

is no space for the little huts and houses to stand grouped together, but they are tucked away and fitted into wee scraps of moderately level ground, on one side or other, up above or down below the bridle path, which is as a high road running through the place. There is nothing at all in the nature of a hotel, but we had been told of a nice, four-roomed cottage which might be rented, and in it we kept house for four weeks. We were fortunate in the weather, and did not get much rain, just enough at times to give us beautiful cloud and mist effects. The mountains deserve their name of "Blue." Any mountain can be blue in the distance, but these are blue when you are close to them and in among them. I can't think how they manage it and why it is so, but you may be near to them, so near that you see all their accidents and details; the trees, the patches of bare rock, with, perhaps, water coming down the coffee patches, the full green of banana plantations, the bright yellow dots which show the orange trees and still—do we look at all this through very blue air?—they are really the "Blue Mountains."

We stayed at Mavis' Bank for five weeks, and are now at the opposite end of the island on the north side, twenty-two miles from Montego Bay, which is the railway terminus. It is the funniest railway and train. The carriages are narrow gauge (extra narrow!) American cars, in charge of a quite full-sized, full width conductor, who collects his passengers after each stop in now imploring, now commanding tone, "Passengers, passengers, take your seats," and when the passengers have taken them the train goes on and in due course gets there. The island being rather small it can't help getting there. The entire journey occupies about seven hours and we were amused to find with what solemnity it was regarded. We were warned about it, counselled concerning it, pitied for having to undertake it, advised to carry brandy and told that we should be seasick. We really got quite alarmed, but comforted ourselves by reflecting that after all seven hours is not so bad as five or six days, and if Jamaicans think their trains are badly driven all I can do is to recommend them to try Western America. We are in a quite different country here, but I think I can't tell you about it to-day, except just that we are on a farm (a "pen" as it is called in Jamaica) of 7,000 acres, with no house on it except the owners' so we are delightfully lonely and peaceful. It is a charming place. We take a great interest in all the ani-

mals and outdoor things. Outside our window is a grove of about 70 coconut palms, tall and lovely. The nuts are gathered and stored under the house and every evening a number of them are chopped up for the pigs. Just think! fresh, sweet, juicy, white coconut meat! I can assure you the pigs look very happy and contented. When they have dined on coconut they take a dessert of bitter Seville oranges. It is comical to see a company of small black pigs trotting about with oranges in their mouths and squealing with excitement and delight between whiles.

If you were here you would be as much interested as I am in everything on "Windsor" (the name of the "pen") in the sheep and the horses, and the huge, sleek cattle, with long, spreading horns. You would be interested, too, in the four little daughters of the house, whom I sometimes overhear at their lessons in the morning. I was much amused yesterday at the ingenuity with which one of them solved—circumvented, I ought to say—an arithmetical problem. It was to "take 7 from 6," and her teacher was carefully explaining to her the beauties of the borrowing system. The child listened with polite attention, but presently propounded a simpler method of dealing with the difficulty. "Well, then," she said, "well—but—lets take 0 from 7!"

Now, really this is the end, though I would have liked to tell you about our visit to a neighboring sugar estate, but it must wait for another time.

Ever your affectionate

E. K. D. SHAW.

*From a little "old girl" now living in London.*

Maida Vale,

London, Eng.

Jan. 15th., 1902.

MY DEAR SISTER.—I am writing to tell you where I have been since I left Canada. I have been to the Tower of London, and I have been to see Madame Tussards Wax-Works. I also went to the Crystal Palace, I liked it very much.

Did you go to the Tower of London, when you were in London? We went to the Abbey and saw the