are in Ceylon. Women with not a rag on down to their waists will have four or five chains on, and bangles on their naked arms. They spend all their earnin's on these ornaments and wear 'em day and night. Well, seein' they don't have any other clothes hardly, mebby it is best for 'em to keep holt on 'em.

We went by some wimmen preparin' manure for fuel; it wuz made into lumps and dried. The wimmen wuz workin' away all covered with chains and bangles and rings; Josiah looked on 'em engaged in that menial and onwelcome occupation, and sez he:

"To see wimmen to work in the barnyard, Samantha, has put a new idee into my head."

I never asked him what it wuz, but spozed it had reference to Philury and mebby me, but I shall never go into that work, never.

One day we went to the American mission school and see the native children settin' flat on the floor. Josiah wuz awful worked up to see 'em settin' down in such a oncomfortable posture, and he said to me that if he had some tools and lumber he would make 'em some seats. But that is their way of settin' to study their lessons.

Among 'em wuz a little girl with a red spot on her forward, indicatin' that she wuz married, but don't spoze that she had gone to keepin' house yet. Girls are married sometimes at six or seven, but their husbands don't claim 'em till they're ten or twelve. Good land! they're nothin' but babies then; I used to hold Tirzah Ann on my lap at that age. Widders never marry again, and are doomed to a wretched life of degradation and slavery; I guess that is the reason why some on 'em had ruther be burnt up with their relics than to live on to suffer so. How much they need the religion of love and mercy our Saviour come to teach! Our missionaries are doin' a blessed work, literally loosin' the chains of the captives, and settin' at liberty them that are bound.

One evenin' we met a bridal procession, the groom was ridin' in a peacock-shaped gilt chariot drawed by four horses, accompanied by a band of music; a big crowd of friends follered him, and coolies bearing torches; it seemed as if he wanted to show himself off all he could. When they got to the house of the bride, they took her in a closed palanquin and meached away to the

house of the groom. As in some other countries, females play a minor part in the tune of life; wimmen and children can't eat at the table with their husband and father, and he sets to the table and she sets down on the floor.

Miss Meechim exclaimed loudly about the awful position of wimmen here, but Arvilly told her that "though wimmen at home had crep' up a little so she could set to the table and pour the tea, yet at banquets of honor she wuz never seen and at the political table, where men proudly sot and partook, wimmen still sot on the floor and couldn't git a bite."

Miss Meechim didn't dain a reply, but turned her talk onto the dretful idee of widders bein' burnt with their dead husbands. The English won't allow it where they can help it, but it is still practised in way back regions, and Arvilly said that she believed that some American widders, who had had their property took from them by the family of the deceased and had their unborn children willed away from 'em by law, suffered enough sight more than they would if they had burnt themselves up with their relics; to say nothin' of widders bein' burnt up twice in America, first through their own fiery agony, and then seein' their children sot fire to by whiskey dealt to 'em by the will of the rulers of the land.

Arvilly always would have the last word. Miss Meechim kinder snorted and tosted her head and held in.

I spoze it wuz partly on Robert Strong's account, he bein' high connected and rich, that we wuz all invited to a garden party gin by Mr. and Miss Curzon, she that wuz Miss Leiter, who used to be one of our neighbors, as you may say, out in Chicago, U.S. And then I spoze that it wuz partly on my account, they'd hearn of me, without any doubt, and craved a augience. Josiah thought that it wuz on his account that we wuz invited; he thinks he is a ornament to any festive throng.

But 'tennyrate invited we wuz, and go we did, the hull caboodle on us, all but Tommy, who stayed to home with the good English maid that Miss Meechim had hired to take Aronette's place, but never, never to fill it.

Oh, Aronette! sweet girl! where are you? Where are you? So my heart called out time and time agin; sometimes in the dead of night on my wakeful pillow, and anon when I wuz lookin' for her in places that I didn't want to find her. So did Dorothy's heart call out to her. I knew she wuz lookin' for her always, seekin' her with sad eyes full of tears, looking, longing for the

playmate of her childhood, the loving, gentle helper and companion of her youth.

Miss Meechim didn't speak of her so often as she thought of her, I believe; but she grew thin after her loss, and when grief for a person ploughs away your flesh you can call yourself a mourner. She lost five pounds and a half in less than a month; next to Dorothy she loved her.

We wuz all invited to a garden party, gin by Mr. and Miss Curzon.—Page 240.

Arvilly openly and often bewailed the loss of the one she loved next to 241
Waitstill Webb; I wuzn't anywhere in Arvilly's affections to what she wuz, though she sets store by me, and Tommy cried himself to sleep many a night talking about her, and wonnerin' where she wuz, and if somebody wuz abusin' her, or if she wuz to the bottom of the ocean. Why, he would rack my mind and pierce my heart so I would have to give him candy to get his mind

off; I used pounds in that way, though I knew it wuz hurtful, but didn't know what to do.

We often thought and spoke of poor Lucia, too, and that poor broken-hearted father who wuz searching through the world for her and would never stop his mournful search till he found her, or till death found him, but our hearts didn't ache for her as they did for the loss of our own.

Martha wuz a kind, good girl, but she wuzn't Aronette, our dear one, our lost one. She wuz jest a helper doin' her work and earnin' her wages, that wuz all, but she was good natured and offered to look after Tommy, and we all went to the Viceroy's reception and garden party and had a real good time.

The palace of the Viceroy is a beautiful structure. It is only two stories high, but each story full and running over with beauty. I d'no but the widder Albert's house goes ahead of this, but it don't seem as if it could, it don't seem as if Solomon's or the Queen of Sheba's could look any better. Though of course I never neighbored with Miss Sheba, bein' considerable younger than she, and never got round to visit the widder Albert, though I always wanted to, and spoze I disappointed her that year when I wuz in London, and kep' by business and P. Martin Smythe from visitin' her.

Miss Curzon is a real handsome woman, and always wuz when she was a neighborin' girl, as you may say, in Chicago, but the high position she's in now has gin nobility to her mean, and the mantilly of dignity she wears sets well on her.

She seemed real glad to see me; she had hearn on me, so she said, and she said she had laughed some when she read my books, and had cried too, and I sez, "I hope you didn't cry because you felt obleeged to read 'em, or somebody made you."

And she sez, "No," and she went on furder to say how they had soothed the trials of a relative, aged ninety, and had been a stay and solace to one of her pa's great aunts.

And a bystander standin' by come up and introduced himself and said how much my books had done for some relations of his mother-in-law who had read 'em in Sing Sing and the Tombs. And after considerable such interestin' and agreeable conversation Miss Curzon branched off and asked me if there wuz any new news at home.

And I sez, “No; things are goin’ in the same old way. Your pa’s folks are in good health so fur as I know, and the rest of the four hundred are so as to git about, for I hear on ’em to horse shows and huntin’ foxes acrost the country and playin’ tee or tee he.”

She said, “Yes, golf wuz gettin’ to be very popular in America.” And I went on with what little news I could about the most important folks. Sez I:

“Mr. and Miss Roosvelt are well, and well thought on. He is a manly man and a gentle gentleman. The sample of goodness, loyalty and common sense they are workin’ out there in the White House ort to be copied by all married men and their wives. If they did the divorce lawyers would starve to death—or go into some other business.

“I set store by ’em both. Theodore tries to quell the big monopolies and look out for the people. I’ve advised him and he has follered my advice more or less. But you can’t do everything in a minute, and the political bosses and the Liquor Power are rulin’ things about the same as ever. Big trusts are flourishin’, Capital covered with gold and diamonds is settin’ on the bent back of Labor, drivin’ the poor critter where they want to, and the Man with the Hoe is hoein’ away jest as usual and don’t get the pay for it he’d ort to.” And here Arvilly broke in (she had been introduced), and sez she, “Uncle Sam is girdin’ up his lions and stands with a chip on his shoulder ready to step up and take a round with any little republic that don’t want to be benevolently assimilated.”

But I spoke right up, and sez, “He is a good-hearted creeter, Uncle Sam is, but needs a adviser time and agin, and not bein’ willin’ to let wimmen have a word to say, I d’no what will become on him; bime-by mebby he’ll see that he had better hearn to me.”

Jest then we hearn a bystander standin’ nigh by us talkin’ about the last news from Russia, and I sez to Miss Curzon, “It is too bad about the war, hain’t it?” And she sez, “Yes indeed!” She felt dretful about it, I could see, and I sez, “So do I. You and I can’t stop it, Miss Curzon; a few ambitious or quarrelsome or greedy politicians will make a war and then wimmen have to stand it. There hain’t nothin’ right in it, seein’ they are half of the world, and men couldn’t have got into the world at all if it hadn’t been for wimmen, and then when wimmen has got ’em here, and took care on ’em till they can run alone, then they go to bossin’ her round the first thing and makin’ her no end

of trouble, makin' wars and things." And she said she felt jest so, too. "But," sez I, "excuse me for introducin' personal and political matters on festive boards" (we wuz standin' on a kind of a platform built up on the green and velvety grass). Sez I, "I am real glad to see you lookin' so well, and your companion, too." She did look handsome as a picter, and handsomer enough sight than some, chromos and such. And seein' that she had so many to talk to, I withdrawed myself, but as I kinder backed myself off I backed right into Arvilly, who wuz takin' out the "Twin Crimes" out of her work-bag, and I sez, "Arvilly, you shall not canvass Miss Curzon to-night."

And she sez, "I'd like to see you stop me, Josiah Allen's wife, if I set out to do anything." She looked real beligerent. But I got her into a corner and appealed to her shiverly and pity, and finally I got her to put her book up in her work-bag. Arvilly is good-hearted if you know how to manage her. I knew Miss Curzon would be tired enough to drop down before we all got away, without being canvassed, if she has got two hundred hired help in the house.

Well, we roamed along through the beautiful walks, sweet with perfume and balmy with flowers, brilliant with innumerable lights, and thronged with a gaily dressed crowd and the air throbbing with entrancing strains of music.

Robert Strong looked noble and handsome that night; I wuz proud to think he belonged to our party. He didn't need uniforms and ribbons and stars and orders to proclaim his nobility, no more than his City of Justice needed steeples. It shone out of his liniment so everybody could see it. It seemed that he and Mr. Curzon wuz old friends; they talked together like brothers.

Dorothy wuz as sweet as a posy in her pretty pink frock, trimmed with white rosies, and her big, white picture hat—the prettiest girl there, I thought; and I believe Robert thought so, too—he acted as if he did. And Miss Meechim wuz in her element. The halls of the noble and gay wuz where her feet loved to linger. And she seemed to look up to me more than ever after she see my long interview with Lady Curzon, as she called her.

Josiah and I returned to our tarven, but the rest of the party wanted to stay some later. We wanted dretfully to go to Benares, and on to Agra so's to see that wonderful monument to Wedded Love—the Taj Mahal—I spoze the most beautiful building in the hull world; and certainly it is rared up to as

noble a sentiment; and its being a kind of rareity, too, made me want to see it the worst kind.

But we had loitered so on our travels that we had to hurry up a little in order to arrive at the Paris Exposition the Fourth of July—United States day. I felt that I couldn't bear to git there any later and keep France a-waitin' for us, a-worryin' for fear we wouldn't git there at all, so we went post-haste from Calcutta to Bombay and from there to Cairo and on to Marseilles; though we laid out to stop long enough in Cairo to take a tower in Jerusalem. Holy Land, wuz I, indeed, to see thee?

We wuz considerable tired when we got to Bombay. The railroads in Injy are not like the Empire Express; though, as we drew near Bombay, the scenery wuz grand; some like our own Sierra Nevada's.

Only a few milds back from the railroad, tigers, panthers and all sorts of fierce animals wuz to home to callers, but we didn't try to visit 'em. At some places the trees along the road wuz full of monkeys, chatterin' and talkin' in their own language which they understood, so I spoze; and there wuz the most beautiful birds I ever saw. The climate wuz delightful, some like June days in dear Jonesville.

Bombay is on an island, with many bridges connecting it to the mainland. We went to a tarven close to Bombay Bay; the wide verandas full of flowers and singin' birds made it pleasant. We got good things to eat here; oh, how Josiah enjoyed the good roast beef and eggs and bread, most as good as Jonesville bread. Though it seemed kinder queer to me, and I don't think Miss Meechim and Arvilly enjoyed it at all to have our chamber work done by barelegged men.

I told Josiah that I didn't know but I ort to have a Ayah or maid whilst I wuz there, and he said with considerable justice that he guessed he could ayah me all that wuz necessary.

And so he could, I didn't need no other chaperone. But the Bombay ladies never stir out without their Ayah, and ladies don't go out in the streets much anyway.

The market here in Bombay wuz the finest I ever see; it has a beautiful flower garden and park attached to it, and little rills of clear water run through the stun gutters. Tropical fruit and vegetables of all kinds wuz to be

seen here. The native market wimmen didn't have on any clothes hardly, but made it up in jewelry. Some on 'em weighin' out beef to customers would have five or six long gold chains hanging down to their waist. Bombay has a population of about a million, a good many English, some Hindus, Persians, Chinese, Siamese, Turks, and about one-tenth are Parsees, sun-worshippers. They are many of them wealthy and live in beautiful villas a little out of the city; they are very intelligent and firm friends of the English.

The Parsees dress in very rich silks and satin, the men in pantaloons of red or orange and long frocks of gorgeous colored silk; they wear high-pinted black caps, gold chains and rings and look dretful dressy.

Josiah loved their looks dearly, and he sez dreamily, "What a show such a costoom would make in Jonesville; no circus ever went through there that would attract so much attention," and he added, "their idees about the sun hain't so fur out of the way. The sun duz give all the heat and light we have, and it is better to worship that than snakes and bulls."

My land! had that man a idee of becomin' a Parsee? I sez, "Josiah Allen, be you a Methodist deacon, or be you not? Are you a-backslidin' or hain't you?" Sez I, "You had better ask the help of him who made the sun and the earth to keep you from wobblin'."

He wuz real huffy and sez, "Well, I say it, and stick to it, that it is better to worship the sun than it is to worship snakes," and come to think it over, I didn't know but it wuz.

The Parsees live together in big families of relations, sometimes fifty.

They do not bury their dead, but put 'em up in high towers, called Towers of Silence. And I believe my soul that I'd ruther be put up in the sky than down in the mouldy earth.

Jest a little way from this Tower of Silence is the spot where the Brahmans burn their dead; there are so many that the fires are kep' burnin' all the time. And a little ways off is the place where the English bury their dead.

And I d'no but one way is as good as another. The pale shadder of the real tower of silence has fell on 'em all and silenced 'em. It don't make much difference what becomes of the husk that is wropped round the wheat. The freed soul soarin' off to its own place wouldn't care what become of the wornout garment it dropped in its flight.

But to resoom: We all went out for a drive through the streets; Josiah and I and Arvilly and little Tommy in a little two-wheeled cart settin' facin' each other drawed by two buffalo cows. Robert and Dorothy and Miss Meechim occupied another jest ahead on us. The driver sot on the tongue of the wagon, and would pull their tails instead of whippin' 'em when he wanted 'em to go faster. The cows' ears wuz all trimmed off with bells and gay streamers of cotton cloth, and their tails had big red bows on 'em, and Josiah whispered to me:

"You see, Samantha, if I don't get some ear and tail trimmin' for old Brindle and Lineback when I git home; our cows are goin' to have some advantage of our tower if they couldn't travel with us. And," sez he, "what a show we could make, Samantha, ridin' in to meetin' behind 'em; bells a-jinglin' and ribbins a-flyin', I dressed in a long silk frock and you all covered with jewelry."

"Well," sez I (wantin' to break up the idee to once), "if we do that, I must be buyin' some jewelry right away."

"Oh, Samantha," sez he anxiously, "can't you take a joke? I wouldn't drive anything but the old mair for love or money. And your cameo pin is so beautiful and so becoming to you."

We went by a good many Parsees in that drive, and Arvilly sez, "They look so rich somehow, I believe I shall try to canvass some on 'em." And that afternoon about sundown she seein' one on 'em goin' into a little garden she follered him in; he wuz dressed in such a gorgeous way that she wuz almost sure of a customer, but jest as she wuz gettin' the "Twin Crimes" out of her work-bag, he took off his outer frock, lain it down on the ground and knelt down, facin' the sunset, and sprinkled his head, breast and hands three times from a little dish he had with him, and then begun to pray and kep' up his devotions for half an hour, and Arvilly of course not wantin' to break up a meetin' put her book into her work-bag and went away. I kinder like the idee of their worshippin' under the blue dome of heaven, though of course I didn't like their idee of worshippin' the created instead of the Creator. In travellin' through these countries more and more every day did I feel to thank the Lord that I wuz a member of the M. E. meetin' house in Jonesville, U. S., a humble follower of him who went about doing good, but I didn't feel like goin' on as Miss Meechim did. How she did look down on the Parsees and compared 'em to the Piscopals to their immense disadvantage.

But Arvilly, the iconoclast, sez, “These Parsees boast that there is not a pauper or woman of bad character in the hull of their sect, and I wonder if any other religious sect in America could say as much as that, Miss Meechim?”

Miss Meechim turned her head away and sniffed some; she hates to enter into a argument with Arvilly, but she wuz gittin’ real worked up and I don’t know how it would have ended, but I spoke right up and quoted some Bible to ’em, thinkin’ mebby that it might avert a storm.

Sez I, “Charity vaunteth not itself. Charity thinketh no evil, suffereth long and is kind.”

I meant both on ’em to take it, and I meant to take some on’t myself. I knowed that I wuz sometimes a little hash with my beloved pardner. But a woman, if she don’t want to be run over has to work every way to keep a man’s naterel overbeariness quelled down. I worship him and he knows it, and if I didn’t use headwork he would take advantage of that worship and tromple on me.

But though Arvilly didn’t canvass the Parsee, she sold several copies of the “Twin Crimes” to English residents who seemed to hail the idee of meeting a Yankee book-agent in the Orient with gladness.

CHAPTER XXII

Dorothy and Miss Meechim and Robert Strong went over to an island on the bay to see the caves of Elephanta, the great underground temple, one hall of which is one hundred and fifty feet long, the lofty ceilin' supported by immense columns, and three smaller halls, the walls of all on 'em richly sculptured.

Whose hands made them statutes? I don't know nor Josiah don't and I guess nobody duz. There wuz a thoughtful look on Dorothy's sweet face when she came home, and Robert Strong too seemed walkin' in a reverie, but Miss Meechim wuz as pert as ever; it takes more than a cave to dant her.

One place in Bombay I liked first rate, a hospital for dumb animals, it is kep' by a sect called the Jains. Sick animals of all kinds are cared for: horses, cows, dogs, cats, rats and I spoze any ailin' creeter from a mouse up to a elephant is nursed with tender care.

Sez Josiah, "No matter what her creed is, Samantha, that Jane is a good creeter and is doin' a great work, I would send the old mair here in a minute if she wuz took with consumption or janders or anythin', if it wuzn't so fur, and I'd tell Jane jest how much I thought on her for her goodness."

Sez I, "Josiah, it is a sect, not a female."

But he wouldn't gin in and talks about Jane a sight now when he recalls about the horrers of vivisection or when he sees animals abused and horses driv too hard and overloaded—he always sez:

"I would like to have Jane see that, I guess Jane would put a stop to that pretty lively."

Well, it shows Josiah's good heart.

The Hindus have several temples in Bombay. One of the great days is the Festival of the Serpents. Snake charmers bring to this place the deadly snakes which are then fed to propitiate them, by the priests, I spoze.

Oh, how Miss Meechim went on about the idee of worshippin' snakes, and it wuz perfectly dretful to me too, I must confess. But Arvilly always puttin' her oar in and always hash on our govermunt, sez:

"Why, what is this different from what we do in America?"

Miss Meechim's eyes snapped, she wuz madder than a wet hen, but Arvilly went on, "Every 'lection time hain't the great serpent of the liquor power fed and pampered by the law-makers of our country?"

Miss Meechim didn't reply; I guess she dassent, and I didn't say anything, and Arvilly went on:

"Our serpent worship is as bad agin as these Hindus', for after their snakes are fed and worshipped they shet 'em up agin so they can't do any harm. But after lawmakers propitiate the serpent with money and influence, they let it loose to wreathe round the bright young lives and noble manhood and crunch and destroy 'em in its deadly folds, leavin' the slime of agony and death in its tracks all over our country from North to South, East to West. It don't look well after all this for an American to act horrified at feedin' a snake a little milk and shettin' it up in a box." She wuz fairly shakin' with indignation, and Miss Meechim dast as well die as dispute her agin. And I didn't say a word to harrer her up any more, for I knew well what she had went through.

We only stayed a few days in Bombay, and then took the steamer and went straight acrost the Arabian Sea, stopping at Aden for a little while, and then up the Red Sea; on one side on us, Arabia, and on the other, Africa.

Aden, where we stopped for a short time, is a dreary lookin' little place with seventy or eighty thousand natives livin' a little back from the shore, while the few English people there live near the coast. Beautiful ostrich feathers are obtained there from the many ostrich farmers living near, as well as the Mocha coffee, which made over a Jonesville stove by a Jonesville woman has so often cheered the heart and put to flight the worrisome passions of a Josiah. But in most of these tropical countries, where you'd think you could git the best, I didn't find coffee half so good as I made it myself, though mebby I ortn't to say it.

We saw some wonderful jugglers here. They will draw out great bunches of natural flowers from most anywhere that you wouldn't expect 'em to be, and

call birds down or out of some place onseen by us; mebby they come from the mysterious gardens of a Carabi's home, and those great bunches of roses, I d'no from what invisible rose bushes they wuz picked; mebby they growed up tall and stately on either side of the Ether avenues that surround us on every side. Mebby Carabi lives right under the shade of some on 'em, but 'tennyrate some of these flowers they made out of nothin' I took right into my hands, great, soft, dewy roses, with seemin'ly the same dew and perfume on 'em they have when picked in our earthly gardens. And we saw some wonderful divers there; they did such strange things that it wuz fairly skairful to see 'em. If you would throw a small coin down into the water, they would dive way down, down with both hands full of balls and bring up the coin in their teeth, showing that they picked it up offen the bottom without touching their hands to it. Good land! I couldn't do it to save my life in our cistern or wash bowl, let alone the deep, deep sea.

As we entered the Red Sea we passed through the narrer channel called The Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, Gate of Tears, named so on account of the many axidents that have happened there. But we got through safely and sailed on towards Suez.

So we went on past the coasts of Abyssinia, Nubia. Fur off we see Mount Sineii, sacred mount, where the Law wuz given to Moses.

Oh, my soul, think on't! To see the very spot where Moses stood and talked to the Almighty face to face. It is only three hundred milds from Suez.

We sailed directly over the place where the Israelites passed over dry shod whilst their enemies, the Egyptians, wuz overwhelmed by the waters. The persecuted triumphant and walkin' a-foot into safety, while Tyranny and Oppression wuz drownded.

I wish them waters wuz swashin' up to-day and closin' in on the Oppressor, not to drownd 'em, mebby, but to give 'em a pretty good duckin'. But I spoze the walls of water like as not is risin' on each side on 'em onbeknown to them, and when the time comes, when the bugle sounds, they will rush in and overwhelm the armies of Greed and Tyranny and the oppressed. Them that are forced to make brick without straw, or without sand hardly, will be free, and go on rejoicin' into the land of Promise.

But to resoom: It is three thousand milds from Bombay to Suez, but it wuz all safely passed and we found ourselves in Cairo in a most comfortable

hotel, and felt after all our wanderings in fur off lands that we agin breathed the air of civilization almost equal to Jonesville.

We found some letters here from home. I had a letter from Tirzah Ann and one from Thomas Jefferson. His letter wuz full of gratitude to heaven and his ma for his dear little boy's restored strength and health. He and Maggie wuz lookin' and waitin' with eager hearts and open arms to greet us, and the time wuz long to 'em I could see, though he didn't say so.

Tirzah Ann's letter contained strange news of our neighbor, Miss Deacon Sypher. Her devotion to her husband has been told by me more formally, it is worthy the pen of poet and historian. She lived and breathed in the Deacon, marked all her clothes, M. D. S., Miss Deacon Sypher. Her hull atmosphere wuz Deacon, her goal wuz his happiness, her heaven his presence.

Well, a year ago she got hurt on the sidewalk to Jonesville, and the Deacon sued the village and got five hundred dollars for her broken leg. He took the money and went out to the Ohio on a pleasure trip, and to visit some old neighbors. It made talk, for folks said that when she worshipped him so he ort to stayed by her, but he hired she that wuz Betsy Bobbett to stay with her, and he went off on this pleasure trip and had a splendid good time, and with the rest of the money he bought a span of mules. Miss Sypher wuz deadly afraid of 'em. But the Deacon wanted 'em, and so they made her happily agonized, she wuz so afraid of their heels and their brays, and so highly tickled with the Deacon's joy. Well, it turned out queer as a dog, but just after we started on our trip abroad Tirzah said that the Deacon fell and broke his leg in the same place and the same spot on the sidewalk; the Jonesvillians are slack, it wuzn't mended proper. And Miss Sypher thought that she would git some money jest as he did. She didn't think on't for quite a spell, Tirzah writ. She wuz so bound up in the Deacon and never left his side night or day, nor took off her clothes only to wash 'em for two weeks, jest bent over his couch and drowged round waitin' on him, for he wuz dretful notional and hard to git along with. But she loved to be jawed at, dearly, for she said it made her think he would git along, and when he would find fault with her and throw things, she smiled gladly, thinkin' it wuz a good sign.

Well, when he got a little better so she could lay down herself and rest a little, the thought come to her that she would git some money for his broken leg jest as he had for hern. She thought that she would like to buy him a suit of very nice clothes and a gold chain, and build a mule barn for the mules,

but the law wouldn't give Miss Deacon Sypher a cent; the law said that if anything wuz gin it would go to the Deacon's next of kin, a brother who lived way off in the Michigan.

The Deacon owned her bones, but she didn't own the Deacon's!

And I wonnered at it as much as Tommy ever wonnered over anything why her broken limb, and all the emoluments from it, belonged to him, and his broken leg and the proprietary rights in it belonged to a man way out in the Michigan that he hadn't seen for ten years and didn't speke to (owin' to trouble about property), and after Miss Deacon Sypher had worshipped him and waited on him for thirty years like a happy surf.

Well, so it wuz. I said it seemed queer, but Arvilly said that it wuzn't queer at all. She sez: "One of my letters from home to-day had a worse case in it than that." Sez she, "You remember Willie Henzy, Deacon Henzy's grandchild, in Brooklyn. You know how he got run over and killed by a trolley car."

"Yes," sez I, "sweet little creeter; Sister Henzy told me about it with the tears runnin' down her cheeks. They all worshipped that child, he wuz jest as pretty and bright as he could be, and he wuz the only boy amongst all the grandchildren; it is a blow Deacon Henzy will never git over. And his ma went into one faintin' fit after another when he wuz brought home, and will never be a well woman agin, and his pa's hair in three months grew gray as a rat; it 'most killed all on 'em."

"Well," sez Arvilly, "what verdict do you think that fool brought in?"

"What fool?" sez I.

"The law!" sez Arvilly sternly. "The judge brought in a verdict of one dollar damages; it said that children wuzn't wage-earners and therefore they wuzn't worth any more."

I throwed my arms 'round Tommy onbeknown to me, and sez I, "Millions and millions of money wouldn't pay your grandma for you." And Tommy wonnered and wonnered that a little boy's life wuzn't worth more than a dollar.

"Why," sez I, "the law gives twenty dollars for a two-year-old heifer."

"Yes," sez Arvilly, "the law don't reckon Willie Henzy's life worth so much as a yearlin' calf or a dog. But they can do jest as they please; these great

monopolies have spun their golden web round politicians and office-seekers and office-holders and rule the whole country. They can set their own valuation on life and limb, and every dollar they can save in bruised flesh and death and agony, is one more dollar to divide amongst the stockholders."

"Well," sez I, "we mustn't forgit to be megum, Arvilly; we mustn't forgit in our indignation all the good they do carryin' folks from hether to yon for almost nothin'."

"Well, they no need to act more heartless than Nero or King Herod. I don't believe that old Nero himself would done this; I believe he would gin two dollars for Willie Henzy."

And I sez, "I never neighbored with Mr. Nero. But if I could git holt of that judge," sez I, "he would remember it to his dyin' day."

"He wouldn't care for what you said," sez Arvilly; "he got his pay. There hain't any of these big monopolies got any more soul than a stun-boat."

It is only nine hours from Suez to Cairo. How often have I spoke of the great desert of Sarah in hours of Jonesville mirth and sadness, little thinkin' that I should ever cross it in this mortal spear, but we did pass through a corner on't and had a good view of the Suez Canal, about which so much has been said and done. For milds we went through the Valley of the Nile, that great wet nurse of Egypt. The banks on either side on't stand dressed in livin' green. There wuz a good many American and English people at the tarven in Cairo, but no one we knew. In the garden at the side of the tarven wuz a ostrich pen where a number of great ostriches wuz kep', and also several pelicans walked round in another part of the garden.

Tommy and I stood by the winder, very much interested in watchin' the ostriches, and though I hain't covetous or proud, yet I did wish I had one or two of them satiny, curly feathers to trim my best bunnet in Jonesville, they went so fur ahead of any sisters in the meetin' house.

Josiah hadn't see 'em yet; he wuz layin' on the lounge, but he sez: "I don't see why you're so took up with them geese."

"Geese!" sez I; "look here, Josiah Allen"—and I took a cookie I had got for Tommy—"see here; see me feed these geese ten feet from the ground." He could see their heads come up to take it out of my hand.

“Good land!” sez he, “you don’t say they stretch their necks clear up here.” And he jined in our astonishment then and proposed that he should be let down from the winder in a sheet and git me a few feathers. But I rejected the idee to once. I sez: “I’d ruther go featherless for life than to have a pardner commit rapine for ’em.”

And he sez: “If some Egyptian come to Jonesville and wanted a rooster’s tail feather, we wouldn’t say nuthin’ aginst it.”

But I sez: “This is different; this would spile the looks of the ostriches.”

And he said there wuz sunthin’ said in the Bible about “spilin’ the Egyptians.” But I wouldn’t let him wrest the Scripters to his own destruction, and told him I wouldn’t, and then sez I, “I never could enjoy religion settin’ under a stolen feather.”

As you pass through these picturesque streets memories of them that have made this city historic crowd upon your mind. You think of Saladin, Christian, Mameluke and Islamite.

You think of the Bible and you think of the “Arabian Nights,” and you almost expect to see the enchanted carpet layin’ round somewhere, and some one goin’ up to the close shet doors sayin’, “Open sesame.”

And as you stroll along you will hear every language under the sun, or so it seems, and meet English, Italian, French, Bedowins, soldiers, footmen, Turks, Arabs, all dressed in their native costumes. Anon close shet up carriages in which you most know there are beautiful wimmen peerin’ out of some little corner onbeknown to their folks; agin you meet a weddin’ procession, then a trolley car, then some Egyptian troops, then some merchants, then mysterious lookin’ Oriental wimmen, with black veils hangin’ loose, then a woman with a donkey loaded with fowls, then some more soldiers in handsome uniform.

Agin every eye is turned to see some high official or native prince dressed in splendid array dashin’ along in a carriage with footmen runnin’ on before to clear the way. And mebby right after comes a man drivin’ a flock of turkeys, they feelin’ jest as important and high-headed to all appearance.

The air is delightful here, dry and warm. No malaria in Egypt, though nigh by are sulphur baths for anybody that wants them, and also a cure for consumptive folks.

In goin' through the streets of Cairo you will see bazars everywhere; slipper bazars, carpet and rug, vase and candle, and jewelry bazars; little shops where everything can be bought are all on sides of you.

But if you go to buy anything you get so confused as to the different worth of a piaster that your head turns. In some transactions it is as much agin as in others. Josiah got dretful worked up tryin' to buy a silk handkerchief. Sez he to the dealer:

"What do you mean by it, you dishonest tike, you? If you should come to Jonesville to buy a overcoat or a pair of boots, and we should wiggle round and act as you do, I wouldn't blame you if you never come there to trade a cent with us agin."

The man kep' bowin' real polite and offered some coffee to him and a pipe, and Josiah sez:

"I don't want none of your coffee, nor none of your pipes, I want honesty, and I can tell you one thing that you've lost my trade, and you'll lose the hull of the Jonesville trade when I go home and tell the brethren how slippery you be in a bargain."

The man kep' on bowin' and smilin' and I told Josiah, "I presoom he thinks you're praisin' him; he acts as if he did." And Josiah stopped talkin' in a minute. But howsumever he wouldn't take the handkerchief.

Miss Meechim and I—and I spoze that Robert Strong wuz to the bottom of it—but 'tennyrate, we wuz invited to a harem to see a princess, wife of a pasha. Robert thought that we should like to see the inside of an Indian prince's palace, and so we did.

Miss Meechim of course woudn't consent to let Dorothy go anywhere nigh such a place, and I guess she disinfected her clothes before she see Dorothy when she got back; 'tennyrate, I see her winder up and her dress hangin' over a chair. Arvilly didn't want to go, and as she wuzn't invited, it made it real convenient for her to not want to. And of course I couldn't take my pardner. Why, that good, moral man would be flowed from by them wimmen as if he had the plague. Dorothy and Robert wuz a-goin' to Heliopolis and offered to take Tommy with 'em. And Miss Meechim and I accordin'ly sot off alone.

The palace stood in beautiful grounds and is a noble-lookin' building. We wuz met at the entrance to the garden by four handsome native girls with beautiful silk dresses on, handsome turbans, satin slippers and jewelry enough for a dozen wimmen.

They took our hands, each on us walkin' between two on 'em, for all the world as if we wuz prisoners, till we got to the gates of the palace, and here two black males, dressed as rich as a president or minister, met us, and four more gayly dressed female slaves.

These girls took Miss Meechim's cape and my mantilly and laid 'em away. Then we went through a long hall and up a magnificent marble staircase, with a girl on each side on us agin jest as if we wuz bein' took to jail. We then went into a large beautiful room where the Princess' Lady of Honor wuz tryin', I spoze, to be jest as honorable as she could be. But to my surprise she handed us the first thing some coffee and pipes to smoke. But such a pipe never entered Jonesville. Why, the pipe stem was six feet long, amber and gold, diamonds and rubies. Good land! it wuz most enough to get a perfessor and a member of the W.C.T.U. to smokin'. But I wuzn't to be enticed; I sort o' waved it off graceful and drinked a little coffee, which wuz good, and if you'll believe it the little holders that held our cups wuz all covered with diamonds. Then six more slaves, jest as pretty, with jest as fine clothes and with as many jewels, came to tell us the Princess would see us. And we went with them through room after room, each one seemin'ly more elegant than the others, till we reached the door of a great grand apartment, and here the Princess wuz surrounded by more slaves, dressed handsomer than any we'd seen yet.

She come forward to meet us and led the way to a beautiful divan, where we sot down. Here they offered us some more of the beautiful jewelled pipes agin, and agin I stood firm and so did Miss Meechim, but the Princess smoked a little. But the tobacco wuz perfumed so delightfully that there wuz no tobacco smell to it.

Then coffee wuz passed agin in a jewelled cup and agin I sipped a little on't, thinkin' like as not it would keep me awake it wuz so strong, but knowin' that I had got to be polite anyway in such a time as this.

She talked quite good English and we had a pleasant visit with her, and anon she took each on us by the hand—for all the world they acted as if we wuz

infants and couldn't walk alone—and led us through the magnificent rooms with lofty mirrors, furniture covered with costly Persian cloth embroidered with gold and silver, great rugs of the most exquisite color and texture, mounds of flowers, baskets and vases everywhere running over with them, makin' the air sweet with their perfume.

In one room there wuz no winders, the walls bein' made of glitterin' mirrors sot in gilded frames, light comin' down through stained glass in the gilded ceiling.

On the Princess' toilet table wuz a large gold tray holdin' a basin of perfumed water, and white silk towels embroidered in gold and silver.

I remembered my crash and huck-a-buck towels and thought to myself I didn't know what she would do if she ever come to see me, unless I took one of Josiah's silk handkerchiefs for her to wipe her hands on. But concluded I would do that if she ever paid my visit. And I thought the minute I got home I would paint the bowl of the pipe we had used for tizik, a pale blue or pink, and dry some extra fine mullen leaves and catnip blows, they smell real sweet to me, and I knew they would be good for her bronkial tubes anyway. And I laid out to make up in a warm welcome what we lacked in luxury.

Well, the last room we went into we wuz served in tiny cups with a delicate drink. Lemonade, I guess it wuz, or orange and fruit juice of some kind. It wuz served to us in jewelled cups and we had gold embroidered napkins. Here the Princess thanked us for our visit and retired, followed by the slaves who had gone with us through the palace.

And we went down the staircase with a girl on each side on us jest as we went up, so if Miss Meechim and I had had any mind to break away and act, we couldn't, and went to our carriage waited on jest as when we come. Miss Meechim said as we started back:

"Did you ever see the like? Was you prepared to see such magnificence, Josiah Allen's wife?"

And I told her I wuz partly prepared, for I had read the Arabian Night's Entertainment.

"Well," sez she, "it goes fur beyend my wildest dreams of luxury."

When we got back to the tarven we found that Robert Strong had been delayed by a visitor and wuz jest startin' for Heliopolis, and Miss Meechim

and I bein' all ready we turned round and went with 'em.

Heliopolis hain't so grand lookin' as its name. It is a little Arab town six miles from Cairo. The low houses are made of mud and nasty inside, I believe; they don't look much like Jonesville houses. The oldest and greatest college once stood here. Here, too, wuz the hant of that immortal bird, the Phenix, who raised himself to life every five hundred years. (Josiah don't believe a word on't, and I don't know as I do.) But we do spoze that wuz the very place where Joseph married the daughter of Mr. Potiphar, doin' dretful well, it wuz spozed by her folks, but he wuz plenty good enough for her, I think, and so Josiah duz.

And right in this neighborhood Alexander the Great marched round and camped on his way to Memphis. So you can see it wuz interestin' in a good many ways.

But the Virgin's Tree wuz what we wanted to see. It is a fig sycamore; its trunk is twenty feet in diameter and its branches spread out and cover a great space. But its size wuzn't what we went to see. Under this tree Joseph and Mary rested whilst they wuz fleeing to Egypt from them that sought the young Child's life. Our Lord himself had been under this very tree that wuz bendin' over me. My emotions wuz such that I didn't want any on 'em to see my face; I went apart from 'em and sot down on a little seat not fur off from the fence that protects this tree from relic hunters. And I had a large number of emotions as I sot there lookin' up into the green branches.

I wondered how Mary felt as she sot there. She knowed she wuz carryin' a sacred burden on her bosom. The Star that had guided the wise men to the cradle of her Baby had shone full into his face and she'd seen the Divinity there. Angels had heralded His birth; the frightened king looked upon Him as one who would take his kingdom from him, and an angel had bidden them to take the Child and flee to Egypt.

And how happy Joseph and Mary wuz as they sot down under this tree. All their journey over the weary rocky roads, over the mountains, through the streams and the valleys, and over the sandy desert they dassent rest, but wuz lookin' behind 'em all the time as they pressed forward, expectin' to hear the gallopin' steeds of the king, and to hear the cruel cries of his blood-thirsty soldiers. Why, just think on't: every other baby boy in the country put to death jest to be sure of makin' way with the child that she held to her bosom.

How would any mother have felt; how would any mother's heart beat and soul faint within 'em as they plodded away on a donkey, knowin' that the swiftest horses of the king wuz mebby follerin' clost behind? But it wuz all past now; under the shade of this noble old tree Mary sot down, happiness in her tired eyes, ontold relief in the weary heart on which the Child leaned.

I believe they laid down there under the starry heavens and went to sleep; mebby the Star shone down on 'em as they slep', seein' they wuz safe now and Herod couldn't touch 'em even if he wuz clost to 'em.

Egypt, blessed be thy turf and thy skies forever more, since thou hast sheltered the Lord!

And while back in Jerusalem the blood-thirsty soldiers wuz rushin' to and fro seekin' for the young Child that they might destroy him, and in his palace King Herod lay in troubled sleep under the close-drawn curtains of the royal couch, slaves watchin' outside the room, slaves watchin' his fearful thorn-strewn pillow, the little Child that he feared and sought to destroy, slept with the clear midnight sky bendin' over his sweet slumber, its matchless blue curtain looped up with stars, hung with the great silver night lamp of the crescent moon. His bed-chamber the broad plains and mountains and valleys of the world Which should yet own his peaceful sway. His guard the shining angels that had flown down to herald His coming on the fields of Bethlehem. Sleep well, little Child, with thy kingdom outstretched about thee, the hull grief-smitten world, upon which thou wast to lay thy hands and heal its woes and wounds. The divine clothin' itself in the sad garments of humanity that it might lift it up into heavenly heights.

Well, we stayed there quite a spell. Robert, I could see, felt a good deal as I did and so did Dorothy; I read in her sweet eyes the tender light that meant many things. But Miss Meechim had doubts about the tree. She looked all round it, and felt of the low, droopin' branches and looked clost at the bark. She is a great case for the bark of things, Miss Meechim is, you know some be. They will set their microscopes on a little mite of bark and argy for hours about it, but don't think of the life that is goin' on underneath. The divine vitality of truth that animates the hidden soul of things. They think more of the creeds, the outward husks of things than the inside life and truth. Miss Meechim said with her eye still on the bark that no tree could live two centuries and still look so vigorous.

But I sez, “Mount Sinai looks pretty firm and stiddy, and the Red Sea I spoze looks jest about as red and hearty as it did when the Israelites crossed it.”

She wuz examinin’ the bark through her eye glasses, but she said mountains and seas could stand more than a tree And I said I guessed the hand that made a tree could keep it alive.

And I knew that it didn’t make any difference anyway. This wuz the road they come and they had to rest anyway, and it stood to reason they would rest under a tree, and I felt that this wuz the tree, though it might have been another one nigh by. And while Miss Meechim’s mind was all taken up lookin’ at the bark of that tree, my mind wuz full of this great fact and truth, that the Child wuz saved from his enemies. And while the kingdom of the wicked king has been covered and lost from sight under the sands of time for centuries, the kingdom of the Holy Child stands firmer to-day than ever before, and is broadening and widening all the time, teaching the true brotherhood of man, and fatherhood of God. This is the great truth, all the branching creeds and arguments and isms, they are only the bark.

Nigh by the tree stands a tall piller sixty-four feet high, covered with strange writin’. As I looked at it I thought I would gin a dollar bill to have read that writin’, no knowin’ what strange secrets of the past would have been revealed to me. But I couldn’t read it, it is dretful writin’. Josiah sometimes makes fun of my handwritin’ and calls it ducks’ tracks, but I thought that if he’d seen this he’d thought that mine wuz like print compared to it. They say that this is the oldest obelisk in Egypt, and that is sayin’ a good deal, for Egypt is full of former greatness old as the hills.

Here in the East civilization begun, and gradual, gradual it stalked along towards the West, and is slowly, slowly marchin’ on round the world back to where it started from, and when the round world is belted with knowledge and Christianity, then mebby will come the thousand years of peace, the millennium the Scriptures have foretold, when the lamb shall lay down with the lion and a young child shall lead them. I spoze the young child means the baby Peace that shall bime-by lead the nations along into the World Beautiful. And there shall be no more war.

CHAPTER XXIII

Cairo is different from any other city under the sun, and after you've been there when you shet you eyes and see it agin in memory, the brilliant colorin' sheds its picturesque glow over the brilliant seen. The deep bright blue of the sky, the splendor of the sunlight, the dazzlin' white of the buildings, the soft mellow brown of the desert and the green of the tropical foliage always comes back to brighten the panorama.

And the crowds of people from all parts of the world, each dressed in his and her natural costume, every style of dress and every color under the sun. And the milds of bazars, little booths about ten feet square but all runnin' over with the richest embroideries, silken fabrics, gold, silver, amber and everything else gorgeous. Then there is the new part of Cairo, the broad, long streets lined with magnificent buildin's. The great Citadel of Cairo and the Alabaster Mosque up on a rocky height, six hundred feet above the city. The Citadel wuz built by Saladin in 1100, most a thousand years ago. Where is Mr. Saladin and his folks? and his dynasty? All forgot centuries ago, but the work he thought out is here still. The Mosque is the only building' in the world built of alabaster; it wuz begun by Mehemet Ali, the great-grandfather of the Khedive. The alabaster looks like satin, amber and white color, mebby some of my readers have got a little alabaster box or figger that they set store by, it is so costly and fine. Then think of a hull buildin' three hundred feet square built of it. The ruff is uplifted by alabaster columns; the alabaster galleries are a hundred feet above the floor. The gilded dome can be seen twenty or thirty milds away. The view from the terrace in front is so beautiful that you don't want to leave it. The city lies before you and a long view of the Nile, rich gardens, green fields, towering palms, the pyramids standin' like ghosts out of the past, Memphis, oldest city of the world. Turn your head and there is the land of Goshen; how many times amidst the overwhelmin' cares of a Jonesville kitchen have we mentioned "Land of Goshen," but solemn now to look at and contemplate as the home of the patriarchs. Only two milds off down the Nile is the spot where Napoleon fought with the Mamelukes and won the Battle of the Pyramids. And jest

under you as you look down, you see the ruff of the Egyptian Museum where the body of Ramesis lays, once rulin' with a high hand he and his folks, as many as a dozen of 'em, over all the land our stranger eyes looked down on. But now they're nothin' but a side show, as you may say in a museum.

Josiah wuz dretful took with the sights of shops on either side of the narrow streets of old Cairo and all sorts of trades bein' carried on there right out doors: goldsmiths and silversmiths makin' their jewelry right there before you, and Josiah sez: "I lay out to have a shop rigged out doors to hum and make brooms and feather dusters; and why don't you, Samantha; how uneek it would be for you to have your sewin'-machine or your quiltin'-frames in the corner of the fence between us and old Bobbett's, and have a bedquilt or a crazy blanket draped behind you on the fence. You could have a kind of a turban if you wanted to; I would lend you one of my bandannas. I'm goin' to wear 'em in my bazar when I rig one up, and my dressin'-gown, and I shall have Ury wear one and sandals. I can make some crackin' good sandals for us all out of shingles, and lace 'em on with colored ribbins. How dressy they will make me look. I shall lace my sandals on with yeller and red baby ribbin, them colors are so becomin' and make my complexion look fairer. We shall jest coin money out of my bazar, and I shall write to Ury to put in a piece of broom corn, and mebby we shall make jewelry; we could make some good mournin' jewelry out of coal and lam-black."

Well, I didn't argy with him, thinkin' most probable that he'd forgit it, but Arvilly, who wuz with us, sez: "I guess it would be mournin' jewelry in good earnest if you made it; I guess it would make anybody mourn to see it, let alone wearin' it."

"Wait till you see it," sez he.

And she sez, "I am perfectly willin' to wait."

"But I shan't set on the floor as they do here," sez he, "I am sorry for some of them poor old men that can't afford chairs, and I would be perfectly willin' to make 'em some stools if they'd furnish the lumber."

Sez I, "It's their way, Josiah, they like it."

"I don't believe it," sez he; "nobody loves to scrooch down flat with their legs under 'em numb as sticks." But right whilst we were talkin' we met a

funeral procession. The head one had hard work to git through the crowd crying out:

“There is no deity but God! Mohammed is his apostle!” Then come some boys singin’ a funeral him; and then the bier, borne by friends of the corpse and covered by a handsome shawl. Then come the hired mourners—wimmen—for I spoze they think they’re used to mournin’ and can earn their money better. ’Tennyrate, these screeched and wailed and tore their hair and beat their breast-bone as if they meant to earn their money. Then come the relatives and friends. Of course, they no need to have wep’ a tear, havin’ hired it done. But they did seem to feel real bad, they couldn’t have wept and wailed any more if they had been hired to. Josiah sez:

“Samantha, when I’m took, if you hire anybody to mourn get some better lookin’ females than these. I had almost ruther die onlamented than to have such lookin’ creeters weepin’ over my remains; now some fair lookin’ females such as sister Celestine Bobbett and she that wuz Submit Tewksbury——”

But I interrupted him by telling him truly that no hired tears would fall on his beloved face if I outlived him, and no boughten groans would be hearn. Sez I, “The tears of true love and grief would bedew your forward.”

“Well,” sez he, “it would be my wishes.”

As we wended our way along we met several water-carriers with leather bottles, jest such a one as Hagar took with her and Ishmael out in the desert, and it wuz on this same desert whose sands wuz siftin’ in about us every chance it had that she lay the child down to die and angels come and fed him. And, also, it bein’ along towards night we met several shepherds; one wuz carryin’ a tired lamb in his arms. They wuz patriarkal in appearance and dressed jest like the Bible pictures. I felt as though I had met Abraham or Isaac onbeknown to them.

Another sight that impressed my pardner fearfully wuz the howlin’ dervishes—we’d hearn about ’em a sight, and so we thought we would go and hear ’em howl. By payin’ a little backsheesh (which is money) we got permission to attend one of their religious meetin’s. There wuz a chief or Sheik, which Josiah always called a “shack”—and I d’no but he wuz well named—and about twenty or thirty howlers in long white robes. They made a low bow to the Shack and then knelt round him in a circle; then they

bowed agin a number of times clear to the floor and begun to sing or pray. I d'no what you would call it, but the axents wuz dretful and the music that accompanied it harrowin' in the extreme. Then they got up and bowed agin to the Shack and begun to shake their heads and their arms and their feet rapid and voylent, all keepin' time to the music, or what I spoze they called music, their hair hangin' loose, their yellin' fearful, and then they begun to whirl like a top spinnin' round, faster and faster, whirlin' and howlin' and shriekin' till they couldn't howl or whirl any longer. Then the meetin' broke up as you may say, they formed a half circle agin round the Shack, bowed to the ground before him and fell down perfectly wore out on the floor. I should have thought they'd died. Why, I couldn't have stood it and lived nor Josiah couldn't; it wuz all we could stand to see it go on.

One day Miss Meechim and I visited an American Mission School for Arab and Egyptian children, and it wuz from one of these very schools that one of the Rajahs or native princes took his wife. She wuz a little donkey driver, and the teacher of the Mission, liking her and pitying her, got permission of her mother (a poor donkey driver of Cairo living in a mud hut) to take the child into her school. When she wuz about fourteen years old the Rajah, who had accepted the Christian religion, visited this school, and the little girl wuz teaching a class of barefooted Egyptian girls, sittin' on the floor about her.

Who can tell the mysteries of love? Like lightning it strikes where it will and must. Why should this Prince, educated in England, a friend of Queen Victoria, who had seen beautiful women all his days onmoved, why should he fall in love with this little girl, late a donkey driver in the streets of Cairo?

I d'no, but so it wuz, and he told the lady in charge of the school that he wanted to make her his wife. She wuz greatly surprised, and not knowin' he wuz what he said he wuz, asked him polite to go away and select some other bride. But the next day he come back, sent in his card and a autograph letter from Queen Victoria, and agin expressed his desire to marry the bright-eyed little Egyptian.

When the subject wuz broached to her she wep' and pleaded not to be sold into slavery, spozin' that wuz what it meant. But the Prince made her understand that he wanted her for his wife, and she consented to be educated in a fitting manner, and at last the weddin' took place at the home of the teacher.

The Prince took his wife to London, where she wuz presented at Court, and makes him a good wife, so fur as I know, and they say she's dretful good to the poor; 'tennyrate the Prince must think a good deal of her, for he presented every year one thousand pounds to help on the school where he found his Princess. This story is true and is stranger than most lies.

I spoze that from that time on all the dark-eyed little Egyptian maids in that school wuz lookin' out anxiously to see some prince comin' in and claim 'em and make a royal princess of 'em. But one swallow don't make a spring; I don't spoze there has been or will be agin such a romance.

Josiah said that we must not leave Cairo without seein' Pharo. Josiah said he felt real well acquainted with him, havin' read about him so much. Sez he, "He wuz a mean creeter as ever trod shoe-leather and I'd love to tell him so."

They keep him in the Museum of Cairo now, a purpose, I spoze, to scare folks from doin' what he did, for a humblier lookin' creeter I never see, and hard lookin'; I don't wonder a mite at the bad things I've hearn tell on him; why, a man that looked like that wuz sure to be mean as pusley. He looked as if he wuz bein' plagued now with every single plague that fell on him for his cruelty and I d'no but he is. I wonder that the Israelites got along with him so long as they did; Josiah wouldn't have stood it a week, he's that quick-tempered and despises the idee of bein' bossed round, and how Pharo did drive them poor children of Israel round; ground 'em right down to his terms, wouldn't let 'em say their soul wuz their own, worked 'em most to death, half starved 'em, wouldn't give 'em any rights, not a single right. But as I sez to Josiah, he got his come-up-ance for his heartless cruelty, he got plagued enough and drownded in the bargain.

He's a mummy now. Yes, as Josiah sez when he looked on him:

"You've got to be mum now, no givin' orders to your poor overworked hired help in your brick-fields, not lettin' 'em have even a straw that they begged for to lighten their burden. The descendants of them folks you driv round can stand here and poke fun at you all day and you've got to keep your mouth shet. Yes," sez he, "you've got to a place now where you can't be yellin' out your orders, you've got to be mum, for you're a mummy."

I didn't love to have Josiah stand and sass Pharo right to his face, but it seemed so gratifyin' to him I hated to break it up, and I felt towards him jest

as he did, and Arvilly and Miss Meechim felt jest as we did about it; they loathed his looks, hatin' what he'd done so bad. But I thought from what I hearn Robert Strong sayin' to Dorothy that he had doubts about his being the real Bible Pharo, there wuz quite a lot of them kings by the same name, you know. But Miss Meechim hearn him and assured him that this was the very Pharo who so cruelly tortured the Israelites and who was drownded by the Lord for his cruelty, she knew it by her feelings. And she said she was so glad that she had seen for herself the great truth that the Pharo spirit of injustice and cruelty wuz crushed forever.

But Robert said that Pharo's cruelty sprang from unlimited power and from havin' absolute control over a weaker and helpless class; he said that would arouse the Pharo spirit in any man. That spirit, he said, was creeping into our American nation, the great Trusts and Monopolies formed for the enrichment of the few and the poverty of the many; what are they but the Pharo spirit of personal luxury and greed and dominion over the poor?

I knew he was thinkin' of his City of Justice, where every man had the opportunity to work and the just reward of his labor, where Charity (a good creeter Charity is too) stayed in the background, not bein' needed here, and Justice walked in her place. Where Justice and Labor walked hand in hand into ways of pleasantness and paths of peace. He didn't say nothin' about his own doin's, it wuzn't his way, but I hearn him say to Dorothy:

"The Voice is speaking now to America as it did to Egypt, Let my people go, out of their helpless bondage and poverty into better, more just and humane ways, but America doesn't listen. The rich stand on the piled up pyramid of the poor, Capital enslaves Labor and drives it with the iron bit of remorseless power and the sharp spur of Necessity where it will. But there must be a day of reckoning; the Voice will be heard, if not in peace with the sword:

> 'For the few shall not forever sway
> The many toil in sorrow,
> We'll sow the golden grain to-day,
> The harvest comes to-morrow.'"

But the greatest sight in Cairo and mebby the hull world is the Pyramaids.

I d'no as I had so many emotions in the same length of time durin' my hull tower as I did lookin' at them immense structures. It don't seem as if they

wuz made by man; they seem more like mountains placed there by the same hand that made the everlastin' hills. They say that it took three hundred thousand men twenty years to build the biggest one. And I don't doubt it. If I had been asked to draw up specifications I wouldn't have took the job for a day's work less. Why, they say it took ten years to build the road over which them stuns wuz brought from the Nile, and good land! how did they ever do it? No hands nor no machinery that we know anything about at the present day could move one of them stuns, let alone bringin' 'em from heaven knows where. They couldn't have been got into any boat, and how did they do it? I d'no nor Josiah don't. Mebby the sphynx knows, most probable she duz, but she's a female that don't git herself into trouble talkin' and gossipin'. Lots of wimmen would do well to foller her example.

From the first minute we got to Cairo and long enough before that we had lotted on seein' the Pyramaids, Josiah had talked about 'em a sight, and told me time and agin that he did want to see the spink, he had got to see the spink.

Sez I, "You mean the Sphynx, Josiah."

"Yes," sez he, "the spink; I'm bound to see that. I want to tell Deacon Henzy and Brother Bobbett about it; they crowed over me quite a little after they went to Loontown to see them views of the spink and the Pyramaid of Chops. You know I wuz bed-sick at the time with a crick in my back. I guess they'll have to quirl down a little when I tell 'em I've walked round the spink and seen old Chops with my own eyes."

Well, I know lots of folks travel with no higher aim than to tell their exploits, so I didn't argy with him. And the hull party of us sot off one pleasant day to view them wonders; they're only six miles from Cairo. The Pyramaid of Cheops is higher than any structure in Europe; the Strassburg Cathedral is the highest—that is four hundred and sixty feet, and Cheops is four hundred and eighty feet high. Each of its sides is seven hundred and sixty feet long above the sand, and I d'no how much bigger it is underneath. The wild winds from the desert piles up that sand everywhere it can; it was blowin' aginst that pyramaid three or four thousand years before Christ wuz born, and has kep' at it ever sense; so it must have heaped up piles about it. The pyramaid is made of immense blocks of stun, and I hearn Josiah explainin' it out to Tommy. Sez he, "It is called Chops because the stun is chopped off kinder square."

But I interrupted and sez, “Josiah Allen, this wuz named after Cheops, one of the kings of Egypt; some say it wuz his tomb.”

Miss Meechim sez, “They say it took three hundred thousand men twenty years to build it,” and she remarked further, “How many days’ work this king did give to the poor, and how good it wuz in him!” And Robert Strong said:

“Their work has lasted while the king is forgotten; labor against capital, labor ahead.”

Dorothy looked dreamily up onto the immense pile and said nothin’.

Arvilly said if she had a long whitewash brush she would advertise her book, the “Twin Crimes,” by paintin’ a drunken man in a hovel beatin’ his wife and children, whilst America wuz furnishin’ him with the clubs, and the “Wild and Warlike Deeds of Men” in different wild and warlike attitudes.

And little Tommy wonnered if he could climb up on it and wonnered what anybody could see from the top.

And I looked on it and felt as if I could almost see the march of the centuries defile by its stubborn old sides, and I wondered like Tommy what one could look off and see from the top, gazing out acrost our centuries so full of wonders and inventions, into the glowin’ mysteries of the twentieth century.

Robert Strong said that some thought it wuz built for astronomical purposes, for there is a passage down three hundred and twenty feet from the bed rock from which you can view the sky.

“And some think,” sez Dorothy, “it wuz built to measure distances correctly, it stands true east, north, south, west.”

And Miss Meechim sez, “I believe it wuz built for religious purposes: the interior passages have many stones and symbols that are a mystery to every one unless it is explained in this way.”

Sez Arvilly, “I believe it wuz made to shet up folks in that got drunk and acted. Probable there wuz some even in that fur-off time that made fools of themselves jest as they do now, and old Chops built it to shet ’em up in, and mebby he wuz shet up in it, too; mebby he took to drinkin’. I wish I could have sold him the ‘Twin Crimes’; it would have helped him a sight, but I wuzn’t born soon enough,” sez she, sithin’.

Tommy stood back a little, lookin' up and seein' some people half-way to the top, lookin' like flies on the side of the meetin' house, said:

"I wonner, oh, I wonner who made it and what it wuz made for, and oh, how I do wonner how they ever got them big stones to the top."

And I sez to myself, "the child is wiser than any of us. He don't try to measure his weak surmises on them great rocks and problems, but jest wonders at it all," and I thought I would foller his example, and I felt considerable better after I gin up.

Robert Strong and Dorothy and Arvilly clumb clear to the top, helped by Arab lifters and boosters. Arvilly and Dorothy wuz tuckered when they come down and they both said they wouldn't have undertook it if they had known what a job it wuz, but they said the view from the top wuz wonderful, wonderful! and I spoze it wuz, but I thought I would ruther hear 'em tell on't than to go through what they did gettin' up and down, and Miss Meechim, I guess, felt so too.

The other two pyramaids in this group wuz smaller than Cheops and stood not fur away. The Sphynx stands about a quarter of a mild off, lookin' off towards the east, facin' the risin' sun. I wonder if she expects the sunrise of civilization to dawn ag'in into her sight. 'Tennyrate she seems to be lookin' out for sunthin'.

There she has sot, meditatin' all these years. She wuz old, old as the hills when Christ wuz born. What hain't them old eyes seen if she senses anything?

From Cairo we went to Alexandria, where we made a short stay; we couldn't stay long anyway, we had loitered so on the journey. Here it wuz June. Jerusalem and Bethlehem and Nazareth we must visit, and still how could we hurry our footsteps in these sacred places that our soul had so longed to see?

Alexandria was considerable interestin' on several accounts; it wuz the home of Cleopatra, and the home of Hypatia, the friend and teacher of women. A smart creeter Hypatia Theon wuz, handsome as a picter, modest, good appearin', and a good talker. 'Tennyrate the rooms where she lectured on philosophy and how to git along in the world wuz crowded with appreciative hearers, and I spoze Mr. Cyrel, who wuz preachin' there at the time, and

didn’t get nigh so many to hear him, wuz mad as a hen at her for drawin’ away the head men and wimmen. ’Tennyrate she wuz killed and burnt up some time ago, a-goin’ on two thousand years. Yes, they burnt up all they could of her; they couldn’t burn up her memory, nor liberty, nor the love of wimmin for talkin’, and her stiddy practice on’t when she gits a chance, not bein’ able to. But to resoom:

The evenin’ we got there Josiah looked out of our winder and see a camel kneelin’ to take on its load, and sez Josiah: “If I could train the old mair to kneel down in front of the Jonesville meetin’ house for me to git onto her back, how uneek it would look.”

Sez I coldly, “Then you lay out to go to meetin’ horseback, do you? And where should I be?”

“Oh, I might rent a camel for you from some circus; you know what big loads camels can take on, they can carry a ton or more, and it could carry you all right.”

I despise such talk, I don’t weigh nigh so much as he makes out.

But Josiah went on, “I d’no but a camel could carry both on us, I wouldn’t add much to the load, I don’t weigh very hefty.”

“No,” sez I, “you’re not very hefty anyway.”

But good land! I knew he couldn’t rent any camel; circuses need ’em more than we do.

The next day we all went out to see Pompey’s Piller which we had seen towerin’ up before we landed, all on ’em ridin’ donkeys but me, but I not being much of a hand to ride on any critter’s back, preferred to go in a chair with long poles on each side, carried by four Arabs. Pompey’s Piller is most a hundred feet high. Cleopatra’s Needles wuz brought from Heliopolis. One is standing; the other, which lay for a long time nearly embedded in the drifting sand, wuz given as a present by Egypt to America, where it stands now in Central Park, New York. To see the mate to it here made us feel well acquainted with it and kinder neighborly. But we couldn’t read the strange writin’ on it to save our life. Some say that they wuz raised by Cleopatra in honor of the birth of her son, Cæsarion. But I d’no if she laid out to write about it so’s I could read it, she’d ort to write plainer; I couldn’t make out a word on’t nor Josiah couldn’t.

Cleopatra wuz dretful good lookin', I spoze, and a universal favorite with the opposite sect. But I never approved of her actions, and I wished as I stood there by that piller of hern that I could gin her a real good talkin' to. I would say to her:

"Cleopatra," sez I, "you little know what you're a-doin'. Mebby there wouldn't be so many Dakota and Chicago divorces in 1905 if it wuzn't for your cuttin' up and actin' in B. C. I'd say stealin' is stealin', and some wimmen think it is worse to steal their husbands away from 'em than it would be to steal ten pounds of butter out of their suller. And that, mom, would shet any woman up in jail as you well know. And you know, Cleopatra," sez I, "jest how you went on and behaved, and your example is a-floatin' down the River of Time to-day, same as you sailed down the Sydnus in that barge of yourn. And to-day your descendants or influence posterity sail down the River of Time in picture hats and feather boas, makin' up eyes and castin' languishin' glances towards poor unguarded men till they steal their hearts and souls right out of their bodies; steal all the sweetness and brightness out of some poor overworked woman's life, and if they don't take the body of their husband nothin' is said or done. Good land! what would I care for Josiah Allen's body if his love had been stole. I would tell the woman to take that in welcome sence she had all the rest. But they sail along down the River of Life, coquettin' with weak, handsome male Antonys, who had better be to home with their own lawful Octavias. So it goes." I always hated Cleopatra's doin's. And I wondered as I looked dreamily at that writin' of hern, if she wuz sorry for her actions now in that spear of hern, wherever it wuz, and wanted to ondo it.

CHAPTER XXIV

We stayed there for some time, and on our way home a dretful thing happened to me. After we all got started, sunthin' happened to one of the poles of my chair, and with as much motionin' and jabberin' as a presidential election would call for, they at last got it fixed agin. By that time the party had all disappeared, and the bearers of my vehicle started off at their highest speed right acrost ploughed land and springin' crops and everything, not stoppin' for anything.

Where wuz they takin' me? Wuz I to perish in these wilds? Wuz they carryin' me off for booty? I had on my cameo pin and I trembled. It wuz my pride in Jonesville; wuz I to lose my life for it? Or wuz it my good looks that wuz ondoin' of me? Did they want to make me their brides? I sez to them in agonizin' axents, "Take me back instantly to my pardner! He is the choice of my youth! I will never wed another! You hain't congenial to me anyway! It is vain for you to elope with me for I will never be your brides!"

But they jabbered and motioned and acted and paid no attention only to rush along faster than ever.

I then tried a new tact with 'em. With tremblin' fingers I onpinned the cameo pin, and with a noble jester that would have become Jeptha as he gin his only daughter for a sacrifice, I handed it out to 'em. And sez I, "If that is what you want, take it, and then bear me back safely to my beloved pardner agin."

But they never touched it. They only jabbered away louder and more fierce like and yanked me along faster than ever.

Oh, the agony of that time! Dear Josiah, should I never see thee agin? and the children and the grandchildren? Hills and dells of lovely Jonesville! Would they never dawn on my vision more! Would the old mair never whinner joyfully at my appearance, or Snip bark a welcome?

I thought of all the unfortunate Hebrew wimmen who would have been neighbors to me then if I had been born soon enough. Ruth, Esther, Hagar, they all had suffered, they had all most likely looked off onto the desert,

even as I wuz lookin' for help, and it didn't come to some on 'em. And by this time to add to my sufferin's, the mantilly of night was descendin' over the seen, the tropical night that comes so swift, so fast, oh, what should I do? Every move I made, every despairin' jester only seemed to make 'em go faster, so it wuz plain to be seen that my help wuz not in man. I thought of that pillar of fire that had lighted that sad procession of Hebrews acrost that very desert. And, like a cool, firm hand, laid on a feverish, restless foretop, come agin the thought of them three wise men that had trod that desert waste. No path, no guide to lead 'em, only the Star, and I sez in my inmost heart:

"That Star hain't lost its light; it remains jest as bright and clear to-day as it did then to light true believers acrost the darkness in the hour of their need." And jest as plain as though they wuz spoke to me come these beautiful words: "I will lift up mine eyes to the hills from whence cometh my help."

And I lifted my streamin' eyes accordin', for by this time I wuz cryin' and sheddin' tears. I could see by the faint light in the west that there wuz considerable of a hill on the east of me, and as my weepin' eyes wuz lifted in that direction my heart almost stood still as I beheld all of a sudden a glowin' star of light shine out of the darkness right on the top of that hill and rapidly desend in my direction nearer and nearer.

Oh, joy! oh, bliss! it wuz my own pardner with a lantern. His devoted love had bore him back. Settin' on a donkey bearin' a lantern, he looked to me like an angel. It wuz the star of love, indeed it wuz! the brightest star of earth come to light my dark pathway. And I bust out:

"Oh, Josiah Allen! you are not one of the wise men, but you look better to me than any of 'em could."

And he sez, "It don't look very pretty for you, after hangin' out till this time o' night, to run the one who has come way back after you with a lantern, and talk about his not knowin' anything."

"Run you, Josiah," sez I, "you look more beautiful to me than words can tell."

That mollified him and he sez with a modest smile, "I spoze I am very pretty lookin', but I worried about you a sight."

It seems that they had went on a pretty good jog, and seein' my bearers had got belated with me they had took a short cut acrost the fields to overtake 'em. But it was a eppisode not to be forgot, and I told Josiah not to be separated away from me a minute after this. Sez I, "I almost feel like purchasin' a rope and tyin' myself to you for the rest of the tower."

Sez he, "That would make talk, Samantha, but I will keep my eye on you and not let you git carried off agin; for the feelin's I felt when I missed you I would not go through agin for a dollar bill."

Well, we soon come up with the rest of the party. It seemed that they had been talkin' and havin' such a good time they hadn't missed me for quite a while. But when they did, Arvilly said Josiah acted some as he did when she and he pursued me acrost the continent; sez she, "He acted like a fool; I knew you couldn't be fur behind."

And I sez, "Arvilly, spiritual things are spiritually discerned; love is spiritual and love has to interpret it."

"Well," sez she, "I am glad he found you so soon, for, to tell the truth, I wuz beginnin' to worry a little myself."

Miss Meechim said she thought I had gone into some shrine to worship.

That was a great idee! off with four Arabs huntin' a shrine at that time of night!

The next day we started for Jerusalem by way of Joppa and Ismalia. It wuz on a fair evenin', as the settin' sun made strange reflections on earthly things, we entered through the gate into Jerusalem, city of our God. Nineteen centimes since, the Star moved along through the December night and stood over the lonely manger in Bethlehem where a Babe wuz born. The three wise men wuz the first visitors to that Child. Now fifteen thousand visitors come yearly from every part of the world to look upon this sacred place where the Man of Sorrows lived his sorrowful life of good to all, suffered and died, and the heavenly King burst the bonds of the tomb and ascended into heaven.

In these streets did sad-eyed prophets walk to and fro, carrying the message of the coming of the King. They were stunned by the gain-sayin' world, jest as it stuns its prophets to-day, only with different kinds of stuns mebby, but hard ones. Here they wuz afflicted, tormented, beaten, sawn asunder for

uttering the truth as God made it known to them, jest as they are to-day, of whom the world wuz not worthy. Just like to-day. Here after centuries had gone by, the truth they had foretold become manifest in the flesh. Jest as it shall be. After hundreds of years had gone by, he whom the prophets had foretold wuz born in Bethlehem, and the three wise men, fur apart, knowin' nothin' of each other, wuz warned of his birth and wuz told to foller the Star. They obeyed the heavenly vision and met on the pathless desert, as the soul's and heart's desires of all good men and wimmen meet who follow the Star!

Oh, sacred place! to be thus honored. What emotions I felt as my own feet trod these roads, my own eyes looked on these sacred places.

The next morning after our arrival we went up to the Mount of Olives, and from a tower two hundred feet high looked down on Jerusalem. The Mount of Olives is a long, low ridge on the east of the city. The Garden of Gethsemane is down on the foot of Olivet near the brook Kedron. Here eight great olive trees much larger than the rest form a sacred grove from whose melancholy shadows might well come that agonizing cry to his disciples for human sympathy and love:

"Could ye not watch with me one hour?"

Here did Judas come over the brook Kedron with the hungry, cruel mob and betray Him with a kiss. It wuz in this place that our Lord give that glorious promise that lightens life and death:

"After I be risen I will go before you."

Every leaf of the old olive trees seemed trembling and full of memories of that hour. To the west was the valley of Jehosiphet, beyend is the city of the King. Back of you is Bethany, the home of the friends of Jesus where he tasted sometimes the human sweets of friendship, in the home of Lazarus and his sisters, Mary and Martha. A beautiful soul Mary wuz, and Martha, poor creeter! I've always been sorry for her, workin' away doin' the housework when she would much rather, no doubt, set and listen as Mary did, but somebody had to be cookin'. So she jest drouged round the house.

You can see the Dead Sea and the river Jordan, where our Lord wuz baptized and the Dove descended out of the gardens of heaven and lit on him, whilst the voice of the father God spoke, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased."

Not far away from there is Jericho. On the southwest rises the Hill of Zion, one of the four hills on which Jerusalem stands. As I looked on it I spoke to my pardner almost onbeknown to me, “Oh, Josiah! how many times we’ve sung together:

> ‘The Hill of Zion yields a thousand sacred sweets,
> Before we reach the heavenly fields or walk the golden streets.’

“But,” sez I, “did you ever expect to set your mortal eyes on’t?” He wuz affected, I could see he wuz, though he tried to conceal it by nibblin’ on some figs he had bought that mornin’.

Miss Meechim wuz all carried away with the seen as the guide pinted out the different places. Robert Strong and Dorothy didn’t seem to want to talk much, but their faces wuz writ over with characters of rapt and reverential emotion.

Arvilly for once seemed to forgit her canvassin’ and her keen bright eyes wuz softened into deep thought and feeling. Tommy, who had heard us talkin’ about Herod walling in that part of the city, wonnered how any man could be so wicked as the cruel king who killed all the little children, and he wonnered if there ever wuz another king in the hull world so wicked.

And my Josiah soothed his childish feelings by assuring him that all such wicked rulers wuz dead and buried ages ago.

And so queer is Arvilly’s mind since what she’s went through that she spoke right up and told Tommy that there wuz lots of rulers to-day jest as wicked and fur wickeder. Sez she, “There are plenty of men in every city in America that get the right from the rulers of the country to destroy children in a much worse way than to cut their heads off.”

Sez she, “There are men who entice young children to smoke cigarettes, drugged on purpose to form a thirst for strong drink, then enticed into drinking-dives, where goodness and innocence are murdered and evil passions planted and nursed into life, for the overthrowing of all their goodness, for the murder of their family’s safety and happiness and making them the nation’s menace and greatest danger.”

And Tommy wonnered and wonnered what could make men do so, and so did I.

And Arvilly sez, “What is cuttin’ off the heads of twenty or thirty babies compared to the thousands and thousands of murders that this licensed evil causes every year?”

Tommy’s pretty face looked sad and he sez: “Why do good folks let it go on?”

And Arvilly sez, “Heaven knows—I don’t. But I’ve cleared my skirts in the matter. There won’t be any innocent blood on my skirts at the last day.”

And Tommy bent his head and looked intently at the bottom of her dress; and I see my pardner furtively glance at the bottom of his own pantaloons; he acted guilty.

It is about two milds and a quarter round the city; the walls are thirty or forty feet high; there are thirty-four towers on the walls, and the city has eight gates. It has a population of one hundred thousand, more Jews than any other race; for according to the Scripture, jest as the Jews wuz scattered to the four winds of heaven, they have of late been flocking home to Jerusalem jest as the old prophets predicted exactly.

During their hours of prayer, many Jews wear phylactrys bound to their forwards and arms, and Robert Strong said he saw one nailed to a doorpost.

It is a long, narrer case, shaped some like a thermometer, with a round hole towards the top of it covered with a lid which they can lift up and see a few words of the ancient parchment inside, some as the little boy had his prayer printed on the head-board, and on cold nights would pint to it, sayin’, “O Lord, them’s my sentiments.”

But these Jews did it to carry out Moses’ command to bind the words of the law for a sign on their arms, their heads and their doorposts.

The writing on these phylactrys is so perfect that you can hardly believe that it is done with a pen. The Jews are extremely careful in copying the oracles of God. They still write copies of their Old Testament Scriptures, and every page must have jest so many lines, and jest the same number of words and letters.

Robert Strong said that this was a great proof of the truth of the Scriptures. Sez he: “Our Saviour said that one jot or tittle of the law shall not fail.”

Tommy wanted to know what that meant, and Robert told him that “jot” wuz the smallest letter in the Hebrew alphabet, and “tittle” meant the little horn-shaped mark over some of the letters.

And I sez: “I never knew what that meant before.” But Miss Meechim said she did—she always duz know everything from the beginning, specially after she’s hearn some one explain it. But to resoom: We went to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where many different religious sects come to worship. The place where many think the body of our Lord wuz lain when he wuz taken down from the cross is covered with a slab worn down by the worshippers, and in the little chapel round it forty-three lamps are kep’ burning night and day.

But I felt more inclined to think that the place where the body of our Lord wuz lain wuz outside the city where the rocky hill forms a strange resemblance to a human skull, answering to the Bible description. Near there a tomb, long buried, has been found lately that corresponds with the Bible record, which sez: “Now in the garden was a new tomb wherin no man had been lain.” There wuz places in this tomb for three bodies, but only one had been finished, and scientists say that no body has ever crumbled into the dust that covers this tomb. Ruins show that ages back an arched temple once covered this spot. But what matters the very spot where his body lay, or from where he ascended into the heavens. Mebby it can’t be told for certain after all these years; but we know that his weary feet trod these dusty roads. And as we travelled to Bethlehem and Bethany and Nazareth, his presence seemed to go before us.

It wuz a lovely morning when we left Jerusalem by the Jaffa gate and went down acrost the valley of Hinnom, up acrost the hill of Evil Council, and acrost the broad plain where David fought many a battle and Solomon went about in all his glory.

We stopped a few minutes at the convent of Mar Elias to see the fine view. From here you can see both places where the Saviour wuz born and where he died. It is a very sightly spot, and I hearn Josiah tell Tommy:

“This is a beautiful place, Tommy; it wuz named after Miss Elias; her children built it to honor their Mar; and it ort to make you think, Tommy,

that you must always mind your Mar."

"Mar?" sez Tommy inquirin'ly, "Do you mean my mamma or my grandma?"

I wuz glad the rest of the party wuz some distance away and didn't hear him. Josiah always jest crowds his explanations, full and runnin' over with morals, but he gits things wrong. I hated to hurt his feelin's, but I had to tell Tommy this wuz named, I spozed, from the prophet Elijah, who wuz, they say, helped by angels on this very spot as he flowed away from Jezabel; they gin him water and food, such good food that after eating it he could travel forty days and forty nights without eating agin.

Jezabel wuzn't a likely woman at all; I wouldn't been willin' to neighbor with her.

Rachel's tomb is a little furder on. It is a long, rough-lookin' structure with a round ruff on the highest end on't. Christian, Jew and Moslem all agree that this is Rachel's tomb. It wuz right here that little Benoni wuz born and his ma named him while her soul wuz departing, for she died.

I heard Josiah talkin' with Tommy about "little Ben." I hated to have him call him so, but didn't know as it would do much hurt this late day. Right about here dwelt Ruth and Naomi. A sweet girl Ruth wuz; I always thought she wuz plenty good enough for Boaz, but then I d'no but he wuz good enough for her. 'Tennyrate, her actions wuz a perfect pattern to daughter-in-laws.

Here on these sands the giant, Goliath, strode out pompously to be slain by a stun from a sling sent by David when he wuz a shepherd boy. "How I wished I had some of them stuns to slay the evil giants of 1900," sez I. "If a stun could be aimed at Intemperance and another at the big monopolies and destroy'em as dead as Goliath, what a boon it would be."

And Arvilly sez, "Where will you git your sling, and where will you git your Davids?"

Sez I, "The ballot is a good sling that could kill'em both stun dead, but I d'no where I could git any Davids at present," and she didn't nor Josiah, but I felt in hopes that there would be one riz up, for always when the occasion demands, the Lord sends the right man to fill the place.

Well, presently we arrov at Bethlehem (House of Bread). I mentioned its meaning, and Josiah sez:

“I do hope I’ll get some yeast risin’ here that will taste a little like yourn, Samantha.”

So little did he dwell on the divine meanin’ that wuz thrillin’ my heart. House of Bread, sacred spot from which proceeded the living bread, that if any one should eat he should never more hunger.

The Church of the Nativity, the place that we sought first in the village, is the oldest Christian church in the world. It wuz built by Helena, mother of Constantine, 330 A.D. It is owned by a good many different sects who quarrel quite considerable over it, as they would be likely to in Jonesville if our M. E. church wuz owned too by Baptists and Piscopalians, etc.

We spoze this church wuz built on the site of the tarven where our Lord wuz born. Goin’ down the windin’ staircase we come to the Grotto of the Nativity, which is a cave in the rock. There are several holy chapels here, but this one where they say Christ wuz born is about thirty-eight feet long and ten or eleven feet wide, and covered inside with costly carving and sculpture. A star in the floor shows the place where the manger wuz where the Holy Child wuz born, a silver star glitters above it and around the star sixteen lights are burning night and day. All about here the caves in the rocks are used as stables, specially when the tarvens are full, as the Bible expressly states they wuz the night our Lord wuz born. ’Tennyrate, way back almost to the time He wuz born, historians accepted this spot as the place of His birth. But as I said more formerly, what if it wuz not this very spot, or some other nigh by, we know that it wuz in this little city our Lord wuz born. It wuz of this city that centuries before the prophets said: “And thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little amongst the thousands of Judea, yet out of thee shall he come forth that shall be ruler of Israel, whose goings forth has been from old everlasting.”

Then and there wuz founded on earth that invisible and spiritual kingdom so much stronger and mightier than any visible kingdom that wuz ever thought on. The gorgeous throne of Herod and the long line of kings and emperors since him have crumbled into dust, but that lowly cradle in the stable of Bethlehem is onmoved. The winds and storms of eighteen hundred years have not been able to blow a straw away from that little bed where the Baby

Christ lay. The crowns of kings and emperors have disappeared, covered by the dust of time, but the rays of light that shone round that Baby's brow grow brighter and brighter as the centuries sweep by. The deepest love, the strongest emotions of the hearts of an uncounted host keep that Bethlehem birthplace green and changeless. The Herods, the Pilates, the Cæsars are dead and buried under the driftin' centuries, but our Lord's throne stands more firm and powerful to-day than ever before. Hatred, malice, the cross of agony, the dark tomb could not touch that immortal life. Great monarch and tender, overturnin' and upbuildin' empires at will, blowing away cruel and unjust armies by a wave of his fingers, helping the poor slave bear his heavy burden by pouring love into his heart, wiping the widow's tears, soothing the baby's cries, marking even the sparrow's fall.

Oh, what a kingdom! foretold by ages, begun on earth in that little rocky stable that December night in Bethlehem. And it is secure; it cannot be moved, its white pillers are enthroned in the secret chambers of the soul.

And how strong and changeless his prime ministers, Love, Justice and Mercy, are, who carry his messages and do his will. How quiet and peaceable and yet how strong, makin' no fuss and show; but what majesty is writ down on their forwards as they mirror the will of their Master. How firm they stand, jest as they've stood for ages; no wobblin', no turnin' this way and that to git adherents and followers. No, calm and mighty and holy they stand before that sacred throne jest as they did at Jerusalem before Herod and Pilate.

Oh, how many emotions I did have as I stood in that sacred spot, twice as many at least as I ever had in the same length of time in any other place. I didn't want to speak, I didn't want to see even my dear Josiah. No, I wanted to be silent, to think, to meditate, to pray "Thy kingdom come." Nigh by in the same grotto is what they call the tomb of a relation of ourn on both sides. Yes, they say Adam, our grandpa (removed) wuz buried here. I felt considerable sceptical about that, but Josiah beheld it complacently, and I hearn him say to Tommy:

"Yes, here Adam lays, poor creeter!" And sez Josiah, puttin' down his cane kinder hard, "Oh, what a difference it would have made to Jonesville and the world at large if Adam had put his foot right down just as I put my cane to-day, and not let his pardner eat that apple, nor tease him into eatin' it, too."

And Tommy looked at him in wonder, “Did the apple make him sick, grandpa?”

“Yes, Tommy, it made him sick as death, sin-sick, and he knowed it would.”

“Well, then what made him eat it, grandpa?”

And Josiah said, “These things are too deep for you to understand now; when you git a little older grandpa will explain ’em all out to you.”

And Arvilly sez, “I’d love to be there when you explained it, Josiah Allen. Layin’ the blame onto the wimmen, jest as men do from Adam and Alpha to Omega.”

Sez Josiah, “We’ll walk out, Tommy, and see how it looks on the outside.”

But Arvilly kept mutterin’ and kinder scoldin’ about it long after they had departed. “Why didn’t Adam take the apple away from her and throw it away? He hankered after it jest as much as she did, that’s why. Cowardly piece of bizness, layin’ it all to her.”

And she sniffed and stepped round sort o’ nervous like, but sweet Dorothy drawed her attention off onto sunthin’ else.

On the pleasant hills about the village shepards could be seen tendin’ their flocks as they did on the night when the angels and the multitude of the heavenly hosts appeared to them bearing tidings of great joy that that night a Saviour wuz born.

“Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, goodwill to men.”

We felt that we must see Nazareth, where our Lord’s early years wuz spent, and we set off on a pleasant day; we approached it from the north by way of Cana. The road wuz hard and rocky, but on turning a corner we see the little town like a city set on a hill, only this wuz on the side of the hill with hills above it and below it. Nazareth has only a few hundred houses, but they are white and clean looking, mostly square and flat roofed. As we drew nigh we see the tall minaret of a mosque, the great convent buildings and the neat houses of the village looking out of gardens of figs and olives with white doves playing about the roofs; there wuz great hedges of prickly pears and white orange blossoms and scarlet pomgranites to make it pleasant.

On the road we wuz travelin’ the child Jesus no doubt often passed in play with other children or at work. I wonder how he felt as he stood amongst his playmates and if a shadow of what wuz to come rested on his young

heart? I spoze so, for he wuz only twelve when he reasoned with the wise doctors.

There is one fountain that supplies the town and always has, and we see stately dark-eyed wimmen carryin' tall jars of water on their heads (how under the sun they ever do it is a mystery to me; I should spill every drop), but they seem to carry 'em easy enough. Children often ran along at their sides. And I knew that in this place the young child Jesus must often have come with his mother after water.

Stood right here where we stood! what emotions I had as I thought on't. Dorothy and Robert looked reverently about them and dipped their hands in the clear water just as Joseph and Mary might when they wuz young and couldn't look into the futer.

Miss Meechim said she had a tract to home that dealt on this spot and wished she had brought it, she would have liked to read it here on the spot.

Arvilly said she wuz glad enough to see that they had plenty of good, pure water here and didn't have to depend on anything stronger.

And Josiah said in his opinion the water would make crackin' good coffee, and he wished he had a good cup and a dozen or so of my nut-cakes.

CHAPTER XXV

We visited a carpenter shop which wuz, I spoze, about like the shop of Joseph, lots of different tools on shelves and nails on the side on't, some like Jonesville shops.

But carpenter there has a different meaning from what it has in Jonesville, it means different kinds of work, carving, making furniture, plows, shovels, as well as buildin' houses. In some such a shop as this our Lord worked with achin' back and blistered hands no doubt, for He worked faithful and stiddy when He wuz subject to his father, Joseph. I suppose his dress wuz much like other Jewish peasantry save in one thing he wore, and this wuz the seamless garment, suggestive, I spoze, of wholeness, holiness. As I thought on't I instinctively murmured these words of our poet:

> "The healing of that seamless dress
> Is by our beds of pain,
> We feel it in life's care and stress—
> And we are strong again."

I looked up to the brow of the hill whereon this city is built, and my mind wuz all wrought up thinkin' of how the Christ stood up in the synagogue and told for the first time of his mission in these incomparable words so dear to-day to all true ministers and lovers of God's words, and all earnest reformers from that day down:

"The spirit of the Lord is upon me because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor. He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captive, and recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised."

Oh, what a divine mission! not to the great and lofty and happy, but to the poor, the broken-hearted, the bruised and the blind. How his heart yearned over them even as it duz to-day. And how did the world receive it? Just as Truth is received to-day, anon or oftener; they thrust Him out of the

synagogue, dragged Him to the brow of this very hill that they might cast Him off. But we read that He passed through the midst of them and went his way, just as Truth will and must. It can't be slain by its opposers; though they may turn it out of their high places by force, it will appear to 'em agin as an accuser.

But oh, what feelin's I felt as I looked on that very hill, the very ground where He passed through their midst unharmed! I had a great number of emotions, and I guess Josiah did, although his wuz softened down some and dissipated by hunger, and Tommy, dear little lamb! he too wuz hungry, so we all went to a little tarven where we got some food, not over good, but better than nothin'.

The roads all about Nazareth and Jerusalem are very stony and rocky, so we can see how hard it wuz, in a physical sense, for our Lord to perform the journeys He did, for they wuz almost always on foot.

Well, that evenin' at the tarven in Jerusalem, Miss Meechim and Dorothy and I wuz in the settin' room, and Dorothy set down to the little piano and played and sung some real sweet pieces, and several of the English people who had come on the steamer with us gathered round her to hear the music, and amongst them wuz two young gentlemen we had got acquainted with—real bright, handsome young chaps they wuz—and they looked dretful admirin' at Dorothy, and I didn't wonder at it, for she looked as pretty as a new-blown rose, and her voice had the sweetness and freshness of a June mornin' in it, when the air is full and runnin' over with the song of bird and bee, and the soft murmur of the southern breeze amongst the dewy flowers. She wuz singin' old Scottish and English ballads, and more than one eye wuz wet as she sang about "Auld Joe Nicholson's Bonnie Nannie," and "I'm Wearin' Away, Jean," and the dear old "Annie Laurie."

Miss Meechim looked worried and anxious, and sez she: "Oh, how I do wish Robert Strong wuz here. Oh, dear! what a trial it is to keep young folks apart."

And I sez: "What makes you try to? It is jest as nateral for 'em to like each other's company as it is for bluebirds and robins to fly round together in the spring of the year, and no more hurt in it, as I can see."

Sez she impressively: “Haven’t I told you, Josiah Allen’s wife, my wearing anxiety, my haunting fear that in spite of all my efforts and labors Dorothy will marry some one in spite of me? You know how invincibly opposed I am to matrimony. And you can see for yourself just how much admiration she gits everywhere, and one of those young men,” sez she, frowning darkly on a handsome young Englishman, “I am sure is in earnest. See the expression of his face—it is simply worship. He would throw himself on his knees in front of her this minute if there were not so many round. Oh, why don’t Robert come and protect her?”

Her face looked fairly haggard with anxiety, but even as I looked the anxious lines wuz smoothed from her worried face like magic, and I see Robert Strong come in and approach the group at the piano.

Miss Meechim leaned back in her chair in a restful, luxurious attitude, and sez she: “Oh, what a relief! What a burden has rolled off from me! Robert knows just how I feel; he will protect her from matrimony. Now I can converse with ease and comfort,” and she turned the subject round on missionary teas and socials and the best way to get ’em up.

The next mornin’ Arvilly didn’t appear to breakfast. I waited some time for her, for I wanted her to go sightseeing with me, and Arvilly wuz as punctual as the sun himself about gittin’ up in the mornin’, and about as early.

I thought to myself: “Is Arvilly a-goin’ to come up missin’, as our dear Aronette did?” I wuz agitated. I sent to her room, but no answer. My agitation increased. I then went to her room myself, but my knock at her door elicited no reply. I then spoke in anxious, appealin’ axents:

“Arvilly, are you there? And are you sick a-bed? Or are you dead? Answer me, Arvilly, if either of my conjectures are true!”

My axent was such that she answered to once, “I hain’t dead, Josiah Allen’s wife, and I hain’t sick, only heart-sick.”

Sez I, “Let me in then; I can’t have you there alone, Arvilly.”

“I hain’t alone!” sez she. “Grief is here, and everlastin’ shame for my country.”

It come to me in a minute, this wuz the anniversary of her husband’s death, the day our govermunt’s pardner, the licensed saloon, had murdered him

down in Cuba.

I sez, “May God help you, Arvilly!” And I turned onto my heel and left. But I sent up a tray of good vittles which wuz refused, and I d’no as she eat a mou’ful that day.

At night I went agin to the door, and agin I hearn the sound of weepin’ inside.

Sez I, “Arvilly, let me in; I’ve got a letter for you from Waitstill Webb.”

Sweet little creeter! She remembered her agony, and dropped this flower onto the grave of Arvilly’s happiness. Oh, how she, too, wuz suffering that day, wherever she wuz, and I wondered as much as Tommy ever did about the few cents the govermunt received for the deadly drink that caused these murders and the everlastin’ sorrow that flowed out of ’em.

Well, Arvilly told me to put the letter under the door, which I did. But nothin’ more could I git out of her; and though I sent up another tray of food to her, that too come down untouched; and as I told Josiah, I didn’t know as I could do anything more for her, as bad as I felt, only to think of her and pray for her.

“Yes,” sez he, “we will remember Sister Arvilly at the throne of grace at evenin’ worship.” And after we went to our room he did make a able prayer, askin’ the Lord to look down onto the poor heart of our afflicted sister, and send peace and comfort to her. It wuz a good prayer, but even in that solemn time come the thought: “If you and other church-members had voted as you prayed, Arvilly no need to be shet up there alone with her life agony.”

But it wuz no time to twit a pardner when we wuz both on our knees with our eyes shet, but when it come my turn I did say:

“O righteous God, do help good men everywhere to vote as they pray.”

Josiah said “Amen” quite loud, and mebby he duz mean to vote different. He voted license to help Jonesville, most of the bizness men of the town sayin’ that it would help bizness dretfully to have license. Well, it has helped the undertaker, the jail and the poorhouse.

Well, the next day Arvilly come down lookin’ white and peaked, but didn’t say anything about her eclipse; no, the darkness wuz too awful and solemn to talk about. But she showed me Waitstill’s letter. In it she said she had

been for several days caring for a very sick woman for half the night, and at midnight she would go back to the hospital, and every night for a week she had seen a bent figure creeping along as if looking for something, payin' no attention to anything only what he had in the searchin' eyes of his mind.

It wuz Elder Wessel lookin' for Lucia, so Waitstill said. It wuz Love waitin' and lookin' out, hoping and fearing. Poor father—poor girl! Both struck down by a blow from the Poor Man's Club. She writ considerable about Jonesville news to Arvilly, knowin', I spoze, how welcome it would be, and said she got it from Ernest White.

Wuz things comin' out as I wanted 'em to come? My heart sung a joyful anthem right then and there. Oh, wouldn't I be glad to see Ernest and Waitstill White settled down and happy and makin' everybody round 'em happy in the dear persinks of Jonesville and neighbor with 'em!

Ernest White wrote to Waitstill how successful his Help Union was and how his dear young people wuz growin' better and dearer to him every day.

And we talked about it how he wuz carryin' everyday reason and common sense into Sunday religion. Sez Arvilly, "He teaches young voters that while prayers are needful and necessary, votes are jest as needful, for bad or careless votin' destroys all the good that Christian effort duz, all that prayer asks for and gits from a pityin' God. Every saloon is shet up in Loontown and folks flock to hear him from as fur off as Zoar and the town of Lyme. He don't have standin'-room in his meetin'-house, let alone settin'-room, and they have got to put on an addition."

And I sez agin what I had often said before, "What a object lesson Elder White's work in Jonesville is, and how plainly it teaches what I have always known, that nothin' can stand aginst the united power of the church of Christ, and if Christian folks banded together and voted as they prayed, the Saloon, the Canteen, the Greedy Trusts, the licensed house of shame, monument of woman's disgrace, would all have to fall."

"But they won't do it," sez Arvilly in a mad cross axent. "They'll keep right on preachin' sermons against wrong and votin' to sustain it, if they vote at all. Gamblin' for bed-quilts and afghans to git money to send woollen clothin' to prespirin' heathens in torrid countries, while our half-clad and

hungry poor shiver in the cold shadder of their steeples oncared for and onthought on."

I sez, "Don't be so hash, Arvilly; you know and I know that the church has done and is doin' oncounted good. And they're beginnin' to band themselves together to help on true religion and goodness and peace."

"Well," sez Arvilly, "I should think it wuz time they did!"

I see a deep shadder settlin' down on her eye-brow, and I knowed she wuz a thinkin' of what she had went through.

Well, the next day we sot out for Paris, via Marseilles. We had a pleasant trip up the beautiful blue Mediterranean, a blue sky overhead, a blue sea underneath. Once we did have quite a storm, makin' the ship rock like a baby's cradle when its ma is rockin' it voylent to git it to sleep.

I wuzn't sea-sick at all nor Tommy, but my poor companion suffered, and so did many of the passengers. There wuz a young chap who wuz the picture of elegance when he come aboard, and dretful big feelin' I should judge from his looks and acts. But, oh, how low sea-sickness will bring the hautiest head! I see him one day leanin' up agin the side of the ship lookin' yeller and ghastly. His sleek clothes all neglected lookin', his hat sot on sideways, and jest as I wuz passin' he wuz sayin' to the aristocratic lookin' chap he wuz travellin' with:

"For Heaven's sake, Aubrey, throw me overboard!"

His mean wuz wild, and though I didn't like his words I made excuses for him, knowin' that mankind wuz as prone to rampage round in sickness and act as sparks are to fly up chimbly. But, take it as a whole, we had a pleasant voyage.

We only made a short stay in Marseilles, but long enough to drive round some and see the most noted sights of the city, which is the principal seaport of France.

On the northern part is the old town with narrer windin' streets and middlin' nasty and disagreeable, but interestin' because the old Roman ramparts are there and a wonderful town hall. A magnificent avenue separates the old part from the new, a broad, beautiful street extendin' in a straight line the

hull length of the city. Beyend is the Prado, a delightful sea-side promenade.

The new city is built round the port and rises in the form of an amphitheatre; the hills all round are covered with beautiful gardens, vineyards, olive groves and elegant country houses. Just acrost from the harbor is the old chateau where Mirabeau wuz imprisoned, poor humbly creeter! but smart. He didn't do as he'd ort to by his wife, and Mary Emily realized it and wouldn't make up with him, though he argued his case powerful in their lawsuit. But he wuz a smart soldier and writ quite eloquent things. He stood for the rights of the people as long as he could, till they got too obstropulous, as they sometimes will when they git to goin'. But I presoom he did desire his country's good. His poor body wuz buried with pomp and public mourning, and then a few years after taken up and laid with criminals. But good land! he'd got beyend it all. He had gone to his place wherever it wuz, and it didn't make any difference to him where the outgrown garment of his body wuz.

But to resoom: The Cathedral is quite a noble lookin' edifice, built so I hearn, on the spot where a temple once stood where they worshipped Diana; not Diana Henzy, Deacon Henzy's sister. Josiah thought I meant her when I spoke on't, and said the idee of anybody worshippin' that cranky old maid, but as I told him it wuz another old maid or bachelor maid, as I spoze she ort to be called, some years older than Diana Henzy. Sez I, "This Diana wuz a great case to live out-doors in groves and mountains." Sez I, "Some say she was the daughter of Zeus, and twin of Apollo."

And Josiah said them two wuz nobody he ever neighbored with.

And I sez, "No, you hain't old enough." And that tickled him; he duz love to be thought young.

There is a French Protestant church, where the English residents worship, and churches and synagogues where other sects meet.

We went to an Arab school, a museum, library and botanical garden, where we see beautiful native and foreign trees and shrubs and flowers. It has a splendid harbor, consisting of at least two hundred acres. The manufactures are principally glass, porcelain, morocco and other leathers, soap, sugar,

salt, etc., etc. The city has had many ups and downs, plagues, warfares, sieges and commotions, but seems quite peaceful now.

Mebby it put its best foot forrerd and tried to behave its very best because we wuz there. Naterally they would, comin' as we did from Jonesville, the pride and centre of the Universe and America.

But 'tennyrate everything seemed peaceful and composed.

We only stayed there two days of rest and sightseeing and then rest agin, and then sot sail for Paris.

Our first mornin' in Paris dawned clear and beautiful. It was the Fourth of July. 'Tain't often I do it, but I put my cameo pin on before breakfast, thinkin' that I could not assume too much grandeur for the occasion. The pin wuz clasped over a little bow of red, white and blue, and in that bow and gray alpacky dress I looked exceedingly well and felt so.

Josiah put on a neck-tie bearin' all the national colors, with more flamin' stars on it, I guess, than we've got States, but I didn't censure him, knowin' his motives wuz good.

We all had comfortable rooms in the tarven. Arvilly wuz dressed in black throughout; I hinted to her she ort to wear some badge in honor of the day, and she retired to her room and appeared with a bow made of black lute string ribbin and crape. I felt dretful. I sez, "Arvilly, can't you wear sunthin' more appropriate to the occasion?"

Sez she, "I know what I am about," and her looks wuz such that I dassent peep about it. But mebby she meant it for mournin' for her pardner. I dassent ask. Josiah wuz readin' his Guide Book as earnest as he ever searched the Skripters, and he sez, with his finger markin' the place, "Where shall we go first?"

Of course, we all wanted to visit the most noted sights of Paris. And all on us fell in love with the gay, bright, beautiful, happy city—though Josiah fell in with French ways more than I did, owin' to his constant strivin's after fashion. Why, I didn't know but he would git to drinkin' whilst he wuz there, observin' the French custom of drinkin' their light wines at their meals.

He intimated that he should most probable have cider on the table in bottles when he got home. “You know,” sez he, “that there is a hull box of old medicine bottles to the barn.”

But I told him that nothin’ stronger than root beer, made by my own hands out of pignut and sassparilla, should ever be sot on my table. But I may see trouble with him in that way. Whilst we wuz talkin’ about it, I brung up to illustrate the principles I wuz promulgatin’, the ivory tankard Arvilly pinted out to us in the American exhibit.

It wuz a big ivory tankard holdin’ enough liquor to intoxicate quite a few. Two big, nasty, wreathin’ snakes (signifyin’ the contents on’t in my mind) dominated one side and made the handle, and held the laurel wreath surroundin’ it (signifyin’ office-holders, so I spozed), in its big hungry mouth. On top of the hull thing stood a rarin’ angry brute, illustratin’ the cap-stun and completed mission of the whiskey bottle.

Arvilly talked more’n half an hour to Miss Meechim about it, and I wuz glad on’t.

But when I brung that up, Josiah waved the subject off with a shrug of his shoulders in the true French way, though a little too voyalent.

I had ketched him practicin’ that movement of the shoulders before the glass. He had got so he could do it first rate, I had to own to myself, though I hated to see him practise it so much, mistrustin’ that it wuz liable to bring on his rumatiz.

And I see in a letter he writ home: “Be sure, Ury, and weed the *jardin*, specially the onions,” and he ended the letler: “*Oh revwar, mon ammy.*”

I knowed that it would make Ury crazy as a hen, and Philury, too, wonderin’ what it meant, but couldn’t break it up. But speakin’ of “jardins,” we went to several on ’em, the last one we see the most beautiful seemin’ly of the lot. Jardin de Luxemburg Palais Royal, Tuilleries, Acclimation, Jardin des Plantes. There are hundreds of ’em scattered through the city, beautiful with flowers and shrubbery and statutes and fountains and kept in most beautiful order and bloom at public expense.

And we visited cathedrals, missions, churches, museums, the sewers, libraries, went through the galleries of the Louvre—milds and milds of beauty and art, as impossible to describe as to count the leaves in Josiah’s

sugar-bush or the slate stuns in the Jonesville creek, and as numerous as if every one of them leaves and slate stuns wuz turned into a glorious picter or statute or wondrous work of ancient or modern art. I hain't a-goin' to try to describe 'em or let Josiah try, though he wouldn't want to, for he whispered to me there in a sort of a fierce whisper: "Samantha Allen, I never want to set my eyes agin on another virgin, if I live to be as old as Methulesar or a saint." Well, there wuz sights on 'em, but they looked real fat and healthy, the most on 'em; I guess they enjoyed good health.

And one afternoon when the sky wuz blue, the sun shone and the birds sung merrily, we went to that dretful place, the Paris morgue. There wuz a crowd before the doors, for the Seine had yielded a rich harvest that mornin'; there wuz five silent forms, colder than the marble they lay on, one a young woman with long hair falling about her white shoulders. Amongst the crowd that pressed forward to look at that unfortunate wuz a bent, haggard form that I thought I recognized. But if it wuz a father watching and waiting in dretful hope and still more dretful fear for the best beloved, I couldn't tell, for the crowd pressed forward and he disappeared almost before I saw him. And I too wuz agitated, for when I catched sight of the clustering hair, the pretty rounded arms and form, an awful fear clutched my heart that I trembled like a popple leaf and I see Dorothy turn white as a sheet and Arvilly and Miss Meechim looked like them that sees a tragedy and so did Robert Strong and Josiah.

But a closter look made us know that it wuz no one that we ever see. It wuz not the dear one who wuz in our hearts day and night, it wuz not our sweet Aronette and it wuz not Lucia. Poor father! doomed to hunt in vain for her as long as his tremblin' limbs could carry him to and fro under foreign skies and the sun and stars of his own land. Poor seekin' eyes, turnin' away at the very last from visions of green pastures and still waters to look once more down the sin-cursed streets of earth for his heart's treasure! Dying eyes, dim with a black shadow, blacker than the shadow of the Valley, cast from Agony and Sin, sold to the crazed multitude for its undoing by sane men for the silver of Judas. Love stronger than life, mightier than death, never to be rewarded here. But we read of a time of rewards for deeds done in the body. At whose dying beds will these black forms stand, whose shadows torment humanity, to claim their own and go out with them to their place they have

prepared here for their soul's dwelling? Hard question, but one that will have to be answered.

Robert Strong and Dorothy wanted to visit the Pantheon; specially the tomb of Victor Hugo. It is a great buildin' with a dome that put me some in mind of our own Capitol at Washington, D. C. It is adorned with paintings and statutes by the most eminent artists and sculptors, and the mighty shades of the past seem to walk through the solemn aisles with us, specially before the statute of Victor Hugo. I felt considerable well acquainted with him, havin' hearn Thomas J. read his books so much. And as I stood there I had a great number of emotions thinkin' what Victor had went through from his native land from first to last: abuse, persecutions, sent off and brung back, etc., and I thought of how his faithful "Toiler of the Sea" went through superhuman labors to end in disappintment at last. And Jean Valjean, the martyr, seemed to walk along in front of me patiently guardin' and tendin' little Cossette, who wuz to pierce his noble, steadfast heart with the sharpest thorn in the hull crown of thorns—ingratitude, onrequited affection, and neglect.

And we stood before the Column Vendome and meditated on that great, queer creeter, Napoleon. Who but he would think of meltin' the cannons he had took in battle from his enemies and makin' a triumphal monument of 'em a hundred and forty feet high, with his own figger on top.

CHAPTER XXVI

Well, Miss Meechim wanted to see the Goblin tapestry, so we visited the Goblin manufactory. These tapestries are perfectly beautiful, fourteen thousand shades of wool are used in their construction. What would Sister Sylvester Bobbett say? She thought the colors in her new rag carpet went ahead of anything, and she didn't have more'n fourteen at the outside, besides black and but-nut color. But fourteen thousand colors—the idee!

Yes, we rid through the marvellously beautiful streets under triumphal arches and more warlike ones and visited all the most beautiful sights in the city and the adjacent country, and who do you spoze I met as I walked along in the Bois de Boulogne? It wuz the Princess Ulaly. The rest of our party wuz some little distance off and I wuz santerin' along charmed with the beauty about me when who should I meet face to face but Ulaly. Yes, it wuz Ulaly Infanty.

I wuz highly tickled, for I considered her a likely young woman and sot store by her when I met her to home at the World's Fair. She knowed me in a minute and seemed as glad to see me as I wuz her, and I sez to her most the first thing after the compliments wuz passed, "Who would have thought, Ulaly, when we parted in Chicago, U. S., that the next time we should meet would be in Paris?"

"Yes, indeed!" sez she, "who would have thought it." And I went on to say, for I see she looked real deprested:

"Ulaly, things hain't come out as I wanted 'em to; I felt real bad about it after your folks sold their jewelry to help discover us. I dare presume to say they have been sorry time and agin that they ever found us, and I wouldn't blame 'em, for as Josiah sez to me:

"'Where would we be to-day if it hadn't been for Columbus? Like enough we shouldn't been discovered at all.' Sez he, 'Most probable we should be Injins.' But don't lay it to Josiah or me, Ulaly, we hain't to blame, we didn't do a thing to bring on the trouble. Of course we remembered the *Maine*

some, we had to, and your folks couldn't blame us for it. Josiah and me felt real provoked and mortified to think that after folks had gin their jewelry to discover us they should blow us up in that way. But I sez to Josiah, 'Because three hundred are sent onprepared into eternity it hain't no reason three thousand should be.' We are great cases for peace, Josiah and I be, and would have managed most any way, even been run on some and imposed upon a little ruther than to have rushed into the onspeakable horrors of war.

"And I don't want you to blame William, either; he held onto the dogs of war with both hands a tryin' to hold 'em in."

"William?" sez she inquirin'ly.

"Yes, William McKinley, our President. He jest held onto them dogs till they wuz likely to tear him to pieces, then he had to leggo. Them dogs wuz jest inflamed by havin' yellow literatoor shook in their faces, and yells from greedy politicians and time servers, till they wuz howlin' mad and would have barked themselves blind if he hadn't leggo. But he didn't want to, William didn't, he wanted peace dreadfully." And she said real sweet, that she knew he did.

"Well, it turned out jest as it did, Ulaly. But I think just as much of you as I did before you lost your propputy, and I d'no as the propputy Uncle Sam got hold of in the dicker is a goin' to do him much good, not for quite a spell anyway. There is such a thing as bein' land poor, taxes are heavy, hired help hain't to be relied on and the more you have the more you have to watch and take care on, though of course it is a pleasure to a certain set of faculties and some particular bumps in your head, to own a path as you may say, most round the world, steppin' off from California to Hawaii and then on to the Philippines, ready to step off from there, Heaven knows how fur or when or where. It is a pleasure to a certain part of your mind, but other parts of your head and heart hold back and don't cheer in the procession. But howsumever, Ulaly, that is neither here nor there. I hope your folks are so as to git round. I wuz sorry enough to hear that you and your pardner don't live agreeable. But though it is a pity, pardners have had spats from Eden to Chicago and I d'no but they always will. The trouble is they take pardners as boons instead of dispensations, and don't lean hard enough on scripter.

“But this is not the time or place for sermons on how to be happy, though married. How is Christina and Alfonso? I’m afraid he’s gittin’ obstropolous, and I d’no but Christina will have to give him a good spankin’ before she gits through. Of course, spankin’ a king seems quite a big job to tackle, and of course he’s pretty old for it. But it don’t do to let children have their heads too much. One good spankin’ will strike in truth when reams of sermons and tearful expostulations will fail. You might just mention to Christina what I’ve said, and then she can do as she wants to with fear and tremblin’.”

But I see my folks passin’ down a distant path, and I sez: “I will now bid you adoo, Ulaly, as time and Arvilly and Josiah are passin’ away.” She bid me a real pleasant good-by, and I withdrawed myself and jined my folks.

One day the hull of our party visited Fontainbleu and went through the apartments of kings and queens and popes and cardinals. The rooms of Napoleon wuz full of the thrilling interest that great leader always rousted up, and always will, I spoze, till history’s pages are torn up and destroyed. And in the rooms of Marie Antoinette we see the lovely costly things gin to this beautiful queen when the people loved her, and she, as she slept under the beautiful draperies gin by the people, never dreamed, I spoze, that the hands that wrought love and admiration into these fabrics would turn on her and rend her.

But Marie didn’t do right. Carelessness, oppression, neglect of the people’s rights, a few grasping the wealth of the nation while the people suffer and starve, weave bloody colors into the warp and woof of life from Paris to New York and Washington, D. C., and so on to Jonesville. And we went through the apartments of Louis Philippe, Francis I., Louis XIII., etc., and Madam Maintenon’s apartments and Diana de Poyter’s, and seen her monogram decorating the apartment interwoven with the king’s. I hated to see it, but couldn’t do nothin’ to break it up at this late day. Miss Meechim walked through these apartments with her nose in the air, having sent Dorothy into the garden with Robert Strong and Tommy, and Arvilly wouldn’t cross the thresholt, and I didn’t blame her, though havin’ my lawful pardner by my side I ventered.

But Arvilly led off into the beautiful gardens, where we found her settin’ with Robert Strong and Dorothy and Tommy by the fountain.

We wanted to explore the forests of Fontainbleu, but only had time for a short drive through it, but found it most picturesque and beautiful what we see of it.

Bein' such a case for freedom, Arvilly wanted to see the Column of July riz up on the site of the old prison of the Bastile. And I did, too. I felt considerable interested in this prison, havin' seen the great key that used to lock up the prisoners at Mount Vernon—a present to our own George Washington from that brave Frenchman and lover of liberty, Lafayette.

A brave man held in lovin' remembrance by our country, and I spoze always will be, as witness his noble statute gin by our school children to France this present year. That his statute and G. Washington's should be gin to France by America, and that Josiah Allen's wife and Josiah should also be permitted to adorn their shores simeltaneous and to once, what a proud hour for France! Well might she put her best foot forrerd and act happy and hilarious!

But to resoom: The last afternoon of our stay in Paris, Arvilly and I went to see the Column of July, accompanied by my pardner, Miss Meechim and Dorothy havin' gone to a matinée, and Robert Strong havin' took Tommy with him to see some interestin' sight. And I had a large number of emotions as we stood there and thought of all the horrows that had took place there, and see way up on top of the lofty column the Genius of Liberty holdin' in one hand the broken chains of captives and holdin' up in her other hand the torch of liberty.

But I methought to myself she's got to be careful, Liberty has, or that torch will light up more'n she wants it to. Liberty is sometimes spelt license in France and in our own country, but they don' mean the same thing, no, indeed! We hung round there in that vicinity seein' the different sights, and Josiah took it in his head that we should take our supper outdoors; he said he thought it would be real romantic, and I shouldn't wonder if it wuz. 'Tennyrate, that is one of the sights of Paris to see the gayly dressed throngs happy as kings and queens, seemin'ly eatin' outdoors. Lights shinin' over 'em, gay talk and laughter and music sparklin' about 'em.

Well, Josiah enjoyed the eppisode exceedingly, but it made it ruther late when we started back to the tarven through the brightly lighted streets and anon into a more deserted and quiet one, and on one of these last named we

see a man, white-headed and bent in figger, walkin' along before us, who seemed to be actin' dretful queer. He would walk along for quite a spell, payin' no attention to anybody seemin'ly, when all at once he would dart up clost to some young girl, and look sharp at her, and then slink back agin into his old gait.

Thinkses I is he crazy or is he some old fool that's love sick. But his actions didn't seem to belong to either of the classes named. And finally right under a lamp post he stopped to foller with his eager eyes a graceful, slim young figger that turned down a cross street and we come face to face with him.

It wuz Elder Wessel—it wuz the figger I had seen at the morgue—but, oh, the change that had come over the poor creeter! Hair, white as snow; form, bowed down; wan, haggard face; eyes sunken; lookin' at us with melancholy sombry gaze that didn't seem to see anything. Josiah stepped up and held out his hand, and sez: "Elder, I'm glad to see you, how do you do? You don't look very rugged."

He didn't notice Josiah's hand no more than if it wuz moonshine. He looked at us with cold, onsmilin', onseein', mean, some like them same moonbeams fallin' down on dark, troubled waters, and I hearn him mutter:

"I thought I had found her! Where is Lucia?" sez he.

The tears run down my face onbeknown to me, for oh the hunted, haunted look he wore! He wuz a portly, handsome man when we see him last, with red cheeks, iron-gray hair and whiskers and tall, erect figger. Now he had the look of a man who had kep' stiddy company with Death, Disgrace, Agony and Fear—kep' company with 'em so long that he wuz a stranger to anybody and everybody else.

He hurried away, sayin' agin in them same heart-breakin' axents: "Where is Lucia?"

Arvilly turned round and looked after him as he shambled off.

"Poor creeter!" sez she. Her keen eyes wuz full of tears, and I knowed she would never stir him up agin with the sharp harrer of her irony and sarcasm if she had ever so good a chance. Josiah took out his bandanna and blowed his nose hard. He's tender-hearted. We knowed sunthin' how he felt; wuzn't we all, Dorothy, Miss Meechim, Arvilly, Robert Strong, Josiah and I always, always looking out for a dear little form that had been wrenched out

of our arms and hearts, not by death, no, by fur worse than death, by the two licensed Terrors whose black dretful shadders fall on every home in our land, dogs the steps of our best beloved ready to tear 'em away from Love and from Safety and Happiness.

From Paris we went to Berne. I hearn Josiah tellin' Tommy: "It is called Burn, I spoze, because it got burnt down a number of times."

But it hain't so. It wuz named from Baren (bears), of which more anon. Robert Strong had been there, and he wanted Dorothy to see the scenery, which he said was sublime. Among the highest points of the Bernise Alps and the Jungfrau and the Matterhorn, which latter peak is from twelve to fourteen thousand feet high. Good land! What if I had to climb it! But I hadn't, and took comfort in the thought. Deep, beautiful valleys are also in the Oberland, as the southern part of the Canton is called, the Plain of Interlaken being one of the most beautiful.

There are several railways that centre in Berne, and it stands at the crossroads to France and Germany. And though it is a Swiss city, it seemed much more like a German one, so Robert Strong said. The people, the signs, the streets, the hotels and all, he said, was far more like a German city than a Swiss one.

It is quite a handsome city of about fifty thousand inhabitants, with straight, wide streets and handsome houses, and one thing I liked first-rate, a little creek called the Gassel, has been made to run into the city, so little rivulets of water flow through some of the streets, and it supplies the fountains so they spray up in a noble way.

Josiah sez: "If Ury and I can turn the creek, Samantha, so it will run through the dooryard, you shall have a fountain right under your winder. Ury and I can rig up a statter for it out of stuns and mortar that will look first-rate. And I spoze," sez he, "the Jonesvillians would love to see my linimen sculped on it, and it might be a comfort to you, if I should be took first."

"No, Josiah," sez I, "not if you and Ury made it; it would only add to my agony."

We had quite a good hotel. But I see the hired girl had made a mistake in makin' up the bed. Mebby she wuz absent minded or lovesick; 'tennyrate she had put the feather bed top of us instead of under us.

As Josiah laid down under it he said words I wouldn't have had Elder Minkley heard for a dollar bill, and it didn't nigh cover his feet anyway. What to do I didn't know, for it wuz late and I spozed the woman of the house had gone to bed and I didn't want to roust her up. And I knew anyway it would mortify her dretfully to have her help make such a mistake. Good land! if Philury should do such a thing I should feel like a fool. So I had Josiah git up, still talkin' language onfit for a deacon and a perfessor, and I put the bed where it belonged, spread the sheets over it smooth, put my warm woollen shawl and our railway rug on it and made a splendid bed.

The food wuz quite good, though sassage and cheese wuz too much in evidence, and beer and pipes and bears. I always kinder spleened aginst bears and wuz afraid on 'em and wouldn't take one for a present, but it beat all how much they seem to think of bears there, namin' the place for 'em to start with, and they have bears carved and painted on most everything. Bears spout water out of their mouths in the fountains, they have dead ones in their museums, and they have a big bear den down by the river where great live ones can growl and act all they want to. And bears show off in a wonderful clock tower they have built way back in the 'leventh century. I never see Tommy so delighted with anything hardly as he wuz with that, and Josiah too. Every hour a procession of bears come out, led, I believe, by a rooster who claps his wings and crows, and then they walk round a old man with a hour glass who strikes the hour on a bell. But the bears lead the programmy and bow and strut round and act.

The manufactures of Berne are mostly cloth, silk and cotton, straw hats, etc. It has a great university with seventy-three professors. Good land! if each one on 'em knowed a little and would teach it they ort to keep a first-rate school.

And it also uses a Referendum. Arvilly disputed me when I spoke on't; she thought it wuz sunthin' agin 'em, but it hain't. It helps the people. If they don't like a law after it passes the legislature they have a chance to vote on it. And it keeps 'em from bein' fooled by politicians and dishonest statesmen. I approve on't and Arvilly did when she got more acquainted with the idee. I wish America would get hold of one, and I guess she will when she gits round to it, though Arvilly don't believe they will. Sez she: "Our statesmen ruther spend their time votin' on the length of women's hat-

pins, and discuss what a peril they are to manhood." Sez she: "Why don't they vote agin men's suspenders? Everybody knows a man could hang a woman with 'em, hang 'em right up on the bed post." Sez Arvilly: "Why not vote that men shall fasten their trousers to their vests with hook and eyes, they are so much less dangerous?" But I don't spoze they ever will. It is a job to fasten your skirt to your waist with 'em. But they are real safe and I wish men would adopt 'em. But don't spoze they will, they hate to be bothered so.

Another thing I liked first-rate there and Arvilly did, the corporation of the city is so rich it furnishes fuel for its citizens free. Arvilly sez:

"Catch the rich corporations of our American cities furnishin' fuel for even the poorest. No; it would let 'em burn up their old chairs or bedsteads first, or freeze."

"Well," sez I, "mebby our country will take pattern of the best of all other countries when she gits round to it; she's been pretty busy lately."

And Arvilly sez, "She had better hurry up before her poor are all starved or friz; but as it is," sez she, "her statesmen are votin' on wimmen's hat-pins whilst Justice lays flat with her stillyards on top of her and Pity and Mercy have wep' themselves sick."

America is good, her charities are almost boundless, but I think some as Arvilly that Charity hain't so likely lookin' or actin' as Justice, and Robert Strong thinks so too. But it is a great problem what to do for the best in this case. Mebby Solomon knew enough to grapple with the question, but Josiah don't, nor Arvilly, though she thinks she duz. Robert Strong is gittin' one answer to the hard conundrum of life, and Ernest White is figurin' it out successful. And lots of other good and earnest souls all over the world are workin' away at the sum with their own slates and pencils. But oh, the time is long! One needs the patience of the Sphinx to set and see it go on, to labor and to wait. But God knows the answer to the problem; in His own good time He will reveal it, as the reward of constant labor, tireless patience, trust and prayer. But to resoom forwards: One of the picturesque features of the older part of Berne is that the houses are built up on an arcade under which runs a footpath.

But its great feature is the enchantin' seenery. It stands on a peninsula and the view on mountain and river is most beautiful.

From Berne we went direct to the city of Milan in Italy. And we found that it wuz a beautiful city eight or nine milds round, I should judge, with very handsome houses, the cathedral bein' the cap sheaf. I'd had a picture on't on my settin' room wall for years, framed with pine cones and had spent hours, I spoze, from first to last lookin' at it, but hadn't no more idee of its size and beauty than a Hottentot has of ice water and soap stuns.

From every point of view it is perfect, front side, back side, outside and inside; specially beautiful are the gorgeous stained glass winders in the altar.

Robert Strong and Dorothy and all the rest of the party but Josiah and me and Tommy clumb up to the biggest tower, three hundred and thirty or forty feet, and they said the view from there wuz sublime and you couldn't realize the beauty of the cathedral until you saw it from that place where you seemed to stand in a forest of beautifully carved white marble. But I sez to 'em, "I can believe every word you say without provin' it."

I never could have stood it to clumb so high, but they said you could see way off the Appenines, the Alps, Mont Blanc, the Matterhorn, a wonderful view. The cathedral is full of monuments to kings and queens and saints and high church dignitaries. Its carving, statuary, fret work is beyend description. It is said to be the most beautiful in the world and I shouldn't wonder, 'tennyrate it goes fur, fur beyend the M. E. meetin'-house in Jonesville or Zoar or Loontown.

Milan has beautiful picture galleries, and Miss Meechim and Arvilly and I wuz restin' in one one day, for we wuz tired out sightseein', when a young man and woman swep' by, both on 'em with glasses stuck in their eyes, richly dressed and she covered with jewels, and their wuz a maid carryin' wraps and a cushion, and a man carryin' two camp-chairs, and a tall, slim tutor follerin' with a little boy.

I d'no as the Queen of Sheba and Mr. Sheba could have travelled with any more pomp if they had took it into their heads to come to Jonesville the Fourth of July. They didn't seem to be payin' any attention to the pictures, though they wuz perfectly beautiful. There wuz a group of titled people that

had been pinted out to us, and their eyes wuz glued on them, and they seemed to be kinder followin' 'em round. They gin Miss Meechim a cool, patronizin' nod as they went by, and she gurgled and overflowed with joy over it.

She said they wuz the Mudd-Weakdews, of Sacramento, Rev. Mr Weakdew's only child, and they wuz on their way home from Paris; he had married Augusta Mudd, a millionairess. "They are so exclusive, so genteel!" sez Miss Meechim, "they will not associate with anybody but the very first. He wuz a college mate of Robert's and so different from him," sez she.

"Yes," sez I, in a real dry tone, "I spoze he is, he looks different anyway."

"He is engaged in the same occupation Robert is," sez Miss Meechim, "and he would no more do as Robert does than he would fly. He keeps his workmen down in their place. Now Robert sells them land at a cheap rate and encourages a building association amongst the workmen, so most all of them own their own houses and gardens, and they cultivate fruits and flowers, making their homes look more like a genteel, wealthy person's than a laborer's; it makes them independent as you please, heads right up, lookin' you right in the face, as if they wuz your equals. Mudd-Weakdew don't let them own an inch of land; they live in tenements that he owns and they pay high rents. The houses are laborers' rooms, not genteel and comfortable as their employer's. He says that he makes as much out of the rent of these houses as he does from his factory, for I must say that Robert's workmen do more work and better. But the Mudd-Weakdews live like a prince on a broad, tree-shaded avenue with a long row of tenement houses on the alley back of it, separated from the poor, and what I consider a genteel, proper way.

"Of course his workmen complain that they do all the work and he lives in a palace and they in a hovel, that he is burdened with luxuries and is hoarding up millions, whilst they labor through their half-starved lives and have the workhouse to look forward to. So unreasonable! How can the poor expect the genteel pleasures of the wealthy, and when their houses are low and old and the walls mouldy and streets narrow and filthy and no gardens, and ten or fifteen in one room, they ought not to expect the comfort and pure air of four people in one great house set in a park. But such people can't reason."

“Who is the fourth?” sez I coldly, for I despised her idees.

“They have a little girl older than Augustus and very different from him. Little Augustus is naturally very aristocratic and they encourage him to look down on the tenement children and be sharp to them, for they know that he will have to take the reins in his hands and control rebellious workmen just as his pa does now, and conquer them just as you would a ugly horse or dog.”

“How is the little girl different?” sez I in cold, icy axents.

“Oh, she is a perfect beauty, older than Augustus and at boarding-school now. She is the idol of their hearts—even the workmen love her, she is so gentle and sweet. Her parents adore her and expect that she will unite them to the nobility, for she is as beautiful as an angel.

“Little Augustus was terribly frightened just before we sailed, his grand-pa told me; one of them impudent workmen who had been sick and out of work for a spell rushed up to little Augustus, who was feeding cakes to his pony and Italian greyhound, and demanded him to give him some. The man’s fierce looks was such that Augustus dropped the cakes and ran away to his tutor. The man had the impudence to pick up the pieces and rush away with them, muttering that his own boy was dying for want of food, while this boy was throwing it away. What business was it to him, I would like to know. The man was turned off, I believe. Mudd-Weakdew will stand no impudence; he builds up a wall of separation between himself and them that can’t be broke down, just as he has a right to.”

Sez I, “Mebby it can’t be broke down, but the wrongs and sufferin’s of one class is apt to react on the other.”

“But it cannot here,” sez she, “for Mudd-Weakdew is not like Robert, mingling with his workmen, breaking down the wall of separation, that always has and I believe always should exist between the genteel wealthy and the poor.”

“Well,” sez I, “time will tell.” And she went on.

“You ought to see the elegance of their house, thirty house servants and Robert has only two; and won’t let them be called servants; he calls them helpers. Oh, they are so genteel! they mingle with the very first, and Robert might do just so, but he actually seems happier amongst his workmen trying

to make them happier than he does with the titled aristocracy. Mudd-Weakdew would no more mingle with his workmen as Robert does, than he would fly."

I murmured onbeknown to myself, "The poor received Him gladly;" "Except ye do these things ye cannot be my disciples." And I sez to Miss Meechim, "How would the Mudd-Weakdews receive the carpenter's Son if he should stop at their gate some afternoon while they wuz givin' a garden party to nobility. If Jesus should enter there with his chosen companions, the fishermen and the poor, all dusty from weary walks and barefooted; if he should look through their luxury to the squalid homes beyend with reproach and sorrow in his divine face, how would they greet him?"

Miss Meechim said she didn't really know, they wuz so very, very exclusive, but she felt that they would act genteel anyway. "And," sez she, "they worship in a magnificent church built by millionaires and used by them almost exclusively, for of course poor people wouldn't feel at home there amongst the aristocracy."

But Arvilly said—I guess she had to say it—"Yes, they kneel and worship the Christ they crucified while they tromple on his teachings; hypocrites and Pharisees, the hull caboodle on 'em, Rev. Weakdew and all!" I d'no but Arvilly wuz too hash, but mebby my groans spoke as loud as her words; I felt considerable as she did and she knowed it.

"Oh! oh!" Miss Meechim fairly squeeled the words out, "Rev. Weakdew is very thoughtful and charitable to the poor always. I have wept to hear him tell of their home above, right in with the rich you know, mingling with them; I have heard him say it, exclusive as he and his family is, and how after starvation here how sweet the bread of life would seem to them."

"In my opinion," sez Arvilly, "he better spend his strength tryin' to feed 'em on earth; when they git to that country the Lord can take care on 'em."

"Oh, he always has a collection taken up for the poor, Christmas and Easter, and his congregation is very charitable and give largely in alms and make suppers for the poor, Christmas, almost as good as the wealthy enjoy."

Sez Arvilly, "You can't put out the ragin' fires of a volcano with a waterin' pot; it will keep belchin' out for all of that little drizzle; that seethin' kaldron of fire and ashes would have to be cleaned out and the hull lay of the land

changed in order to stop it. What good duz it do to scatter a few loaves of bread to the hungry while the Liquor Power and the mills of Monopoly are grindin' out hundreds and thousands of tramps and paupers every year?"

Sez Miss Meechim, "the poor ye shall always have with you."

"We don't read," sez Arvilly, "of Martha Washington having to feed tramps nor labor riots and strikers in the time of Jefferson. No, it wuz when our republic begun to copy the sampler of old nations' luxury, aristocracy and enormous wealth for the few and poverty and starvation for the many. Copyin' the old feudal barons and thieves who used to swoop down on weaker communities and steal all their possessions, only they gained by force what is gained now by corrupt legislation. Anybody would think," sez Arvilly, "that as many times as that sampler has been soaked in blood, and riddled by bullets, our country wouldn't want to foller it, but they do down to the smallest stitch on't and how can they hope to escape their fate? They can't!" sez Arvilly.

"But," I sez, "they can't unless they turn right round in their tracts. But I am a good deal in hopes they will," sez I; "I am hopin' that Uncle Sam will foller my advice and the advice of other wellwishers of the human race—I see signs on't."

"Well," sez Arvilly, "you have fursightener specs than I have, if you can see it."

And I sez, "You lay your ear to the ground, Arvilly, and you'll hear the sound of a great approachin' army. It is the ranks of the Workers for Humanity with voice and pen, with wealth and influence, the haters of hate, lovers of love, breakers of shams and cruelties in creeds, political and social life and customs. Destroyers of unjust laws, true helpers of the poor. It is them that try to foller Christ's mission and give liberty to the bound, sight to the blind. That great throng is growin' larger, every hour, the stiddy, stiddy tromplin' of their feet sounds nearer and nearer." And I sez in a rapt way, "Whilst you are listenin' to 'em, Arvilly, listen, upward and you'll hear the sound of wings beatin' the air. The faint music, not of warlike bugles, but the sweet song of Peace. It comes nigher, it is the white winged cohort of angels comin' down to jine the workers for humanity and lead 'em to victory, and their song is jest the same they sung when Christ the Reformer wuz born, 'Peace on earth, goodwill to men.'"

Sez Miss Meechim, “I guess you hear the crowd on the avenue going home, and it is really time to go; it would not look genteel to stay longer.”

I looked at her, and through her, and smiled a deep forgivin’ smile for I thought she wuz a foreigner, how could she understand.

CHAPTER XXVII

In the centre of the city of Milan is an artificial lake where the Milanise dearly love to go out in beautiful pleasure yots, and in the winter it serves for a skating rink. Milan is noted for its charitable institutions, which owns property to the amount of forty or fifty millions; it is a honor to her. It has flourishing colleges, lyceums, observatories, gymnasiums, famous libraries, institutes and schools of all kinds, and the Academy of Fine Arts is celebrated all over the world. It has a beautiful triumphal arch, begun in 1807 and finished in 1838. They take their own time, them old Milanise do, but when their work is done, it is done.

Josiah thought most probable they worked by the day. Sez he, “Men are most always more shiftless when you pay by the day.”

It has very fine public gardens, and one day we went to the Campo Santo. It is a beautiful spot; they say it has the finest sculpture and statuary in the world. We spent some time wandering around, resting our eyes on the beautiful marble forms on every side.

They wuz a quiet crowd, too; jest as calm and silent as them they kep’ watch over.

Some of the most celebrated pictures in the world are to be seen in the picture galleries at Milan, the Marriage of Mary and Joseph, by Raphael, is considered the most valuable. We went to see the fresco of the Lord’s Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci, on the walls of an old convent. But the wall is crumbled and the picture is faded and worn; besides artists have tried to retouch it with just about as much success as Josiah would have if he undertook to paint the sky indigo blue, or Ury tried to improve a white lily with a coat of whitewash. But we loved to look on it for what it wuz before Time’s hand had laid so heavy on it and artists had tried to protect it.

We wuz in Milan over Sunday and so we went to the Cathedral to service, and agin I realized its marvellous beauty and magnitude. Its ruff is supported by fifty-two columns, and it has eight thousand life-sized statutes

inside and outside, plenty enough for comfort even if it wuz over-fond of statutes.

The Lazaretto, once used as a plague hospital, is now used as an apartment-house for the poor; it has one thousand two-roomed apartments in it, a city in itself.

Napoleon, ambitious creeter! wuz crowned king of Italy in Milan. And I guess old Charlemaigne himself wuz, 'tennyrate a good many kings here had the iron crown set on their forwards. I d'no what made 'em have iron crowns, though Josiah said it would be real handy sometimes. He said if a king wuz in a hurry, and you know they are sometimes in a dretful hurry to be crowned before their heads are took off, it would be real handy, for they could take the rim to a stove griddle, and stand up some velvet pints on it and it would fit most any head. He also spoke of a coal-scuttle.

But I said that I guessed they used iron to show that crowns are so heavy and bore down on their heads so.

We visited Lake Como, Dorothy specially wantin' to see the palace of Carlotta. Poor, broken-hearted Carlotta, whose mind and happiness wuz destroyed by the shot that put an end to Maximilian's brave, misguided life.

Poor Maximilian! poor Carlotta! victims of the foolish ambitions of an empress, so they say. I wuz glad to throw the blossom of a pitying thought onto their memory as I passed her house, opposite Belajio, thinkin' that it wuz befittin' a American to do so. Tears stood in Dorothy's eyes as we recalled the sad tragedy.

Lake Como deserves all that has been said of it, and more too. The slopes of the mountains are dotted with vineyards, hamlets and beautiful villas. And we see many little cabins where the familys of organ-grinders live. Mebby the wife and children lived here of some swarthy creeter that I've fed offen my own back steps in Jonesville for grindin' out music for the children.

It is only a journey of eight hours from Milan to Venice, and Verona is about half way. And it is almost like travellin' through a mulberry grove. The valley of Lombardy is a silk-producing country and the diet of silkworms is mulberry leaves and the trees also serve as handsome props to the grape vines that hang from tree to tree.

Fur off, like cold, sad thoughts that will come in warm happy hearts, we see the snow-capped mountains, and bime by it grew so cold that we wuz glad and grateful when we had cans of hot water handed to us at the station.

Josiah thought they wuz full of hot coffee and proposed to once that we should take some to meetin' with us in Jonesville to warm our feet. Sez he, "How delightful it would be, Samantha, to take a good drink of hot coffee in meetin'."

"Yes," sez I, "it would look nice to be drinkin' in meetin'."

"Oh," sez he, "I mean to do it sly; I could scrooch down and pretend to be fixin' my shues." But it proved to be nothin' but hot water in the cans, but real comfortable to our feet. And the mulberry groves put Josiah in mind of another innovation that might be made in Jonesville ways.

Sez he, "These silk raisers git rich as mud and jest see the number of caterpillars we have to hum; they might jest as well be put to work on sunthin' that will pay as to be eatin' up young squashes and cowcumbers for us to plant over." Sez he, "Their work is worse than wasted on us."

Sez I, "These silkworms hain't like our caterpillars, Josiah."

"Well, they may make silk of a different color, but who cares for that when diamond dyes are so cheap, and if we wanted red silk we could try feedin' em on red stuff, beets, and red russets and such. Why," sez he, "with Ury's help I could start a caterpillar bizness that would be the makin' of me. And oh, how I would love to robe your figger, Samantha, in silk from my own caterpillars."

"Well, well," sez I, "let's not look ahead too much." Sez I, "Look there up the mountain side and see the different shades of green foliage and see what pretty little houses that are sot there and see that lovely little village down in the valley."

So I got his mind off. The costooms of the peasant wimmen are very pretty, a black bodice over a white chemise with short full sleeves and bright colored shirts, and hat trimmed with long gay ribbons.

The men wear short, black trousers, open jackets and gay sashes, broad-brimmed white hats with long blue ribbons streamin' down. Josiah sez to

me admirin'ly, "How such a costoom would brighten up our cornfield if I and Ury appeared in 'em."

Sez I, "Ury would git his sash and hat ribbons all twisted up in his hoe handle the first thing."

"They might be looped up," sez Josiah, "with rosettes."

We read about travel bein' a great educator, and truly I believe that no tourist ever had any more idees about graftin' foreign customs onto everyday life at home than Josiah Allen did. Now at Lake Como where we see washerwomen at their work. They stood in the water with their skirts rolled up to their knees, but they still had on their white chemisettes and black bodices laced over them and pretty white caps trimmed with gay ribbins.

And Josiah sez, "What a happy day it would be for me and Ury if we could see you and Philury dressed like that for the wash-tub; it would brighten the gloom of Mondays considerable."

Well, they did look pretty and I d'no but they could wash the clothes jest as clean after they got used to it, but I shouldn't encourage Philury to dress up so wash-days.

And it wuz jest so when we see on Lake Como its swarm of pleasure gondolas glidin' hither and yon with the dark-eyed Italian ladies in bright colored costooms and black lace mantillys thrown over their pretty heads and fastened with coral pins, and the gondoliers in gay attire keepin' time to the oars with their melogious voices. Josiah whispered to me:

"What a show it would make in Jonesville, Samantha, to see you and me in a gondola on the mill-dam, I with long, pale blue ribbins tied round my best beaver hat and you with Mother Allen's long, black lace veil that fell onto you, thrown graceful over your head, and both of us singin' 'Balermy' or 'Coronation.' How uneek it would be!"

"Yes," sez I, "it would be uneek, uneeker than will ever come to pass."

"Well, I d'no," sez he, "Ury and me could make a crackin' good gondola out of the old stun boat, kinder hist it up in front and whittle out a head on it and a neck some like an old gander's. We could take old High Horns for a model, and we could make good oars out of old fish-poles and broom-

handles, and you own a veil, and blue streamers don't cost much—nothin' henders us from showin' off in that way but your obstinate sperit."

But I sez, "I shall never appear in that panoramy, never."

"Oh, well," sez he, gayly, "Jonesville has other females beside you, more tractable and more genteel. Most probable Sister Celestine Bobbett and she that wuz Submit Tewksberry would love to float in a gondola by the side of one of Jonesville's leadin' men."

I looked full in his face and sez, "Has foreign travel shook your morals till they begin to tottle? Have I got to see a back-slidden Josiah?"

Sez he, real earnest, "You are the choice of my youth, the joy of my prime of life."

"Well, then," sez I, "shet up!" I wuz out of patience with his giddy idees, and wouldn't brook 'em.

We laid out to go from Milan to Genoa till we changed our plans. I thought it wuzn't no more'n right that we should pay Columbus that honor, for I always wondered, and spoze always shall, what would have become of us if we hadn't been discovered. I spoze we should have got along some way, but it wouldn't have been nigh so handy for us. I presoom mebby Josiah and I would have been warwhoopin' and livin' in tepees and eatin' dogs, though it don't seem to me that any colored skin I might have could have made me relish Snip either in a stew or briled. That dog is most human.

I always felt real grateful to Columbus and knowed he hadn't been used as he ort to be. And then Mother Smith left me a work-bag, most new, made of Genoa velvet, and I awfully wanted to git a little piece more to put with it so's I could make a bunnet out of it. But Dorothy wanted to see Verona and her wish wuz law to the head of our party, and when the head of a procession turns down a road, the rest of the procession must foller on in order to look worth a cent. Miss Meechim said that it wuz on her account that he favored Dorothy so. But it wuzn't no such thing and anybody could see different if their eyes wuzn't blinded with self-conceit and egotism. But take them two together and there is no blinders equal to 'em. They go fur ahead of the old mair's, and hern are made of thick leather.

Well, Robert thought we had better go on to Venice, stopping at Verona on the way and so on to Naples, and then on our way back we could stop at

Genoa, and we all give up that it wuz the best way.

I always liked the name of Verona. Miss Ichabod Larmuth named her twins Vernum and Verona. I thought it would be a real delicate attention to her to stop there, specially as we could visit Genoa afterwards.

Well, havin' such a pretty name I felt that Verona would be a real pretty place, and it wuz. A swift flowing river runs through the town and the view from all sides is beautiful. The fur off blue mountains, the environin' hills, the green valleys dotted with village and hamlet, made it a fair seen, and "Jocund day stood tip-toe on the mountain tops."

But to sweet Dorothy and me, and I guess to the most of us, it wuz interestin' because Juliet Montague, she that wuz Juliet Capulet, once lived here. I spoke on't to Josiah, but he sez:

"The widder Montague; I don't remember her. Is she any relation of old Ike Montague of North Loontown?"

But I sez: "She wuzn't a widder for any length of time. She died of love and so did her pardner, Romeo Montague."

"Well," said Josiah, "that shows they wuz both sap heads. If they had lived on for a spell they would got bravely over that, and had more good horse sense."

Well, I spoze worldlings might mock at their love and their sad doings, but to me the air wuz full of romance and sadness and the presence of Juliet and Romeo.

The house where she once lived wuz a not over big house of brick, no bigger nor better than Bildad Henzy's over in Zoar, and looked some like it.

Josiah said it wuz so silly to poke clear over to Italy to see this little narrer house when we could see better ones to home any day.

Miss Meechim said that it didn't look so genteel as she expected, and Arvilly made a slightin' remark about it.

But Robert Strong said kinder low, "He laughs at scars who never felt a wound." His eyes wuz on Dorothy's sweet face as he spoke.

And in her soft eyes as she looked at him I could almost see the meanin' of Juliet's vow, "To follow thee, my lord, throughout the world."

We didn't go to Friar Laurence's cell where Mr. and Miss Romeo Montague wuz married and passed away, not knowin' exactly where it wuz, old Elder Laurence havin' passed away some time ago, but we did go to the place they call her tomb; we rung a bell in the iron gate, paid a little fee, and was led by the hired girl who opened the gate to the place where they say she is buried. But I d'no as this is her tomb or not; I didn't seem to feel that it wuz, 'tennyrate the tomb don't look much like what her pa said he would raise above 'em:

"A statue of pure gold; that while Verona by that name is known, there shall no figure at such rate be set as that of true and faithful Juliet." Josiah not havin' come up to the mark in the way of sentiment at the house of Capulet, overdid the matter here; he took out his bandanna, and after flourishing it enough to draw everybody's attention to it, pressed it to his eyes and sort o' sithed.

But I doubted his grief, though he made such elaborate preparations for it, and I told him so afterwards. He acted real puggicky and sez:

"Can't I ever please you, Samantha? At the widder Montague's Pa's you thought I wuzn't sentimental enough, and I thought you would be tickled enough to have me shed tears at her tomb."

"Did you shed tears, Josiah?" sez I.

But he waved the question off and continued, "The guide told me that folks usually wep' some there, and I expected you all would, you are all so romantik and took up with the widder Montague and her pardner. I took the lead, but none of you follered on."

"Well," sez I, "if you felt like weepin', Josiah, I wouldn't want to break it up, but to me it looked fur more like a waterin' trough than it did like a tomb."

"Well, you know how it is in the older part of the Jonesville buryin'-ground, the stuns are all tipped over and broke. Mr. and Miss Capulet have been dead for some time and probable the grave stuns have gone down."

Well, being kinder rousted up on the subject, I quoted considerable poetry about Romeo and Juliet, and Josiah bein' kinder huffy and naterally hatin' poetry, and real hungry, too, scorfed at and made light on me. He kep' it up till I sez:

“William Shakespeare said there wuz Two Gentlemen of Verona, and I should be glad, Josiah Allen, to think you made the third one; but a true gentleman wouldn’t make light of his pardner or slight her reminiscences.”

Sez he: “Reminescin’ on a empty stomach is deprestin’, and don’t set well.”

Well, it had been some time sence we had eat, and Tommy wuz gittin’ hungry, too, so we returned to the tarven.

In the afternoon we went to see the old Roman amphitheatre. It wuz probably built not fur from A.D. Jest think on’t! Most two thousand years old, and in pretty good shape yet! It is marble, and could accommodate twenty thousand people. All round and under it is a arch, where I spoze the poor condemned prisoners wuz kep’ and the wild beasts that wuz to fight with ’em and kill ’em for the pleasure of the populace. Miss Meechim got dretful worked up seein’ it, and she and Arvilly had words, comparin’ old times and new, and the different wild beasts they encourage and let loose on the public. Arvilly’s views, tinged and shadowed as they always are, by what she’s went through, they both got mad as hens before they got through.

There are ruins of a large aqueduct near, which wuz flooded with water, I spoze, for acquatic sports way back, mebby back to Anna D, or before her. Some say that early Christians were put to death in this amphitheatre, but it hain’t very clearly proved.

Well, we only stayed one day at Verona, and the next day we hastened on to Venice.

Josiah told me that he wanted to go to Venice. Sez he: “It is a place from what I hear on’t that has a crackin’ good water power and that is always the makin’ of a town, and then,” sez he, “I’ve always wanted to see the Bridge of Size and the Doggy’s Palace.” Sez he: “When a city is good enough to rare up such a palace to dogs it shows there is sunthin’ good ’bout it, and I dare presoom to say there hain’t a dog amongst ’em any better than Snip or one that can bring up the cows any better.”

Josiah thinks we’ve got the cutest dog and cat in the world. He has spent hours trainin’ ’em, and they’ll both start for the cow paster jest the right time and bring up the cows; of course, the cat can’t do much only tag along after the dog; she don’t bark any, it not bein’ her nater to, but it looks dretful

cunnin'. Sez Josiah, "I wouldn't be ashamed to show Snip off by the side of any of the dogs in the Doggy's Palace."

Sez I, coldly, "How do you spell dogs, Josiah Allen?"

"Why, dog-es, doggys."

Sez I, "The palace was rared up by a man—a Doge—the Doges wuz great men, rulers in Venice."

"I don't believe a word on't," sez he. "It is rared up for dogs, and I'm thinkin' quite a little of rarin' up a small house with a steeple on't for Snip. He deserves it."

Well, there wuzn't no use in argyin'; I knew he would have to give up when he got there, and so he did. And it wuz jest so with the Bridge of Sighs, that has, as Mr. Byron said, "A palace and a prison on each side."

Josiah insisted on't that it wuz called the Bridge of Size, because it wuz the most sizeable bridge in the world. But it is no such thing; it don't begin, as I told him, with the Brooklyn Bridge; why, it hain't no longer than the bridge between Loontown and Zoar, or the one over our creek, but I presoom them who passed over this bridge to execution gin deep, loud sithes—it wuz nateral they should—so the bridge wuz named after them sithes.

Josiah said if that wuz fashionable he should name the bridge down back of the barn the Bridge of Groans, it wuz such a tug for the horses to draw a load over it. Sez he, "I almost always give a groan and so does Ury—Bridge of Groans." Sez he, "that will sound uneek and genteel in Jonesville."

But mebby he won't do it; he often makes plans he don't carry out and he gits things wrong—he did the very first minute we got there.

We arrove in Venice about the middle of the afternoon, and as Robert had writ ahead for rooms, a man wuz waitin' with a sizeable gondola to take us to our tarven.

When Josiah see it drawin' nigh he sez to me, *soty vosy*, "Never, never, will I ride in a hearse; I wouldn't in Jonesville and I won't in Italy; not till my time comes, I won't."

But I whispered back agin to keep still, it wuzn't a hearse. But, to tell the truth, it did look some like one, painted black as a coal. But, seein' the rest of us embark, he, too, sot sail in it. He didn't have to go a great ways before it stopped at our tarven, which wuz once a palace, and I kinder hummed to myself while I wuz washin' me and puttin' on a clean collar and cuffs:

"'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam," puttin' the main emphasis on palaces. But Josiah catched up the refrain and sung it quite loud, or what he calls singin':

> Be it ever so humbly,
> There's no place like hum.

He looked round the vast, chilly, bare apartment, the lofty walls, the marble floors, with here and there a rug layin' like a leaf on a sidewalk, and I kinder echoed it. Sez he feelin'ly and sort of plaintively, "I'd ruther have less ornaments and more comfort."

I sez, "It is very grand and spacious."

And he sez, "I'd give the hull of the space and throw in the grandeur for a good big fire and a plate of your nut cakes."

But I sez soothin'ly, "It is sunthin', Josiah, to live in a palace;" and I drawed his attention to the mosaic work on the floor, and the massive furniture covered with inlaid work.

And he sez, "I'd ruther have less work laid into the furniture and some decent food laid into my stomach."

Oh, what a appetite that man has got! It had kep' active all the way from Jonesville around the world and wuz still up and a-doin'. Well, he can't help it. He acted real obstrupulous and onhappy. He has such spells every little while. I mistrusted and he just as good as owned up to me that it wuz partly owin' to his bein' dressed up all the time; it wuz a dretful cross to him. He wears frocks to hum, round doin' the barn chores, and loose shues, but now of course he had no reprieve from night till mornin' from tight collars and cuffs and his best shues.

But then, he had restless spells to hum and onhappy ones, and acted; and I told him he did and he disputed me right up and down. He didn't feel very

well, anyway; he had told me that mornin' early how he pined for Jonesville, how he longed to be there, and how he didn't care for a thing outside of them beloved presinks. And I told him it wuzn't reasonable. Sez I, "Enjoy Jonesville while you are there and now enjoy Europe whilst you are here."

Sez he, with a real sentimental look, "Oh, Jonesville, how happy I'll be if I ever see thee agin! How content, how blessed!"

Sez I, "You wuzn't always happy there, Josiah; you oft-times got restless and oneasy there."

"Never!" sez he, "never did I see a onhappy or a tired day there in my life."

But he did. He got down-casted there jest as he did here. I knowed how often I had soothed and comforted his sperits by extra good meals. But he wouldn't own up to it, and seein' he looked so gloomy and deprested I went to work and episoded some right there, whilst I wuz comin' my hair and dressin', in hopes that it would bring a more happy and contented look onto his liniment, for what will not a devoted pardner do to console her consort?

Sez I, "Josiah, life is a good deal like the Widder Rice's yarn I've heard Ma Smith tell on. She wuzn't a smooth spinner and there would be thick bunches in her yarn and thin streaks; she called 'em gouts and twits. She'd say, 'Yes, I know my yarn is full of gouts and twits, but when it's doubled most likely a gout will come aginst a twit and make it even.'"

And I eppisoded to myself and to Josiah, "That is a good deal like life. The good of this world seems onequally divided some times, but the rich has troubles and the poor have compensations. The poor man has to git up early and toil all day, but if he hates to leave his bed so early mornings, his sleep is sweet while he rests, and his labor makes his food taste good and nourishes his strength, while the rich man who can lay till noon, turns on his restless pillow and can't sleep night or day. And while he has plenty to buy rich viands he has no appetite to eat or health to digest his food.

"The morning song of the lark sounds sweet to the laborer as it rises over the dew-spangled fields, as he goes forth to his daily toil, while the paid songs the rich man hears palls on his pleasure-tired senses. At home you have rest of body, and in travel you have education and variety; yes, the gouts and twits in life even up pretty well and the yarn runs pretty smooth

offen the reel of Time to the traveller and the stay-at-home, the rich and the poor."

Josiah wuz brushin' his back hair with two brushes (one would have been plenty enough), and he kep' on with his employment and sez without lookin' up:

"I wonder where the Widder Rice's grandson, Ezra, is? He wuz out to the West the last I hearn on him."

There it wuz! My eloquence had rolled offen him like water from a tin eavespout; hadn't touched him at all nor uplifted him, though I felt real riz up. You know you can talk yourself up onto quite a hite if you try; but Josiah wuzn't moved a mite from the place he'd stood on.

Well, that wuz one of the gouts in my yarn of life, but a twit wuz near by—it had its compensation. He worships me! And I went on and eppisoded to myself to bring myself up to the mark as I wadded up my back hair. Sez I to myself: "If Josiah had the eye to see the onseen eagles soarin' up in the sky above his head, mebby he would also see my faults too plain. If he could hear in winter midnights the murmur of dancin' waters and the melogious voice of the south wind blowin' over roses and voyalets, he might also hear the voice of Distrust. If he had the wisdom of Solomon he might also have his discursive fancies, his various and evanescent attachments. But as it is, his love is stiddy and as firm as a rock. So the gouts and the twits evened each other up after all, and the yarn run pretty smooth."

CHAPTER XXVIII

The next mornin' Tommy wuz delighted with the idee of goin' in a boat after some hair-pins for me and a comb for him—he had broke hisen. It wuzn't fur we went, and I spoze we might have walked by goin' a little furder; but variety is the spice of life, and it seemed to kinder refresh us.

Floating in a gondola on the Grand Canal of Venice is a beautiful experience when the soft light of the moon and stars is restin' on the stately old marble palaces, the tall pillars of St. Theodore and the Winged Lion, obelisk and spire. With other gondolas all about you, you seem to be on a sea of glory, with anon music from afar coming sweetly to your ears from some gondola or palace, and far up some narrow water street opens with long shafts of light flashing from the gondolier's lantern or open window. It is all a seen of enchantment.

Though if you should foller up some of them narrow water streets by daylight, you would see and smell things that would roust you up from your dream. You would see old boats unloadin' vegetables, taking on garbage, water-boats pumpin' water into some house, wine shops, cook shops; you would see dilapidated houses with poorly clad people standin' in the doorways; ragged, unkempt children looking down on you from broken windows, and about all the sights you see in all the poorer streets of any city, though here you see it from a boat instead of from a hack or trolley car. Green mould would be seen clinging to the walls, and you would see things in the water that ortn't to be throwed there.

Moonlight and memory rares up its glittering walls, but reality and the searchin' life of the present tears 'em down. Where are the three thousand warships, the three thousand merchant ships, that carried the wealth and greatness of Venice back in the fifteenth century; fifty-two thousand sailors, a thousand nobles and citizens and working people according? Gone, gone! Floated way off out of that Grand Canal and disappeared in the mists and shadows of the past, and you have to go back there to see 'em.

The Rialto, which we had dremp about, looked beautiful from the water, with its one single arch of ninety-one feet lifting up six arches on each side. But come to walk acrost its broad space you find it is divided into narrow streets, where you can buy anything from a crown to a string of beads, from macaroni to a china teapot.

The great square of St. Mark wuz a pleasant place on an evening. Little tables set out in the street, with gayly-dressed people laughing and talking and taking light refreshments and listening to the music of the band, and a gay crowd walking to and fro, and picturesque venders showing their goods.

But to Tommy nothing wuz so pretty as the doves of St. Mark, who come down to be fed at two o'clock, descending through the blue sky like a shower of snow.

The Campanile or bell-tower towers up more than three hundred feet above the pavement; way up on the tower two bronze statutes stand with hammers and strikes off the hours. Why is it that the doves pay no attention to any other hour they may strike but when the hour of two sounds out, a window on the north side of the square opens and some grain is thrown out to 'em (the Government throws it to 'em, dretful good natered to think on't)? But how did them doves know two from three? I d'no nor Josiah don't. I had provided Tommy with some food for 'em and they flowed down and lighted on him and Dorothy, who also fed 'em; it wuz a pretty sight. And Robert Strong thought so too, I could read it in his eyes as he looked at Dorothy with the pretty doves on her shoulder and white hands.

I got some sooveneers for the children at Venice, some little ivory gondolas and photographs, etc., and Miss Meechim and Dorothy got sights of things, Venetian jewelry, handsome as could be, and Arvilly got a little present for Waitstill and a jet handkerchief pin for herself. She mourns yet on the inside and outside, yes, indeed! and I d'no but she always will.

And as you can git a relic of most everything at some of the shops I told Josiah I would love to git hold of one of them old rings that the Doges married the Adriatic with. And if you'll believe it that man didn't like it; sez he real puggicky:

“I hope you hain’t any idee of marryin’ the Jonesville creek, Samantha, because it won’t look well in a M. E. sister and pardner.”

Jealous of the creek! That’s the last thing I ever thought that man would be jealous on. The idee! I only wanted it out of curiosity.

We visited the Arsenal, another spot where the greatness of Venice in the past hanted our memory, when she had twenty thousand workmen there and now not two thousand. But we see queer lookin’ things there—suits of armor, crossbows, helmets. Josiah took quite a fancy to one wore by Attila, king of the Huns, and wanted to put it on. Good land! his head went right up into it just as it would into a big coal-scuttle. What a mind Mr. Attila must have had if his brains wuz accordin’ to his head.

And we see infernal machines, thumb screws, spiked collars, and other dretful implements of torture like black shadders throwed from the past. A piece of the boat that the Doge went to his weddin’ in when he married the water wuz interestin’; weddin’s always did interest females and males too, no matter whether the bride wuz formed out of dust or nothin’ but clear water, and we also see a model of the boat Columbus sailed in to discover us.

Robert Strong who wuz always interested in the best things, said that the first newspaper ever published appeared in Venice three hundred years ago, and the first bank was started there.

You can walk all over Venice if you want to take the time to go furder round and cross the bridges and walk through narrer, crooked little streets, some on ’em not more’n five or six feet wide, but the easiest and quickest way is to take a boat, as well as the most agreeable.

Venice is built on seventy-two islands besides the Grand Canal which takes the place of our avenues and streets. There is a charm about Venice that there is not about any other city I ever see. You dream about it before you see it and then you dream on and keep dreamin’ as long as you stay there, a sort of a wakin’ dream, though you keep your senses.

Memories of the past seem to hant you more, mebby it is because them old memories can slip along easier over them glassy streets, easier than they can over our hard rocky pavements. ’Tennyrate they meet you on every side and stay right with you as long as you are there and hant you. As you float

down them liquid roads you seen face to face sweet, wise Portia, “fair and fairer than that word;” and gallant Bassanio who made such a wise choice, and Shylock, the old Jew. And if you happen to git put out with your pardner, mebby he’ll find fault with you, and say demeanin’ words about wimmen or sunthin’ like that, whilst sweet Portia’s eyes are on you, if you feel like reprovin’ him sharp, then you’ll remember: “The quality of mercy is not strained, it droppeth like the gentle rain from heaven, it blesseth him that gives and him that takes.”

And so you forgive him. And then beautiful, sad Beatrice de Cenci will meet you by moonlight in front of some of them old marble palaces and her pa, about as mean a man as they make, and his sister, Lucretia de Borgia, that wicked, wicked creeter. Why, it beats all what mean folks Beatrice’s relation wuz on her pa’s side.

And you thought of any number of queer old Doges, rainin’ and pizenin’ and actin’, some on ’em, and marryin’ the Adriatic; a poor match in my opinion and one that you couldn’t expect to turn out well, the bride bein’ slippery and inconstant and the bridegroom mean as pusley, cruel and cunning, besides bein’ jest devoted to the Council of Ten. Queer works them Ten—made and cut a great swath that won’t be forgot and they needn’t expect it. The page of history is sticky and bloody with their doin’s. But they move along in front of you, the Doges, the Ten and the Three. And any number of conquerors and any number of Popes and Kings down to Victor Emanuel.

And I d’no as I thought of anybody or anything there in Venice so much as I did of John Ruskin, who give even the stuns of Venice a language that will go on speakin’ long after the stuns have mouldered back into dust. And then the dust will keep his memory green, and folks will ponder the “Ethics of the Dust” long after that dust has passed into other changing forms and disappeared.

Great mind, great lovin’ heart, who had but one thought, to make the world more full of beauty, knowledge, sincerity and goodness. His pure, bright intellect, his life white as the lilies, his living thoughts and noble idees they rap at the human heart, as well as mind, with their powerful sesame, and you have to open your heart’s door and take them in. Prophet of earth and heaven, the air, the clouds, the birds and trees, the rocks and waters,

translatin' the marvellous words so our duller eyes and ears can see and hear.

As I walked along over them stones of Venice, and in the Galleries of Modern Painters and ancient ones, my heart kep' sayin' onbeknown to myself and them round me, "John Ruskin, noble soul, great teacher, childlike, wise interpreter of the beauty and ministry of common things, hail and farewell!" For he had gone—it wuz true that he who had loved the flowers so and said to a friend who had sent him some: "I am trying to find out if there are flowers that do not fade." He had found out now, wreathes of heavenly immortelles are laid on his tired forward, not tired now, and he has his chance to talk to Moses and Plato, as he said he wanted to, and he is satisfied. Love and Sympathy that he longed for comforts and consoles him, and Beauty and Goodness wait on him.

Robert Strong felt just as I did about Ruskin, their idees about helpin' the poor, and the brotherhood of man, and fatherhood of God, wuz as congenial and blent together like sun and dew on a May morning. Robert Strong said no other writer had done him the good Ruskin had.

And I guess Dorothy thought so too; she almost always thought jest as Robert did.

In wanderin' round this uneek city Josiah said the most he thought on wuz of tellin' Deacon Henzy and Uncle Sime Bentley about what he see there. And shadowy idees seemed to fill his mind about tryin' to turn the Jonesville creek through the streets and goin' from our house to Thomas Jefferson's in a gondola.

Arvilly said she would gin anything to canvas some of them old Doges for the "Twin Crimes". But I told her I guessed they didn't need to learn anything about crime, and she gin up they didn't.

The first thing Miss Meechim wanted to see wuz the church of St. Mark, so we all set off one day to see it. San Marco, as they call it, is one of the most interestin' churches to visitors on the Continent. It wuz begun way back in the tenth century, and it has been in process of building ever since, and I don't know how long they lay out to keep at it. They have spent thirty millions on it, so I hearn, and the news come pretty straight to me, and I d'no but they'll spend as much agin before they git through. But when you

see all its magnificent sculpture, columns, statutes, mosaic work, ornaments of every kind, its grand arches, its five domes and spires and all the exquisite work on it I d'no as I'd took the job for any less, and so I told Josiah.

But he kep' up his old idee he had voiced in many a similar spot, that it wuz done by day's works and the workmen didn't hurry, and that it would have been cheaper to had it done by the job. But how could they, dribblin' along as they did ten hunderd years?

The four horses over the main entrance are very noted. They are said to have been carved way, way back by Augustus to celebrate a triumph over Antony and to have passed through the hands of Nero, Constantine and Napoleon. Napoleon, a greedy creeter always, took 'em to Paris, but had to bring 'em back.

For horses that are so old and have been driv round and showed off by so many conquerors, they look pretty sound and hearty. But Josiah didn't like their looks nigh so well as he duz the mair's, and sez he, "That off one looks balky."

But I sez, "Distance lends enchantment; the mair can't begin with 'em."

The altar piece is said to have cost three million. It is of gold and silver, and full of precious stuns. It was made in Constantinople a thousand years ago, and has got inscriptions on it that I presoom read well if anybody could read 'em. But I couldn't nor Josiah. But Robert Strong read some on 'em to Dorothy, for I heard him. They are writ in Latin and Greek.

When we got back to the tarven that night we found a hull pile of letters from Jonesville, and amongst the rest I got a letter from Elder Minkley, good old man of God, and Arvilly got one too; he sets store by Arvilly now, he and his wife duz, and they pity her dretfully for what she has went through, and make allowances for her hashness, but never shall I forgit the way she talked to him right in my own settin' room when she first come home from Cuba after her husband had been murdered by the licensed Canteen.

She come to our house one day, and Elder Minkley, good old soul, come in just after she did for a all-day's visit, poor creeter! I guess he wuz sorry enough he come, some of the time; I guess he wished he wuz back in his

study perusin' the book of martyrs or anything else deprestin', and would have thought 'em fur livelier than what he got into.

The way on't wuz, Arvilly had met Miss Deacon Sypher at the gate and she bein' dretful onfaculized with no more tact than a settin' hen, had tackled Arvilly for a contribution to buy a flag to send to our boys in Cuba, and talked enthusiastic about the war's holy mission. And I spoze Sister Sypher wuz skairt almost into fits to hear Arvilly go on, 'tennyrate she left her sudden and to once, and started home 'cross lots almost on the run, and Arvilly come into the house talkin' and mutterin'.

"Drusilly Sypher knows a sight about it; our army gone to redress wrongs and protect innocence! they better look to home and redress wrongs here; half the citizens of this country in legal bondage, and the hull country cowering under a crime and danger protected and legalized; if I didn't want to make myself a mark for demon laughter I'd quit such talk till I repented my sins in sackcloth and ashes."

"Well, well, Arvilly, set down, set down," sez I, for she wuz rampagin' round the room back and forth, "set down, and here," sez I, handin' her a bottle, "smell of the camfire, Arvilly, you look bad," and she did look frightful bad, pale and fiery, and burnin' mad at sunthin' or somebody.

But she waived it off with scorn: "Camfire can't heal the smart, or sweeten the air of the country; no, it needs fire from on high to burn it out. And it will come," sez she, "it will come."

Why, she acted real wild and by the side of herself, and I pitied her like a dog, and wuz at my wit's end what to say to her, and I wuz glad enough to see Elder Minkley, good old saint, comin' up the steps and I went to open the door with alacrity and my left hand, my right hand wuz in the dough, I wuz makin' fried cakes, and I shook hands with him the same, and I sez:

"How glad I am to see you this morning, Brother Minkley," little thinkin' what wuz to come.

He took off his hat and overcoat and hung 'em up in the hall and looked in the glass in the hall rack with his mild, benevolent eyes, and brushed his thin, gray hair up on the bald spot over his benign forward, and follered me into the settin' room, and I sez, "Here is she that wuz sister Arvilly Lanfear."

And the good old soul advanced with a warm, meller smile on his face, and sez:

“How do you do, Sister Arvilly.”

But Arvilly’s eyes snapped worse than ever; she never noticed his outstretched hand, and she sez, “Don’t you sister me.”

“Why! why!” sez he, “what is the matter?” His welcomin’ hand dropped weakly by his side, and bein’ dretful confused and by the side of himself, he sez:

“I hain’t seen you before sence you—you——”

“Deserted from the army,” sez she, finishin’ the sentence for him. “Yes, I deserted, I am proud to say; I never had a right before under this nation’s laws and I took that right; I deserted and they couldn’t help themselves; mebby them men see how it would feel to grin and bear for once, just as wimmen have to all the time.”

Brother Minkley had by this time begun to find and recover himself, and he sez with real good nature, “I meant to say, dear sister, that I hadn’t seen you before since you lost your husband.”

“Since you murdered him,” sez she.

“I—I murder a man?” He looked pale and trembled like a popple leaf.

“Yes, you and all other good men who stood by like Pilate, consentin’ to his death,” Arvilly went on.

Elder Minkley looked too dazed and agitated to speak, and Arvilly continued: “Do you pretend to say, Elder Minkley, that there is an evil law on the face of the earth that the Church of Christ couldn’t overthrow if it chose to do so?”

He sez, “The power of the Church is great, Sister Arvilly, but no-license laws don’t stop drinking; liquor is sold somehow; folks that want it will get it.”

“What a argument!” sez Arvilly, liftin’ her eyes to heaven. “But you hain’t answered my question,” sez she, short as pie crust, mince pie crust, “Is there an evil law existing to-day that the Church of Christ could not overthrow if it tried to?”

“Well, no,” he admitted, “I believe that the Church of Christ is invincible.”

“Do you vote, Elder Minkley?”

“Well, no, as it were, Sister Arvilly, I have felt for years that politics was too vile for me to mix myself with.”

Sez Arvilly, “Do you believe in following the Lord Jesus Christ?”

Sez Elder Minkley, his good natured face lighting up, “My Divine Master; yes, I will follow him to the stake, to the death, if need be.”

“Did he turn away from sinners and the evils of the sinful world and say they wuz too vile for him to mix with?”

“I—I—Sister Arvilly—I why—I don’t know what you mean.”

“Yes, you do know what I mean!” sez the intrepid but agonized Arvilly.

“By your criminal indifference and neglect, you encourage the evil power that rules and ruins.”

Elder Minkley’s face began to look red—red as blood—and sez he, “You present the subject in a way I never thought on before, Sister Arvilly. I will think of it; I will pray over it.”

“Will you vote as you pray?” sez Arvilly anxiously.

“I will!” sez Elder Minkley, solemnly, “I will!”

Arvilly come forward and took holt of his hand. Her stern mean softened; there wuz tears in her keen eyes; she looked different. Sez she, “Next Sunday I shall set under your preachin’, Elder; I hain’t felt like settin’ under it before.” And, sure enough, she did go to meetin’ the next Sunday and from that day they have been the best of friends.

But to resoom forwards: I had a letter from Philury, she said she wuz all well.

It wuz a letter that brought me some comfort and quite a lot of care; it wuz some like a peppermint lozenge, considerably sweet with a sharp tang to it, makin’ me think of the sweetness and repose of home with its accompaniment of anxiety and labor.

The children writ real good letters to their pa and me, full of affection and thoughtfulness. Thomas J. told us considerable about the Help Union and

the good that Ernest White and his helpers wuz accomplishing in Loontown and Jonesville. And Tirzah Ann wanted to know if reveres had gone out and hoops comin' in; she had hearn so and felt anxious. There had been a rumor in Jonesville to that effect, but she couldn't place full dependence on it.

Thomas J.'s and Maggie's letters wuz full of gratefulness for Tommy's restored health and what I'd done for him. No matter what else they said that idee wuz runnin' along under the rest of their thoughts, some like the accompaniment of a melodean to a sam tune in meetin'. And Tommy himself had letters from his pa and ma full of love and good advice, about half and half.

One of the most interestin' places in Venice is the Doges Palace, and I spoze Josiah never gin up his idee about it until we stood right in front of it. But when he see that marble front, full of noble columns, elaborate carvin', arches, balustrades and base reliefs, he had to gin up such a place as that wuz never rared up to a dog or to any number on 'em, though he said when I convinced him of his mistake: "Snip wuz too good to mingle with 'em, he was likelier than any Doge that ever lived there, no matter whether you spelt 'em dog or doge."

And I sez soothin'ly: "Like as not and 'tennyrate how I would love to hear Snip bark out a welcome to us once more."

"Yes," sez Josiah, "it will be the happiest hour of my life when I behold Snip and the cat and the children and grandchildren and the rest of the Jonesvillians once more."

Here in the marble pavement are two great bronze cisterns elegantly sculptured, and you can look up the Grand Staircase with two statutes at the top on either side, Neptune and Mars; and that wuz the place where the old Doges wuz crowned.

On the staircase on each side are beautiful statutes and columns, elaborate carving and richly colored marbles. The Hall of the Great Council is one hundred and seventy-five feet long and most a hundred in width, broad enough and high enough to entertain broader and nobler views than wuz promulgated there. But it contains costly and beautiful pictures; one by Tintoretto is eighty-four feet wide and most forty feet high, the largest

picture on canvas in the world so I've hearn, and others by Paul Veronese and the other great masters.

All round the wall, like a border in a Jonesville parlor, are the portraits of the Doges of Venice in their red robes and round-topped caps. But where Marino Faliero should have hung wuz a black curtain. Well, he wuz a mean creeter; it is a good thing he can be shut out with a curtain. Josiah said he thought it would be a crackin' good plan to have a black curtain hung before the pictures of some of our public men, but Arvilly said, in a real dry tone, that "If we begun that it would bring up the price of black cloth enormously."

She mourns yet quite a good deal in her best dresses, and looked ahead, and didn't want the price of crape and bombazine riz.

Among the pictures of these old Doges wuz one who led the army in an attack on Constantinople at the age of ninety-seven, when most old men are bedrid with a soap-stun and water gruel. And Francesco Foscari, who worked nobly for thirty-five years and wuz then abused shameful by the Ten and turned out of office.

Them old Doges had their ups and downs; riz up to power, throwed down agin. Mean as the Old Harry, some on 'em, and some workin' well for the public. And some after servin' the public for years wuz banished, some beheaded, some had their eyes put out, one died of vexation, one who wuz deposed died when the bell rung in his successor. A few died in battle, but only a few on 'em passed away in their beds after a lingerin' and honorable sickness with their one wife and children weepin' about 'em.

You can see the open place in the wall where the written complaints wuz put aginst somebody or anybody, guilty or innocent, and wuz pretty sure to be acted upon by the dretful Ten settin' there in their black robes and black masks, fit color for their dark and cruel deeds.

We went down to see the dungeons, dark, cramped, filthy holes in the solid wall: only a little light sifted in from the corridor through a narrow slit. It seemed as if them places wuz so awful we couldn't bear to look at 'em. But we went down into still deeper dungeons way below the canal, dretful places where you can't hardly draw a breath. We see dim traces of writings

on the walls some wretched prisoner waitin' for death had writ there. How did he feel when he writ it? I didn't want to know, nor have Josiah know.

We didn't make a very long stay in Venice, but journeyed on to Florence—Florence the beautiful. It lays in a quiet, sheltered valley with the Apennine Mountains risin' about it as if to keep off danger. The river Arno runs through it, spanned by handsome bridges. The old wall that used to surround it with its eight gates, has been destroyed some years ago.

As I say, it is a beautiful city, although it wuz more grand and populous when it wuz the capital of Italy. Dorothy said it was well named the City of Flowers, for there wuz flowers everywhere, the markets full of 'em, flower girls at every turn, balconies and windows overrunning with them, public gardens and private gardens sweet with their brightness and perfume.

CHAPTER XXIX

The next morning after we arrived at Florence we sallied out sightseeing. We all went out together, but separated after a while, promising to meet at luncheon time at our tarven, but we all went together as fur as the Cathedral. It is a noble buildin', covered with red, white and black marble, elegantly ornamented with panels and sculpture. And the hull meetin'-house is so beautiful, that it wuz remarked that "it ort to be kep' in a glass case."

Inside, the ceiling is one hundred and thirty-five feet high—good land! I told Josiah I wuz glad I did not have to whitewash or paper it overhead, for it 'most killed us Methodist Episcopal sisters to paper our meetin'-house ceilin' which wuz only twenty feet high, and put a hundred and fifteen feet on top of that and where would we be, we never could done it in the world. The interior is full of statutes and pictures by Michael Angelo and other great sculptors and famous painters.

The Campanile or bell tower near it is most three hundred feet high, and a beautiful view is to be seen from the top way off onto the fur-off mountains, the city and the valley of the Arno, or that is I hearn so; I didn't climb up myself to see, bein' more'n willin' to take Dorothy's word and Robert Strong's to that effect.

The bronze doors in the Baptistry are a sight to see. Michael Angelo said they wuz worthy to be the gates of paradise, but I could tell Mr. Angelo, and would if he had said it to me, that he little knew how beautiful them gates are and we ortn't to compare anything earthly to 'em. Jest think, Mr. Angelo, I'd say, of an immense gate being made of one pearl, the idee! we can't hardly git into our heads any idees here below, and never will till the winds of heaven blow aginst our tired senses and brighten 'em up.

But I wuzn't neighbor to Mr. Angelo; he died several years before I wuz born, four or five hundred years before, so of course I couldn't advise him for his good. He lost a sight and never knowed it, poor creeter!

The Ufizzi and Pitti galleries contain enough pictures and statutes to make 'em more'n comfortable, I should think; beautiful pictures and beautiful statutes I must say. One of the most interestin' things to me in the hull collection wuz the original drawings of the old masters with their names signed to 'em in their own handwritin'. It wuz like liftin' up the mysterious curtain a little ways and peerin' into the past. Michael Angelo's sketches in chalk and charcoal; Titian's drawings, little buds, as you may say from which they bloomed into immortal beauty; Rubens, Albert Durer and a throng of others. And then there wuz the autograph portraits of the great painters, Guido, Rembrandt, De Vinci, Vandyke, Raphael, and also the greatest works of all these painters. It wuz a grand and inspirin' sight never to be forgot. Robert Strong and Dorothy wanted to see the statute of Dante; they set store by his writings. It is a splendid statute of white marble riz up in the Piazza Sante Croce; I hearn 'em talkin' about its bein' on a piazza and spozed it wuz built on some stoop and mistrusted he deserved a better pillow.

But it wuzn't on the piazza of a house, it wuz out-doors, and the pedestal wuz over twenty feet high, all covered with carvin's of seens took from his "Divinia Commedia," and some lions, and the arms of Italy, and things. It wuz a good-lookin' statute, better lookin' as fur as beauty goes than Dante himself; he wuz kinder humbly I always thought, but then, I spoze, he didn't always wear that wreath on his head; mebby he looked better in a beaver hat or a fur cap. 'Tennyrate, Thomas J. always sot store by him. It wuz a noble statute, more'n fifty feet high, I presoom, with two figures standin' on each side and one on top. The one on the left seemed to have her hand outstretched telling to all the world just how Dante wuz used whilst he wuz alive, and the one on the right had just throwed herself down and wuz cryin' about it, and Dante, settin' on top, wuz leanin' his hand on his head and meditatin'. What his meditations wuz, I don't know, nor Josiah don't. Mebby he wuz thinkin' of Beatrice.

Thomas J. had read Dante's books a sight to his pa and me. "The Divine Comedy," "The Inferno," "Bernadiso," "New Life," etc., etc. Thomas Jefferson thought "The Divine Comedy" a powerful work, showing the story of how a man wuz tempted, and how sorrow lifts up the soul to new hites.

I never approved of his praisin' up Beatrice quite so much under the circumstances, and I dare presoom to say that he and Gemma (his pardner) had words about it. But then I couldn't hender it, it havin' all took place five or six hundred years before I wuz born.

Robert Strong said that his writings wuz full of eloquence, wit and pathos. His native land sets great store by his memory, though they acted in the usual genteel and fashionable way, and banished and persecuted him during his life. One thing he said I always liked. He wuz told he might return to his country under certain pains and penalties, but he refused and said:

"Far from a preacher of justice to pay those who have done him wrong as a favor. Can I not everywhere behold the mirrors of the sun and stars? Speculate on sweetest truths under any sky."

Robert Strong said his poetry wuz far finer in the original.

And I said, "Yes, he wuz very original, for Thomas Jefferson always said so."

He is buried in Ravenna, and the Florentines have begged for his ashes to rest in Florence. If when they burnt up some of his books to show their contempt of him they had done as they wanted to, dug up his body and burnt it, there wouldn't have been any ashes to quarrel about, for of course scornin' him so they would have cast his ashes to the winds. But now they worship him when his ear is dead to their praise, the great heart silent that their love would have made beat with ecstasy. Well, such is life. They treated Tasso just about the same who writ "Jerusalem Delivered," they imprisoned him for a lunatic, and now how much store they set by him.

And I had these same thoughts, only more extreme ones, as we stood in the cell of that noble preacher of righteousness and denouncer of sin, Savonarola. He wuz so adored by the populace, and so great a crowd pressed to see him to kiss his robe and applaud him, that he had to have a guard. And then this same adoring crowd turned against him, imprisoned him for heresy, tortured him, burnt him to the stake. And when he stood on the fagots, which wuz to be his funeral bed of flame, and the bishop said to him:

"I excommunicate you from the church militant," he answered: "Thou canst not separate me from the Church Triumphant."

A great life and a great death. I thought of this a sight as I looked on his tomb. I sot store by Mr. Savonarola.

In the Church of Sante Croce we see the tomb of Machiavelli, a very wise, deep man and a wise patriot, but a man lied about the worst kind by them that hate liberty; the tomb of the poet, Alfieri, with Italy weepin' over it; the tombs of Michael Angelo and Galileo; the mother of the Bonapartes, and many, many others. Galileo's monument wuz a sizeable one, but none too big for the man who discovered the telescope and the motion of the earth. But just as the way of the world is because he found new stars and insisted that the earth did move, his enemies multiplied, he wuz persecuted and imprisoned. I sot great store by him, and so did Robert Strong, and I sez to him, "Robert, you too are discovering new and radiant stars in your City of Justice and proving that the world does move." And I gin a queer look onto Miss Meechim and sez:

"I hope you won't be persecuted for it."

Miss Meechim looked some like her sirname with the last letter changed to n. But to resoom: The galleries of Florence contains priceless pictures and statuary, so many of 'em that to enjoy them as you should, and want to, would take years. Why, in the hall of Niobe I wanted to stay for days to cry and weep and enjoy myself. I took my linen handkerchief out of my pocket to have it ready, for I laid out to weep some, and did, the mother's agony wuz so real, holdin' one child while the rest wuz grouped about her in dyin' agony. One of the sons looked so natural, and his expression of despair and sufferin' wuz so intense that Arvilly said:

"I believe he drinked, his face shows a guilty conscience, and his ma looks jest as the mother of drunkards always looks."

I told her that the death of Niobe's children wuz caused by envy and jealousy, which duz just such things to-day as fur as they dast all the way from New York to Jonesville, and so on through the surroundin' world. Sez I, "Apollo and Diana killed 'em all just because Niobe had such beautiful children and so many of 'em and wuz naterally proud and had boasted about 'em some, and Apollo and Diana didn't want their ma looked down on and run upon because she had only two children, and probable their ma bein' envious and jealous sot 'em up."

But Arvilly wouldn't give up; she said a ma would always try to cover up things and insisted on it to the last that she should always believe they drinked and got into a fight with Latony's boy and girl.

"No," sez I agin, "it wuz Envy and Jealousy that took aim and did this dretful deed."

Josiah sez: "Why didn't Ni-obe keep her mouth shet then?" 355

Well, it wuz vain to enjoy deep emotions in the face of such practicality. I put up my handkerchief and moved off into another room.

Besides pictures, these galleries contain rare gems of art in bronze, crystal, precious stones, coins, arms, helmets, etc., etc. Enough as I say to keep one's mind rousted up and busy for years and years.

Dorothy said she couldn't leave Florence without seeing the house where Elizabeth Barrett Browning lived and writ her immortal poems and I felt jest so; I felt that I must see the place sanctified by her pure spirit and genius. So Robert Strong got a carriage and took Dorothy and me there one fine afternoon. A plate let into the front of the house tells where she lived in body. But in sperit she inhabited the hull world, and duz now. Her home is in the hearts of all who love pure and exalted poetry.

Here she lived her happy life as the wife of Robert Browning and mother of her boy. Here she passed on up to the higher school, for which she had prepared her sweet soul below, graduated in the earth school and promoted up to the higher one above.

I had a sight of emotions here and Robert and Dorothy quoted from her all the way back to our tarven, and so I did. I thought more of such poems as "Mother and Poet," and "The Sleep," etc. But they quoted a sight from "Geraldine's Courtship" and "Portuguese Songs," for so every heart selects its own nutriment. Their young hearts translated it into glowing language I mistrusted, though I didn't say nothin'.

From Florence we went to Rome. I had read a sight about Rome and how she sot on her seven hills and from her throne of glory ruled the world. But them hills are lowered down a good deal by the hand of Time, just as Rome's glory is; she don't rule the world now, fur from it.

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There is in reality ten hills, but the ruins of old Rome—the Rome of Julius Cæsar—has filled in the hollers a good deal and the new city has grown old agin, as cities must, and I, and Josiah, and everybody and everything.

Robert Strong had writ ahead and got us some comfortable rooms in a tarven on the Corso. When Robert Strong first spoke on't Josiah looked agitated. He thought it wuz a buryin' ground. But it didn't have anything to do with a corse.

The Corso is one of the finest streets in Rome, and handsome shops are on each side on't, and carriages and folks in fine array and them not so fine are seen there. Most all of the big crowd wuz dressed as they do in Jonesville and Paris and London, though occasionally we met Italians in picturesque costooms.

There are three hundred and eighty Catholic meetin'-houses in Rome, quite a few on 'em dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and lots of costly gifts are laid on her altar. But the one I wanted to see and so did the rest of our party wuz the one that stood on the spot where once the circus of Nero stood, weak, mizable creeter. The most agreeable actin' to him and his cruel pardner wuz the death struggles of martyrs and bloodshed and agony.

What a inspiring idee it is to think that right on that very spot, that bloody pagan pleasure house of hissen is changed into the biggest meetin'-house in the world. Of course we had seen St. Peter's from a distance ever since we'd got nigh the city, and we sot out the very next mornin' after we got there, to see it at clost view.

Now I had thought, comparin' it to the Jonesville meetin'-house, which I guess is about fifty by sixty feet, and will, on a pinch, set four hundred and fifty, and comparin' that with the cathedral in New York I had thought that that Catholic Cathedral in New York was about as big a meetin'-house as a minister could handle easy; but the area of that is forty-three thousand, whilst St. Peter's at Rome is two hundred and twelve thousand.

The difference these figgers make in the two meetin'-houses is bigger than my writin' can show you, no matter how big a pen I use or how black my ink is.

As I stood in St. Peter's Church in Rome I had a great number of emotions and large, very large in size. Right here where Mr. Nero (the mean, misable

creeter) got hilarious over the dyin' struggles of the Christian martyrs, right here where St. Peter met his death with the glory of heaven lightin' up his dyin' eyes (I am just as sure on't as if I see it myself) stands this immense meetin'-house.

Three hundred years of labor and sixty millions of dollars have been expended on it and the end is not yet. But I would not done it for a cent less if I had took the job, I couldn't afford it nor Josiah couldn't.

Why, when we stood in front on't I didn't feel no bigger than the head of a pin, not a hat pin or a shawl pin, but the smallest kind they make, and Josiah dwindled down so in size as compared to the edifice that I 'most thought I should lose him right there with my eyes glued onto his liniment.

You go through a large double door which shuts up behind you as noiselessly and securely as if you wuz walled in to stay. My first feelin' after I entered wuz the immensity of the place. Some of the statutes you see that didn't look so big as Josiah, when you come clost up to 'em you found wuz sixteen feet high. And the little cherubs holdin' the shell of holy water at the entrance you see are six feet high. You look fur down the meetin'-house as you look down the road into a big piece of woods, only here the distant trees turn into statutes and shrines and altars and things. Fur off like distant stars shinin' down into the forest you see the lamps, one hundred and twelve of 'em, burnin' day and night around the tomb of St. Peter.

As you stand under the dome and look up it is like looking at the very ruff of the sky. It is supported by four great pillars and the interior of the immense globe is one hundred and thirty-nine feet in circumference measured on the inside.

All the houses in Jonesville could be piled up on top of each other in this immense space and Zoar and Shackville piled onto them and not half fill it.

As we stood under the great dome the canopy over St. Peter's tomb seemed to us no bigger than the band stand in Jonesville. But when we got up to it we see that it wuz 'most a hundred feet high, for fur up the mosaic medallions of the four evangelists lookin' none too big for the place come to examine 'em, the pen of St. Luke is six feet long and his nose is big enough for a spare bedroom. The writing that runs along under the dome

each letter is six feet high, higher than Thomas Jefferson on tip toes, or Josiah on stilts. The idee!

I don't spoze that Peter, that earnest, hot-tempered fisherman ever spozed he would have such a buildin' erected to his honor, and I wondered as I looked through the immense distances of this meetin'-house how many turned their thoughts from the glory about 'em onto Peter's inspired words when he wuz here in the flesh. This huge pile seemed as if Time could have no power over it, but his own words rung in my ear:

"The day of the Lord shall come as a thief in the night and all these things shall be dissolved. Nevertheless we according to his promise look for a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness."

And as I thought of his death right here on this very spot agin his words sounded in my heart:

"Beloved, think it not strange concerning this fiery trial which is to try you—But rejoice—Partakers of Christ's suffering—"

And even as I listened to the chantin' of the priests I methought I heard Peter speaking of the Voice which come down from Heaven which they heard who wuz with Him on the mount. I thought of the sure word of prophecy. "The light shining in a dark place"—"Until the day dawns and the day star arise in our hearts."

Yes, the real Peter wuz enshrined in my heart as I trod the grand aisles of that meetin'-house of hisen, and I didn't think nothin' at all in comparison of that statute of Peter settin' on a white stun throne holdin' his foot out for the masses to kiss.

He sets up there with a queer lookin' thing on his head. Josiah said it wuz a sass pan, and I sez: "No, Josiah, it is a halo." And he sez:

"Samantha, if I'm ever sculped and sot up in the Jonesville meetin'-house, I don't want any halo on my head."

And I told him I guessed there wuzn't any danger of his ever wearin' a halo on this earth.

And Josiah said before the subject wuz broached that never, never should he kiss that toe. And he sez it to me in reproachful axents as if I'd been teasin' him to. But I hadn't thought on't and told him so. But right whilst we stood

there we see folks of all classes from peasants to nobles and of all ages from childhood to old age walk up and kneel and kiss that onconscious big toe and go into some chapel countin' the beads of their rosaries.

Good land! Peter don't care anything about that mummery unless he has changed for the worse since he left this mortal spear, which hain't very likely bein' the man he wuz. And as I thought of the evil things done in the name of the power that rared up that figger, I methought I hearn him say:

"The time has come when judgment must begin at the house of the Lord."

I had lots of emotions as I walked to and fro and didn't want to talk to anybody or hear the talkin' round me.

I hearn Tommy talkin' sunthin' to Carabi and I catched these words, "I wonner, oh, I wonner what good it duz 'em to kiss that toe." And Arvilly and Josiah jined in in sharp criticism. And agin Josiah sez: "I know I am a leadin' man in Jonesville and have been called more'n once a pillar in the meetin'-house, but never, never do I want to be made a statter with a sass pan on my head, and the bretheren and sistern kissin' my toes."

And agin I sez, "It hain't a sass pan." But they kep' on to that extent that I had to say, "Josiah and Arvilly, the one that figger represents, said: 'Above all things have charity, for charity covers a multitude of sin.'"

Miss Meechim and Dorothy and Robert Strong clumb clear up into the dome twice as high as Bunker Hill monument or ruther walked up for they hain't stairs, but a smooth wooden way leads up, up to that hite. Miss Meechim told me when they come down that though there wuz a high railin' it seemed so frightful to look down that immense height she didn't hardly dare to look off and enjoy herself, though the view wuz sublime.

But I can't describe St. Peter's no more than a ant can describe the Zodiac, I mean an a-n-t, not mother's sister. Why, the great side chapels are big enough for meetin'-houses and fur grander than we shall ever see in Jonesville or the environin' townships. And the tomb and monuments and altars, etc., are more gorgeous than I could ever tell on if I should try a year.

There wuz one statute by Canova of Clement XIII that is lovely, the marble figure of the pope and on each side kneelin' figures of Religion and Death. Down below as if guardin' the tomb stands two noble lions.

And Pope Innocent, I d'no whether his name agreed with his nater or not, but he sets there holdin' the lance that pierced the side of our Lord, so they say. But I don't believe that it wuz the same one nor Robert Strong don't; I should have had different feelin's when I looked at it if it had been the one.

Besides this relic they claim to have at St. Peter's a piece of the cross and the napkin that wuz laid to our Lord's face when he wuz faintin' under the burden of the cross, and that still holds the imprint of his face, so they say. They are shown on sacred days. They say that there is confessionals at St. Peter's where folks of every language in the world can confess and be absolved by a priest that understands 'em. Well, I shouldn't wonder, it is big enough, it seems like a world in itself. But I couldn't help thinkin' of our great High Priest whose confessional is broad and high as the needs and sorrows of a world and the "silent liftin' of an eye can bring us there to be," and who understands not only every language under the sun, but every secret and hidden thought and aspiration of the soul, good or evil, and whose forgiveness and compassion never fails the penitent soul. I couldn't help thinkin' on't, and I felt that St. Peter if he could speak would say, "Josiah Allen's wife, I don't blame you for your methinkin', I think just so myself."

One day we all went to see the Arch of Titus; it wuz big and massive lookin' with a lot of writin' over the top that I couldn't read nor Josiah couldn't, but interestin' like all the remains of imperial Rome that ruled over almost the hull of the known world. It was erected about the year 70 to commemorate the destruction of Jerusalem.

There wuz another arch fur more interestin' to me, and that wuz the arch of Constantine. It is perfectly beautiful, and would be, even if it wuz built by a misable pagan. But it wuz built by Mr. Constantine when he declared himself in favor of Christianity. I sot store by him.

It is a grand and beautiful structure, richly ornamented, and has three passages. I didn't like all the base reliefs on it; indeed, I considered some on 'em as real base, such as Mr. Tragan's offerin's to the gods, etc. But then I realized that I wuzn't obleeged to look at 'em. And some on 'em wuz very good showin' off Mr. Tragan educatin' poor children, etc. And some of Constantine's doin's there I liked first-rate.

And I d'no as I see anything in Rome that interested me more than the tomb of Celia Crassus—Celia Matella that wuz. It is a round, massive structure that stands on the Appian Way and is about two thousand years old. It wuz once all covered with costly marble, but the hand of Time and other thieves, in mortal shape, have stole it a long time ago. But enough is left to show what it wuz. Nobody knows jest who Celia wuz and what she did do, or didn't do, to git such a monument. But I shall always believe she wuz a real likely woman and smart. 'Tennyrate, I said her pardner must have thought high on her and mourned her loss like a dog or he never would have rared such a magnificent tomb to her memory.

But Arvilly looked at it different. She said she believed her husband drinked and got led off into all sorts of sins and made Celia no end of trouble and riz this monument up to smooth things over.

But I sez, "Mebby things wuz different then;" but didn't really spoze so, human nater havin' capered about the same from the start. "'Tennyrate," sez I, "I shall always believe that Miss Crassus wuz good as gold, and this great massive monument that it seems as if the hand of Time can't ever throw down I take as a great compliment to my sect as well as Celia Crassus."

But Arvilly wuz as firm as a rock to the last in her belief that Mr. Crassus drinked and that Miss Crassus wuz broken-hearted by her grief and anxiety and tryin' to cover up her pardner's doin's as the wives of drunkards will, and tryin' to keep her children from follerin' their pa's dretful example, and then after he'd jest killed her with these doin's he rared up this great monument as a conscience soother.

Josiah thought Celia wuz equinomical and a wonderful good cook, and her grateful pardner riz this up in honor of his blissful life with her.

Miss Meechim thought that at all events she must have been genteel.

Robert and Dorothy looked at its massive walls, and I hearn him say sunthin' to her kinder low about "how love wuz stronger than time or death."

But Tommy just wonnered at it, wonnered who Celia Matella wuz, how she looked, how old she wuz, if she had any little boys and girls. He jest wonnered and nothin' else, and in the end I did, too.

You have no idee till you see how big the Colosseum is. It is as long as from our house to she that wuz Submit Tewksberry's, and so on round by Solomon Gowdey's back agin. You may not believe it, but it is true, and I d'no but it is bigger. It used to accommodate one hundred thousand people in its palmy days, or so I spoze they called it, when some time durin' one season five thousand beasts would be killed there fightin' with human bein's, hull armies of captives bein' torn to pieces there for the delight of them old pagans. Fathers bein' made to kill their wives and children right there for their delight.

Oh, how I wished, as I told Arvilly, I could git holt of Mr. Titus and Mr. Nero and some of the rest of them leadin' men.

The conqueror, Mr. Titus, brought back twelve thousand of the conquered Jews and made 'em work and toil to build up that lofty arch in memory of their own defeat and captivity and his glory. You'd think that wuz enough trouble for 'em, but I've hearn, and it come pretty straight to me, that he misused 'em more or less while they wuz workin' away at it.

'Tennyrate, they say a Jew won't go under that arch to this day and they've been seen to spit at it, and I spoze they throw things at it more or less on the sly.

Sez I, "I'd gin 'em a piece of my mind if I knowed they would make me fight with a elephant the next minute."

Arvilly thought that if she could sold them the "Twin Crimes" it might have helped 'em to do better, but I d'no as it would. But that great amphitheatre where the blood and agony of the martyrs cried to heaven, was afterwards dedicated to these Christian martyrs. There are eighty arches of entrance. Only a part of the immense circular wall is now standing, but you can see what it wuz. There are four stories of arches, one hundred and fifty-seven feet high in all, the arena it encloses is two hundred and eighty-seven feet long.

Dorothy and Robert Strong and Miss Meechim went and see it by moonlight, and they say that it wuz a more beautiful sight than words can describe. But I bein' a little afraid of the rumatiz, thought that I had better go by broad daylight, and Josiah did, too. I mistrusted that Robert and Dorothy beheld it by a sweeter and softer light than even the Italian

moonlight, but I kep' in and didn't speak my mistrustin'. I dast as soon die as gin vent to any such idee before Albina Meechim.

We went one day to see the Pantheon, built by Mr. Agrippa, 27 B.C. It is a dretful big buildin'; I guess about the biggest ancient buildin' in the world. It has had its ups and downs, shown out in brilliant beauty, been stole from and blackened by the hand of Time, but it is still beautiful.

It wuz dedicated to Jupiter at first, and afterwards to the Virgin and the Christian martyrs, afterwards it was dedicated to all the saints.

In speakin' on this subject, Josiah said: "What a lot of saints they do have in these furren countries," and says he to me, *soto vosy*, "I'd kinder like, Samantha, to get that name; Saint Josiah would sound well and uneek in Jonesville."

But I scorfed at the idee, though knowin' that he wuz jest as worthy to be called saint as a good many who wuz called by that name.

But Josiah is dretful ambitious. When we wuz lookin' at the different pictures of the popes in their high hats, sez he:

"How becomin' such a hat would be to me. I believe I shall be took in one when I get home; I could take Father Allen's and Father Smith's old stove-pipe hats and set my best one on top, and then cut out a wooden cross on top; how uneek it would be."

But I spoze he will forgit it before he gits home—I hope so 'tennyrate.

CHAPTER XXX

The Vatican where the Pope keeps house is the biggest house in the world; its dimensions are one thousand one hundred and fifty-one feet, by seven hundred and sixty-seven feet. And if you want to realize the size of such a buildin', you jest try to frame it and you'd find out. Why, as I told Josiah, Joel Gowdey is called our best carpenter in Jonesville, but if he should try to plan that buildin', where would he be? He is a great case to scratch his head in difficulties, Joel is, and I guess he'd be pretty bald before he got through studyin' on it, much less doin' the work. It has twenty courts, two hundred staircases, and 'leven thousand rooms. Josiah worried some about it, and sez:

"What duz one old man want of 'leven thousand rooms? He can't be in more'n one to time, and if he tried to go round and see if his hired help kep' 'em swep' up and mopped and the winders cleaned, it would keep him on the go the hull time and be too much for him."

But I told Josiah that Mr. Pope didn't make use of the hull buildin' his own self, but there wuz libraries in it and museums and picture galleries. I believe myself Mr. Pope is a real likely man, of which more anon. I don't believe that there is a room in the U. S. or the hull surroundin' world so grand and magnificent as the Great Hall of the Vatican Library. It is over two hundred feet long, and glorious in architecture and ornaments from top to bottom. It contains the most priceless treasures in books and manuscripts. For hundreds of years the collection has been constantly growing by purchase, gifts and conquests. One of its choicest treasures is the Bible of the fourth century.

The picture galleries in the Vatican contain pictures and statutes enough, it seems to me, to ornament the parlors of the world if they wuz divided up. And the museum—I don't spoze there is so big a collection in the world of such rare and costly things, and I spoze like as not there will never be another one so large and valuable. I never should try it, nor Josiah wouldn't. It would be too big a tug on our strength, if we had oceans of money, and

can no more be described than I could count the sands of the sea and set 'em in rows.

We thought one day we would visit the Pantheon. Miss Meechim didn't really want to go on account of her conscience partly, and I too felt some as she did, for it wuz a pagan temple riz up to all the gods twenty-seven years before Christ. But finally we all did go. As I told Miss Meechim, we could keep up a stiddy thinkin' on better things, if we wuz lookin' on pagan shrines.

She said she wuz afraid that Rev. Mr. Weakdew wouldn't approve of her being there, and she didn't seem to enjoy herself very much and I d'no as I did. But it must have been a glorious place as fur as beauty is concerned in its prime, for it is beautiful in its ruin. There are no windows, but it has a large circular openin' in the ruff through which I spoze the smoke of sacrifice ascended, not much, I believe, above the figures that used to stand up there fifty feet above the marble and porphry pavement—Mars, Jupiter, Apollo, Minerva, Vulcan, etc., etc. For all everything has been stole from this gorgeous temple that could be, it is grand-lookin' and beautiful now.

From the Pantheon we went to the Capitol—the Capituline Hill where justice wuz meted out to the public from kings and nobles.

We went safely past the two huge lions at the foot of the staircase—though Tommy got behind me when he first saw them—past the spot where Rianzi wuz killed. Here we see no end of statutes of the Cæsars, the Popes and other influential families. We stood on the spot where Brutus made that memorable speech, and I felt that I could almost see that noble figger as he stood there sayin': "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears!" If I had been there, I'd lent him two pairs; mine and Josiah's in welcome.

The bronze wolf, spoke of by Mr. Cicero, is still standin' there; and in the museum here we see no end of rich sculpture, statutes, mosaic and beautiful, rare objects of art. Pliny's doves made a noble show; they are made of little pieces of stun, one hundred and sixty pieces in an inch; I couldn't done it to save my life. The Venus of the Capitol looks beautiful; Josiah thought she favored Sally Ann Henzy, but I didn't. And, 'tennyrate, Sally Ann would have scorned to appear in company in that condition; Sally Ann is real modest.

In the Pincian Garden, we see the villa of Lucullus, a brave soldier who had his faults, but wuz a good provider and thought a site of his vittles; he made me think of Josiah. And also we see the home of Mr. Nero—mean creeter—I wuz glad enough he passed away before I got there. My principles on intemperance and monopolies would have riled him up dretful, and Arvilly's talk made him hoppin' mad. I d'no what he would have took it into his head to do. And I never should have gin him the freedom of Jonesville, never, he needn't thought on't; nor I never should invited him to make a all day's visit to our house, nor a afternoon one, either.

They have beautiful fountains in Rome. All of a sudden as we went through a narrer street, we see a dazzlin' sheet of water come down from the rock shell work and statutes, clear streams of water seemed to be gushin' out on all sides, fallin' into a big reservoir big enough for a ship to float in, and one day we went to see the Baths of Caracella. Jest think of a bath a mile square, big enough for thirty or forty thousand folks to bathe in at one time. It is all in ruins now, but you can see from the thick walls, tall arches, the sides covered with costly mosaic, what they wuz in their glory. Josiah thought he could make a lovely piece of mosaic from the stuns down in our paster and slate stuns. He said if he could cover the front of the barn with the pictures of his travels in stun, some like the travels of Ulysses, it would be a boon to Jonesville. But good land! it would be a sight to behold made of stuns as big as your hand and all shapes. That ambition must be squenched. Josiah breathed this aspiration to me as we went through the Hall of the Emperors. And they didn't look no better nor so well as the bretheren in the Jonesville meetin'-house would if they wuz sculped and Josiah said so; though, of course, as I told him, they wuz dressed up more fancy. And he said: "Any decent woman would lend her nightgown for her pardner to be sculped in and handkerchief pins and lace under-sleeves and things."

Poppea Sabina, the second wife of Mr. Nero, wuz a beautiful-lookin' woman, though I don't spoze she wuz what she should be. Her husband kicked her to death some time ago. He ort to been kicked himself; I'd been willin' to hire the mule myself to done it, I wuz that put out thinkin' on't.

Josiah said "Poppy Sabriny wuz the best-lookin' figger there."

Arvilly said she most knew he'd been drinkin', it wuz so fashionable for drinkin' men to kick their wives, and sez she: "Oh, how I wish I could have canvassed Nero for the 'Twin Crimes' before he done it."

And I sez: "It might have been a good thing for Mr. Nero and for Poppy, but I don't know how it would have been with you, Arvilly; a man that would kick his wife to death wouldn't be apt to brook a book-agent."

"Yes," sez Josiah, "anybody that would kick Poppy Sabriny would do anything."

Sez I: "It would look just as well, Josiah, for a perfessor not to talk so much about another woman besides his pardner, even if she is a stun woman."

"Jealous of a statter!" sez Josiah skornfully.

"Not at all," sez I. "But Poppea Sabina wuz a pagan, and no better than she should be, and her folks wuzn't likely and——"

"Jest like a woman!" sez Josiah, "a man can't praise up another female, dead or alive, without his pardner picking flaws in 'em."

Well, I drawed his attention off onto the Cæsars, Augustus and Domitian, and quite a few on 'em. Nero's bust I despised lookin' at—brutal tyrant—as Josiah truly said anybody that would kill his wife and grandmother would do anything and wuz too mean to be looked at. If I could covered up his face I'd been willin' to used my best crape veil that I mourned for Mother Allen in. Nero's grandma, she that wuz Agrepina Agrippa, wuz good featured but broken-hearted lookin'. No wonder, havin' such a grandson in the family. Arvilly said as she looked at it, that she believed if old Miss Nero, his grandma, and his own ma had spanked him good and sound and sot him down hard in the corner from day to day he wouldn't acted and behaved so when he got bigger. She said she presoomed he wuz allowed to pierce flies with a pin and torter hornets and May bugs and rob birds' nests and tie cans to dogs' tails and act, and he got worse as he got bigger. And I d'no but she wuz right. I've seen the Nero sperit in small boys many times; why, I see it in Thomas Jefferson when he wuz little, but it wus squenched and he's come up noble.

Miss Meechim wanted to see the Paletine Hill, the spot where Romulus and Remus wuz nursed by a she wolf; Josiah don't believe it. He said no wolf would consent to bring up twins by hand, and no ma would ever allow it,

but that's what they say. Miss Meechim explained here how when the twins had growed up Romulus harnessed a heifer and bull to a plough and laid out the site of the city. Robert Strong wuz full of memories of Cicero, Catalus, the Gracchi, and so wuz Dorothy. But no place interested me there so much as the Forum, where some think Paul wuz tried. He wuz tried before Nero, and there wuz Nero's judgment place, and there wuz the seat for prisoners. As I looked round me I could imagine the incomparable eloquence of Paul that sways the human heart as leaves are waved by a strong breeze, and his memory sweetened the hull place, and it needed it bad enough, yes indeed it did. But to resoom:

One day Arvilly and I wuz takin' a walk together, Josiah and Tommy bein' a little ahead, when we see a elegant carriage comin' along, a rich red color all ornamented with gold, with six horses, their gorgeous harnesses nice enough for bridal ornaments. And there wuz outriders goin' ahead and men in brilliant uniform fallin' in behind, and lots and lots of carriages follerin' on in the procession. There wuz a axident in front, two carriages goin' in opposite directions had smashed in together, and two or three fallin' over them wuz the cause. I see that in that splendid carriage right under my nose as it were, a gentleman sittin' alone, dressed up in a way that would have shed delight into the soul of Josiah Allen, and a female bystander sez, "There is the pope."

He had a bright red robe on, all covered with crosses and stars and orders, and a high peaked cap of the same color. And even as I looked at him I thought what a beautiful stripe them clothes would make in a rag carpet after he'd got through with 'em.

You could see he wuz good natered and smart and about as old as Salathiel Henzy and looked like him. His benign face wuz lookin' over the crowd as if he had a look into a better country. I liked his linement first-rate and believe he is a likely man, and I felt that it would encourage him to hear me say so, and also I felt that there wuz some things that I wanted to advise him for his good. So I advanced to the side of the carriage door and sez, holdin' out my hand in a cordial way:

"Good mornin', Mr. Pope; I am glad to see you lookin' so well."

Bein' took so completely by surprise, he held out his hand. They have told me since that he meant to have me kiss it, but I never thought on't nor

shouldn’t done it if I had, not bein’ in the habit of kissin’ strange men’s hands; no, I grasped holt of it and shook it warmly just as I would Salathiel’s.

He riz his hand up in benediction and said some words that I couldn’t understand, but good ones I know from his looks, and I bent my head as reverent as I would before Elder Minkley. But as I lifted my eyes what wuz my horrow to see Arvilly advance takin’ out “The Twin Crimes” from her work-bag and before I could interfere she had begun to canvass him. Sez she: “Mr. Pope, I have a book here I would like to call your attention to: ‘The Twin Crimes of America: Intemperance and Greed.’” Good creeter, it wuz too bad. But it ended triumphant for Arvilly, for whether it wuz my noble words to him that had softened him down or whether it wuz that he knowed how rampant these two evils wuz in the United States and wanted to inform himself still further about it, ’tennyrate he looked the book over and said he would be glad to have the book, and he and two more of the leadin’ men nigh him in that procession bought books, Arvilly deliverin’ ’em on the spot and takin’ her money. And if the stoppage in the crowd hadn’t let up and they started on, I d’no but she would have canvassed the hull flower of the Romish meetin’-house; though we wuz told afterwards by one who pretended to know, that it wuzn’t the Pope I had talked to and Arvilly had canvassed, but some other high dignitary in the meetin’-house.

We stayed on in Rome longer than we had laid out to, for our sweet Dorothy liked it there. And if she had took it into her head to set down on a lonesome rock in mid ocean, like a mermaid, for a week, there would the rest on us be sot round her till her mind changed. For the head of our party would have managed it some way so she could had her way. Not that she would do anything aginst the wishes of the rest of us, but she wuz happy there, and the rest of us all liked it and found plenty of things to interest us, but at last we did set out for Naples.

I had sot a good deal of store on seein’ the Bay of Naples, and so had the other females of our party. Robert Strong had seen it before. And my pardner when I tried to roust up his interest and admiration by quotin’ the remark so often made: “See Naples and die.”

He said he wouldn’t do any such thing, not if he could keep alive. “But,” sez he, “more’n as likely as not the vile Italian cookin’ will be too much for

me and your prophecy may come true; I may see Naples and die—from starvation."

But I told him it wuz the incomparable beauty of the seen that wuz meant, that when you'd seen that you had beheld the best and most beautiful the world could offer you and you might as well pass away without tryin' any further.

And Josiah said he would ruther see the Jonesville creek down in the paster back of the house, where it makes a bend round our sugar house and the sugar maples grow clear down to the water's edge, and pussy willers lean down, so the pussy most touch the water, and you can see the brook trout darting about over the clean pebbles, than to see forty Napleses.

I too felt a good deal the same, but wouldn't encourage him by sayin' so. And the Bay of Naples wuz beautiful, its beauty stole on you onbeknown and growed and growed till it possessed your hull heart and soul, if you had a soul. It lays like a big blue liquid gem in its encirclin' settin' of fadeless green and flashing white walls, and crowned by the hantin' dretful beauty of Mount Vesuvius.

Naples is a big city, the biggest in Italy, and as easy to git into from land as Jonesville is, only on its principle avenues there are what they call barriers where they collect duties on provisions, etc., brought from the country.

Josiah thought that would be a splendid thing for him. Sez he, "I believe I shall have Ury help me and build a barrier in front of my house and take a tax for big loads that go by. Why," sez he, "at a cent a load I could make a splendid livin'."

But he won't try it. As I told him he might just as well lanch right out on Jonesville creek as a corsair, "and I've always said," sez I, "that never would I live on brigandage."

Some of the streets of Naples are narrer and noisy as Bedlam with market men and women cryin' out their wares and all sorts of street noises. Little donkeys carryin' loads fur too big for our old mair. A sort of a big loose bag hangs on each side on 'em piled up as high as they will hold with fruit, vegetables, flowers, etc.

Sometimes you will see such a big load walkin' off and can't for your life tell what propels it till bime by you will hear a loud bray from underneath.

It sounds quite scareful. The little ridin' wagons of the poor people are packed too as I never see a hoss car in the U. S. Sometimes you will see more'n two dozen folks, priests, soldiers, men, women and children, and sometimes baskets full of vegetables and babies swingin' underneath and all drawed by a donkey; it hain't right and I wanted to talk to 'em about it, but didn't know as they would hear to me. But our old mair is used fur different.

The Cathedral is quite a noble lookin' buildin' and contains tombs of many noted people, Pope Innocent, King Andrew, Charles I. of Anjou, and many, many others. The Piazza del Municipio has a beautiful fountain, and there is one fashionable promenade over two hundred feet wide containing all sorts of trees and shrubs where you can see the Neopolitans dressed in fine array. There is a terrace extending into the sea, temples, winding paths, grottos, etc.

The Piazza del Plebiscito has an equestrian statute that wuz taken in the first place for Napoleon, then changed to General Murat and finally to Charles III. It made me think considerable of the daily papers who use one picture for all social and criminal purposes, and for Queen Victoria and Lydia Pinkham.

Some of the principal streets are straight and handsome, with blocks of lava right out of the bosom of the earth for pavement. It give me queer feelin's to tread on't thinkin' that it come from a place way down in the earth that we didn't know anything about and thinkin' what strange things it could tell if stuns could talk. Some of the best streets had sidewalks. It is well lighted by gas.

As you walk along the streets you see rich and poor, beggar and priest, soldier and peasant, every picturesque costoom you can think on and all sorts of faces. But there seems to be a kind of a happy-go-lucky air in 'em all, even to the beggars and the little lazy, ragged children layin' in the sunshine. The people live much out of doors here, you can see 'em washin' and dressin' the children, and doin' housework, and everything right from the street, and though I don't spoze the poor suffer so much here on account of the warm climate, yet dirt and rags and filth and vermin didn't look any better to me here than they did in Jonesville.

In Naples as a rule the lower parts of the houses are shops, restaurants, etc., and the upper stories are used for dwellings. The beautiful terraces of the city and the flat roofs of the houses are covered with shrubs and flowers, and filled with gayly dressed promenaders, givin' it a gay appearance. And you don't see in the faces of the crowd any expression of fear for the danger signal that smokes up in the sky, no more than our faces to home show signs of our realizin' the big danger signals on our own horizon.

I d'no as I ever had hearn of the third city that wuz destroyed when Herculaneam and Pompeii wuz. But Vesuvius did put an end to another city called Stabea at that time, most two thousand years ago, but that is some years back and I d'no as it is strange that the news hadn't got to Jonesville yet.

Naples has three hundred meetin'-houses, enough you would say to make the citizens do as they ort to. But I don't spoze they do. I hearn, and it come quite straight, too, that it is a dretful city for folks to act and behave, though it used us real well.

It has a good many theatres and has a large museum where I would be glad to spent more time than I did. Dretful interestin' to me wuz the rich frescoes and marbles dug up in the buried cities. Just to think on't how long they stayed down there under the ground, and now come out lookin' as well as ever whilst the Love or the Ambition that carved the exquisite lines have gone away so fur that we can't foller 'em; way into some other planet, mebby. Bronze statutes, the finest collection in the world they say, and all sorts of weapons, Etruscian vases, coins, tablets, marbles, ornaments of all kinds enough to make your head feel dizzy to glance at 'em.

Some of the statutes I didn't want Josiah to see; they wuzn't dressed decent to appear in company, but then agin I knew he wuz a perfessor and had always read about the Garden of Eden and Eve when she and Adam first took the place and wuz so scanty on't for clothes, but I didn't like their looks. Miss Meechim thought they wuz genteel and called it high art, and Josiah, for a wonder, agreed with her; they hardly ever think alike.

But I sez, "Josiah Allen, while I am a livin' woman, and a Methodist sister, you never will be sculped with nothin' but a towel hung over one arm, not even a paper collar on, and," sez I, "what should we think to go into a photograph gallery to home and see Sister Bobbett and Sister Gowdey

portrayed with a little mosquiter nettin' slung over one shoulder?" Sez I, "It would be the town's talk and ort to be—you can call it high art, Miss Meechim, if you want to, but I shall always call it low art."

Miss Meechim murmured sunthin' about its bein' genteel, and Josiah looked round and didn't pay the attention to my earnest words that he ort to. I believe they did for a spell shet up them statters of Venus, but they had let 'em out agin when we wuz there. There wuz one statter of a woman with the top of her head and her arms off. Josiah said to me:

"The idee of puttin' that poor cripple in here amongst decent lookin' wimmen; if they pictured her at all they ought to pictured her as bein' carried to a hosspital."

Miss Meechim wuz nigh by and I see she had gone almost into spazzums of admiration over it, and on our family's account, didn't want to fall too low down in her estimation, so I wunk at him and whispered, "Josiah, that is the celebrated Sikey; it is the proper thing to fall into extacies of admiration and wonder when you see it." And I as I say not wantin' to demean myself any further before Miss Meechim, put up my two hands in an attitude of wonder, but which she could take for admiration if she wanted to, but I didn't say it wuz.

But Josiah sez, "Catch me a praisin' up a no armed female, one who has been scalped, too, in the bargain."

I hope Miss Meechim didn't hear him. She always praised just what wuz proper to praise, she always read in her guide book just what she ought to admire and then proceeded to admire it to once. As she boasted her mind wuz a eminently conservative and genteel mind.

As for me my mind and sperit loved to grope around more and find out things to praise and blame by rote and not by note, and Dorothy and Robert Strong was some so.

Arvilly wuz more bent on disseminatin' her books to help and instruct, and would have canvassed Michael Angelo himself for the "Twin Crimes," turning her back onto his most wonderful creations. As for Josiah, a wild goat leapin' through museums and picture galleries couldn't have been more scornful of contemporaneous judgment exceptin' when he tried to be fashionable.

Dear little Tommy would wander round with his arms clasped behind him under his velvet jacket and wonner at things to himself, and I spoze Carabi walked up and down beside him though we couldn't see him. Sometimes I felt kinder conscience smitten to think I couldn't honestly admire what seemed to be the proper thing to, and then agin I kinder leaned up agin the memory of John Ruskin and how he liked in art what he did like, and not what it was fashionable to, and I felt comforted.

One day, tired out with sightseein' and havin' sunthin' of a headache, I stayed to home while all the rest of the party went out and Miss Meechim invited me into their settin'-room as it wuz cooler there, so I had sot there for some time readin' a good book and enjoyin' my poor health as well as I could, when a card wuz brung in for Robert Strong. I told the hall boy that he wuz out but wuz expected back soon, and in a few minutes he come back usherin' in a good lookin' man who said he wuz anxious to see him on business and that he would wait for him. I knowed him from his picture as well as his card; it wuz Mr. Astofeller, a multi-millionaire, who had got his enormous wealth from trusts and monopolies.

I couldn't go back into my room for Josiah had the key, and so we introduced ourselves and had quite a agreeable visit, when all of a sudden right whilst we wuz talkin' polite and agreeable two long strings dangled down in front of the eyes of my soul, strings I had often clung to. Well I knowed 'em, and I sez to myself almost wildly:

Oh, Duty! must I cling to thy apron-strings here and now, enjoyin' as I do poor health and in another woman's room? For reply, them strings dangled down lower yet, and I had to reach up the arms of my sperit and gently but firmly grip holt on 'em and stiddy myself on 'em whilst I tackled him on the subject of monopolies, having some hopes I could convert him and make him give 'em up then and there and turn round and be on the Lord's side.

And bein' so dretful anxious to convince him, I begun some as the M. E. ministers sometimes do in a low, still voice, gradually risin' higher and deeper and more earnest. I told him my idees of trusts and monopolies and what a danger I thought they wuz to individual and national life. And I described the feelin's I felt to see such droves of poor people out of work

and starvin' for the necessaries of life, whilst a few wuz pilin' up enormous and onneeded wealth, and I sez:

"Mr. Astofeller, what good does it do to heap up such a lot of money jest to think you own it and hide it from the tax collector? And bring up your daughters to luxury and foolish display, their gole being to give you a titled son-in-law who will bend down toward you from his eminence jest fur enough to reach your pockets, and if you refuse to have them emptied too many times you will anon or oftener have your daughter returned to you, her beauty eat up by sorrow, her ears tinglin' and heart burnin' with experiences a poor girl would never know. And bring up your sons to idleness and temptation, when you know, Mr. Astofeller, that it is Earnest Toil, wise-headed, hard-handed step-ma, that goads her sons on to labor and success. And it is not, as a rule, the sons of millionaires who are our great men. It is the sons of Labor and Privation that hold the prizes of life to-day and will to-morrow."

And sez I, reasonable: "What is the use, Mr. Astofeller, of so much money, anyway? You can't ride in but one buggy at a time, or wear more than one coat and vest, or sleep on more than one bed and three pillers at the outside, or eat more than three meals a day with any comfort, so why not let poorer folks have a chance to eat one meal a day—lots of 'em would be tickled to death to.

"Our Lord said: 'Take no thought for the morrow what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink;' and He must have meant that the time wuz comin' when juster laws should prevail, when Mammon should yield to Mercy and plunder changed to plenty for all and no burden of riches for any. The Bible sez that in those days when the pure influence of Jesus still rested on his disciples that they had everything in common."

Sez Mr. Astofeller, "Start ten men out rich Monday morning, and nine of them would be poor Saturday night, and the tenth one would own the money of all the rest."

And I sez: "I presoom so, if they had their own way, and that is a big argument to prove that there ought to be a wise head and a merciful hand at the hellum to look out for the hull on 'em. A good father and mother with a big family of children takes care of the hull on 'em. And if one is miserly and one a spendthrift and one a dissipator and one over-ambitious they

watch over ’em and curb these different traits of theirn and adjust ’em to the good of all and the honor of their pa and ma. They spur on the indolent and improvident, hold back the greedy and ambitious, watch and see that the careless and good-natured don’t git trod on, nor the strong make slaves of the weaker. The feeble are protected, temptations are kept out of the way of the feeble wills; the honest, industrious ones hain’t allowed to perish for want of work they would gladly do, and the strong, keen-witted ones hain’t allowed to steal from the onfaculized ones. Why, how it would look for that pa to let some of his children heap up more money than they could use, whilst some of the children wuz starvin’? It would make talk and ort to.”

Mr. Astofeller said, “Millionaires are very charitable; look at their generous gifts on every side.”

And I sez, “Yes, that’s so; but Charity, though she’s a good creeter and well thought on, hain’t so good as Justice in lots of places.”

He sez, “We give big gifts to the churches.”

And I sez, “Yes, I know it; but do you think that the Lord is goin’ to think any better on you for raisin’ up costly temples sacred to the Lord who specially said in his first sermon that he had come to preach the Gospel to the poor, give sight to the blind, set at liberty them that are bound? As it is you rare up magnificent temples and hire eloquent clergymen to preach the doctrine that condemns you if they preach the Bible, which a good many on ’em do. For you must remember what it sez:

“If you who have plenty give not to your brother in need, how dwelleth the love of God in you? And if you have two coats and your poorer brother has none, you ort to give him your second best one. And you kneel down on your soft hassocks and pray all your enormous, needless wealth away from you, for you pray, ‘Thy kingdom come,’ which you know is the kingdom of love and equality and justice, and ‘Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven,’ when you know that God’s will is mercy, pity and love. And ‘Give us our daily bread,’ when you must know that you are takin’ it right out of the mouths of the poor when you are makin’ your big corners on wheat and meat, and freezin’ the widder and orphan when you make your corners on coal.”

Sez I, “Look at Robert Strong’s City of Justice. Love, peace and happiness rains there. Every workman is content, for he has his pay for his labor and a fair percentage on profits. If the factory is prosperous the workman knows that he gets just as much accordin’ for the work he puts in as if he owned the hull thing, and it is for his advantage to give good work and help it along all he can.

“Intemperance is not allowed to show its hoof and horns inside that city, for that would be injustice to the weak-willed and their families. Greed and plunder and the whiskey power has to stay outside, for the Bible sez without are dogs.

“Robert Strong might wring all the money he could from these workmen, wrop himself in a jewelled robe and set up in a gold chair and look down on the bent forms of the poor, sweating and groaning and striking and starving below him. But he don’t want to. He is down there right by the side of ’em. Capital and labor walking side by side some like the lion and the lamb. He has enough for his wants, and they have enough for their wants, and there is mutual good-will there and peace and happiness. Hain’t that better than discontent and envy and despair, bloody riots and revolutions? Cold, selfish, greedy Capital clutching its money-bags, and cowering and hiding away from starvin’ infuriated strikers.”

Sez I, growin’ real eloquent, “Monopoly is the great American brigand hid in the black forest of politics. It has seized Labor in its clutches and wrings a ransom out of every toiler in the land.

“Monopoly steals out of Uncle Sam’s pocket with one hand and with the other clutches the bread-money out of the tremblin’ weak fingers of the poor. Is our law,” sez I, “a travesty, a vain sham, that a man that steals millions for greed goes unpunished, while a man who steals a loaf to keep his children from starvin’ is punished by our laws and scorfed at? Monopoly makes the poor pay tribute on every loaf of bread and bucket of coal, and the govermunt looks on and helps it. Shame! shame that it is so!”

Sez Mr. Astofeller, “Where would the world be to-day if it wuzn’t for rich people building railroads, stringing telegraph and telephone wires, binding the cities and continents together?”

“Yes,” sez I, “I set store by what they’ve done, just as I do on them good old creeters who used to carry the mails in their saddle-bags for so much a year. Folks felt tickled to death, I spoze, when they could send a letter by somebody for 10 cents a letter. And it wuz a great improvement on havin’ to write and send it by hum labor, a boy and a ox team. But when I see Uncle Sam can carry ’em for two cents and one cent a-piece, why I can’t help favorin’ the idee of givin’ Uncle Sam the job. And if he can carry letters so much cheaper why can’t he carry packages at just the same reduced rate, and talk over the wires, etc., etc.?

“Not that I look down on them saddle-bags—fur from it—I honor ’em and I honor the rich men that have cut iron roads through continents, mountain and abyss, honor them that have made talkin’ under the ocean possible and through the pathless air. Yes, indeed, I honor ’em from nearly the bottom of my heart. But I would honor ’em still more if they should now all on ’em stand up in a row before Uncle Sam, and say, We have done all we could to help the people (and ourselves at the same time), and now as we see that you can help ’em still more than we can, we turn our improvements all over into your hands to use for the people, for you can make travel jest as much cheaper as letter carryin’, and do it just as peaceable. Why, what a stir it would make on earth and in heaven, and Uncle Sam would see that they didn’t lose anything by it. He’d see jest what a grand thing they wuz doin’, and pay ’em well for it. And these rich men, instead of leavin’ their wealth in bags of greenbacks for moth and rust and lawyers to corrupt, and fightin’ heirs to break through their wills and steal, would leave it in grateful memories and a niche in history where their benine faces would stand up with all the great benefactors of the race. Hain’t that better, Mr. Astofeller, than to leave jest money for a fashionable wife and golf-playin’ sons to run through?”

Mr. Astofeller said he believed it wuz better; he looked real convinced. And seein’ him in this softened frame of mind I went on and brung up a number of incidents provin’ that the great folks of the past had held a good many of my idees in regard to wealth. I reminded him of Mr. Cincinnatus who did so much to make Rome glorious, when the public sought him out for honors (he not a-prancin’ through the country with torch-light processions and a brass band, talkin’ himself hoarse, and lavishin’ money to git it), no indeed, when they sought him for a candidate for public honors they found him a

not fixin' up the primarys and buyin' bosses, but ploughin' away, just as peaceable as his oxen, workin' on his own little farm of four acres. He wuz satisfied with makin' enough to live on. Live and let live was his motto. 384

"And Mr. Regulus, the leader of the great Roman forces, wuz satisfied with his little farm of seven acres, creepin' up a little in amount from four to seven. But it wuzn't till long, long afterwards that the rich grew enormously rich and the poor poorer, and what a man had wuz honored instead of what he wuz. Over and over the drama has been played out, moderation and contentment, luxury and discontent, revolution and ruin, but I did hope that our republic, havin' more warnin's and nigher the millenium, wouldn't go the same old jog trot up, up—up, and down, down, down. I wuz some in hopes they would hear to me, but I d'no."

I could see that Mr. Astofeller wuz greatly impressed by what I said. I see he took out his watch a number of times, wantin' to see, I mistrusted, the exact minute that I said different things. He wuz jest like the rest of them millionaires, a first-rate lookin' and actin' creeter when you git down to the real man, but run away with by Ambition and Greed, a span that will take the bits in their mouth and dash off and carry any one further than they mean to be carried. He didn't say so right out but he kinder gin me to understand that I'd convinced him more'n a little. And I am lookin' every day to see him make a dicker with Uncle Sam (a good-hearted creeter too as ever lived Uncle Sam is, only led away sometimes by bad councillors), yes, I expect he will make a dicker with Uncle Sam for the good of the public and hasten on the day of love and justice. I am lookin' for it and prayin' for it; in fact the hull world is prayin' for it every day whether they know it or not when they pray "Thy kingdom come."

But to resoom: Robert Strong and Josiah come back almost simeltaneously, and I don't know what Mr. Astofeller's bizness wuz with Robert, sunthin' about California affairs, I guess, mebby politics or sunthin'. But 'tennyrate, if it wuz anything out of the way I know he would never get Robert to jine in with him.

CHAPTER XXXI

From Naples we went to Athens, Dorothy wantin' to see Greece while she was so nigh to it, and Robert Strong wantin' just what she did every time. And Miss Meechim sayin' that it would be a pity to go home and not be able to say that we had been to what wuz once the most learned and genteel place in the hull world.

"Yes," sez Josiah, "I'd love to tell Elder Minkley and the brethern I'd been there."

And Miss Meechim went on to say that she wanted to see the Acropolis and the Hall of the Nymphs and the Muses.

And Josiah told me that "they wuz nobody he had ever neighbored with and didn't know as he wanted to."

I guess Miss Meechim didn't hear him for she went on and said, "Athens wuz named from Athena, the goddess Minerva."

And Josiah whispered to me "to know if it wuz Minerva Slimpsey, Simon's oldest sister."

And I sez, "No, this Minerva, from what I've hearn of her, knew more than the hull Slimpsey family," sez I. "She wuz noted for her wisdom and knowledge, and I spoze," sez I, "that she wuz the daughter of Jupiter."

Josiah said Jupiter wuz nobody he ever see, though he wuz familiar with his name. And I'd hearn on him too when Josiah smashed his finger or slipped up on the ice or anything, not that I wanted to in that tone. Arvilly thought mebby she could canvass the royal family or some on 'em, and Tommy wuz willin' to go to any new place, and I spoze Carabi wuz too. And I said I wanted to stand on Mars' Hill, where Paul preached to the people about idolatry and their worship of the Unknown God. As we sailed along the shores Dorothy spoke of Sapho. Poor creeter! I wuz always sorry for her. You know she wuz disappointed, and bein' love-sick and discouraged she writ some poetry and drownded herself some time ago.

And Robert Strong talked a good deal to Dorothy about Plato and Homer and Xenophon and Euripides, Sophocles, Phidias, and Socrates—and lots more of them old worthies; folks, Josiah remarked to me, that had never lived anywhere round Jonesville way, he knew by the names. And Dorothy quoted some poetry beginning:

> "The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece."

And Robert quoted some poetry. I know two lines of it run:

> "Maid of Athens, ere we part,
> Give, O, give me back my heart."

But his eyes wuzn't on Athens at all. They wuz on Dorothy, and her face flushed up as rosy a pink as ever Miss Sapho's did when she wuz keepin' company.

After we left the boat we rode over a level plain with green trees by the wayside till we reached Athens and put up at a good tarven. Athens, "The eye of Greece," mother of arts and eloquence, wuz built in the first place round the Acropolis, a hill about three hundred feet high, and is a place that has seen twice as many ups and downs as Jonesville. But then it's older, three or four thousand years older, I spoze, and has had a dretful time on't since Mr. Theseus's day, take it with its archons or rulers, kings and generals, and Turks, Goths and Franks, etc.

But it become the fountainhead of learning and civilization, culture and education of the mind and the body. In that age of health and beauty, study and exercise, the wimmen didn't wear any cossets, consequently they could breathe deep breaths and enjoy good health, and had healthy little babies that they brought up first-rate as fur as the enjoyment of good health goes, and Arvilly said she knew they didn't drink to excess from the looks of their statutes.

Athens also claims to be one of the birthplaces of Homer, that good old blind poet. Robert Strong talked quite a good deal about his poems, the Iliad and the Odyssy or the return of Ulysses Odysses to his native land.

Josiah paid great attention to it, and afterwards he confided to me that he thought of writin' a Jodyssy or the return of Josiah to Jonesville. He said

when he recounted all his wanderin's and tribulations on the road and at tarvens with starvation and tight clothes and all the other various hampers he'd been hampered with he said that it would beat that old Odyssy to nothin' and nobody would ever look at it agin. "Why," sez he, "jest think how old that is, most a thousand years B. C. It is time another wuz writ, and I'm the one to write it."

But I shall try to talk him out of it. He said he shouldn't begin it till our return to Jonesville, so Ury could help him in measurin' the lines with a stick. And when I am once mistress of my own cook-stove and buttery I have one of the most powerful weepons in the world to control my pardner with.

I hain't no great case to carry round relics, but I told Josiah that I would give a dollar bill quick if I could git holt of that old lantern that Diogenes used to carry round here in the streets in broad daylight to find Truth with. How I'd love to seen Mr. Diogenes and asked him if he ever found her.

Josiah said he would ruther own his wash-tub that he used to travel round in. And which he wuz settin' in when Alexander the Great asked him what costly gift he could bestow on him. And all that contented, independent creeter asked for wuz to have the king not git between him and the sun.

He snubbed Plato, too; didn't want anything, only his tub and his lantern and hunt round for a honest man, though I don't see how he got round in it. But Josiah sez the tub wuz on castors, and he had a idee of havin' our old washtub fixed up and go to Washington, D. C., in it with our old tin lantern, jest to be uneek and hunt round there for an honest man.

Sez I middlin' dry, "You may have to go further, Josiah." But I shan't encourage him in it. And our wash-tub wouldn't hold him up anyway; the hoops had sprung loose before I left home.

At the southwest of Athens is the Mount Hymettus. I'd hearn a sight about its honey. Josiah thought he would love to buy a swarm of bees there, but I asked him how could he carry 'em to Jonesville. He said that if he could learn 'em to fly ahead on us he could do it. But he can't.

The road west wuz Eulusas, the Sacred Way. And to the north wuz the Academy of Plato, and that of Aristotle wuz not fur away. One day I see there on an old altar, "Sacred to either a god or goddess." They believed in

the rights of wimmen, them old Pagans did, which shows there is good in everything.

And how smart Socrates wuz; I always sot store by him, he wuz a good talker and likely in a good many ways, though I spoze he and his wife didn't live agreeable, and there might have been blame on both sides and probable wuz. How calm he wuz when on trial for his life, and when he had drunk the hemlock, sayin' to his accusers:

"I go to death and you to life; but which of the twain is better is known only to Divinity."

And Mr. Plato; don't it seem as if that old Pagan's words wuz prophetic of Christ when he spoke of an inspired teacher:

"This just person must be poor, void of all qualifications save virtue. A wicked world will not bear his instructions and reproofs. And therefore within three or four years after he begun to preach he should be persecuted, imprisoned, scourged, and at last put to death."

Hundreds of years after, Paul preaching the religion of Christ Jesus, met the Epicurians and Stoics representing Pleasure and Pride. Strong foes that religion has to contend with now. Then he addressed the multitude from the Areopagus, Mars' Hill.

What feelin's I felt; how real and nigh to my heart his incomparable sermon that he preached in that place seemed to be as I stood there. I thought of how the cultured, beauty-loving nature of Paul must have been affected by his surroundings as he stood there in the midst of statutes and altars to Apollo, Venus, Bacchus. The colossial golden figure of Minerva, holdin' in her outstretched right hand a statute of victory, four cubits high. So big and glorious-lookin' Minerva wuz that her glitterin' helmet and shield could be seen fur out to sea. The statute of Neptune on horseback hurling his tridant; the temple to Ceres and all the gods and goddesses they knew on and to the Unknown God. Here Paul stood surrounded by all these temples so magnificent that jest the gateway to 'em cost what would be ten million dollars in our money.

Here in the face of all this glory he stood up and declared that the true God, "Lord of heaven and earth dwelt not in temples made with hands." And he went on to preach the truth in Christ Jesus: repentance, remission of sin, the

resurrection of the dead. Some mocked and some put him off by saying they would hear him again of this matter. They felt so proud, their glory and magnificence seemed so sure and enduring, their learning, art and accomplishments seemed so fur above this obscure teacher of a new religion.

But there I stood on the crumbling ruins of all this grandeur and art. And the God of Paul that they had scorned to "feel after if haply they might find him," wuz dominating the hull world, bringing it to the knowledge of Christ Jesus: "The gold and silver and stone wrought by many hands" had crumbled away while the invisible wuz the real, the truth wuz sure and would abide forever. How real it all seemed to me as I stood there and my soul listened and believed like Dionysos and Damarus!

The market place wuz just below Mars' Hill, and I spoze the people talked it over whilst they wuz buyin' and sellin' there, about a strange man who had come preachin' a new doctrine and who had asked to speak to the people. It sez, "His heart was stirred within him and he taught them about the true God" in the synagogue and market-place. As we stood there in that hallowed spot, Miss Meechim said:

"Oh, that I had been there at that time and hearn that convincin' sermon, how glad would I have left all and followed Him, like Dionysos and Damarus."

"Well, I d'no," sez Arvilly, "as folks are any more willin' now to let their old idols of Selfishness and Mammon go and renounce the faults and worship the truth than they wuz then."

Miss Meechim scorfed at the idee, but I pondered it in my own mind and wondered how many there really wuz from Jonesville to Chicago, from Maine to Florida, ready to believe in Him and work for the Millenium.

But to resoom. The Patessia is a beautiful avenoo, the royal family drive there every day and the nobility and fashionable people. The Greek ladies wear very bright clothing in driving or walking. The road looks sometimes like a bed of moving blossoms.

As in most every place where we travelled, Robert Strong met someone he knew. Here wuz a gentleman he had entertained in California, and he gave a barbecue or picnic for us at Phalareum. A special train took the guests to it.

There wuz about thirty guests from Athens. The table wuz laid in a pavilion clost to the sea shore covered with vines, evergreens and flowers. Four lambs wuz roasted hull and coffee wuz made in a boiler, choice fruits and foods were served and wines for them that wanted 'em. It is needless to say that I didn't partake on't, and Josiah, I'm proud to say, under my watchful eyes, refused to look on it when it wuz red, and Arvilly and Robert Strong and Dorothy turned down their glasses on the servant's approach bearin' the bottles.

Everything wuz put on the table to once and a large piece of bread to each plate. No knives or forks are used at a barbecue. We had sweetmeats, rose leaf glyco, oranges and all kinds of fruit. The way they roast a lamb at a barbecue—two large lambs are placed about four feet apart, the lamb pierced lengthwise by a long pointed stick is hung over the bed of live coals. They turn and baste it with olive oil and salt and it is truly delicious.

One pleasant day we visited the King's country place. The dining room wuz a pavilion in a shady spot under orange trees full of fruit and blossoms surrounded with a dense hedge of evergreens, vines and blossoms. There wuz walks in every direction bordered with lovely flowers. The Queen's private settin' room is a pretty room, the furniture covered with pink and white cretonne, no better than my lounge is covered with to home in the spare room. And in a little corner, hid by a screen of photographs wuz her books and writing desk. The maids of honor had rooms in a little vine covered cottage near by.

We of course went to see the ruins of the Parthenium, built by Pericles and ornamented with the marbles of Phidias. It wuz finished about four hundred and thirty years B.C. and cost about four millions of our money. A great Bishop once said:

"This was the finest edifice on the finest site in the world, hallowed by the noblest recollections that can stimulate the human heart."

It stands on the highest point of the Acropolis and wuz decorated by the greatest sculptor the world ever saw. It stands on the site of an older temple to Minerva. They thought a sight of that woman. It made me feel well to see one of my sect so highly thought on though I did not approve of their worshippin' her and I would never give my consent to be worshipped on a monument, not for the world I wouldn't—no, indeed!

Robert Strong wanted to go to see the ruins of the enormous temple of Jupiter where chariot races were run and the Olympic games wuz fought that Paul speaks of so many times in his letters to the churches.

But time wuz passin' fast away and we thought best to not linger there any longer and we went directly from there to Vienna, a longer journey than we had took lately, but Robert thought we had better not stop on the way.

Vienna is a beautiful city. I d'no as I would go so fur as the Viennesse myself and say it is the most beautiful in the world, but it stands up high amongst 'em.

The beautiful blue Danube makes a curve round it as if it wuz real choice of it and loved to hold it in its arms. I say blue Danube, but its waters are no more blue than our Jonesville creek is pink. But mebby if I wuz goin' to sing about the creek I might call it blue or pink for poetical purposes.

We had rooms nigh to the river, the banks of which wuz terraced down to the water, and laid out in little parks, public gardens full of flowers and trees and flowering shrubs.

There are two massive stun bridges in this part of the city, and very handsome dwellin' houses, churches, and the Swartzenburg palace. The buildings are very handsome here, more lofty and grand looking even than they are in Paris, and you know you would imagine that wuz the flower of the universe, and I needn't mention the fact that I had to gin into it that it goes fur beyend Jonesville.

The street called the Ring Strasse, I spoze because it curves round some like a ring, is three milds long, and most two hundred feet wide. And along this broad beautiful avenue there are six rows of large chestnut trees. A track for horseback riders on one side, a broad carriage driveway, two fine promenades, besides the walk.

Splendid buildin's rise up on each side of this grand street, and parks and gardens abound. At intervals there are large roomy lawns, covered with velvety grass, where easy seats under the trees invite you to rest and admire the beauty around you, and the happy, gayly-dressed throng passing and repassing in carriages, on horseback or walkin' afoot, thousands and thousands on 'em, and everyone, I spoze, a pursuin' their own goles, whatever they may be.

The first place we went to see wuz St. Stephen's Church. This is on a street much narrower than the Ring Strasse. The sidewalks wuz very narrer here, so when you met folks you had to squeeze up pretty nigh the curbstun or step out into the carriage way; but no matter how close the quarters wuz you would meet with no rough talk or impoliteness. They wuz as polite as the Japans, with more intelligence added.

St. Stephen's Cathedral is a magnificent Gothic structure, three hundred and fifty-four feet long and two hundred and thirty broad, and is full of magnificent monuments, altars, statutes, carving, etc., etc. The monument to the Emperor Frederic III. has over two hundred figures on it.

Here is the tomb of the King of Rome, Napoleon's only son, and his ma, Maria Louise. I had queer feelin's as I stood by them tombs and meditated how much ambition and heart burnin' wuz buried here in the tomb of that young King of Rome. I thought of how his pa divorced the woman he loved, breakin' her heart, and his own mebby, for the ambitious desire to have a son connected with the royalty of Europe, to carry on his power and glory, and make it more permanent. And how the new wife turned away from him in his trouble, and the boy died, and he carried his broken heart into exile. And the descendant of the constant-hearted woman he put away, set down on the throne of France, and then he, too, and his boy, had to pass away like leaves whirled about in the devastatin' wind of war and change. What ups and downs! I had a variety of emotions as I stood there, and I guess Josiah did, though I don't know. But I judged from his liniment; he looked real demute.

The catacombs under this meetin'-house are a sight to see I spoze, but we didn't pay a visit to 'em. Josiah had a idee that they wuz built to bury cats in, and he said he didn't want to go to any cat buryin'-ground. He said there wuzn't a cat in Europe so likely as ourn, but he wouldn't think of givin' it funeral honors.

But he didn't git it right. It wuz a place where they buried human bein's, but I didn't care anything about seein' it.

Robert got a big carriage, and we all driv over to the Prater, a most beautiful park on an island in the Danube. The broad, flower-bordered avenues wuz crowded with elegant carriages and beautiful forms and faces wuz constantly passing hither and yon, to and fro, and the scene all round us

wuz enchantin'ly beautiful. We had a delightful drive, and when we got back to the tarven we found quite a lot of letters that had been forwarded here. Josiah and I had letters from Jonesville, welcome as the voice of the first bird in spring, all well and hopeful of our speedy meetin'; but Miss Meechim had one tellin' of dretful doin's in her old home.

We'd heard that there had been a great labor strike out in California, but little did we know how severe it had struck. Rev. Mr. Weakdew had writ to Miss Meechim how some of the rebellious workmen had riz up against his son in his absence. He told how wickedly they wuz actin' and how impossible it wuz in his opinion to make them act genteel, but he said in his letter that his son had been telegrafted to to come home at once. He said Mudd-Weakdew always had been successful in quelling these rebellious workmen down, and making them keep their place, and he thought he would now as soon as he arrived there.

I know Arvilly and Miss Meechim had words about it when she read the letter. Miss Meechim deplored the state of affairs, and resented Arvilly's talk; she said it was so wicked to help array one class aginst another.

"They be arrayed now," sez Arvilly. "Selfishness and Greed are arrayed aginst Justice and Humanity, and the baby Peace is bein' trompled on and run over, and haggard Want and Famine prowl on the bare fields of Poverty, waitin' for victims, and the cries of the perishin' fill the air."

Arvilly turned real eloquent. I mistrusted mebby she'd catched it from me, but Miss Meechim turned up her nose and acted dretful high-headed and said there was nothing genteel in such actions and she wouldn't gin in a mite till that day in Vienna she had a letter that brought her nose down where it belonged, and she acted different after readin' it and didn't talk any more about gentility or the onbroken prosperity of the Mudd-Weakdews, and I wuz shocked myself to hear what wuz writ.

As I say, Miss Meechim read it and grew pale, the letter dropped in her lap and she trembled like a popple leaf, for it told of a dretful tragedy. It wuz writ by a friend in Sacramento and the tragedy wuz concernin' the Mudd-Weakdews. On hearin' of the strike, the Mudd-Weakdews had hurried home from their trip abroad and he had tried to quell the strike, but found it wouldn't quell. He had been shot at but not killed; the shot went through his eyes, and he would be blind for life. A deadly fever had broke out in the

tenements on the street back of his palace, caused, the doctors said, by the terrible onsanitary surroundings, and helped on by want and starvation. The families of his workmen had died off like dead leaves fallin' from rotten trees in the fall. The tenements wuz not fur from the Mudd-Weakdew garden where Dorris loved to stay, who had stayed at home with a governess and a genteel relative during her parents' absence. The garden wuz full of trees, blossoms and flowering shrubs, a fountain dashed up its clear water into the air and tall white statutes stood guard over Dorris in her happy play. But some deadly germ wuz wafted from that filthy, ghastly place, over the roses and lilies and pure waters, and sweet Dorris wuz the victim.

The clear waters and fresh green lawns and fragrant posies didn't extend fur enough back; if they had her life might have been saved, but they only went as fur as the sharp wall her pa had riz up and thought safely warded his own child from all the evils of the lower classes.

No, it didn't go fur enough back, and sweet Dorris had to pay the penalty of her pa's blindness and selfishness. For what duz the Book say? "The innocent shall suffer for the guilty."

Her broken-hearted mother followed her to the grave, and it wuz on that very day, Mudd-Weakdew bein' shut up with doctors, that the little boy wuz stolen. The discharged workman, whose little boy had died of starvation, disappeared too. He wuz said to be half-crazy and had threatened vengeance on his old employer. There wuz a story that he had been seen with a child richly dressed, and afterwards with a child dressed in the coarse clothing of the poor, embarking on a foreign ship, but the clue wuz lost, so the living trouble wuz worse to bear than the dead one.

The strike wuz ended, Capital coming out ahead; the workmen had lost, and the Mudd-Weakdews had a chance to coin more money than ever out of the half-paid labor and wretched lives of their men. They could still be exclusive and foller the star of gentility till it stood over the cold marble palace of disdainful nobility. But the wall of separation he had built up between wealth and poverty had not stood the strain; Deadly Pestilence, Triumphant Hatred and sharp-toothed Revenge had clumb over and attacked him with their sharp fangs, him and his wife, and they had to bear it.

I knowed it, I knowed that no walls can ever be built high enough to separate the sordid, neglected, wretched lives of the poor and the luxurious, pleasure-filled lives of the rich. Between the ignorant criminal classes and the educated and innocent. You may make 'em strong as the Pyramaids and high as the tower of Babel, but the passions and weaknesses of humanity will scale 'em and find a way through.

The vile air of the low lands will float over into and contaminate the pure air of the guarded pleasure gardens, and the evil germs will carry disease, crime and death, no matter how many fountains and white statutes and posies you may set up between. Envy, Discontent and Revenge will break through the walls and meet Oppression, Insolence and Injustice, and they will tear and rend each other. They always have and always will. Robert Strong, instead of buildin' up that wall, spends his strength in tearin' it down and settin' on its crumblin' ruins the white flowers of Love and Peace.

Holdin' Oppression and Injustice back with a hard bit and makin' 'em behave, makin' Envy and Hatred sheath their claws some as a cat will when it is warm and happy. He tears down mouldy walls and lets the sunshine in. Pullin' up what bad-smellin' weeds he can in the gardens of the poor, and transplantin' some of the overcrowded posy beds of the rich into the bare sile, makin' 'em both look better and do better. I set store by him. But to resoom:

CHAPTER XXXII

Amongst my letters wuz one from Evangeline Noble tellin' of her safe arrival in Africa and of the beginning of her work there, some like strikin' a match to light a lamp in a dark suller, but different from that because the light she lit wuz liable to light other lamps, and so on and on and on till no tellin' what a glorious brilliance would shine from the one little rushlight she wuz kindlin'. She felt it, she wuz happy with that best kind of happiness, doin' good. She spoke of Cousin John Richard, too; he wuz not in the same place she wuz, but she hearn of him often, for his life wuz like a vase filled with the precious ointment broke at the feet of Jesus. Broken in a earthly sense, but the rich aroma sweetened the whole air about and ascended to the very heavens.

A missionary she knew had seen him just before she wrote me. He wuz working, giving his life and finding it again, useful, happy, beloved. Not a

success in a worldly way; Mudd-Weakdew would have called it a dead failure. In place of a palace, Cousin John Richard could not call even the poor ruff that sheltered him his own. Instead of a retinue of servants, Cousin John Richard worked diligently with his hands to earn his daily bread; instead of stocks and bonds bringing him rich revenues, he had only the title deeds of the house of many mansions, and Mudd-Weakdew would not have accepted any deeds unless signed before a notary and sealed with our govermunt stamp. No wealth, no luxuries, not hardly the necessities of life had Cousin John Richard, whilst Mudd-Weakdew wuz steeped in the atmosphere of wealth and grandeur for which he had lived and toiled, yet Cousin John Richard wuz blissfully happy and content, Mudd-Weakdew unspeakably and hopelessly wretched. Both had follored their goles and wuz settin' on 'em, but, oh! how different they wuz—how different to themselves and them about 'em. Inspiration and help flowed from Cousin John Richard's personality like the warm sunshine of a clear June day, or the perfume from a rare lily, brightening, sweetening and uplifting all about him, whilst from Mudd-Weakdew fell a dark shadder made up of gloom, discontent, envy, hatred. How different they wuz, how different they wuz! And Robert Strong's gole, how different his wuz from Mudd-Weakdew's. I methought of what Miss Meechim had said to me deplorin'ly, how different Robert Strong wuz. Yes, indeed! both on 'em had had fur different goles and pursued 'em. The onselfish road Robert Strong trod wuz leadin' him to the house of happiness—Mudd-Weakdew's to the house of pain and despair.

I dare presoom to say I eppisoded more'n a hour to myself about it and to Josiah, 'tennyrate Josiah got real huffy and acted, and sez in a pitiful axent:

"Samantha, I'm willin' to hear preachin' twice a week and can set under it like a man, but it comes kinder tough to have moralizin' and preachin' brung into the bosom of the family and liable to be drizzled out onto me week days, and any time, night or day."

His axent wuz extremely hopeless and pitiful. He felt a good deal as I did in the matter, but it is a man's nater to be more impatient and not bear the yoke so well as wimmen do. Wimmen are more used to galdin' things than men be; I don't blame Josiah.

I wuz glad enough to see in Vienna the stately monument to Maria Theresa, Empress of Austria Hungary. To see all about her and below her the noble forms of Wisdom, Strength, Justice and Religion. And men a-hoss back and sages and soldiers and to see her a-settin' so calm and benine on top of the hull caboodle, it gin me proud sensations and made me glad I wuz a woman, but not haughty.

Maria Theresa wuz a likely woman; I wish she could have lived to have me encourage her by tellin' her what I thought on her. I would said to her:

"Marie," sez I, "you did well with what you had to do with, your pardner left a sight for you to tend to, as pardners will if they see their consort is willing to bear the brunt. You went through no end of trials and tribulations, wars and revolutions, but come off victorious. You helped the poor a sight, abolished torture, sot up schoolhouses, fenced in the roarin' Papal bulls so they couldn't break out and rare round so much, you helped on the industries of your country, looked out for the best interests of your husband and son, as pardners and mothers will and looked and acted like a perfect lady through it all in war and peace."

It would done Marie sights of good to hearn my talk, but it wuzn't to be. But this high, noble monument wuz some consolation to her if she could look down and see it, as I spoze she can and duz. And partly on her ma's account I visited the tomb of her girl, Marie Christina. It wuz designed by Canova and wuz the most beautiful tomb I ever see. Nine beautiful figgers with heads bowed down in grief wuz bearin' garlands of flowers to strew above the beloved head, Youth, Middle Age and Old Age all bearin' their different garlands and seemin' to feel real bad, even the mighty angel who guarded the open door of the tomb had his head bowed in sorrow. Way up above wuz the face of the beautiful Arch Duchess carved in marble, with angels and cherubs surroundin' her. Josiah said if he wuz able he would love to rare such a one up for Tirzah Ann. Sez he, "She could enjoy it durin' her life and if she should pass away before us it would come handy." He thought the features of the Arch Duchess favored Tirzah Ann, but I couldn't see it.

Albert Fountain is a noble-lookin' structure rared up by Francis Joseph in 1869. We also visited the Academy of Fine Arts, the conservatory of music, Museums of Arts and Industries, the new Parliament and University

buildings. The University building has one hundred and sixty thousand volumes and engravings and drawing enough to fill up an ordinary building, the collection of manuscripts is called the richest in the world.

The teachers in the University of Vienna number two hundred and ten, good land! enough to make a good school in themselves if anybody knowed enough to teach 'em. In the Chamber of Treasures in the Imperial Palace we see the largest emerald known to the world and the Florentine Diamond, 133 karats big, though Josiah said when I told him on't that wuz nothin' to carrots he'd raised in his garden, but I sot him right. There wuz more than one hundred and forty thousand coins and all sorts of minerals and a great quantity of bronzes, gems and cameos.

I hated to give in, but I had to. I see cameos there that went fur beyend mine. We visited gymnasiums, public schools, institutes, colleges and more noble and interestin' edifices than I could tell you jest the names on unless I took loads of time.

The principal articles of manufacture in Vienna are jewelry, clocks, kid gloves, musical instruments, shawls, silks and velvets. It is supplied with water that comes forty milds in an aqueduct and gits there as fresh and sparklin' as if it hadn't travelled a mild.

I felt that I ort to go and see the Emperor, Francis Joseph, while I wuz in Vienna. I knowed that if my Josiah had been took from my heart and presence as his Elizabeth had been and he'd come to Jonesville to see the sights and look round some as I wuz doin' and hadn't come to condole with me I should feel dretful hurt.

Just to think on't, the sweet, beautiful woman that he had loved ever sence she wuz a little girl in short dresses and would marry in spite of all opposition, and who had been his confidant and closest earthly friend for so many long years a settin' up there by his side on that hard peak with the kodaks of the world aimed at 'em, and rejoiced in his joy and sympathized in his sorrow, to have her struck down so sudden and to once by the hand of a assassin. Why, if it had been my Josiah I couldn't have bore up as Fritz had; it seems to me as if I never could have held my head up at all after it.

But Fritz had bore up under his sorrow all these years and carryin' it along he bore also the load of his people's cares and perplexities and tried to do

the best he could with what he had to do with, which is a golden rule to frame and hang up over our soul's mantletry piece and study from day to day and which is the very best a human creeter can do in Jonesville or Austria.

I sot store by him. One thing specially I always liked in him wuz his humility and reverence, as showed by the foot-washing in the palace. I'd hearn about that, and wanted to see it myself, like a dog, but it wuz too late, for that takes place in April. But Robert Strong wuz here once in April, and witnessed that ceremony.

It is a old custom, comin' from so fur back that nobody knows what monarch it wuz and whose feet they wuz, and whether they needed washin' or not. But I presoom they wuz middlin' clean; they be now anyway, and the Emperor doesn't do it for bathin' purposes or to help corns, but it is a religious custom. Robert explained it all out to me so plain that I almost seemed to see it myself.

Robert said that the day he wuz here there wuz twelve old men, some on 'em ninety years old, seated at a table set out handsome with good dishes, napkins, etc., and the table all covered with rose leaves, and under it brown linen cushions for the old feet to rest on.

The old men had on black clothes, short breeches, black silk stockings, and wide white turned-down collars. They wuz seated by grand court officials, the oldest man seated at the head of the table. Anon the Emperor come in in full uniform, with a train of nobility and big court officers with him, all in gorgeous attire, and the Emperor took his place at the head of the table as a waiter to wait on the oldest old man. And then follered twelve palace officials, each bearin' a black tray that had four dishes of good food on it, and they took their places opposite the old men who set on one side of the table, some as they do in pictures of the Last Supper or some as we have some times in cleanin' house and things tore up and we all set on one side of the table.

Then all bein' ready, the Emperor took the food off the tray opposite the oldest man, and waited on him jest as polite as Philury waits on me when we have company. The Crown Prince waited on the one next in age, and each of the old men wuz waited on by some grand duke or other member of the Austrian nobility.

After the trays wuz emptied, the palace guard, in full uniform, come in with twelve more trays, and so on till four courses wuz served, the last consistin' of a sweet dish, fruit, cheese, almonds, etc. After this, and it wuz done quite quick, for not a mouthful wuz eaten, a large, gold tray wuz brought in with a gold pitcher on it and a large napkin, and the Emperor knelt and poured a little water on the old man's foot, and wiped it on the napkin. It wuzn't very dirty, I spoze; his folks had tended to that, and got off the worst of it. But he had had his foot washed by a Emperor, and I spoze he felt his oats more or less, as the sayin' is in rural districts, though he orten't to, seein' it wuz a religious ceremony to inculcate humility, and the old man ort to felt it too, as well as the Emperor. But howsumever, the hull twelve on 'em had their feet washed and wiped by nobility. And that bein' done, the Emperor, Crown Prince, and all the arch dukes, etc., havin' riz up from their knees, the Grand Chamberlain poured some water on the Emperor's hands, who dried 'em on a napkin, and all the rest of the nobility done the same.

Then a court officer come in bringin' twelve black bags of money containing each thirty silver florins. They had long black cords attached, and the Emperor fastened the bags around the necks of each of the old men by putting the cords round their necks. Then the Emperor and nobility left the hall.

All durin' this ceremony a priest and twenty assistants read and intoned beautiful extracts from the Gospel, showin' how the Lord washed the disciples' feet. Then all the food and plates and foot cushions wuz packed into baskets and sent to the houses of these old men, and I wuz glad to hear that, for I thought how they must have felt to have such tasty food put before 'em and took away agin for good and all.

When the Empress wuz alive she did the same to twelve old wimmen—good creetur! Wuzn't it discouragin' to wash the feet of the poorer classes every year of her life, and then be shot down by one on 'em? How Fritz must have felt a-thinkin' on't! If he'd been revengeful, I felt that he might have gin their feet a real vicious rub—kinder dug into 'em real savage; but he didn't; he washed and wiped 'em honorable, from what I've hearn.

I always thought that that wuz a noble thing for the Emperor to do. I d'no as our presidents would be willin' to do it, and I d'no as they wouldn't. I don't believe the question has ever been put to 'em. I guess Washington and

Lincoln would anyway, and I don't believe that they would have shrunk back if the feet wuz real dirty; they went through worse things than that.

But to resoom: Robert Strong's description of this seen made me set more store by Fritz Joseph than I had sot. And I wanted dretfully to meet him and condole with him and congratulate him, but didn't know as I should have a chance. But to my great satisfaction we wuz all invited to the palace to a big informal reception. I wuz tickled enough.

I spoze it wuz on Robert Strong's account that we wuz invited to the Emperor's palace, though Josiah thought it wuz on his account. Sez he:

"Fritz is a educated man and reads about foreign affairs; of course, he has hearn of Jonesville and knows that I am one of its leadin' men, and wield a powerful influence in political and religious circles, and wants to honor me and on my account and to please me, and for various diplomatic reasons he is willin' to receive my pardner."

But it wuzn't so, no such thing; it wuz on Robert's account; Robert had been invited there for lunch when he wuz there before, for Miss Meechim had told me on't over and over. When the evening of the reception come, Miss Meechim wuz in high feather every way. She wore one in her hair that stood up higher than old Hail The Day's tail feathers, and then her sperits wuz all feathered out, too.

Dorothy looked sweet as a rose just blowed out. She had on a gown of pale-green satin and shiffon, which looked some the color of fresh, delicate leaves, and her sweet face riz up from it and bloomed out like a flower. It wuz a little low in the neck, which wuz white as snow, and so wuz her round arms. A necklace of big pearls wuz round her neck, not much whiter than the warm, soft flesh they rested on, and she carried a big bunch of white orchids. She looked good enough to frame in gold and hang up in anybody's best parlor, and Robert Strong felt just as I did I knew by his liniment. On such a occasion, I felt my best black silk none too good, and at Dorothy's request I turned down the neck a little in front, mebby a half a finger or so, and wore a piece of lace she gin me over it that come down to my belt. It looked like a cob-web that had ketched in its transparent meshes some voylets and snowdrops. And at her request I did not wear the cameo pin, but a little bunch of posies she fixed for me, fine white posies with a few pale lavender ones. I spoze Dorothy, though she didn't tell me so, for

fear it would make me oneasy and nervious, but I spoze she wuz afraid that some bold thief might rob me of that valuable jewel; she knowed that cameo pin fell onto me from Mother Smith and fell onto her from her ma. This rim of memory sot it round and rendered it valuable aside from its intrinsic worth, which wuz great. Why, I hearn that Grandmother Smith paid as high as seven dollars for it, gin five bushels of dried apples and the rest in money. Tommy stayed to home with Martha.

The guests wuz ushered into a spacious and magnificent room. Innumerable lights flashed from its lofty ceilings and music and flowers brightened the seen. The rich costooms of the ladies and the gorgeous uniforms of the men, representatives of the different countries, richly embroidered in gold and silver, added to the beauty of the panorama. Jewels wuz sparklin' everywhere, and I thought to myself I d'no but Dorothy wuz more fraid than she need be, I d'no; but I might have resked the cameo pin there. For it didn't seem as if anybody there, man or woman, stood in need of any more ornaments, and if they took it, I should always thought they done it out of pure meanness. For such a profusion of jewelled ornaments I never see, and such dresses, oh, my! I thought even before I met the royal party what would I give if Almina Hagadone could be sot down there with liberty to bring a lot of old newspapers, the Jonesville "Augurses" and "Gimlets" and take patterns. Oh, my! wuzn't they grand, though our good Methodist sisters wouldn't dream of havin' their calico and woosted dresses with such long trains draggin' behind 'em or havin' 'em low-necked and short sleeves. I could hardly imagine how Sister Gowdey and Sister Henzy would look with their chocolate-colored calicos made without sleeves and dekolitay, as Miss Meechim called it; they would blush to entertain the thought, and so would their pardners.

Francis Joseph, or as I called him in my mind, the good crisp name of Fritz, I found wuz good lookin' and good actin'. Of course, like myself and Josiah, he's gittin' some along in years. And like us, too, he won't most probable ever be hung for his beauty. But what of that? Like others lately mentioned, his liniment shows just what kind of a person he has been and is. Honest, honorable, hard-workin', gittin' up at five o'clock in the mornin', doin' a good day's work before lots of folks rises up from their goose-feather pillers. Fillin' up the day with duties performed to the best of his ability. Good, solid-lookin' and good-actin' the most of the time, though

I spoze that like every human bein', he has had spells of bein' contrary and actin', but on the whole a good man, and a well-wisher to his race.

And now in this dretful epock of time, when everything seemed upside down, thrones tottlin' and foundations warpin', and the roar of battle comin' nigher and nigher on every side, I felt that it wuz a great thing for him that he had the chance to hear some words of encouragement and advice. Yes, I knowed that if ever the Powers wuz in a tight place they wuz now.

I wuz the last one in the line, and so had a chance at him; I shouldn't have had if Miss Meechim and Arvilly had been follerin' close to my heels. I had said in days gone by that if I ever got holt of one of them Powers I would give 'em a piece of my mind that they could patch onto their daily experience, and tremble and wonder at it for the rest of their days. I had been riled up by these Powers a number of times, real provoked and out of patience with 'em. But now when I stood in the presence of one of 'em I felt different from what I thought I should feel; I pitied 'em like a dog. And I showed it. I mistrust my liniment looked pale and excited, though not havin' a lookin' glass present I couldn't tell for certain, but I know my voice trembled with emotion, for I hearn it myself.

I sez to him how proud and happy I wuz to see him lookin' so well and holdin' his age to such a remarkable degree, and after a few such preliminary politenesses had been tended to, I branched out and told him with my liniment lookin' good and earnest I know, and tears almost standin' in my eyes, I told him the feelin's I felt for the Powers, how mad I'd been at 'em in the past, and how them feelin's had turned into pity, for I knowed just what a ticklish place they wuz in and how necessary it wuz for 'em to keep a cool head and a wise, religious heart, and then, sez I, "I d'no as that will save you. You Powers have got so hard a job to tackle that it don't seem to me you'll ever git out of it with hull skins if you don't use all the caution a elephant duz in crossin' a bridge. Go cautious and carefull and reach out and try every plank before you step on't."

He felt it, I could see he did, he knowed how the ground wuz quakin' under him and the rest of the Powerses. "And don't," sez I, "don't for mercy's sake! you Powers git to squabblin' amongst yourselves, for if you do you might just as well give up first as last, for you are all lost as sure as fate. Keep your temper above all things," sez I. "You've got age and experience

as well as I have, and it takes such experienced wise heads to manage such a state of affairs, and I d'no even then as we can git along without an awful fuss, things are so muddled up. Mebby you're the very one to go on and try to straighten out the snarls in the skein of the nation's trials and perplexities, and I'll do all I can to help you," sez I.

He wuz dretful impressed by my eloquence; he acted for all the world just as Mr. Astofeller did. He looked at his watch just as if he wuz anxious to know just the time I said such remarkable things, and I continued on, "Sister Henzy," sez I, "thinks that the millenium is comin'."

"Sister Henzy?" sez he inquirin'ly.

"Yes," sez I, "Sister Mehala Henzy, sister in the M. E. meetin'-house at Jonesville. She sez that this is the great universal war that is to usher in the thousand years of peace and the comin' of our Lord. She reads Skripter a sight and has explained it out to me and I must say it does look like it. And oh how I do want to be here to see it, but don't spoze Josiah and I can live a thousand years, no matter how much patent medicine we take, specially as we both have the rumatiz bad, but oh how I would love to.

"Brother Meesick thinks this is goin' to be a war of the yellow races agin the whites. And though it would come tough on Josiah and me to be driv out of house and home and scalped and made slaves on, yet right whilst them yeller races wuz engaged in it if I could think at all—and of course I don't know how much the seat of thought is situated in the crown of the head and hair and whether the entire citadel would go with the scalp, but if I could think and keep my conscientiousness as I spoze I should, I should have to give in right then and there that it wuz only justice fur the white races to submit to the revenge of the darker complected, thinkin' what we'd done to them.

"Josiah bein' so bald they would probable have to take his head right off, not havin' anything to hang onto while they scalped him, and I should probably foller him soon, as I couldn't imagine a life Josiahless. But whilst I lived, and even if I wuz sold into captivity, and see Thomas J. and the rest of the children sold into distant countries, and I chained to widder Henzy, drove off west to be slaves to Hole In The Day or Big Thunder, I should have to say amidst my heart breakin' groans and sithes, it is just, it is just, we white folks richly deserve it for our treatment to the darker races."

The Emperor felt my talk deeply, I knew by his looks; he looked completely wore out; it wuz from admiration I knowed.

Sez I: “It is a dretful thing to have all the beasts of the world git mixed up and a-fightin’ and chankin’ each other up, as they have seemed to, whilst the Powers have sot and looked on. Jest now it looks to me as if the Russian Bear is gittin’ the worst on’t and the dragon a-comin’ out on top, and the Eagle has done noble work a-shriekin’ and fightin’ and protectin’ her young.

“It seemed to me and Josiah that the Powers have took things pretty easy and loitered along when their ministers and missionaries wuz chased into a corner and the Boxers ready to take their heads off. It makes a sight of difference in such things whose heads are in danger. If it wuz the Powers’ own heads, for instance, there would probable been more hustlin’ round.

“But things are in a dretful state in Russia and Japan and China. It is a great pity I hadn’t knowed what wuz comin’ when I wuz there; I could probable done lots of good advisin’ the Empress and tryin’ to make her do as she ort to, though my pardner thinks the blame hain’t all on China. He argys wrong, but is sot on it. He sez spozen he wuz slow with his spring’s work and didn’t keep his fences up, or hustle round so and mebby didn’t pay Ury so big wages as the Loontowners did in their factory, and wuzn’t what they called sound on the doctrines. You know they are seven-day Baptisses over in Loontown and Shackville; but Josiah sez if them two Powers got together and tried to force Loonton and Shackville civilization and ways onto Jonesville, which is a older place and glad to be kinder settled down and mind its own bizness; and if they should try to build roads through Jonesville medders and berry lots and set up their tabernacles and manufacturys there and steal right and left and divide Jonesville into pieces and divide the pieces amongst ’em, why, sez he, ‘I would arm myself and Ury and fight to the bitter hind end.’

“Sez Josiah: ‘Why do we want our pleasant woods and fields turned into noisy bedlams by the whirrin’ of wheels, creakin’ of engines and the roar and smoke and dust of traffick? Spozein’ we should make more money and dress better and own more books; money hain’t everything in life, nor hustlin’ in bizness; peace and comfort and mindin’ your own bizness is sunthin’.’

“‘And wheresoever them noisy manufactories go, there goes whiskey,’ sez Arvilly. A neighborin’ woman who wuz by and jined in: ‘What good duz it do to try to settle which is the right Sunday if at the same time them proselyters brings pizen that crazes their converts so they can’t tell Sunday mornin’ from Friday midnight, bring the preachin’ of love and peace and the practice of hatred and ruin, the creeds and catechism packed on with opium and whiskey.’

“‘Yes,’ sez Josiah, ‘let me catch the Loontown and Shackville Powers tryin’ to divide Jonesville into pieces and grabbin’ the pieces and dividin’ ’em up amongst ’em and turnin’ us out of house and hum, I guess them powers would find they had got hold of a Boxer when they come to cut up my paster and divide it and the medder back of the house where grandfather Allen’s grandpa and great-grandma lays with a white railin’ round ’em, kep’ up by the Allens two hundred years. I guess they’d think they had got holt of a Boxer—yes indeed! and Josiah Allen breathed hard and looked warlike.

“‘But,’ I sez, ‘Josiah, you hain’t got it right; there is more to it.’

“And he sez fiery red in the face and sithin’ hard, ‘There is generally more to everything.’ And I sez, ‘So there is, Josiah.’”

I see the Emperor lookin’ round anxiously and he seemed to be on the very pint of startin’ away. I mistrusted he wanted to go and git more folks to hear my wonderful eloquence, but I couldn’t wait and I sez, “Time and Josiah are passin’ away and I mustn’t detain you; you Powers will have to do the best you can with what you’ve got to do with. Wisdom is needed here, and goodness, piles and piles of goodness and patience and above all prayer to the God of love and justice for help. He is the only Power that can bring light into the dark problem confrontin’ the nations. He can settle the question and will, if you Powers trust Him and try to toiler his teachin’s.”

“The only receipt I can give you is what I told you. Seekin’ earnestly for patience and wisdom from on high, payin’ no attention to the blue light that rises from the low grounds lit by Greed, Ambition and Revenge, follerin’ from day to day the light that filters down from heaven through the winders of the mind and soul, and keepin’ them winders as clean as possible so the light can shine through. Brushin’ away, as fur as your powers can, the black cob-webs from your own civilizations whilst you are tacklin’ the scrubbin’

brush to cleanse older and dirtier ones, and don't for mercy sake in the name of freedom take away freedom from any race or nation. I d'no what else you can do."

Agin he looked anxiously round as much as to say, oh why, why don't somebody else come to hear this remarkable talk?

And sez I, "I will say in conclusion for your encouragement, fur off over the hills and dells of the world and Jonesville there will be one follerin' you with earnest good wishes and prayers and will help you Powers all she can and may God help you and the other Powerses and farewell."

He looked dretful relieved as he shook my hand and I passed on. I guess he had worried for fear it would be out of sight, out of mind with me, and I rejoined my pardner. The rest of our party had passed on into another gorgeous apartment, but my faithful pardner had waited for me. He wuz rejoiced to see me I knowed, though his words wuz:

"What under the sun wuz you hangin' round and preachin' to a Emperor for? I believe you would dast anything."

"I hope I would," sez I, calmly, "upheld by Duty's apron strings." I wouldn't have it knowed in Jonesville for a dollar bill that right there in the Emperor's palace Josiah demeaned himself so, but he did say:

"I don't want to hear any more about them infarnal strings."

And a gorgeous official looked round at him in surprise and rebuke. Well, we didn't stay a great while after that. We walked round a little longer through the magnificent rooms, and anon we met Arvilly. She wuz lookin' through a carved archway at the distant form of the Emperor and unfastenin' the puckerin' strings of her work-bag, but I laid holt of her arm and sez:

"Arvilly, for pity sake help me find Robert and Dorothy." She turned with me, and my soul soared up considerable to think I had already begun to help the powers and lighten their burdens. And pretty soon the rest of our party jined us, and we returned home to our tarven.

CHAPTER XXXIII

Miss Meechim wanted to visit Carlsbad, the great Bohemian watering place. She said it wuz a genteel spot and very genteel folks went there to drink the water and take the mud baths. And so we took a trip there from Vienna. It is only a twelve-hours' journey by rail. Our road lay along the valley of the Danube, and seemed to be situated in a sort of a valley or low ground, till we reached the frontiers of Bohemia, but it wuz all interestin' to us, for novelty is as refreshin' to older ones as to children. Cheerful, clean-lookin' little villages wuz scattered along the way, flourishin' orchards and long fields of grass and grain, and not a fence or hedge to break the peaceful beauty of the picture.

Anon we entered a mountainous country with blue lakes and forests of tall pine trees and knowed we had entered Bohemia. We see gypsy tents anon or oftener, for what are gypsies but true Bohemians, wanderers at will, hither and yon.

Josiah mentioned the idee of our leavin' the train for an hour or two and havin' our fortunes told by a real gypsy, but I told him *sotey vosey* that my fortune come along about as fast as I wuz ready for it, and I didn't know as I wanted to pay these swarthy creeters for lyin' to me. And he didn't contend for it, for which I wuz thankful.

All along the way we see shrines with the faces of our Lord and Mary and Joseph lookin' out of 'em. And anon a little hamlet would appear, a meetin'-house with five or six dwellin' houses clustered round it like a teacher in the midst of half a dozen scholars. Flowering shrubs and fruit trees almost hid the houses of the quiet little hamlets, and then we'd go by a village with forty or fifty houses, and as I told Arvilly, in all these little places so remote from Jonesville and its advantages, the tragedy of life wuz goin' on just as it did in bigger places.

And she said she wondered if they drinked; sez she, "If they do there is tragedies enough goin' on."

Bohemia is a country of orchards. I should say there was fruit enough there so every man, woman and child there could have bushels and bushels of it to spare after they had eat their fill. Even along the highways the bending trees wuz loaded with fruit. A good plan, too, and I told Josiah I would love to introduce it into Jonesville. Sez I, "How good it would be to have the toil-worn wayfarers rest under the shady branches and refresh themselves with good fruit."

And he said "He didn't want to toll any more tramps into Jonesville than there wuz already."

And I spoze they would mebby find it too handy to have all the good fruit they wanted hangin' down over their heads as they tramped along—I d'no but it would keep 'em from workin' and earnin' their fruit.

Anon the good car would whirl us from a peaceful country into mountain scenery, huge ledges of rock would take the places of the bending fruit trees, and then jest as we got used to that we would be whirled out agin, and see a peaceful-lookin' little hamlet and long, quiet fields of green.

In the harvest fields we see a sight that made me sad and forebode, though it seemed to give Josiah intense satisfaction. We see as many agin wimmen in the harvest field as we did men, and in Carlsbad we see young girls carryin' brick and mortar to the workmen who wuz buildin' houses. I thought as I looked out on the harvest fields and see wimmen doin' all the hard work of raisin' grain and then havin' to cook it after it wuz made into flour and breakast food it didn't seem right to me, it seemed as if they wuz doin' more than their part. But I spozed the men wuz off to the wars fightin' and gittin' killed to satisfy some other man's ambition, or settlin' some other men's quarrels.

Josiah sez, smilin' happily, "Wouldn't it look uneek to see Philury mowin' in our oat and wheat fields, and you and Sister Bobbett rakin' after and loadin' grain and runnin' the thrashin' machine?"

"Yes," sez I, "when I foller a thrashin' machine, Josiah Allen, or load a hay rack it will look uneeker than will ever take place on this planet, I can tell you to once."

But Arvilly sez, "Don't be too sure, Josiah Allen's wife; with three wars bein' precipitated on our country durin' one administration, and the

conquered contented regions havin' to be surrounded by our soldiers and fit all the time to keep 'em from laughin' themselves to death, you don't know how soon all of our men will be drafted into the army and we wimmen have to do all the farm work."

"Yes," sez Josiah, "that is so, and you would be a crackin' good hand to pitch on a load of hay or mow away, you are so tall."

"And you," sez she with a defiant mean, "would be a good hand to put in front of the battle field; you're so short, the balls *might not* hit you the first round."

She put a powerful emphasis on the "might not," and Josiah looked real agitated, and I sez:

"Such talk is onprofitable, and I should advise you, Josiah, to use your man's influence to try to make peace for the country's good, instead of wars for the profit of Trusts, Ambition, etc., and you can escape the cannon's mouth, and Arvilly keep on sellin' books instead of ploughin' and mowin'."

Robert Strong and Dorothy enjoyed Carlsbad the best that ever wuz. I don't think they sot so much store by the water as they did the long mountain walks. Everybody here becomes a mountain climber. The doctors here agree that this exercise is a great means of cure, and they make the climbing easy and delightful. There are over thirty miles of good roads over the mountains and around Carlsbad, and as you climb upwards anon or even oftener you come to pretty little pavilions where you can rest and look off onto the delightful scenery, and every little while you'll come to a place where you can git good refreshments to refresh you.

The Sprudel, or Bubbling Well, bubbles over in a stream of almost boiling hot water five or six inches in diameter. It is so hot that you can't handle the mugs it is served in with your naked hand, you hold it by a napkin and have to take it a little sip at a time if you don't want to be scalded.

Josiah had disputed with me about the waters being so hot. He said it didn't look reasonable to him that bilin' hot water would flow out of the cold ground, and he knowed they had told stories about it. "Why," sez he, "if it wuz hot when it started it would git cooled off goin' through the cold earth."

But I sez: "They say so, Josiah—them that have been there."

“Well,” sez he, “you can hear anything. I don’t believe a word on’t.”

And so in pursuance of his plan and to keep up his dignity he wouldn’t take a napkin with his mug of water, but took holt on’t with his naked hand and took a big swaller right down scaldin’ hot.

He sot the mug down sudden and put his bandanna to his mouth, and I believe spit out the most on’t. He looked as if he wuz sufferin’ the most excruciating agony, and I sez:

“Open your mouth, Josiah, and I will fan it.”

“Fan your grandmother!” sez he. “I didn’t like the taste on’t, Samantha; it most sickened me.”

But I sez: “Josiah Allen, do you want some liniment on your hand and your tongue? I know they pain you dretfully.”

Sez he, smilin’ a dretful wapeish smile: “It is sickish tastin’ stuff.” And he wouldn’t give in any further and didn’t, though I knew for days his mouth wuz tender, and he flinched when he took anything hot into it.

As I would look dreamily into the Bubblin’ Well I would methink how I do wish I knowed how and where you come to be so hot, and I’d think how much it could tell if it would bubble up and speak so’s we could understand it. Mebby it wuz het in a big reservoir of solid gold and run some of the way through sluice ways of shinin’ silver and anon over beds of diamonds and rubies. How could I tell! but it kep’ silent and has been mindin’ its own bizness and runnin’ stiddy for over six hundred years that we know on and can’t tell how much longer.

Exceptin’ in the great earthquake at Lisbon about a hundred and fifty years ago, it stopped most still for a number of days, mebby through fright, but afer a few days it recovered itself and has kep’ on flowin’ stiddy ever since. It wuz named for Charles IV., who they say discovered it, Charle’s Bath or Carlsbad. His statute stands in the market-place and looks quite well. Carlsbad has a population of twenty or thirty thousand, and over fifty thousand people visit Carlsbad every summer to drink of the waters. Drinking and walking is what the doctors prescribe and I d’no but what the walking in the invigorating mountain air does as much good as the water. The doctor generally makes you drink a glass about seven in the morning, then take a little walk, then drink another glass, and another little walk and

so on until about eight, when you can go to the Swiss bakery and get the zwiebach or twice baked bread, which is handed you in a paper bag, and then you can go to some cafay on the sidewalk and get coffee or tea and boiled eggs and make out your breakfast. No butter is given you unless the doctor orders it. That madded Josiah and he said they kep' it back because they wuz clost and wanted to save. He is a great case for butter.

And then after resting for an hour, you go for a walk up the mountains, or if you are too weak to walk, you can get a cart and a donkey, the driver walking alongside; up the shady paths you will go, resting anon or oftener at some pleasant summer house or cafay. At one you have your dinner, you can get it anywhere along your way or go back to your tarven for it; Josiah and I generally went back and got our dinner at the tarven and rested for a while. After dinner, folks generally go for another walk, but Josiah and I and Tommy used often to go to the Sprudel Corridor and listen to first-rate music or to a garden concert nigh by.

It wuz a sight to set in the Sprudel Corridor and see the crowds of people go by, each one bearin' a little mug in their hands or strapped over their shoulders. All sorts of lookin' folks, handsome and humbly, tall and short, thick and thin, thousands and thousands of 'em a-goin' every morning for their drink and walk, drink and walk. There are six or eight little girls at each of these springs who hand the water to the guests and they have to work spry to keep 'em all supplied.

It wuz a remarkable coincidence that royalty so soon after havin' the advantage of a interview and advice from Josiah Allen's wife should agin have the privilege of listenin' to her invaluable precepts. But not so remarkable when you come to study on it philosophically. For it seems to be a law of nater that if one thing happens, another similar thing follers on and happens too, such as breakin' dishes, onexpected company, meetin' royalty, etc., etc.

I wuz settin' alone in the Sprudel Corridor one day, for my pardner had gone with Tommy to see a little donkey that had took the child's fancy and we meant to let him have a ride up the mountain on it and the rest of our party had driv out to Mentoni's Spring, about two milds from Carlsbad.

I see a real sweet pretty girl coming along carrying her little mug just like the rest of the folks. She wuz attended by a good-lookin' lady, who seemed

to be looking out for her, and I hearn a bystander say:

"That's the Queen of Holland." 420

When I wuz told that the Queen of Holland wuz approachin' I sez, "You don't say so! you don't say that that is Willieminy?"

"Yes," sez the bystander standin' by.

And I tell you I looked at her with all the eyes I had, and if I had had a dozen more I should have used them all, for I liked her looks first-rate, fair complected, blue eyes, light wavy hair, and a air of demure innocence and wisdom that wuz good to see. She wuz pretty and she wuz good, I could see that as plain as I could tell a buff cochin hen from a banty. And I wuz glad enough, when havin' discovered sunthin' she had left behind, her companion left her and went back to the tarven and she come and sot down right by my side to wait for her.

And as my rule is, I immegiately lived up to my privileges and told her how highly tickled I wuz to have the chance to see her and tell her how much store I sot by her. Sez I: "My dear, I have always wanted to see you and tell you how much I have liked almost every move you've made since you got to be a sovereign and before. Your crown hain't seemed to be top heavy, drawin' your fore top and your common sense down with it as some crowns do. You've wore it sensible and you've carried your septer stiddy, and for a young girl like you to do them things has seemed a great thing to me. A good many young girls would be carried away if they wuz in a place like yours; I am most afraid Tirzah Ann would at your age."

"Tirzah Ann?" sez she inquirin'ly.

"Yes, Josiah Allen's girl by his first wife," sez I. "I did my best bringin' her up, but if a kag is filled with rain water you can't tap it and have it run cream or maple molasses. She wuz nateraly kinder sentimental and vain and over dressy, and keeps up them traits to this day. And I d'no what she would have done if she'd tried to rule a kingdom at eighteen; I guess her subjects would have seen strange doin's and strange costooms, though I think Tirzah 421 means to be a Christian. But you've done first-rate, you've seemed to study the best good of your subjects and have made a big effort to have peace in the world. I wuz dretul interested when you had that Peace Conference meet in your 'House in the Woods.' I'd been more'n willin' to had it meet in our

sugar house, but it wuzn't big enough, and it wuzn't so central; it wuz better to have it where it wuz.

"I guess I sot more store by your doin's in that respect than by any other, for peace is what a sovereign and a subject must have to git along any ways comfortable. And at the present time what a comfort it would be if the nations of the world could git holt on it. But it almost seems as if peace had spread her wings and flowed away from this planet, such cuttin's up and actin's are on every side, wars and rumors of wars, armies and navies crashin' up aginst each other, nations risin' up aginst nation, brothers' hands lifted up aginst brothers and the hull world seemin' to be left to the mercy of the bloody fiend, War.

"Well, you and I can't help it, Willieminy. I've done all I could in Jonesville. I've talked a sight and sot Josiah up all I could to vote for peace, and you've done all you could in Holland, and so now we've got to set down and trust in the Providence that watches over Jonesville and Holland."

She acted as if she felt real pleased with my praise, as well she might, and I sez, "Another thing I've liked in you, Willieminy, you wuz so bound and determined to pick out your pardner for yourself and not have him selected for you. Why, good land! a dress or a pair of shues or gloves hain't half so apt to fit and set well if you leave 'em for somebody else to pick out for you, and much more a pardner. I honored you for your idees in that direction, for you've probably found out, my dear," sez I, "that even if you take sights of pains and pick him out yourself, a pardner is sunthin' that requires lots of patience and long sufferin' to git along with, though real convenient to have round lots of times when tramps are about, or reachin' up overhead in the buttery, or at funerals, etc. It always looks nobler to have a man along with you than to mog along alone. And men are about on a average as fur as their goodness goes with their female pardners most of the time.

"But he will be no he-angel, if you cross him just before meal time, or don't see that his clothes are mended up good. I hearn once of a young bride who thought her husband wuz perfect, and I spoze looked at his backbone sarahuptishushly from day to day a-worryin' for fear his wings would sprout out and he would soar away from her to go and be an angel. But one

day she mended a hole in his pocket, and bein' on-used to mendin' she took a wrong turn, and sewed the pocket right up.

"Well! well! I don't spoze she ever worried about his angel qualities after that time. I spoze he cut up dretful and said words she never dremp of his knowin' by sight, and she wuz jest as surprised and horrified as she would have been to had a lamb or a cooin' dove bust out in profanity. But he wuz a likely man, and got over it quick, and wuz most too good to her for a spell afterwards, as pardners have been wont to do on such occasions ever since the creation of the world.

"But, as I say, matrimony has difficulties enough when Love heads the procession and Wedded Bliss plays the trombone in the orkestry."

She looked real interested as if my words wuz awful congenial to her. And whilst watchin' her sweet face growin' brighter and sweeter, I thought of another thing that I thought mebby she had been worryin' about and that I could comfort her up in, just as I would want our Tirzah Ann comforted under like circumstances, and I got real eloquent talkin' about this before I got through.

Sez I: "Of course, my dear, there wuz some talk about your pardner havin' his eye on your proppity, but I wouldn't let that worry me, for I've always said that if I wuz a rich, handsome young woman, I would just as soon be married for my money as my beauty. They're both outside of the real self, equally transitory, or in fact, the money if invested in govermunt bonds is more lasting. For the national system is fur more firm and steadfast than the physical.

"Fifty years hence I spoze the money will all be safe and gainin' interest, so if that is what a woman is married for she will keep her attraction and even increase it. But fifty years hence where will her beauty be, if she wuz married alone for that? Where are its powerful attractions? All gone. If she had nothing but the beauty of snowy brow and brilliant eye and clustering locks and perfect features.

"But beauty that looks from the soul through the face. Ah! that is another thing! That still remains when the dusky hair is changed to white, when the glow is turned to shadows in the eyes, when the lithe form is bent. That is a

bit of the eternal, and forever young like its Creator. You have got that beauty, my dear, as well as proppity, so don't worry."

I felt real eloquent, and I could see by her looks that I wuz impressin' her powerfully and givin' her sights of comfort in her tryin' place.

But I knew that eppisodin', though interestin' and agreeable, devoured time, and I knew that I must hold my eloquent emotions back and let Common Sense take the reins and conclude my remarks, so I sez:

"I hope from the bottom of my heart that your pardner is a good man, one that hain't too uppish, and is willin' to chore round the house a little if necessary, and set store by you in youth and age, and that you and he will live happy and reign long over a peaceful and happy land."

I see her companion in the distance comin' slowly back as if not hardly dastin' to interrupt our conversation, and I sez, "Good-by, my dear, and God bless you. Give my respects to your pardner and Queen Emma, and if you ever come to Jonesville I would love to have you make me a all day's visit, and I'll invite the children and kill a hen and make a fuss.

"I don't spoze Jonesville is so neat as Amsterdam; I spoze you can set down and eat offen the sidewalk in Holland most anywhere, but I am called a good housekeeper, and will do the best I can. And now I don't want you to put yourself out in the matter, but if you should come and could manage it handy, if your ma would bring me some of your tulip seeds I'd swop with her and give her some of the handsomest sunflowers she ever laid eyes on, and they make splendid food for hens to make 'em lay."

She didn't give me any answer about this either way, and I thought mebby her ma might be short on it for bulbs, and I wouldn't say anything more about it. But she bid me good-by real pleasant and we shook hands and wuz jest partin' away from each other when I thought of another very important thing that I wanted to warn the dear young queen about, and I turned round and sez:

"Oh, I must warn you solemnly of one thing more before we part; I have worried a sight about it; thinkin' so much on you as I do, I have been dretful afraid that you would be overflowed. If there should be big rains and the ocean should rise half an inch I've felt I didn't know what would become of you. You had better keep wash-tubs and pails handy and don't be ketched

out without rubber boots, and keep your eye on leakages in the ground as well as govermuntal and financial affairs. And now again I will say, my dear, God bless you and farewell."

She shook hands agin quite warm, and with a sweet smile on a pretty young face she assured me that she would be careful, and she jined her companion and went on towards the spring. And I know she wuz dretful pleased with what I'd said to her for I hearn her fairly laugh out as she told the lady about it.

Whilst we wuz in Carlsbad Miss Meechim took the mud baths. She said they wuz considered very genteel and I guess mebby they wuz, so many things are genteel that are kinder disagreeable. They wuz also said to be first-rate for the rumatiz and the nerves. But it seemed to me I had almost ruther have nerves than to be covered all over with that nasty black mud.

They take about sixty pounds of clay and mix it with the hot spring water till it is just about as thick as I make the batter for buckwheat cakes in Jonesville, and I make that jest about as thick as I do my Injin bread. And you git into this bath and stay about half an hour. Then of course before you're let loose in society you're gin a clean water bath to git the mud off. Miss Meechim thought they helped her a sight, and mebby they did, and she boasted a lot how genteel they wuz.

But I told her I had never been in the habit of settin' store by mud and lookin' up to it, and didn't believe I should begin at this late day, but Josiah's rumatiz wuz so bad I didn't know but he had better take one. But he said he had took one in Jonesville some years ago that would last him durin' his nateral life.

He did fall into a deep mud-puddle one night goin' to sister Celestine Gowdey's for a bask pattern for Tirzah Ann. And it bein' dark and the puddle a deep one he floundered round in it till he looked more like a drownded rat than a human bein'. He never could bear basks from that hour till this, and he has always dated his rumatiz from that time, but it hain't so; he had it before. But 'tennyrate he wouldn't take the mud baths at Carlsbad, nor none of us did but Miss Meechim. Howsumever there are lots of folks that set store by 'em.

CHAPTER XXXIV

Well, we went back to Vienna, and from there set sail for Berlin, homeward bound. Josiah was in dretful good sperits, and said that no monument or obelisk we had seen on our tower could ever roust up his admiration like the Jonesville M. E. steeple when he should first ketch sight on't loomin' up beautiful and glorious from the enrapturin' Jonesville seenery.

And I felt a good deal as he did, but knowed that his feelin's made him go too fur, for Jonesville seenery hain't enrapturin', and the M. E. steeple hain't glorious in aspect. But truly Love is the greatest sculptor and gilder in the world, and handles his brush in the most marvellous way. Under his magic touch the humblest cottage walls glows brighter than any palace. We had turned our footsteps toward home sweet home, and a light from above gilt them sacred precincts, and my own heart sung as glad a tune as Josiah's, though I tried to sing it as much as I could in the key of common sense.

Well, we found that Berlin wuz a big, beautiful clean city. It is the capital of Prussia and the German empire, which we all know is divided up into little kingdoms, some as the Sylvester Bobbett farm is divided up, but kinder lookin' up to Sylvester as the head on't. The old part of the city hain't so remarkable attractive, but the new part is beautiful in its buildings and streets. And somehow the passersby look cleaner and better off than in most cities. We didn't see a blind beggar man led by a dog or a ragged female beggin' for alms whilst we wuz there, which is more than our cities at home can boast of.

But in spite of all this, I spoze there is a good deal of cuttin' up and behavin' there.

And I don't spoze that the name of the river that runs through it has anything to do with that, though Josiah thought it did. He said: "You couldn't expect many morals or much stiddy behavior round a river Spree."

But I don’t spoze the name made a mite of difference. The water seemed to run along as smooth and placid as Dove Creek, that bathes the streets of Loontown at home. Indeed, the waters of the Spree runs along real slow and quiet. And I spoze the inhabitants there are about on a equality with the dwellers in other cities in the old and new world. Human nater is a good deal the same wherever you find it. And I’ve always said that if I wanted to write a heart-searchin’, heart-meltin’ tragedy, I had just as soon turn away from the big cities and go into some lonesome hamlet of New England, into some big faded farmhouse standin’ by a dark weed-bordered sluggish creek, shaded by tall pollard willers. And there, behind the scraggly lilocks and cinnamon roses, and closed blinds of solid wood, with a little heart-shaped hole in the centre that casts strange shadders on the clean painted floor within, there I would find my tragedy material.

Mebby in some tall, scrawny woman’s form, clad in brown calico, with scanty gray hair drawed tightly back from a pale face and imprisoned in a little hard knob at the back.

When that hair wuz brown, and the mornin’ sun wuz ketched in its glistenin’, wavin’ tendrils, and the sunken cheeks wuz round and pink as one of the cinnamon roses, and the faded ambrotype of the young soldier in her red wooden chest upstairs wuz materialized in a handsome young man, who walked with her under the old willows when the slow-moving brook run swift with fancy’s flight and her heart beat happily, and life wuz new and radiant with love and joy——

Before the changes come that swept them apart and left only a hollow, empty chamber in each heart, echoin’ with footsteps that are walkin’ heavily fur apart.

Then, if I could write the full history of that life, its joys and its sorrows, its aspirations, its baffled hopes, its compensations that didn’t compensate, the bareness of the life, the dagger-sharp trials with what is called small things, the wild heart struggles veiled by the New England coldness of expression, some as her sharp crags and stuns are covered with the long reign of ice and snow. The heartsick loneliness of oncongenial surroundin’s, the gradual fading away of hope and fears into the dead monotonous calm of hopelessness and despair.

There is a tragedy ready for the pen that would stand out as much more striking and sharp-edged as the stun on a ontravelled highway is rougher than one worn down to smoothness by the feet of the multitude, a tragedy that would move the world could I tell it as it really is.

But good land! What a hand to eppisode I be when I git to goin'. I must stop this very minute, or I'll have the tragedy Alfred Tennyson speaks on "Dyin' a Listener," on my hands.

Unter der Linden is as beautiful and imposing an avenue as I see on my tower, with tall, handsome houses risin' up on each side on't. And there are beautiful parks and pleasure ground and places of recreation of all kinds.

The Academy of Music is famous for its fine concerts, the city seems the very home of melody, and beautiful statutes are seen on every side. The equestrian statute of Frederic the Great is a grand one, and Josiah got all rousted up lookin' at it, and talked considerable to me about what a imposin' figger he himself would make if he could be sculped settin' on the mair. He said it would be a lovely sight a loomin' up in front of the M. E. meetin'-house in Jonesville. But I got his mind off from it quick as I could.

One day when we wuz out drivin' through the handsome streets we went to see the palace of Bismark. It wuz a large, stately mansion, opposite a pretty little park. But though this seemed the very abode of luxury, I wuz told that Bismark loved the country fur better, and as Josiah and I delighted in the fields of Jonesville, so he loved sweet Nature, and follered her all he could into her hants in the country. Josiah sot store by Bismark, and honors his memory, and he seemed real tickled when I sez to him:

"Bismark always reminded me of you, Josiah, from what I've read of him."

Josiah was very tickled, and he sez with a proud happy look, "Yes, I spoze I am a good deal like him, he wuz as brave as a lion, had good sound horse sense and——"

But I sez calmly, "I dare presoom to say, Josiah, that that is so. But I wuz alludin' to his appetite, I have hearn that he had a splendid and immense appetite."

Josiah acted huffy, and I drawed his attention off onto the corners of base relief and the white statters ornamentin' the ruff.

To our great sorrow, we found that Emperor William wuzn't to home. I spoze it will be a great disappointment to him when he hears on't that Josiah and I had really been there right to his home and he shouldn't be there. I well know how bad I should feel if Potentates come to Jonesville and I happened to be off on a tower. And then I honored Emperor William for his kind heart and kind actions and his good sense, and felt bad enough to think I wuzn't goin' to see him.

But owin' to Robert Strong's gittin' a letter from somebody to somebody, we went through the palace just as I would want William to go through our house in Jonesville and the carriage-house and barn, if we happened to be away a visitin' when he come our way.

And oh, what a sight that palace wuz on the inside when we come to go through it, and the outside too looked well, very strong and massive and handsum and big, enormous big.

Why, it contains six hundred rooms. And Miss Cornelius Bobbett thought she had reached the very hite of grandeur when she moved into their new house that had six big rooms beside the bedrooms. And it did go fur ahead of the average Jonesville housen. But when I stood in William's white saloon and our party wuz givin' utterance to different ejaculations of surprise and admiration I only sez instinctively:

"Oh, if Sister Cornelius Bobbett only could see this room! what would she say? How her pride would be lowered down."

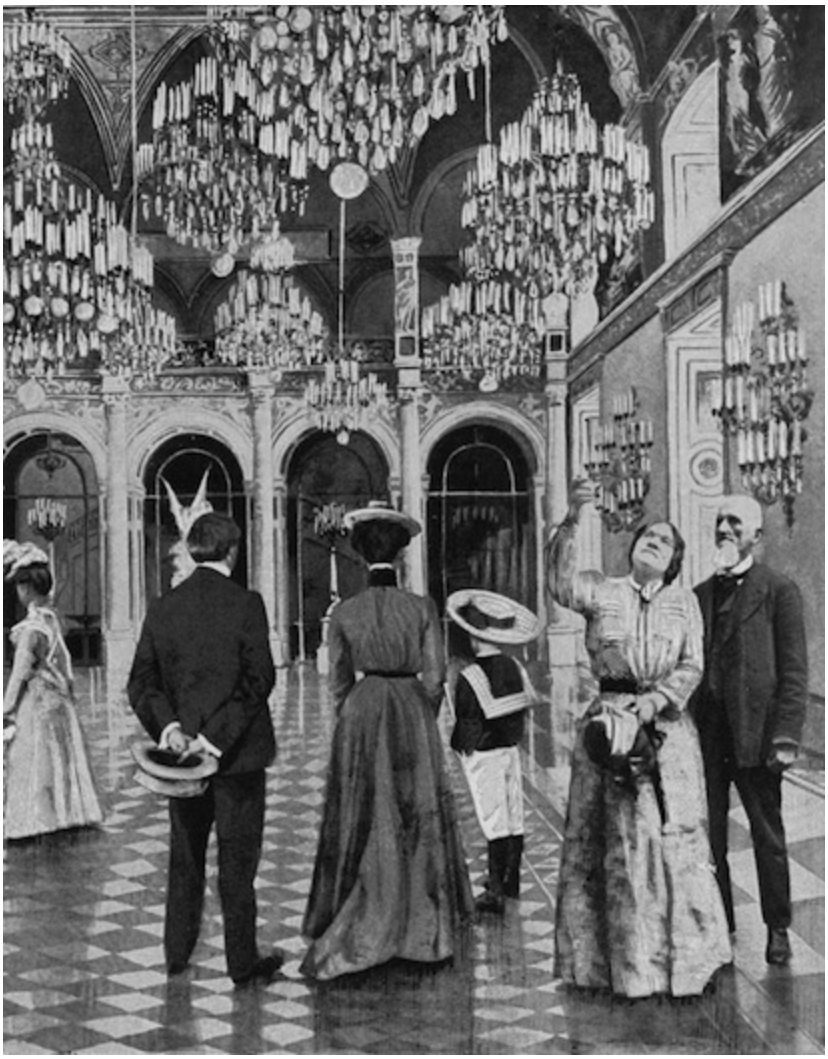
For it did seem to me the most beautiful room I ever beheld. It was more than a hundred feet long, and about half that in width, and the crystal glitter overhead reflected in the shinin' floor below wuz ahead of anything I had ever seen, as brilliant as a hull forest of ice-sickles mingled in with statutes and columns and angels and everything else beautiful.

Here in this room Sessions of Parliament are opened. And I thought the laws ort to be grand and noble indeed to make 'em worthy of the place they was made in.

But, immense as this room wuz, the picture gallery is most as big agin and full of beauty and inspiration from wall to wall and from floor to ceilin'. The palace chapel is kinder round in shape, and has all sorts of soft and rich-colored marbles in the floor and wall. The altar wuz made of Egyptian

marble, a kind of buff color, and the pulpit wuz made of Carrera marble. I spoze powerful sermons have been preached from that pulpit.

In Berlin the most beautiful pictures are to be seen on every side on palace walls and in picture galleries, Dorothy and Robert just doted on 'em and so did I. But Josiah always complained of his corns whilst walkin' through 'em. A picture gallery just started them corns to achin' the worst kind from his tell.



Samantha points out the beauties of the White Saloon.—Page 430.

The Bourse is sunthin' like our stock exchange, but big enough to accommodate thousands of money-seekers. I spoze they have lively times

here anon or oftener—the river Spree runs right in front on't (though I don't think that makes a mite of difference).

More than fifty bridges cross this river and it divides out into canals and little streams, all of which comes together agin and flows away into the sea.

The Alson bridge is one of the most beautiful bridges I ever sot my eyes on, and not fur off is the Alson Platz, a very charming public garden. Shady paths, trees, flowers, sculpture, all make this garden very attractive.

Not fur off is the Konigs Platz, one of the most imposing parts of the city. In the centre of this square stands the grand monument to Victory, it is high and lofty as a monument to Victory ort to be, solid and massive at the base (for in order to be successful you have got to have a good underpinnin' of principle and gumption) and crowned with a noble-lookin' figger, standin' amidst a flock of eagles.

The Royal Theatre is a handsome building and looks some in front like our own Capitol in Washington, D. C. It stands between two meetin'-houses, as if it laid out to set back and enjoy its neighborhood and be real respectable.

In front of it stands a fine monument to the German poet, Schiller. I sot store by him. Thomas J. used to read his books to his Pa and me a good deal when he wuz tendin' the Cademy to Jonesville, his dramas and his poems, so Josiah and I felt quite well acquainted with him, and when we see his name here amidst foreign seens it give us quite agreeable emotions, some as if we wuz a travellin' in Africa and should see a obelisk riz up with Deacon Henzy's name on it. Also I wuz interested in looking at the beautiful equestrian statute of Frederic William the illustrious elector, who did so much to make his country great.

It stands on a bridge, as if dominating sea and land, as he did a good deal whilst he wuz alive. He looks calm and powerful, and has a look on his face as if he could do most anything he sot out to do. And the four slaves grouped round the base of the statute seem to look up to him as if they trusted him implicitly.

His clothes wuzn't exactly what I would want Josiah sculped in if he wuz to be rared up in marble, and it seems as if so many skirts and such a long cloak floatin' out must be in a man's way if he wuz in a hurry. But where is

there anything perfect here below? It wuz remarkably handsome, take it as a hull.

Dorothy and Robert said they wanted to see the statute of Gerty.

And Josiah whispered to me and sez, “Gerty who? I didn’t know as they knew any Gertrude that wuz buried here.”

And I whispered back, “They mean Goethe, Josiah. You know Thomas J. has read us quite a lot of his writings.” Sez I, “Don’t you remember about little Mignon, who wuz so home-sick for her own land, and would keep askin’:

> ‘Knowest thou the land where citron apples bloom,
> And oranges like gold amidst the leafy gloom?’

“You remember it, Josiah. I’ve seen you shed tears when he wuz readin’ about her.”

And Josiah whispered back in a loud shrill whisper that I know they hearn: “If they wanted to see Go-ethe, why didn’t they say Go-ethe?” (He always would pronounce his name to rhyme with sheath.)

I felt mortified, nothin’ seems worse when you’re tryin’ to quell a pardner down than to have him whisper back so loud. Why, I have had Josiah right to my own table when I’ve had company and he wuz makin’ onlucky remarks, I’ve known him to ask me right out what I wuz steppin’ on his toe for, and I wuz worse off than as if I hadn’t tried to curb him in. But then he has a host of good qualities, and pardners are dretful handy lots of times. But life is a kind of a warfare to the best and happiest on us.

Well we all went to see the statute to Goethe; it stands in a pleasant spot in the Thiergarten surrounded by shrubs and trees. The face of the great poet is full of the sadness and glory of them that see visions and dream dreams. Grouped about him are the sculptured forms of Tragedy, Lyrical Poetry, and Research. It wuz a impressive monument and rousted up more emotions in me than any that I see in Berlin.

Well, we didn’t stay long in Prussia, for the cords that wuz drawin’ us home tightened from day to day, the children and Philury drawin’ them cords closter ever and anon with long and loving letters, and we hastened on to

Hamburg. It wuz a lovely day when we sot out on our journey and we wuz all feelin' well, specially Josiah and I, for every revolution of the wheels brought us nigher to our beloved Jonesville and every toot of the engine seemed to shout afresh the joyful tidin's to us that we had sot our faces towards the bright hearth stun of home.

We had no eventful experiences on the journey to relate, unless it wuz a interview we had with a young man, a Freshman I believe he wuz from some college, travellin' with his tutor, and he seemed real fresh, he seemed to have plenty of money but a scarcity of brains, or mebby he had enough brains, but they seemed to be in a sort of a soft state, and I guess they'll harden up some when he gits older if he has good luck with them.

I wuz most a good mind to advise him to set in the sun bareheaded all he could, thinkin' mebby it might harden 'em some, but didn't know how it would be took.

He thought he knew a sight, but the shadder he really cast on worldly affairs wuz exceedingly small, he could step over it the hull time, but he felt that it reached the horizon. Robert talked quite a good deal with him, to pass away the time I spoze, but there wuz a queer smile in his eyes and kinder patient and long sufferin' as if to say:

"You'll know more in the future than you do now and I'll bear with you."

The young man thought he wuz patronizin' Robert, I knew from his liniment. He wuz a infidel, and seemed to think it made him very smart. You know some folks do think it is real genteel to doubt and a mark of a deep thinker.

I hearn him go on for quite a spell, for Robert wouldn't argy with him, thinkin' I spoze it might strain his arm to hit at vacancy. But at last I seemed to have to speak up to Miss Meechim and say:

"How strange it is that some folks think the less they believe the bigger it makes 'em, but good land! it don't take much intellect to believe in nothin', it don't strain the mind any if it is ever so weak."

I guess he hearn me, for he kinder changed his talk and went to patronizin' the seenery. Well, it wuz beautiful a good deal of the way, though at the last of our journey it broke out rainy all of a sudden right whilst Josiah wuz all engaged in admirin' a particular view, and it grew cold and disagreeable.

And he bein' tired out, worried a sight about the rain and the suddenness on't and how it stopped his sight-seein' and brung on his rumatiz, and he complained of his corns and his tight boots, and said that I had ort to seen that he wuz dressed thicker, and fretted and acted. And I sez:

"You've got to take things as they come, Josiah. I couldn't send anybody out this mornin' to bring in a pail of weather to see if it wuz goin' to rain. You've got to take it as it comes, and when it comes, and make the best on't."

But he still acted restless and oneasy, and most cried, he felt so bad. And I went on and dilated on the merits of calmness and serenity and how beautiful traits they wuz and how much to be desired.

And he snapped me up enough to take my head off, and said that he "couldn't always be calm and wuzn't goin' to try to be."

"No," sez I reasonable, "you've got to be megum in that, or in eatin' bread and milk; of course, you could kill yourself on that, though it seems innocent and harmless; you can carry everything too fur."

And seein' that his liniment still bore the marks of restless oneasiness and onhappiness, I eppisoded a little on his side of the question, for what will not a woman do to ease a pardner's mind and comfort him?

"Yes, Josiah, Cousin Joel Smith's life used to be so serene and so deadly calm on all occasions that she used to mad Uncle Joel, who wuz of a lively and active temperament, like the most of the Smiths.

"I asked Joel once on a visit there, when she had been so collected together and monotonous in aspect, and talked with such oneven and sweetness of tone that I got dead tired on't myself, and felt that I had been lookin' on a sunbaked prairie for months, and would have been glad enough to had her got up a change of liniment some way, and a change of axent higher or lower, I sez to Cousin Joel.

"Do you spoze Serintha Jane would git excited and look any different and talk any faster or louder if the house should get afire?"

And he said no, the house did git afire once, when he wuz away. And she discovered it in the morning whilst she wuz makin' some scollops in her hair (she always had her hair scolloped just as even as ever a baby's

petticoat wuz), keepin' that too calm and fixed through bangs and braids. She had scolloped it on one side and wur just beginnin' it on the other when she see the fire, and she went gently to the door, opened it in a quiet ladylike way, and asked a neighbor goin' by in her low even axent, if he would kindly stop a minute. And the neighbor stopped and she said sweetly:

“Could I trouble you to do a little errand for me if you are going down town, or would it incommode you?”

He said he would do it.

Well, she said she didn’t want him incommoded, “but,” sez she, “if it is not too much trouble will you please tell my husband that I would like to have him come home as soon as he can make it convenient to do so, for the house is afire.” And then she smiled sweetly and made a low bow, and went back into the house lookin’ real serene, and went to scollopin’ the other side of her fore-top.

The neighbor started off wildly on the run hollerin’ “fire!” and “help!” for he see the flames bustin’ out of one of the chamber winders. He got the fire engine and the neighbors collected, and got most of the furniture out below, and they couldn’t hardly git her to make a move, for she hadn’t got the last scallop made, but finally somebody grabbed her, and kinder hauled her out, she a tryin’ to smile, they say, and look calm, as she was borne out.

I told Joel, before I thought, that “she ort to been singed, and that it would have done her good, mebby it would rousted her up a little.”

And I guess he felt so too, though he didn’t say so. Josiah looked real interested, and I sez, fur I didn’t dast to have the encouragement go too fur that way:

“Calmness and serenity are beautiful, Josiah, and almost always desirable, though when a house gits afire you ort to let up on ’em a little.”

Josiah’s liniment looked quite a little clearer, but some shadders still remained, and I went on tenderly and pictured out to him the first meal I would cook for him when we got home. And then his liniment grew peaceful and happy, and he sez gratefully:

“You’re so calmin’ to the nerves, Samantha, when you set out to be, you’re a perfect iodine.”

I d’no really what he did mean, I guess it wuz anodyne, I keep a bottle to home for nerves. But ’tennyrate in a few minutes he wuz talkin’ quite glib about home and the children and I felt richly repaid for all my trouble. And with such little agreeable talk and eppisodin’ did I try to diversify the weariness of travel.

Josiah is a great case for Hamburg steaks, and he confided to me the hope that we would git some here that would go even beyond any that I had ever cooked and that would ensure him a future of this delicious food. But we didn't see a sign on 'em in the city. He wuz bitterly disappinted.

Hamburg is a free state, small, but I spoze feelin' quite big and independent. It is ruled by a Senate of eighteen members, and a house of Burgesses of one hundred and ninety-two members, and they make their own laws and keep 'em, I spoze, the most on 'em, and get along quite well and prosperous.

There is a beautiful little lake in the heart of the city on which small gaily painted boats dart to and fro carrying passengers like omnibuses in city streets. Beautiful bridges cross the Alster, a tributary of the Danube, and tall handsome houses line the streets.

They are great cases for flowers there in Hamburg. You meet flower shops and flower sellers on every side. But they are not the beautiful flower girls we read of in stories. They are mostly old wimmen, too old for hard work. They wear short skirts, comin' just below their knees, black bodices, long black stockings with gay colored garters, wooden shoes, broad-brimmed hats, saucer shaped, trimmed with stiff black cambric bows.

We wuz only there for one day, but long enough to drive through the principal streets and see some of the principal sights and git rested some, and then we sailed away for Home Sweet Home, via London, England.

We didn't stay very long in London, but long enough so we could look about us some. Robert Strong had considerable bizness to attend to there, which, of course, devoured his time, and Dorothy had a number of young girl friends who lived there, and she wanted to go and see them, and she entertained 'em at our tarven: sweet, fresh-complected young girls; they wuz almost as pretty as Dorothy herself, but not quite.

Arvilly had a cousin on her own side that she wanted to visit, and, of course, she wanted to canvass more or less, so that left Josiah and I free a good deal of the time to go and come as we liked. Of course dear Little Tommy wanted to see everything and go everywhere. Miss Meechim and Dorothy took Tommy with them several times, and so did Robert Strong, and, of course, some days when we wuz all at liberty we would all go out

together sightseeing. Josiah said most the first thing that he wanted to see the Tower of London, and Tommy wanted to see the Crystal Palace, takin' a fancy to the name I spoze, and I told 'em we would go to these places the first chance we had.

But deep in my heart wuz one purpose. I had laid on a certain plan day and night, kep' it in my mind and lotted on it. But of this more anon. This wuz my major plan. Amongst my minor ones wuz my desire to see Westminster Abbey agin. I had been there once on a former tower, but I wanted to stand agin by the tombs of them I so deeply honored; and the rest of the party feelin' as I did, we all set out there most the first thing.

I also sot store by Westminster Abbey on account of its being the place where Victoria, honored queen and woman, wuz crowned, as well as all of England's monarchs. It is a magnificent building, no other mausoleum in the world can compare with it; it is almost worthy of being the resting-place of the great souls that sleep there. Dorothy's sweet face and Robert's noble liniment took on reverent looks as we stood by the tomb of saint and sage, hero and poet.

We went from there to see the Houses of Parliament, immense buildings full of interest and associations.

We also went to see St. Paul's Cathedral, which towers up in majesty, dwarfin' the other buildin's near it. It is a marvellous structure in size and beauty, only two bigger buildings in the world, St. Peter's at Rome, and the Milan Cathedral.

What a head Sir Christopher Wren must have had, and what a monument to his genius this gigantic pile is. No wonder he wanted this epitaph put on his tomb:

"If you want to see his monument, look about you."

Many other noted men are buried here, Bishop Heber, John Howard, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Wellington, Nelson and Sir John Moore, who wuz "buried darkly at dead of night," as so many bashful schoolboys know to their sorrow, as they rehearse it in a husky voice to the assembled neighbors the last day of school. Oh, how much they wish as they try to moisten their dry tongue and arrange their too visible and various hands, that the night wuz still darker, so dark that nothin' wuz ever hearn on't.

Feelin’ the admiration I did for his livin’ and lovin’ pardner, I wuz glad to see the Albert monument. It wuz evenin’ when we see it, and the garden where it stands wuz illuminated. The great elms glowed under a multitude of red lights. The music-stands glowed with stars of the same color, and the fountains riz up in great sprays of color and radiance. It wuz a beautiful seen, but none too grand for the great good man whose name the tall shaft bears.

Albert Hall, which stands in the same grounds, wuz also brilliantly illuminated; its long glass corridors shone as if wrought out of crystal and ruby.

One day we rode from Blackfriars’ bridge past the Mansion House, where the Lord Mayor holds his receptions. And what interested me fur more, we went past the place where the Foreign Bible Society prints more than three million Bibles a year in two hundred different languages and dialects, carrying the knowledge and love of our Lord unto the ends of the earth.

CHAPTER XXXV

Buckingham Palace wuz a sight to see, beautiful and grand, and not fur off is St. James's Park, one of the most attractive in the city though it wuz once only a marshy field. As I looked on its charming and diversified beauty I thought how little there is in heredity compared to gumption and draining.

Josiah, as I said, wanted to see the Tower of London. It is the most celebrated fortress in England. It is awful old, and good land! if I wuz shet up there I shouldn't never expect to break out. Some of the walls are fifteen feet thick. The White Tower, they say, wuz begun by William the Conqueror, a man that I told the guide politely, "wuz quite widely known, and I had hearn a sight of him though I had never had the pleasure of his acquaintance." It wuz completed in one thousand ninety-eight.

Josiah and I wandered round there for hours, and should most probable got lost and mebby been gropin' round there to-day if it hadn't been for the guide.

I wuz dretful interested in London Bridge. The present structure cost seven million, so they say, and I wouldn't have built it for a cent less. I thought as I stood there of what had took place on that spot since Sir William Wallace's day and how his benign head (most every bump on it good ones) wuz put up there a mark for the insultin' jeers of the populace, and it made me feel bad and sorry for Helen, his last wife, she that wuz Helen Mar. But Sir Thomas More's head wuz nailed up in the same place, and the Bishop of Rochester's and lots of others.

It wuzn't right.

And then I thought of the gay seens that had took place there, the tournaments and triumphal marches and grand processions and sad ones, and the great multitude who have passed over it, prince and beggar, velvet and rags, a countless throng constantly passing, constantly changing, no more to be counted than the drops of water in the silent stream below, all the time, all the time sweepin' on to the sea. I had sights of emotions.

And all the while I wuz in London, in the gay streets and quiet ones, in palace or park, the shade of Dickens walked by my side or a little in advance, seemin' to pint out to me the places where he had walked when he see visions and dreamed dreams. And I almost expected to meet Little Nell leading her grandpa, or David Copperfield, or Peggoty searching for Em'ly, or some of our Mutual Friends.

And so with Thackeray. As I looked up at the gloomy houses on some quiet street I almost expected to see the funeral hatchment of old Sir Pitt Crawley's wife and Becky Sharp's little pale face peering out, or sweet Ethel Newcomb and her cousin Clive, and the dear old General and Henry Esmond, and etc., etc. And so with Alfred Tennyson. In some beautiful place of drooping foliage and placid water I almost felt that I should see the mystic barge drawin' nigh and I too should float off into some Lotus land. And so with all the other beloved poets and authors who seem nigher to us than our next door neighbors in the flesh.

Dorothy havin' never been there, felt that she must see Shakespeare's home, which is a journey of only three hours by rail, so we made a visit there one day, passing through some of England's most beautiful seenery on our way, grand old parks with stately houses rising up in their midst, gray stun churches in charming little villages, thatched-roof cottages, picturesque water-mills; it wuz all a lovely picture of rural England.

It being a little too long a journey for one day, we stayed all night at Shakespeare's Inn, where the great poet went daily for his glass of stimulant—so they say. But I am glad I don't believe everything that I hear.

Arvilly mourned to think that she couldn't have sold him America's twin crimes: "Intemperance and Greed"; but I kinder changed the subject. As much store as I set by Arvilly's cast-iron principles, somehow I couldn't bear the thought of having Shakespeare canvassed.

All the rooms are named after Shakespeare's plays, painted over the doors in black letters. We slept in "All's Well That Ends Well"—a good name—and we slept peaceful, thinkin' likely that it would turn out so. Miss Meechim had the "Merry Wives of Windsor." She wanted to change with Arvilly, who had "Love's Labor's Lost," but Arvilly wouldn't budge.

Miss Meechim told me in confidence that if Shakespeare could have had the benefit of her advice he would probable have called it “The Unfortunate Wives of Windsor.” “And then,” sez she, “I could have occupied it with more pleasure.” But I didn’t much think that he would have changed his plans or poetry if she had been on the spot.

The next morning early we set out for Shakespeare’s cottage, described so often, saw the room in which the great poet was born, and wuz told that nothing had been changed there since he lay in his cradle, which we could believe as we looked about us on the low walls, the diamond panes of the windows and the quaint old furniture. The cottage is now used for Shakespeare’s relics, some of which looked as if they might be real, and some as if they wuz made day before yesterday. We visited the church where he wuz baptized and saw on one of the pews the metal plate on which is engraved the name of the poet’s father.

And, thinkin’ that a visit to Shakespeare’s home wouldn’t be complete without seeing the place where his heart journeyed whilst his life wuz young and full of hope and joy, we drove out to Shottery, to the little farmhouse where his sweetheart, Ann Hathaway, lived.

It is a quaint little cottage, and after going through it we drank a glass of water drawn up by a well sweep from the very same old well from which Shakespeare drank so many times. As I stood there I saw in fancy the rosy, dimpled Ann handing the crystal water to the boy, Will, who mebby whispered to her as he took the glass sweet words, all rhyming with youth and joy and love.

And the same blue sky bent above us; birds wheeled and sung over our heads, descendants, mebby, of the birds that sung to them that day. I had sights of emotions—sights of ’em—and so I did in the cottage as I sot on the old, old settle in the corner of the fireplace, whose age nobdy could dispute, as its stiff old joints are strengthened with bands of iron, where young Will Shakespeare and his sweetheart often sat, and where he might have read to her the new poem in honor of her charms:

> “To melt the sad, make blithe the gay,
> And nature charm Ann hath a way.
> She hath a will,

She hath a way—
To breathe delight, Ann Hathaway.”

He or she didn’t dream of his future greatness, and I dare say that old Pa Hathaway, who mebby slept nigh by, might have complained to her ma, “Wonderin’ what that fool meant by talkin’ in poetry at that time of night.” And, mebby, if he soared too high and loud in verse, old Pa Hathaway might have called out:

“Ann! cover up the fire and go to bed! Billy wants to go home!”

I don’t say this wuz so, but mebby. So holden are our eyes and so difficult it is for the human vision to discern between an eagle and a commoner bird, when the wings are featherin’ out, before they are full plumed for a flight amongst the stars.

Well, we went back to London, tired, but riz up in our minds, and renewed our sightseeing there.

Miss Meechim and Dorothy bought lots of things that they said they could git cheaper in England, and Arvilly wuz in great sperits; she sold three books, sold herself out and went home with an empty box but a full purse. Robert wuz busy up to the last minute, but managed to spend time to take Tommy to see some famous waxworks he had promised.

About the middle of the forenoon Robert Strong proposed that we should all go and take a last drive in the park, and we set off, all but Arvilly. She thought of some one in another part of the city that she wanted to canvass, and she started off alone in a handsome. Miss Meechim and Dorothy wuz feelin’ well. Tommy, who wuz in fine sperits, wuz perched as usual on Robert Strong’s knee.

The sheltered drives and smooth windin’ roads wuz gay with passers-by, and the seen wuz beautiful, but I wuz sad and deprested about one thing. King Edward is a real good natered man, and a good pervider, and seems to set store by America. And Queen Alexandra is a sweet, good woman.

But still in these last hours I kep’ thinkin’ of Edwardses’ Ma, who was rainin’ here durin’ my last visit. I wuz kep’ from visitin’ her at that time by P. Martyn Smythe and onfortunate domestic circumstances.

And I have always worried for fear she hearn I wuz in London that time and never went nigh her; she not knowin' what hendered me.

I writ her a letter to make her mind easy, but must know she never got it, for she never writ a word in reply. I posted the letter I spoke on with my own hands. I directed it

WIDDER ALBERT,

London, England.

It runs as follers:

"Dear and revered Queen and Widder:

"I tried my best to git to see you whilst in London, but Josiah's clothes wuzn't fit; he had frayed 'em out on a tower, and his shirts wuz yeller as saffern, half washed by underlins. I wouldn't demean him in your sight by bringin' him with me and he wuz worrisome and I couldn't leave him. You've been married and you know how it is.

"So I have to return home sad-hearted without settin' my eyes on the face of a woman I honor and set store by, a good wife, a good mother, a good ruler. The world hangs your example up and is workin' up to the pattern and will in future generations. No doubt there is a few stitches that might be sot evener in the sampler, but the hull thing is a honor to our humanity and the world at large. I bow to your memory as I would to you in deep honor and esteem. And if we do not meet here below may we meet in them heavenly fields you and your Albert, Josiah and I, young and happy, all earthly distinctions washed off in the swellin's of Jordan.

"And so God bless you clear down to the river banks whose waves are a swashin' up so clost to our feet, and adoo.

"JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE."

I never hearn a word from her, and I am afraid she died thinkin' I had slighted her.

The next morning bright and early we went aboard the ship that wuz to take us home. It wuz a fair day; the fog dispersed and the sun shone out with promise and the waves talked to me of Home, Sweet Home.

It wuz a cold lowerin' day when the good ship bore us into New York harbor. The gray clouds hung low some as if they wuz a sombry canopy ready to cover up sunthin', a crime or a grief, or a tomb, or mebby all on 'em, and a few cold drops fell down from the sky ever and anon, some like tears, only chill and icy as death.

These thoughts come into my mind onbid as I looked on the heavy pall of dark clouds that hung low over our heads some like the dark drapery hangin' over a bier.

But anon and bime bye these dark meditations died away, for what wuz cloud or cold, or white icy shores? It wuz home that waited for us; Jonesville and my dear ones dwelt on that shore approachin' us so fast. Bitter, icy winds would make the warm glowin' hearth fire of home seem brighter. Love would make its own sunshine. Happiness would warm the chill of the cold November day.

Thomas J. and Maggie stood on the pier, both well and strong; Tommy sprung into their arms. They looked onto his round rosy face through tears of gratitude and thankfulness and embraced me with the same. And wuzn't Thomas J. happy? Yes, indeed he wuz, when he held his boy in his arms and had holt of his ma's hands, and his pa's too. And Maggie, too, how warmly she embraced us with tears and smiles chasing each other over her pretty face. Tirzah Ann and Whitfield wuz in the city, but didn't come to the minute, bein' belated, as we learnt afterwards, by Tirzah Ann a waverin' in a big department store between a pink and a blue shiffon front for a new dress.

But they appeared in a few minutes, Tirzah Ann with her arms full of bundles which dribbled onnoticed on the pier as she advanced and throwed her arms round her pa's and ma's neck. Love is home, and with our dear children's arms about us and their warm smiles of delight and welcome and their loving words in our ear, we had got home.

The children wuz stayin' at a fashionable boardin' house, kept by Miss Eliphalet Snow, a distant relation of Maggie's, who had lost her pardner and her property, but kep' her pride and took boarders for company, so she said. And we wuz all goin' to start for Jonesville together the next day. But as the baggage of our party wuz kinder mixed up, Josiah and I thought we would go with Miss Meechim's party to the tarven and stay.

Robert Strong and our son, Thomas J., met like two ships of one line with one flag wavin' over 'em, and bearing the same sealed orders from their Captain above. How congenial they wuz, they had been friends always, made so onbeknown to them, they only had to discover each other, and then they wuz intimate to once, and dear.

Dorothy and Miss Meechim and the children greeted each other with smiles and glad, gay words. Yes, all wuz a happy confusion of light words, gay laughter, Saratoga trunks, smiles, joy, satchel bags—we had got home.

As I stood there surrounded by all that I prized most on earth I had a glimpse of a haggard lookin' form arrayed in tattered finery, a bent figure, a young old face, old with drink and dissipation, that looked some way familiar though I couldn't place her. She looked at our party with a strange interest and seemed to say some murmured words of prayer or blessing or appeal, and disappeared—soon forgot in our boundless joy and the cares tendin' to our baggage.

Arvilly wuz glad to set her feet on shore, for she too loved her native land with the love that a good principled, but stern stepmother has for a interestin' but worrisome child that she's bringin' up by hand. She thought she would go with the children to their boarding-place, havin' knowed Miss Eliphalet Snow in their young days, when Miss Snow wuz high-headed and looked down on her, and wantin' to dant her, I spoze, with accounts of her foreign travel. And we parted to meet agin in the mornin' to resoom our voyage to Jonesville—blessed harbor where we could moor our two barks, Josiah's and mine, and be at rest.

Miss Meechim and Dorothy and Robert laid out to start for California the next day, as business wuz callin' Robert there loud and he had to respond.

And I may as well tell it now as any time, for it has got to be told. I knowed it wuz told to me in confidence, and it must be kep' for a spell anyway, Robert and Dorothy wuz engaged, and they wuz goin' to be married in a short time in her own beautiful home in San Francisco. Now you needn't try to git me to tell who told me, for I am not as sot as cast iron on that, I shall mention no names, only simply remarkin' that Dorothy and Robert set store by me and I by them. Them that told me said that they felt like death to not tell Miss Meechim of the engagement, but knowin' her onconquerable repugnance to matrimony and to Dorothy's marriage in particular, and not

knowin' but what the news would kill her stun dead, them that told me said they felt that they had better git her back to her own native shores before bein' told, which I felt wuz reasonable.

How I did hate to part with sweet Dorothy, I loved her and she me visey versey. And Robert Strong, he sot up in my heart next to Thomas J., and crowdin' up pretty clost to him too. Miss Meechim also had her properties, and we had gone through wearisome travel, dangers and fatigues, pleasant rest, delightful sight-seeing, poor vittles, joy and grief together, and it wuz hard to break up old ties. But it had to be. Our life here on this planet is made up of meetin's and partin's. It is hail and farewell with us from the cradle to the grave.

We all retired early, bein' tired out, and we slept well, little thinkin' of the ghastly shape that would meet us on the thresholt of the new day. But, oh, my erring but beloved country! why ortn't we to expect it as long as you keep the mills a-goin' that turns out such black, ghastly shadders by the thousands and thousands all the time, all the time, to enwrap your children.

Dorothy never knowed it—what wuz the use of cloudin' her bright young life with the awful shadder? But then, as I told Robert, that black, dretful pall hangs over every home and every heart in our country and is liable to fall anywhere and at any time, no palace ruff is too high and no hovel ruff is too low to be agonized and darkened by its sombry folds.

But he said it would make Dorothy too wretched, and he could not have her told, and I agreed to it, but of course I told my pardner and his heart wuz wrung and his bandanna wet as sop in consequence on't. And he told Miss Meechim, too, that mornin', and her complaisant belief in genteel drinkin' and her conservative belief in the Poor Man's Club, wuz shook hard—how hard I didn't know until afterwards. Oh, how she, too, loved Aronette! The children when they wuz told on't mourned because we did, and on their own account too, for they sot store by her what little they had seen of her—for nobody could see her without loving her.

As for Arvilly, her ideas on intemperance couldn't be added to or diminished by anything, but she wep' and cried for days.

Well, I spoze you all want to know the peticulars. Robert Strong wuz the first one that left the tarven in the mornin'. He had to see a man very early

on business. He went out by the ladies' entrance. And there crouched on the cold stun steps, waitin' we spozed to ketch another glimpse of Dorothy, and mebby to ask for help, for she wuz almost naked, and her plump little limbs almost skin and bone, dead and cold, frozen and starved, so we spozed, lay Aronette. Pretty, happy little girl, dearly beloved, thrown by Christian America to the wild beasts just as sure as Nero ever did, only while he threw his human victims to be torn and killed for fun, America throws her human victims, her choicest, brightest youth, down to ruin and death, for greed. Which looks the Worst in God's sight? I d'no nor Josiah don't.

Well, Robert called a ambulance, had the poor boney, ragged victim took to a hospital, but all efforts wuz vain to resuscitate her. She had gone to give in her evidence against America's license laws, aginst Army Canteen, Church and State, aginst Licensed Saloon Keeper, aginst highest official and lowest voter, aginst sinner and saint, who by their encouragement or indifference make such crimes possible.

The evidence wuz carried in, the criminals must meet it, it is waitin' for 'em, waitin'. Of course the New York parties who helped Robert, policemen, doctors, and nurses, thought very little of it, it wuz so common, all over the land, they said, such things was happening all the time from the same cause. And we knew it well, we knew of the wide open pit, veiled with tempting covering, wove by Selfishness and Greed, scattered over with flimsy flowers of excuse, palliation, expediency that tempts and engulfs our brightest youth, the noblest manhood, old and young, rich and poor—it is very common.

But to us who loved the pretty, merry little maid, rememberin' her so happy and so good, and saw her ruined and killed before our eyes by the country that should have protected her, we kept it in our hearts, we could not forgit it.

Robert Strong had her buried in a quiet corner of a cemetery and left orders for a stun cross to be put up to mark her grave. He asked me to write the epitaph which he had carved in the marble, and I did:

Aronette

Young, Happy, Beloved—Murdered!
Vengeance is mine saith the Lord.

Robert had it put on just as I writ it. He didn't tell Dorothy anything about her death till they got home. She never see the epitaph; it wuz true as truth itself, but it wuz hash, and might have made her bed-sick, lovin' Aronette as she did. But after Dorothy Strong wuz livin' with him, blessed and happy in their pretty, simple home in his City of Justice, then he told her that Aronette wuz dead, died in a hospital and wuz buried in a pleasant graveyard. And Dorothy mourned for her as she would for a beloved sister.

Yes, Dorothy will mourn for her all her days. The young man who wuz to marry her will live under the shadow of this sorrow all his life, for he is one of the constant ones who cannot forgit. The old grandmother in Normandie waited for letters from her darling which never came, and will die waiting for her.

The young man who enticed the pretty little maid into the canteen, licensed by America, and gave her stupefying drink, licensed by our laws, took her, staggering and stupid, to another dretful house, made as respectable as they can make it by our Christian civilization. He lived long enough, I spoze, to add several more victims to the countless list of such murders that lays on our country's doorsteps, and then he too died, a bloated, loathsome wreck, makin' another victim for the recordin' angel to mark down, if there is room in her enormous books of debt and credit with this traffic for another name. And I spoze there is, for them books tower up mountain high, and new ones have to be opened anon or oftener, and will I spoze till God's time of reckonin' comes and the books are opened and the debts paid.

It wuz a lovely day when we see the towers of Jonesville loom up above the billows of environin' green.

(I mean the M. E. steeple showin' up beyend Grout Nickleson's pine woods.)

As the cars drew into the station they tooted their delight agin and agin at our safe return as the train stopped.

As we walked up the platform I see Josiah furtively on-button his stiff linen cuffs as if preparin' to throw 'em off for life. His face radiant, and hummin' *sotey vosey* his favorite ballad:

"Hum agin, hum agin, from a furren shore."

Arvilly looked happy to agin touch the sile of home, and be able, as she said, to “tend to her things.” And wuz not I happy? I who loved my country with the jealous love that makes a ma spank her boy for cuttin’ up. Is it love that makes a ma stand by, and see her boy turn summer sets and warhoop in meetin’-houses? Nay, verily, every spank that makes him behave is a touching evidence of her warm devotion.

I felt as I stood on the beloved sile of home (better sile and richer than any other), beneath its bright sunshine (warmer and brighter than any other sunshine) I felt that I loved my country with that passionate, jealous love that could never be contented till she rises up to the full glory she might and will have. When she sweeps her long strong arms round and brushes off vile politicians and time-servers, and uses a pure free ballot to elect good men and good wimmen to make good laws, then will come the Golden Age that I look for, and that will come, when Justice will take her bandages off, and look out with both eyes over a prosperous and happy land. God speed the day!

We parted with the children here, they goin’ to their own homes, after promisin’ to come and see me and their pa very soon. Tommy throwed his arms round my neck and said he should stay with us half the time. We want him to.

Well, Ury met us with the mair and warm smiles of welcome, and Philury greeted us with joyous smiles and a good warm meat supper. They set store by us, lots of store, and when we gin ’em the presents we had brung for ’em from foreign shores, happiness seemed to radiate from ’em like light and warmth from the sun. Josiah enjoyed his supper—yes, indeed—his liniment shone with satisfaction as he sot at the table in his stockin’ feet and shirt sleeves, and eat more than wuz good for him, fur more. He had begun to onbend, and I knew that for days I couldn’t keep clothes enough on him to be hardly decent, but knew also that that would wear away in time.

Feelin’ first-rate when we got home, it only took us a short time to rest and recooperate from our tower, and receive calls from the children and grandchildren and Jonesvillians. And the children helped Philury and me to git the house all in order, and prepare for Thanksgiving. I sent out invitations for a party; I laid out to invite all my own dear ones, old and young, Elder Minkley and his wife, Arvilly, and how I did want to invite

Ernest White and Waitstill Webb, but he wuz away on a long vacation, and Waitstill I hadn't hearn from for weeks, she wuz in the Philippines the last I hearn.

I wanted to invite all the brethern and sistern in the meetin'-house, but Philury thought she couldn't wait on 'em all, and we compromised on the plan of havin' 'em all here to a evenin' social the week after, when we'd pass round things and not have so many dishes to wash.

I laid out to be dretful thankful Thanksgivin' day. I felt that my heart would keep the holiday with drums beatin' and flags wavin', to speak in metafor. For how much, how much I had to be thankful for! My beloved pardner and I had reached our own home in safety. The Lord had watched over us in perils by water, perils by land, perils by fatigue, perils by Josiah's strange, strange plans.

Tommy wuz as well as ever a child wuz; the doctor said his lungs wuz sound as a bell. All our dear ones at home had been kep' in safety and our home seemed more like a blissful oasis in a desert world than it ever did before.

I always like to be up to the mark in everything, and I felt that I had so much to be thankful for Thanksgivin' day that I laid out to git up early so's to begin to be thankful as soon as daylight anyway, and keep it up all day till long after candle light. But as it turned out I begun to keep the glorious holiday of Thanksgivin' three days ahead and had to, for I couldn't help it.

I believe in makin' preparations ahead; I believe in takin' time by the forelock and leadin' it along peaceable and stiddy by my side, instead of time's drivin' me, rough shod and pantin' for breath over a household path, rocky and rough with belated duties. And it wuz three days before Thanksgivin' I sot in my clean, cheerful-lookin' kitchen seedin' some raisins for the fruit cake, Josiah bein' out to the barn killin' two fat pullets for the chicken pie. Ury wuz down in the swamp gittin' some evergreens and holly berries to decorate with, and Philury dressin' the turkey and ducks in the back kitchen, when I heard a rap at the settin' room door and I wiped my hands on the roller towel and smoothed back my hair and went to the door.

And who do you spoze stood there? His eyes shinin' brighter than the sky did, though that wuz clear blue, lit by a warm sunshine. It wuz Ernest White, and guess who wuz by his side; I'll tell you, for you never could think who it wuz—it wuz Waitstill Webb. I had thought her face wuz as sweet as it could be in sorrow, but I had never seen it in gladness before. She looked like a sweet white rose just blowed out under the warm sun of a perfect June day.

"Ernest White!" sez I, "how glad I am to see you! And Waitstill Webb! can I believe my eyes?" sez I, "is it you?" And I took both their hands in mine at one time.

"Waitstill Webb!" sez I agin, "is it you?"

"No," sez Ernest White, "it is Waitstill White."

You could have knocked me down with a hair-pin. I kissed 'em both smilin' and weepin', laughin' and cryin', we all on us wuz like three fools, or three wise ones, I d'no which. And that's how I begun to keep Thanksgivin' more'n three days ahead.

They come right into the kitchen and made me keep on with my work, which I did after a little, they takin' holt and helpin' me like two happy children. They stayed most all the forenoon, but had promised to go back to Arvilly's to dinner.

Well! Well! I hadn't been so tickled in matrimonial ways and riz up and routed and dumb foundered since Thomas J. and Maggie Snow got engaged. It seems that Ernest White had gone way out to the Philippines after her, and they wuz married in a little American chapel by a missionary of the M. E. meetin'-house.

They wuz goin' right to housekeeping in the widder Pooler's, where he had boarded. The widder had gone to live with her daughter, Mahala, in Michigan, and Ernest White has bought it. It stands in a pretty place near a evergreen grove, just on the edge of Loontown near his people that he loves, and has gin his life work to make better. And, oh, what a sweet love-guarded home Waitstill White is goin' to make for her pardner, and how happy Ernest White is goin' to be with the woman he loves. For besides bein' so congenial and beloved, Waitstill is as good a cook as I ever see, and no matter how much a man's soul soars up to the heavens, whilst his body

is on earth he will always appreciate good vittles. Love never did nor never will thrive on a empty stummick. Harmony of soul is delightful, and perfect congeniality is sweet, and so is good yeast emtin' bread if it is made right, kneaded three times, riz in a cool place and baked to a turn. And tender broiled chops and chicken, and hot muffins and fragrant coffee has some the effect on the manly breast of love's young dream.

Waitstill is a real home lover and homemaker. And it seems that by her advice Ernest White had had alterations in the house made that I approved highly on when I see 'em, and they had ordered lots of things to be sent from the city to make it pleasant, all put in first-rate order by the man left in charge, and they invited Josiah and me to take tea with 'em the very next evenin' and go to meetin' with 'em, which we gladly accepted, seein' we had got our preparations so fur along; Arvilly wuz goin' to be there they said. And, of course, I invited 'em to my Thanksgivin' dinner, which they accepted with the same pleasure that we had theirn.

CHAPTER XXXVI

Well, the next day, or ruther that night I begun to make preparations to go to Waitstill White's. I got a early supper that night so's to git to bed early so's to git up in good season; so's to git a early breakfast the next mornin', so's to git a early dinner, so's to start in good season for Ernest and Waitstill White's. And I kep' sayin' that over and over the next mornin', "Ernest and Waitstill White's," it sounded dretful good to me, dretful.

I sez to Philury, "We must have dinner early, for we are invited to Ernest and Waitstill White's."

And I sez the same to Josiah. And he sez, "You've said that to me a dozen times already."

"Well," sez I cheerfully, "mebby I shall say it a dozen times more."

I felt well, dretful well in my mind. It had come out just as I had hoped and prayed for, and why shouldn't I feel good.

Well, they greeted us with warm affection. And you don't know how pretty their home looked. It had been fixed up in their absence and Waitstill had put the finishin' touches to it when she come. It wuz a gloomy spot under the Pooler regeem. But Waitstill wuz a true homemaker and could make a barn seem home like, as folks can that have that gift. You often see folks who think, or say they think, that one set of faculties henders another set from workin'. But it hain't no such thing. Miss Pooler wuz nothin' but a housekeeper, and as poor a one at that as you would be apt to find in a day's travel, whilst Waitstill wuz a philanthropist, a missionary, an angel on earth if ever there wuz one, and a homemaker and a home lover added to it, just as the Bible sez: "Seek first the kingdom of heaven and all these things shall be added unto you," or words to that effect.

The settin'-room and parlor that used to seem like a dark-green curtained mausoleum, sacred to the mournin' pieces on the wall, and the hair wreaths of defunct Poolers wuz now the sunshinny hant of Beauty and

Cheerfulness. Bay windows bordered with soft-colored glass, and curtained with fleecy white, let the sunshine stream into the pretty, freshly-decorated room, where it seemed to love to stay and shine. A conservatory full of blossoming plants made the settin' and dinin'-rooms full of cheer and perfume.

One good stout German girl bore willin'ly the heaviest burdens of housekeeping, but Waitstill and Love and Good Judgment wuz to the hellum, and the result wuz beautiful. A happier household I don't want to see, a better supper I don't want to eat. Waitstill had some briled chicken, tender and toothsome, some creamed potatoes, fixed just right, light white rolls, yellow sweet butter made from their own Jersey cow's milk, clear amber honey from their own beehives, sliced peaches from their own peach trees (it wuz a late kind, each one rolled up in newspapers, and put in a box in the suller and kep' and purple and white grapes kep' in the same way). Some pound cake made from my own reseet, a noble one that fell onto me from Mother Allen, and improved on by me, and some angel cake, made by Waitstill herself, and as snowy and delicious as if it wuz made by a real angel with wings, some fragrant coffee with rich cream to make it delicious, and chocolate for them that preferred it. A big glass bowl of roses and carnations wuz in the centre, and the table wuz spread with a snowy linen cloth, and sot with beautiful china, white with a gold and pink sprig on it, part of a big quantity sent by his rich folks, who wuz delighted to have him marry such a sweet girl and settle down, and the heavy shinin' silver marked "W. W. W.," lookin' some like a runnin' vine, and the glossy linen tablecloths and napkins looking like satin covered with posies, come from the same source, also marked with her initials. Enough, Waitstill told me, to last 'em all their lives if they should live to be as old as Methusaler and his wife.

Well, I wuz glad enough to see their prosperity and happiness and when Ernest White sot to his own table by the side of Waitstill White and in a few short, eloquent, heart-felt words asked the Lord's blessing on this new home consecrated to his service, and on his dear friends happily returned home agin, my heart echoed every word and there wuzn't a dry eye in my head, not one.

After supper wuz over we sot out to go to the meetin' he had spoke on. It wuz the openin' night of the new library, which wuz in a pretty little

buildin' jined onto the meetin'-house and only a few minutes' walk from Ernest and Waitstill White's.

There wuz a good, large room for the library filled with good books helpful and inspirin', bought partly by Ernest White and partly by voluntary contributions by his people, a reading-room filled with magazines and newspapers and which with the library wuz to be opened every evening and two afternoons in the weeks. And there wuz a cozy little settin'-room and bed-room with a kitchen back out for the librarian. And who do you spoze wuz to be librarian and live here clost to her idol? Oh, shaw! I might just as well told you right out as to have said that; it wuz Arvilly. It wuz congenial work to her and left her plenty of time to go round canvassin' if she wanted to.

We wuz a little late for the meetin', for a man come to see the Elder just as we wuz startin', about marryin' him the next day, and as anybody knows that has to be tended to 'tennyrate.

As we drawed nigh the library and meetin'-house we see they wuz lighted up in as friendly and pleasant a way as if they wuz two beacons set up to light our footsteps. And as we went in we see a group of happy faced young people gathered round the organ practicin' a piece they wuz learnin' for Thanksgivin'.

It wuz a sweet song of thankfulness and peace, filled with gratitude for all the blessin's of the year. A sweet song full of love to God and man and that would be apt to inspire the singers and hearers with forbearance, justice, mercy, sane living and thinking. In another part of the hall they wuz practicing some pretty pieces to speak at this celebration, but when Elder White went in they all met him joyfully as a beloved father is met by his children, and they bestowed a loving greeting on Waitstill too.

These young men and women wuz ready to look through the magnifyin' glass of love at any lesson Ernest White should set before them to fit 'em for life's battle.

The meeting that night wuz a sort of a social, where the young and older folks met to get better acquainted with each other, and had a good time visitin' back and forth and comparin' notes and bein' introduced to Waitstill

and the new library. One attracted just about as much attention as the other, both wuz exceedingly interestin' to 'em and beloved.

Elder Cross wuz there, he sets store by Ernest White, though he is so different from him. He is good natered and a Christian, I believe, though Arvilly said he would have to be fixed over quite a good deal before he got into the Kingdom.

And I sez, "Well, we all shall, Arvilly."

"Ernest White won't," sez she, "all they will have to do to him will be to tack on a pair of wings and pin his crown on. He's a saint on earth now," sez she.

Well, Elder Cross come up to Arvilly and welcomed her home and said a few words about Ernest White's overwhelmin' success, which he considered a mericale, and he couldn't understand it.

"Well, I can understand it," sez Arvilly, "I have always said that no power could stand before the Church of Christ when it is fully awakened to the enormity of the sin it is encouraging by its indifference and neglect, and bands itself together to fight against it. The saloon votes solid," sez Arvilly, "they are faithful to their cause, they are fiery hot with zeal, the church a good many of 'em are lukewarm, some like the Laodocians, and some like dish-water ready to be emptied down into the drain. America is ruled by her cities, and they are ruled by the saloon and unrighteous trusts and political bosses. Foreigners from the old world slums flaunt the banner of independence in the face of American womanhood. And the church of God that might remedy the evils lets 'em go on."

Sez Elder Cross, "I know well that the saloon is a mighty power for evil, it ruins our youth, soul and body, and I know that Monopoly is the thief that steals the rewards of labor. But I pray, sister Arvilly, I pray without ceasing that the Holy Spirit will come down, and smite these offenders."

Sez Arvilly the dantless one, "You don't depend on prayer alone in your church services, in taking up collections, etc., or in worldly affairs," (Elder Cross is real rich, he keeps a hen dairy).

Sez Arvilly, "If you should depend on prayer alone to keep your big shanghai rooster from fightin' the little bantys I guess you would be apt to have considerable of a wake in your hen-yard. And you don't kneel down

and shet your eyes and pray for your young turkeys and chickens when a pair of big wicked hawks are swoopin' down on 'em or a heavy thunder-storm comin' on. No, you drive your little onprotected broods into the first shelter you can find and go at the old hawks with a club. Not that I approve of fightin'," sez Arvilly, "but there is a time to pray and a time to use a horsewhip; our Lord, who was and is our divine example, prayed thy kingdom come, and then helped it to come by driving out the money-changers, and them that defiled the temple. He might have prayed for them to be driv out and then folded his hands and waited for the millennium. But He didn't, nor He didn't say that human nature wuz too hard to handle, and that evil things had got to be changed gradual. He didn't take their rich gifts, He didn't make 'em church wardens, nor hang their pictures up in college halls to stimulate young men to go and do likewise. And that is what ministers of our Lord and his disciples want to do to-day, to drive out of the temple and the country the fat thieves that infest it, and the sanctified rascals wearin' sheep's clothin'. They have got a powerful whip in a consecrated ballot that will drive the thieves out and make them disgorge their ill-gotten gains."

Elder Cross wuz agitated; the argument wuz driving him into a corner where he didn't want to stand; he turned the conversation:

"This is a great work dear brother White is doing, but some criticise the idea of his opening the house of God every evening for amusements as well as prayer. Some don't believe in mingling secular things with sacred."

Sez Arvilly, "What is more sacred to the Lord than a saved soul, a lost one redeemed, a prodigal brought back. What headway is one church opened three hours a week goin' to make aginst twenty saloons open every day and night." Arvilly begun to be powerful agitated and I spoke up quick, for I knew how hash she wuz when she got to goin', and I didn't want this beautiful day marred by hashness even if it wuz deserved.

Sez I, "We all know how much good the church has done in the past. And now that the churches are beginning to band themselves together, and vote as they pray, this enormous force of righteousness is going to be victorious over sin and darkness, and the Saloon and the Canteen, the licensed houses of shame, monument of woman's degradation, the unjust monopoly, the high fence separating the few enormously rich from the masses of the

suffering, starving poor, will all have to fall. Christ did not die in vain," sez I, "nor the blood of the martyrs has not been in vain. The Lord has promised and he will fulfill."

"God speed that day!" sez Elder Cross shettin' his eyes and claspin' his hands.

"Amen!" sez I.

But I hearn Arvilly behind me mutter, "You'll have to open your old eyes, Elder, and go to work, or you won't have much hand in it."

But I guess he didn't hear her.

Well, goin' home that night, my heart sung for joy a anthem, more than a ordinary sam tune. The bright moonlight rested on the democrat and my pardner, and gilded the way in front of us, and further off we could see it lay on the lake, and it seemed to make a silver path on it. Life seemed worth livin', the cold waves of death seemed lit up with a heavenly glow, the hosts of evil seemed to back off before the Angel of Deliverance.

I don't spoze that from Maine to Florida, or from Jonesville to San Francisco there wuz a happier Thanksgivin' party than we had. Havin' such sights and sights of things to be thankful for, I laid out as I say to begin to be thankful before candle light in the mornin' and keep it up all day long till bed time, and so I did.

It wuz a lovely day, the sun shone into our bedroom winder through the beautiful knit fringe, made by my own hands, and rested on me lovin'ly as I combed my hair in front of the lookin'-glass. There had been a fall of snow the night before, as if nater had done her best for the occasion and spread her white ermine down for the feet of the angel, Thanksgivin'.

Philury got breakfast most ready by candle light, and I'd been bein' thankful ever since she put the tea kettle over.

"Josiah," sez I, "do you realize what a glorious day this is and how much, how much we have to be thankful for?"

He had broke one of his shue strings and wuz bent down breathin' kinder hard and tusslin' with it and his answer wuzn't what I could wished it wuz. But I knowed that it wuz because the blood had rushed to his head. He got it tied up in a few minutes and eat his breakfast with a splendid appetite.

Philury had good tender lamb chops and baked potatoes and light muffins and a fragrant cup of coffee, and Josiah recovered his usual flow of sperits before we got half through. And we read together a chapter out of The Book, and Josiah made a prayer full of thankfulness that come from his very heart for the blessings of home and love and all the precious gifts the Father bestowed on us durin' the year.

The children come early and brought some lovely presents to us. We make a practice of givin' presents in our own family Thanksgivin', for it always seemed so kinder appropriate that while we wuz givin' thanks we might just as well give a few more. And their presents to us wuz just what we wanted and ourn to them proved to be just what they wanted. Of course it wuzn't all a happen; we had throwed out hints and perspected round as well as we could before we selected 'em, kinder throwed out the line of wonder and surmises, and ketched opinions and wishes on it.

At ten A.M. we all got into two big sleighs and went to Jonesville to meetin'. It wuz a union meetin' and Elder White wuz chose to preach the Thanksgivin' sermon. It wuz a beautiful discourse, it come from the depths of a thankful, lovin' Christian heart and went right to ourn.

The party I had invited went home with us from the meetin'-house, Philury had the house all warm and it wuzn't long before we had dinner ready, of course we had got everything cooked we could the day before.

The dinner, though of course I ortn't to say it, but they all said, and of course it must be so, they said it wuz the best Thanksgivin' dinner that wuz ever cooked in this world, and Josiah whispered to me as he helped himself to the third helpin' of turkey and dressin', that he knowed that there never wuz such a meal cooked in Jupiter or Mars or any other planet.

But I whispered back, it wuzn't safe to say such things, sez I. "Most probably they have many and lots of things we don't know anything about."

"Manny!" sez he, "how would manny show off by the side of this dressin'?" and he took another spunful.

I spoze my dressin' duz go ahead of most, though it hain't made me hauty. Well, how happy everybody wuz; how good they looked to me and I to them, I knew it by their liniments. How the children doted on me and their Pa, how dear little Tommy hung round us. How softened down Arvilly wuz

by her happiness in havin' Waitstill back agin, but still she kep' her faculties from rustin', and sold two books that day for presents, and one to Elder Minkley for a Sabbath School prize.

How adorable Waitstill looked in her pretty cashmere gown of pale violet color with white roses at her bosom and belt, she had throwed off her black as a reasonable widder should, I never approved of mournin' for one man whilst weddin' another, that is mournin' in public in crape and weeds. I don't believe she had a black rag on her, she might you know if she had been sly have put a black bindin' on her petticoat or a black pocket. I remember the Widder Doodle did, but I never approved of it. No, mournin' weeds are right in their place, and orange blossoms in theirn, but I never believed in mixin' the two.

Down deep in Waitstill's heart, hid from every eye but the one who made that heart, wuz a place where her thought must retire into now and then and weep. Yes, I knowed that whilst her loyal love and respect and reverence wuz all given to the man she loved, who wuz strong, her thought would anon or oftener have to go into that sombry room and weep for the young lover who wuz weak, but whose weakness would never have blossomed into crime had not his country hung the Sodom apple before his eyes and his weak appetite yielded to it, had overthrown the labor and efforts of years, tempted him with low temptations that had been stronger than love, stronger than religion, stronger than life. All his life long he had fought against inherited tastes as they fought with wild beasts at Ephesus, and he would have come off conqueror had it not been for licensed evils and the weaknesses in high and low places that permitted it to be.

Yes, into that closely locked, sombry chamber I knowed that Waitstill would go alone and stay there for quite a spell. But after a time I mistrusted the sweet peace and happiness of her life would be such that she would go seldomer and make shorter visits when she did go. And its black gloom would be lighted by tones of living love and gleams of light and warmth from tender eyes. And I hoped that the time would come when dimpled baby fingers would gently bar the doorway and she wouldn't go there to stay for any length of time.

Well, the happy company stayed till nine P.M., when they departed with many pleasant and loving words, I being thankful every minute of the time,

even when I see 'em drive off. You know sometimes as glad as you are to have company, and as well as you like 'em, you are kinder glad to set down quiet, and think over all the happy time, and rest your head.

Well, the next day after Thanksgivin', early in the afternoon, Josiah said he had got to go over to Jonesville, and proposed that I should ride over with him. He said the mair kinder needed shuein', and sez he, "We might bring Tommy home with us, for there wuzn't any school Saturday, and he could stay over Sunday with us."

It duz seem now as if we can't help settin' a little more store by Tommy than we do by the other grandchildren. But it better not be told I said it, it would make feelin's amongst the rest.

Well, we made lovely calls on the children, and got Tommy, who wuz more than willin' to come, and returned home about ten a.m., Tommy settin' between us and drivin' the mair, Thomas J. and Maggie sayin' they would drive over Sunday night after him and take tea with us.

We stopped at the post-office, and Tommy run in and got three letters for me, two on 'em which I opened and read when I first got home, whilst Josiah and Tommy drove over to Deacon Henzy's on a errent. As I say I read two on 'em, but of the third one more anon. One of my letters wuz from Cousin John Richard, who had gone back to Victor workin' for his Lord in his own appointed way, teachin' the young, comfortin' the aged, and exhortin' the strong, helpin' to bear the burdens of the weak, and doin' it all in the name of Him who is invisible, waitin' patient till the summons should be sent him to go home to his own land, for the Bible sez that "them that do such things show plainly that they seek a country."

Fur acrost that dark continent from another oasis like Victor beginnin' to be illuminated with the white light beamin' from the uplifted cross, come a message to me from another consecrated missionary and child of Heaven, Evangeline Noble. She told me of the blessed work she wuz doin' in Africa and how happy she wuz in it, for her Master wuz with her tellin' her what to do from day to day, and she happy in carryin' out that work and seein' the light from heaven stream into dark minds and souls.

How much store I set by her, I lay out to send her a barrel of things this fall, some dried apples, canned fruit, good books, a piece of rag carpet and a

crazy quilt, not rarin' ravin' crazy, but sort o' beautifully delerious, embroidered with cat stitch round every block.

And the other letter wuz from Miss Meechim. I read Cousin John Richard's and Evangeline's, but I put hern on the mantletry piece and thought I wouldn't read it till about a hour after dinner, mistrustin' that it would agitate and work me up, so that my food wouldn't set good.

Dorothy's marriage to Robert Strong had took place a week before, but not a word had I heard from Miss Meechim, and I didn't know what effect the blow had had on her. Josiah and I had been warmly invited to attend the weddin', but not feelin' willin' to embark on another tower we sent her a pretty present and love, lots and lots of love, and the earnest best wishes of our hearts.

They wuz married in Dorothy's home in San Francisco, and went immegiately after the ceremony to their new home in the City of Justice to begin their life work there. Dorothy had writ me all the particulars of their marriage. They didn't want any show and display she said, and they took the money they would have had to spend to make a big wedding with a crowd of guests, elaborate dressing, rich viands, music, flowers, etc. They took this money and gave a holiday to the children in the City of Justice, a beautiful dinner, music and gifts for all.

And they wuz married in a plain, quiet way in the presence of a few relatives and close friends, she dressed in a pretty white muslin (and lookin' sweet as a rose I knew, though, of course, she didn't say so). And after a simple lunch, they drove out to their new home. But I hearn, and it come straight, too, that the children of the City of Justice, just worshippin' Robert Strong as they did, they all on 'em dressed in white, their pretty heads crowned with roses, filled baskets with the sweetest flowers they could find and went out to meet the young couple beyend the gate. And as they approached, they met 'em with rejoicing songs sung in their sweet clear voices and scattered roses and sweet posies in their path, their bright, happy eyes and smilin' lips givin' 'em just as sweet a greetin'.

And as they entered into the city at sunset, the workmen met 'em all dressed in holiday attire, and their cheers and blessings followed the carriage till they reached their own door, which wuz banked up with odorous blossoms

as high as ever a snow drift blocked up the houses in Jonesville, and they had to fairly wade through the sweet posies to git to their door.

So, surrounded and blessed with love and rejoicings rising from grateful adoring hearts, Robert and Dorothy Strong begun their married life. Love and Mercy standin' right by their sides like maids of honor, and Honesty and Justice like usher and best man, usherin' 'em into a useful and happy life of work and toil sweetened forever with gratitude and love. Lovin' each other as dearly as ever a man and woman did, lovin' their Lord supremely and showing that love in the way He bade his disciples to in caring for and blessing humanity. They begun that day a power of helpful inspiring influences that would bless the world, go through life with 'em and wait on 'em clear through the swellin' flood and lead 'em up onto the other shore from their City of Justice and love here, to that sweet continuing City of Rest and Reward.

I felt well about Robert and Dorothy—yes, my heart sung for Joy carryin' the hull four parts, base, altore, bear tone and sulfireno. That is to say, the different faculties of my head and heart all jined in and sung together in happiness and made a full orkestry.

You know when you hear of some marriages a part of you is pleased, mebby it is Common Sense, whilst Romance and Fancy has to set dumb and demute. Or mebby Fancy sings whilst cold Reason is spreadin' a wet blanket on her part of the band, chillin' the notes and spilein' the instrument. But here Reason, Romance, Love and Common Sense all jined in together and sung the wedding anthem loud and clear.

But Miss Meechim, I felt dubersome about her; Dorothy didn't mention her in her letter, bein' so took up with Robert and Love, so I spozed. I knowed well how repugnant matrimony wuz to her and how sternly resolved she wuz that Dorothy should go through life a bachelor maid.

I hated to read Miss Meechim's letter, I dreaded it like a dog. How did I know but her great disappointment and crushin' grief to see her hull life work smashed and demolished, had smit her down, and she had passed away writin' my name on a envelope with her last flicker of life and some stranger pen had writ me of the tragedy.

I put the letter up on the mantletry piece and thought I wouldn't read it till about a hour after dinner.

And whilst I wuz gittin' dinner and eatin' it and went about doin' up my work afterwards, I eyed that letter some as a cat eyes a dog kennel and hung off from readin' it. But wantin' to git the hard job over before night sot in, about the middle of the afternoon I read a few verses of Foxe's Book of Martyrs, put two cushions in the rockin' chair, took a swaller of spignut and thorough-o'-wort to kinder hold up my strength, and a few whiffs of camfire, and then I put on my near-to specs, opened the letter with a deep sithe and begun to read. But good land! I needn't have foreboded so; I might have knowed that though her hatred of matrimony wuz great, her egotism and self esteem wuz bigger yet.

The letter stated in glowin' terms her gratefulness to her Creator to think she had a nephew so bound up in her interest and welfare. She said that she had mentioned one day, durin' a severe attack of bilerous colic her fears and forebodin's about Dorothy's future if she should succumb to the colic and leave her alone. She said that it wuzn't a week after this that her nephew and Dorothy had confided to her the fact of their engagement.

Sez she, "Not one word to Dorothy have I mentioned or ever shall mention as to Robert's reasons for sacrificin' himself to ease my mind, and make me more care free. I wouldn't for the world," sez she, "have Dorothy suspect why Robert has made a martyr of himself, and to no one but you, Josiah Allen's wife," sez she, "shall I ever breathe it." But she felt that she could confide in me, and wanted me to know just how it wuz.

So her colossial self esteem carried her through safely, and she wuz as happy as any on 'em. She wuz goin' to live in a little house Robert had bought for her in San Francisco. Martha, the steady English maid, wuz goin' to live with her, as she had proved faithful. And she added a few heart breakin' words of grief and mournfulness about our dear lost Aronette.

And she gin me to understand that sence Aronette's dretful death in New York she had gradually changed her mind about drinking.

I believe Arvilly's talk helped convince her, though Miss Meechim would never own it to her dyin' day, and I d'no as Arvilly would want her to, they just naterally abominate each other.

But ’tennyrate she said she felt that nothing that could lead on to that awful termination and terrible tragedy, could be called genteel. And she said she had had a argument with Rev. Mr. Weakdew, in which they had both got genteelly angry (tearin’ mad I should call it from what she told me of their interview). But I will pass over particulars which filled eight pages of large note paper, the upshot bein’ that she had left his church for good and all, and jined a Temperance mission church down in the city. And she wuz now writin’ tracts to prove that intemperance wuz the beast with seven horns mentioned in Scripture.

Good land! it has got more than seven horns, I believe, and all of ’em dagger sharp and wet with tears and heart’s blood.

She expected, she said, that these tracts would make a end to the liquor power and the social evil, and temperance would rain in the world some time durin’ the comin’ fall.

But they won’t. These evils are sot too firm on American soil, it will take a greater power than Miss Meechim’s tracts to upheave ’em. But I am glad she is sot that way, for every little helps, and the breath of Miss Meechim’s converted soul is blowin’ the right way and when the hull Christian world shall be converted, the united influence will move along a mighty overwhelmin’ power that will sweep these ungodly evils from the face of the earth. Then will come the golden days of peace, righteousness, the reign of the Lord Jesus, for which we pray every day when we say “Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven.”

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