

ter—who teaches in German; and if the village is too small for a church, the *Pfarrer* comes over from some larger town to preach at stated times.

We sat on the steps of the mill, talking with some of the villagers, and eating a water-melon, which was passed around from man to man for each to cut off a slice with his pocket-knife. The Mennonite German is a barbarous dialect; it has not been improved by ninety years' sojourn in Russia. But it served as a medium of communication. They told us that their village had been unfortunate; that they had been forced to move

The men expressed some anxiety to know if Sitting Bull were coming to make war in Manitoba. They had heard that he was marching with four thousand braves to attack Emerson. They seemed much relieved to hear that he was many hundred miles to the west of them.

On the other side of the road I saw a clay threshing-floor between some wheat stacks, and an old man driving a team of horses over it to tread out the grain. The method was old-fashioned enough to be quite a novelty. I went over to watch it, and thus chanced to make the acquaintance of the proprietor of the stacks and



A MENNONITE INTERIOR.

twice on account of the wetness of the land. The present situation seemed to be better. They like the country better than Russia. But one of the men, who had not yet taken up his allotment of land, complained greatly that under the new law, made this summer, he could get only eighty acres of homestead. He thought of going to America (*i. e.*, the United States), where he could get one hundred and sixty acres. "But how about the oath of allegiance?" we asked. He shrugged his shoulders and grinned, from which we concluded that he must be a Buttener of the looser stamp.

the horses. He was a pleasant, talkative old man, who had come from Russia within a year, and was just beginning to make a home for himself. This was his first crop, and he thought it would average over twenty bushels to the acre. Three or four barefooted girls, ruddy and strong, were brushing up the grain as the horses trod it out, and winnowing it. The scene was picturesque, and I called Gad over to make a sketch of it. But something in his dark and rolling eye, or some natural timidity, sent the maidens scampering off to hide behind the stacks, from which they made rapid sallies to gather up a little