

A TRIP ON WHEELS ACROSS THE STATES.

our clothes are becoming rather disreputable. We drove into "Ashville," over a most beautifully picturesque road, with very steep hills. The houses, some of them like castles, are built on very high hills. The town is large and very busy, with electric street cars. The stores are good, containing everything one can wish for. We saw several stylish carriages and horses. It seems a very fashionable place. One of the Vanderbilts is building a castle on a rock, which looks almost inaccessible. He is said to own several thousand acres here. Just as we were almost out of town, the gearing round the pole broke, and we were detained two hours for repairs. The girls and I stuck to the wagon, and read, and glared at the curious spectators, who would come up and speak, though Jack growled and showed his unfriendliness. It was two, p. m., when we got off. We came directly in sight of the "French Broad" River, and drove over the rockiest and worst road it has ever been my lot to encounter. It does not look as if it had ever been driven over before, certainly it has not been repaired for ages. We see and have bought lots of wild strawberries, which are being taken into town in large quantities. We saw hundreds of wagons going to market, like one long procession, as we came in this morning. The River is most beautiful; the road being uncomfortably close to the edge of the River, and is only wide enough for our wagon. The rocky bank on the land side rises abruptly to the height of forty or fifty feet. Thank Heaven we have met no one, for the road is so narrow, a horse or wagon could not possibly pass us.

Sunday, May 26.—A month to-day since we started. We are Camped in a place a few yards wide, near a house on the bank of the "French Broad," which is here very rapid, the bank on the opposite side just having room for the railway, and then rising straight up without a break as far as we can see. The top seems to be a plateau, for we see cabins and tobacco houses here and there on the top. The woman here, who is nice and kindly, has arranged to do our washing to-morrow. This is the only spot for miles where we could find room between the River and the hills to Camp. Last night, just as we finished dinner, it began to rain, (and it looks very rainy to-day), and we had to run for shelter, and get to bed without putting away our dinner dishes. We were dry and comfortable, and slept well. J. better, and up to-day. Mrs. Roberts, the woman of the house, brought us a present of cake flowers and stawberries, and offered us tea out of her garden. "Mighty nice kinds," she said she had. On seeing my look of surprise, she said: "Oh, maybe you uns is rich enough to use store tea!" She has had lots of visitors all day, who came and went on mule back, one woman on a pillow behind her good man. We see a great many saddle bags, they are very common in this rocky region. Evening very cool and pleasant. We have a visitor, an intelligent native, who tells me that they have cyclones and water-spouts occasionally, and that till last night, they have had no rain for three months. Mrs. Roberts asked our religion. I said, "Episcopal." She said, "I never heerd tell of none of them kind round here."

Monday, May 27.—Cloudy and very threatening. The boys are fishing in the "Broad." The girls, J. and I, have had a delightful bath. We have just had lunch, fresh wild strawberries, which we bought hulled, and ready for use, ten cents per quart. It's very nice and quiet here, but I'm longing to be off again. We have had visits from the natives, several