

and made a print of it on the other side. The man gave him five dollars and the bargain was made. The mother was crying, because she did not want to leave Yawto, but that did not make any difference—she had to go. I should think the gods would punish that man, he is so bad. Not long ago a man was buried alive for being bad, and he was not half so bad as Yawto's father. Granny says he would help a tiger eat his prey.

To-day father is going to give a feast to his friends over his fortunate bargain. I heard him give the order for eight bowls.



SCHOOL GIRLS AT WEN-CHOW, CHINA.

There was to be one of chicken, cut in slices and dressed with gravy; one of pork rolls fried in oil; three kinds of meat rolled in starch and fried in lard; one of candied lotus nuts; one of pig's feet sinews fried in lard! one of sharks' fins; one of stewed pork basted with sugar; one of fish stomachs. The table was to be set in the restaurant, with the bowls in the middle of the table. Each person to have his chop-sticks and help himself.

Swandee went off to school hoping the teacher would overlook his absence yesterday on account of the doing at our house. He said he would try to learn ninety lines to-day to please the master.

Granny said we would have something nice at home, so I got out some flour and water and made a lump of dough. Then I put it on a board and rolled it till it was quite thin. After that I folded it up and cut it in long, thin strips with a sharp knife. As soon as the kettle of water was boiling, in it went, and pretty soon we were eating it. It is so nice to get a long string in your chop-sticks—put one end in your mouth and away it goes!

Yawto was called in to have a bowl. While we were enjoying ourselves a man came in to say that her father was hurt and was lying on the road and no one would go near him. Some one brought him home after a while, and he lay and reviled and groaned for three days. Then my third uncle, who lives near, said, 'Why not send him off to the foreign devil doctors, and get rid of him? If they make medicine out of him, small loss.' So they put him on a barrow and took him away.

I stayed with Yawto that night, but I could not sleep much—the fleas just bit and bit. My brick seemed so hard I put it under the straw mat, but that was not much better. We got up early because there was to be a grand procession. The city god was to celebrate his birthday. We got on

our best clothes and went off to see the sights. There was a great crowd of boys and small girls on the streets. The schools all had a holiday. There were not many big girls out—they are not allowed outside till they are married. We dodged among the crowd till we got near the 'yamen' where the god was to start for the temple outside the north gate. The officials were very gay in their silk coats and long tassels on their hats. The soldiers from the 'Tyamen' were running around everywhere on their little ponies, trying to clear the way for the god. Horns were tooting and men shouting, and

afraid. On one building was a stone with 'Jesus House' written on it. Swandee read it for us, but we did not know what it meant. At last we saw a woman and a baby and we all followed her into her house. I never saw a place like that before. Why, there were chairs, six of them! And a table, everything was so clean. No straw or mud on the floor, but clean bricks. The windows had glass in them that you could see right through. There were pictures on the walls, which we thought were their gods. The woman sat down before something and made her fingers and hands go up and down and it made the most lovely sounds I ever heard. Nothing like a drum or horn.

Then she began to sing something about some One who loved her, but we were stupid and did not understand. When she stopped singing she told us about this 'Yieso' who loved her and about the true doctrine. Some of the women didn't listen very well—they wanted to ask her about her clothes and what she ate and about her feet. She said God had given people big feet and did we know more than God that we thought we could improve them? Pretty soon a big bell rung somewhere and we all got frightened and started off. The woman asked us to come again and offered us papers. Most of the women were afraid to take one, but I took one home for Granny to see. Granny said I must not go there any more as they take out little girls' eyes and make medicine of them.

Granny hasn't been well for some time. I wonder if she is going to die? We have four coffins now ready to bury. Some day we'll have a grand funeral and bury all at once. One of our neighbors had nine buried at once, and they gave such an expensive funeral they had to sell their land to get the money. I guess we won't have to do that. Father's crops have been good for some years, but they may not be so good this year, as there has been no rain for six months. This week there has been a grand procession to coax the gods to give rain. There were seven or eight boys ahead carrying flags. Behind them came two mud idols



CHINESE GIRLS AT STUDY (YUH-SHAN SCHOOL).

the god and burned incense and 'katowed' in front of it. The soldiers outside fired off guns and crackers. They did this a long while, then a man read something from a book, then all started back to the city again.

Well, when we were coming back, we passed a big compound with a high brick wall around it. Some one said that was the foreign devils' 'true doctrine place.' We all went in to see the foreign devils. We went inside a big gate, and when we looked around and saw all the buildings we were

on chairs, and then twenty-four women carrying green branches. The women were chanting and crying out. Then came two men with a big drum. A third man behind was beating the drum, while another followed with cymbals. After all this came a crowd of children. They kept this up for several days and then carried the gods around the dry fields to see the spoiling crops. That night the rain just poured down, and it rained for three days, so now everything is green again.