

A TRIP ON WHEELS ACROSS THE STATES.

day a woman with a strong grizzled beard and moustache. We have seen several coming through these mountains.

Monday, June 3rd.—Rather dull and rainy looking, horse too lame to move. J. had to hire a native and his horse to take him into "Grenville," six miles off for fodder and supplies. We are twenty miles from "Jonesboro." I am going to try and bake a flour scone. I am not very hopeful, but it will at least be better than nothing. Edwin has been trying to find something to shoot. Got one dove. The girls are trying for fish. James has returned with the supplies of bread, meat and strawberries. I made a stew for dinner, and we had just dined when it began to thunder and lighten, and then to rain very heavily, and we had to scamper for the tents. The horse is better, but it's very doubtful if it can travel for a while. It rained nearly all night. We were dry and comfortable, and rested well. Bought a lot of fresh eggs, at six cents per dozen; butter, twelve; strawberries, 10 per quart; beef, ten; and milk five per quart.

Tuesday, June 4th.—Cloudy but pleasant. J. thinks that though the horse is better, we had better remain and rest him. It is not a very pleasant camp ground. The children have gone to fish in the "Nolichuekee River," quite near. The natives call it the "Chuekee." J. is grazing the horses, and I knitting, find it very lonely, and wish we were on the march again. I have not seen a newspaper for more than a month. Tried to buy one at the stores we came to without success. About five, p. m., a furious rain storm came up. Just finished dinner, and had to rush for the tent. A Tennessean came up with strawberries. He was on horseback, with a basket tied in each end of the bag, and slung across the horse behind him. We bought five quarts of delicious wild berries from him. He did not seem in a hurry to get home, but took refuge from the rain by crouching under the wagon. He has been there nearly two hours, and the rain shows no sign of abating, but he seems quite content and happy. It has evidently set in for a rainy night, and if it were not for the Tennessee man we should go to bed.

Wednesday, June 5th.—Ten, a. m., it has been pouring in torrents all night, and now shows some slight signs of clearing. We breakfasted on strawberries, bread, butter and cheese, it being so wet we could not light a fire. I trust we may be able to move to-day; the horse is better, and if the mud, which is simply awful, were to dry up a little, we might crawl along to a better campground. We have named this "Rain Centre." A native came along, and seemed anxious and puzzled to know who and what we are, said: "Folks down to the Sto' calculate you uns is Gipseys. He said there had been a powerful lot of gipseys through this part of the kentry this year." We have got out of the region of "Howdy," everyone says good morning and evening to us. An old lady asked me to go and see her, and another said she would be pleased if we would do our cooking on her stove. They seem quiet, kindly sort of people, with good fresh complexions. Old and young wear the everlasting sunbonnet.

Thursday, June 6th.—Fine and bright. Started about half-past seven. Forded a very pretty, deep ravine, and climbed a very steep, slippery hill. The soil after the rain sticks like glue. We have to drive along a terribly muddy lane, three miles out of our way, to a bridge, the "Noliehucky," being dangerous to ford. A good part of the road this morning