

ing but foolishness to let girls have so much book-learnin'. It gets them to thinkin' too much of themselves, and abstracts their attention, so that they can't even stir up a custard proper. They're not a mite o' use round the house. Their fathers and brothers might hev holes in their socks as big as their heads for all they know or care.

"And they do say that sometimes the girls come at the top of them things they call the class lists. I don't rightly know what they are—some foolishness, I suppose—and that makes them puffed up (contrary to charity) so that they kind of look down on the men. And mixin' up with the men kind of makes them forward, too—the girls, I mean. Our minister said the most beautiful poetry in his sermon last Sunday, and after meetin' I heard Mary laughin' and tellin' her father the minister had made a mistake. I was totally flabber-gasted. The idea of a chit like that settin' herself up agin' the minister, a man old enough to be her father, and who was the best blacksmith in the country till he got religion. After he joined the church he felt a call to the ministry, and he went away for six months—Ephraim Brown paid for him—and come back a full-fledged preacher. That's what I call smart. It didn't take him four years to get a couple of letters tacked onto his name. He doesn't need 'em. And he preaches the most rousin' sermons you ever heard. When he talks about the Judgment Day and fire and all that I just quake. And when he hits the pulpit I can't imagine nothin' more rousin'. That's the way to make folks see the error of their ways. Why, when we have resurrection meetins'—no, it's revival I mean—we have twice as many converts as they have over to Cainsville. There's Dave Rymal, he gets converted every year, and he makes his whole family come up with

him. Then we say, 'Hallelujah!' and 'Thank God for one more soul.' Only it puzzles me whether we ought to count Dave in every time when we're reckonin' up to compare agin' Cainsville, for it don't seem fair to put him in every time as one more soul saved, and yit there he is.

But I was talkin' about Mary Jane. You see Mary was always counted kind o' smart, and they didn't have no boys in their family. But the ways of Providence are unscrutable, and I suppose by this time the doctor's resigned to Mary bein' a girl. He thinks a heap of her any way. But I always explain Mary's goin' to College this way. To tell the truth, she had a middlin' good head for a girl, and the doctor he thought he'd make her as much like a boy as possible, forgettin' the evil results of sech a course of conduct. So off she went to College and studied Latin and Grease—though why she could not get drippin' enough at home, I don't see—and Mathewmatics, which is Scripture, I suppose, and Phile-osophy. And they do say she came out at the top pretty nigh every time. And the doctor is as proud of her as can be, and is always showin' her off and lettin' folks see how much she knows—though Mary is naterally modest, I will say, which shows how nice she might ha' been if they'd let her alone. Her own good sense seems kind of to suggest to her that 'taint good for a woman to be too learned. I must say she has never talked that there Latin stuff to me. Of course I wouldn't understand, but that wouldn't hender some folks. Although Mary seems all right still, yit appearances is deceitful, and I am in daily expectation of her doin' somethin' outrageous.

"Another thing at these Colleges. They want to run around and do exercise like the men. Mary seems strong and looks real pretty, but it is