

lots of colour there, cos my centennial garters is *all* colour,—red, an' white, an' blue, an' nothin' else but Inja-rubber, but the houses was most all just the colour of mud-pies, except Aggerycultural Hall, an' the top of that was only green, an' I don't think that's a very pretty colour. It was nicer inside of the houses, though ; there was one of them that papa said had more than twenty-two miles of walks in it ; I guess there was, cos we was in it more than an hour, an' *such* funny things ! You ought to see a mummy, Tod.—I guess you wouldn't ever want to die *after that*, but papa said their spirits wasn't in 'em any more,—I shouldn't think they would be, if they wanted to look nice. You know mamma's opal ring?—well, papa lifted me up and showed me the biggest opal in the world, and 'twas nearly as pretty as the inside of our big sea-shell.

I know what *you'd* have liked,—there was a picture of Goliath, an' David had chopped his head off an' he was a-holdin' it up,—I think he *ought* to have had his head chopped off if he looked as horrid as that. An' I saw Circe, and the pigs all squealing to her to turn 'em back into men again,—I really believe I *heard* 'em squeal,—an' Circe just sat there lookin' like Bridget does when she won't give us more cake. It made me feel *dreadful* to think there was men inside of those pigs.

But what bothered *me* was, every once in a while we would come to a place where they sold cakes, an' then papa would hurry right past ; I kept showing him the cakes, but he would go along, and he did just the same thing at the places where they made candy, only he stopped at one place where they was making chocolate candy, an' grindin' the chocolate all up so that it looked like mud, an' he said, "*Isn't* that disgustin' ?" Well, it *didn't* look *very* nice,

There was a whole lot of things from Egypt, where Joseph and Moses lived, you know, and all around the wall was pictures of houses in Egypt. an' I asked papa which of 'em Pharaoh lived in, an' then two or three people close to us looked at me an' laughed out loud, an' I asked papa what they laughed for, an' he said he guessed it was because I talked so loud ; I *do* think little boys have an awful lot of bothers in this world, an' big people are real ugly to 'em ; but papa took me away from them, an' I got some candy at last an' I think 'twas about time.

Then we saw lots of animals, an' birds, an' fishes, only they wasn't alive, an' I was walkin' along thinkin' that I wished we could see somebody we knew, when all of a sudden I saw a turtle, just like ours. I just screamed right out, an' I liked to have cried, I was so glad. That was in the Gov'ment Building, I believe papa called it ; an' I saw all the kinds of things they kill people with in wars, an' a man on a horse that was just like papa was when he was a soldier,—I guess you wouldn't want to run up to *him* an' ask him what he'd brought you, he looked so awful. An' just outside the door of that house was a big god like the heathens make an' pray to. I should think they *would* keep him out-of-doors, he was so awful ugly—why, I wouldn't say my prayers to him if I didn't *ever* get anything. I asked papa if the god was standin' there while he made a heaven for himself, an' papa said I'd have to ask Mr. Huxley about that ; I don't know any Mr. Huxley, do you ?

Then we saw the Japanese things,—I knew *them* right away, cos they always look like things that you don't ever see anywhere else. One of the