

A TRIP ON WHEELS ACROSS THE STATES.

one place we came on a long, low brick cottage, three doors in front, over each doorway were two white turtle doves, with their bills together kissing. These were thrown out in bold relief by the red brick background. They looked very funny, and we supposed they were honey-moon cottages; they stood on a hill with a fine view. We did 28 miles.

Tuesday, May 21st.—J. no better, but it is a great comfort to know what is the matter. It's a very fine morning, and we are just starting at seven, a. m. We drove till eleven, through a pretty, hilly country, and Camped by a brook, for breakfast and rest. The air is fragrant with the perfume of pine, and various scented shrubs. We crossed the "Saluda" River, and came on a very hilly road, obliging us to skid nearly all the time. Got into "Grenville" about four, p. m. This is a large, alive town, good stores and plenty of them, street cars and electric lights. We have Camped near the road, two miles out, rather public, but it seems quiet. It has been rather cool all day. There are large fields of wheat, barley and oats on every side. We have seen apple, pear, cherry and peach trees for the last 100 miles. We bought cherries and new potatoes from a woman on the road.

Wednesday, May 22.—A bright, cool morning. We hear we shall have to have the horses shod, to enable them to get over the rough roads. The mountains are now to be seen, blue in the distance, and lots of them all around. I am afraid we shall find it too cool when we get among them. J. and Edwin left a little after eight, a. m., to get the horses shod, and get provisions. The girls and I, with Jack and the pistols, for protection are keeping Camp. Three rough rowdies, with their dogs, came along and sat down near us, evidently desirous of being troublesome. I got a revolver out, and sat with it in my lap. They kept setting their dog on Jack; we were alarmed lest Jack should break his chain and attack them. I said, "take your dog away, or I will fire," and they coolly told me they would shoot Jack if I did. So I changed my tactics and said, "I'm not one bit afraid of you, but if you had any manliness about you, you would not try to worry any woman as you are doing. So after a while they left. J. came back at two, p. m. We left. The wind was blowing a gale, and (the dust drifting in clouds), threatening to overturn the wagon. After waiting a while in a sheltered place, to see if it would go down, we were obliged to take it off and start under bare poles. The road was hard and good. We Camped in some woods, on the roadside. J. better.

Thursday, May 23.—Half-past six, and a fine cool morning, rather too much so, in fact. We have breakfasted, and are just preparing to start. The girls and I had a great fright last night. They had the dog to the wagon, and did not tell us. About midnight, he began to jump and bark furiously, and nearly upset the vehicle. We thought some one was trying to get in. We drove over two mountains today; the road went zigzag up the side, and was protected by stone walls not very high. The girls and I walked most of the time. After climbing steadily for over an hour, we heard the sound of rushing water, and presently saw it pouring in a torrent down the mountain side. There are mountains all around us, all higher than the one we are climbing. On the summit, we stopped for lunch, though there was no shade. The road widened a bit, and there was room for a mill, with a few logs and boards. The horses are utterly worn out, with their long, hot climb. The road skirted a pre-