

sailing out on a lake like this in a small boat in the moonlight. And one of them proposed to give up his native country in order that he might marry an English girl. And I think it is the same girl that now has to give up her native country—for a time—for the sake of her children. Were you ever at Ellesmere, Lady Sylvia?’

Lady Sylvia had never been to Ellesmere, but she guessed why these things were spoken of. As for Bell, she was putting the gathered flowers in a book; they were for her children.

We drove back to dine in the large saloon, with its flashing lights and its troop of black waiters. We were more than ever impressed by the beautiful attire and the jewelry of the ladies and gentlemen who were living in Saratoga; and in the evening, when all the doors of the saloons were thrown open, and when the band began to play in the square inside the hotel, and when these fashionable people began to promenade along the balcony which runs all round the intramural space of grass and trees, we were more than ever reminded of some public evening entertainment in a Parisian public garden. Our plainly dressed women-folk were out of place in this gay throng that paced up and down under the brilliant lamps. As for our ranch-woman, she affected to care nothing at all for the music and this bright spectacle of people walking about the balcony in the grateful coolness of the summer night, but went down the steps into the garden, and busied herself with trying to find out the whereabouts of a katydid that was sounding his incessant note in the darkness. What was it they played? Probably Offenbach; but we did not heed much. The intervals of silence were pleasanter.

But was it not kind of those two gentlemen, both of whom wore ample frock-coats and straw hats, to place their chairs just before us on the lawn, so that we could not but overhear their conversation? And what was it all about?

‘Pennsylvania’s alive—jest alive,’ said the eldest of the two. ‘The miners are red-hot—yes, Sir! You should have heard me at Maunch Chunk—twenty thousand people, and a barbecue in the woods, and a whole ox roasted—biggest thing since “Tippecanoe and Tyler too.” When I told ’em that the bloated bond-holders rob-

bed ’em of their hard-earned wages, to roll in wealth, and dress in purple and fine linen, like Solomon in all his glory, and the lilies of-the-valley, you should have heerd ’em shout. I thought they would tear their shirts. The bond is the sharp-p’inted stick to poke up the people.’

‘And how about Philadelphia?’ says the other.

‘Well, I was not quite so hefty there. There’s a heap of bonds in Philadelphia; and there’s no use in arousing prejudices—painful feelings—misunderstandings. It ain’t politics. What’s good for one sile ain’t good for another sile. You sow your seed as the land lays; that’s politics. Where people hain’t got no bonds, there’s where to go in heavy on the bond-holders. But in Philadelphia I give it to ’em on reform, and corruption, and the days of the Revolution that tried men’s souls, and that sort o’ thing—and wishin’ we had Washington back again. That’s always a tremendous p’int, about Washington; and when people are skittish on great questions, you fall back on the Father of his Country. You see—’

‘But Washington’s dead,’ objected the disciple.

‘Of course he’s dead,’ said the other, triumphantly; ‘and that’s why he’s a living issue in a canvass. In politics the dead a man is, the more you can do with him. He can’t talk back.’

‘And about Massachusetts now?’ the humble inquirer asked.

‘Well those Yankees don’t take too much stock in talk. You can’t do much with the bonds and corruption in Massachusetts. There you touch ’em up on the whiskey and the nigger. The evils of intemperance and the oppressions of the coloured brother, those are the two bowers in Massachusetts.’

‘Rhode Island?’

‘Oh, well, Rhode Island is a one-horse State, where everybody pays taxes and goes to church; and all you’ve got to do is to worry ’em about the Pope. Say the Pope’s comin’ to run the machine.’

Then these two also relapse into silence, and we are left free to pursue our own speculations.

And indeed our chief manageress and monitress made no secret of her wish to leave Saratoga as soon as possible. We