

England, it must be ten times harder in a country where she cannot call in a charwoman to scrub the kitchen-floor, or get water by turning a tap.

But I want to make it plain that I am speaking of a lady's life on a rancho, without reference to those cases in which a pair of young people enter into matrimony with their bare hands and the labour thereof for sole support. Are there not plenty of people with small incomes, living busy lives and not desiring to live idle ones, yet released from drudgery or pressing anxiety, with health and leisure and capacity for enjoyment? These are the people who ought to be able to find happiness on a rancho in a good country; and if they cannot, they must be either strangely stupid or strangely unfortunate. I must be allowed to take it for granted that the rancho-owner is neither a duffer nor a "tender-foot," for the question of his methods and management does not enter into this article; yet a certain moderate amount of prosperity is necessary to happiness. Granted this, what is there to prevent a lady from enjoying her life on a rancho? In England, on a narrow income there is no such thing as freedom. You cannot go where you please, or live where you please, or have what you please; you cannot join in amusements that are really amusing, because every form of sport is expensive; you cannot accept pleasant invitations, because you cannot return them. And I think there would always be a wrangle with the cook, a railway journey, or a dinner-party lying heavy on your mind. But with the same income in a country like this, you can live on equal terms with your neighbours, and all your surround-

ings will be entirely in your favour; you have only to make the most of them. Shooting, fishing, and hunting, just the things which would bring you to the verge of bankruptcy at home, you can enjoy here practically for nothing. You can have all the horses you want to ride or drive. Your harness may show a certain dinginess for lack of the cleaning which no one has time to bestow on it; and the panels of your "democrat" will not be adorned with your worshipful crest and motto. But then—solacing thought!—neither will anybody else's be. Here all our appointments are the very simplest that will suffice. We are too utilitarian and labour-saving to accumulate more of the extras of life than we can help. It is not because we are all devoted to a high-thinking and low-living ideal; I never found, indeed, that our thoughts soared much higher than other people's, though we live so largely on stewed apples. It is because we lack "minions to do our bidding"—a much more credible reason. This is the country in which to find out exactly how deep one's own personal refinement goes, how many dainty habits and tastes will survive when all the trouble of them has devolved upon oneself. At home they are a form of unconscious self-indulgence; here they involve a principle, and an active one.

It may be thought that I am not describing a life that could possibly prove attractive to a woman. I can imagine some one saying—

"It's all very well for a man, riding and sport and waiting on himself—that kind of thing. But a woman can't live without some sort of social amusement, and maids to harry."