

A TRIP ON WHEELS ACROSS THE SOUTHERN STATES.—CONTINUED.

of whom are anxious to sell us their farms, which are all hills as steep as the walls of a house. How they manage to cultivate them will always remain a mystery to me. I said to one man. "We could never keep on our farm, we should roll off and break our necks." Why, he said: "Do you 'uns call THEM steep? I've hearn tell that some places is level, but I'm sure we 'uns would die away from our hills, flat countries must be dreadful unhealthy." Some of them had never been out of the mountains, and had no wish to leave them, apparently they think there is no place like home.

They tell us if rain comes on, travelling in these mountain regions is dangerous, owing to the torrents, and having no bridges. The sky had a very peculiar appearance last night. What appeared to be sky rockets kept shooting up on the hill tops, over the trees like Will of the Wisp. Mrs. Roberts again offered some tea hyssop, she says makes powerful nice tea, and mint is mighty nice too. No clothes yet.

Tuesday, May 28.—We got our clothes about nine, a. m., and were ready to start in an hour. Bought four quarts of strawberries. I walked down the road, a bit of which is here very narrow and rocky, to say good bye to Mrs. Roberts, who was working in the field with her husband. While I was speaking to her, we heard a great clatter, and looking around, saw the horses tearing down the road like mad, Edwin and Elsie holding on manfully to the reins, and trying to check them, Elsie's hair streaming in the wind. I, on the impulse of the moment, sprang out into the road to try and catch them, when Mr. Roberts grasped my shoulder, and pulled me out of the way, as they dashed past. Mr. R's man jumped the fence and got up to them, just as Edwin was getting control of them. The children did not lose their heads for a moment, and what might have been a terrible accident but for God's goodness, was averted. The scenery is grand, but I was too nervous and shaky to enjoy it. All the way to "Alexander," where there is a bridge across the River, and a large inlet, the road skirts the River all the way, and so close to the edge that if the horses shied the least bit, we would have been over. Leaving "Alexander," we drove over a wild mountain road, the scenery very wild and grand. After a few miles, we reached a table-land, and drove for a couple of miles looking down a ravine, on one side it seemed 100 feet of rock and trees, and at the bottom a small stream. Then we began to descend a rough mountain road. We have Camped for lunch in a deep gorge, between mountains, where there are magnificent ferns, rare and curious plants, the trees of an immense height, the tops bathed in sunshine. Where we are there is a dense shade, here we see, for the first time, foliage plants green and white, and crimson, growing on the road. The maiden hair ferns are here, very large, and in great quantities. We thought when we camped, we were at the bottom of the gorge, but on starting, we found we had to descend a very steep, narrow road, with a precipice on each side, about 100 feet or more, going straight up on our left like the wall of a house. All rock, with crevices, in which were growing beautiful flowers and ferns, it was almost twilight all the way down. On our right hand, the precipice descended sheer down to a brook, far, far below. A narrow fringe of laurels was the only protection, here and there nothing; and the road turned now and again at sharp angles, making it very dangerous. We were walking, except J., who had