

must have been unwell. Then again I fancied he was trying to track out a race course on the prairie. Once more I thought that this must have been his way of going, for I knew a man once who went west and south at the same time in order to reach the east. But none of these theories worked. Besides it was really no time for theory. For the horse was actually trying to get into the buggy. A closer examination on my part coupled with the common tradition, landed me in the painful discovery that that race horse had what the veterinary called the "Blind Staggers." This was not the first time that this feature of his existence became manifest. Often, in going down hill, the gig and driver preceded and were nicely readjusted by the time that the blind staggers were past, and the horse was again ready for continuous action. But, apart from these eccentricities of horse flesh, my sojourn in this locality recalls to-day many pleasant memories. It was a settlement of Lowland Scotch origin, and I was struck with the outspoken manner that characterized the people. It was about the only time in my experience that the outward act corresponded with the reality; and the result was most beneficial. It was easy there to know your man. There was no beating about the bush, no steering of a *via media*, but a straight forward yes or no, and that "yes" or "No"

corresponded with the thought within. This is really a grand feature of humanity. Dear reader, have you ever yearned for such? Have you not often wished to be alone, away from the shams of life, away were you felt that the outward corresponded with the reality within? You can then appreciate my kind remembrance of those Scottish people. It was a lesson in humanity not to be forgotten. How necessary that our words and acts have something of the real about them! That was not case with the gentleman who came flying into the doctor's office: "Doctor, Doctor, come quickly, my mother-in-law has hanged herself!" "Did you cut her down?" said the physician, "Oh no, I was afraid that she was not quite dead." And this reminds one of the man who came anxiously seeking a rope with which to haul his friend out of the mud. "How far is he in," was the query. "He is in to the ankles," was the reply. "O well then there is no hurry." "Yes, but he is in head first."

There were many features of humanity in this region. These self-made men were there priding themselves on their ability to second a motion in a trustees meeting,² priding themselves too, on the fact that although they had never been to college, yet in the possession of Matthew Henry's Commentary, they had solved the mystery of existence. It often reminded me of the