

mother had been well educated, had left a home of luxury and refinement "for the gospel's sake," and through all the hard work and harsh environment of early days had kept the speech and manners of a gentlewoman. The music, the conversation, and the books of their home made the hours I spent there some of the most delightful of my life. Together Ruth and I read old tales of chivalry and romance, the novels of Scott, of Dickens and Dumas. With all the fervor of sentimental and sensitive girlhood we thrilled and glowed with them. Fiction was not very favorably regarded in the strictly orthodox Mormon house. That, perhaps, lent a not unpleasant dash of adventure to the reading.

With all her romance and sentiment Ruth was never a melancholy girl. She was happy, affectionate and trustful. She never seemed to doubt that she would find in others the same gentle sentiments that warmed her own heart.