

mistletoe contained the soul of the priest-king-god of the Arician tree. This is why the first act of the slayer must be to break the golden bough. But Dr. Frazer is now 'less than ever disposed to lay weight on the analogy between the Italian priest and the Norse god.' He allows it to stand because it furnishes him with 'a pretext for discussing not only the general question of the external soul in popular superstition, but also the fire-festivals of Europe.'

Thus *The Golden Bough* deals with almost everything except the golden bough.

As for the idea that Christianity itself belongs to the mythology of vegetation, and that Christ must take his

place with Tammuz and Adonis and Osiris and Dionysus in the common pantheon of dying and reviving gods, it depends upon the most remote and superficial similarities. It is true that the Christian religion came into a world in which life, death, and resurrection were universal facts of nature, and were used to interpret the destiny of man. It is true also that Christianity as it made its way baptized a thousand pleasant superstitions. But to find in the rites of Dionysus and in the mysteries of Isis the faith of the disciples that their Master though dead was still alive, is to hear in the midst of the fight in which the priest of the golden bough is killed the chiming of the bells of Christian churches.

LETTERS OF A WOMAN HOMESTEADER

CALLING ON THE MORMONS

BURNT FORK, WYO., *November, 1913.*

MY DEAR FRIEND, —

I have wanted to write you for a long time, but have been so busy. I have had some visitors and have been on a visit; I think you would like to hear about it all, so I will tell you.

I don't think you would have admired my appearance the morning this adventure began: I was in the midst of fall house-cleaning which included some papering. I am no expert at the very best, and papering a wall has difficulties peculiar to itself. I was up on a barrel trying to get a long, sloppy strip of paper to stick to the ceiling instead of to me when in my visitors trooped, and so surprised me that I stepped off

the barrel and into a candy-bucket of paste. At the same time the paper came off the ceiling and fell over mine and Mrs. Louderer's head. It was right aggravating I can tell you, but my visitors were Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and Mrs. Louderer, and no one could stay discouraged with that pair around.

After we had scraped as much paste as we could off ourselves they explained that they had come to take me somewhere. That sounded good to me but I could not see how I could get off. However, Mrs. Louderer said she had come to keep house and to take care of the children while I should go with Mrs. O'Shaughnessy to Santee. We should have two days' travel by sled

and a few hours on a train, then another journey by sled.

I wanted to go powerfully, but the paste-smearred room seemed to forbid.

As Mrs. Louderer would stay with the children, Mr. Stewart thought the trip would be good for me. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy knew I wanted to visit Bishop Colton, a shining light among the Latter Day Saints, so she promised we should stay over night at his house. That settled it, so in the cold, blue light of the early morning, Mr. Beeler, a new neighbor, had driven my friends over in Mrs. Louderer's big sled, to which was hitched a pair of her great horses and his own team. He is a widower and was going out to the road for supplies, so it seemed a splendid time to make my long-planned visit to the Bishop. Deep snow came earlier this year than usual, and the sledding and weather both promised to be good. It was with many happy anticipations that I snuggled down among the blankets and bearskins that morning.

Mr. Beeler is pleasant company, and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy is so jolly and bright, and I could leave home without a single misgiving with Mrs. Louderer in charge.

The evening sky was blazing crimson and gold, and the mountains behind us were growing purple when we entered the little settlement where the Bishop lives. We drove briskly through the scattered, straggling little village, past the store and the meeting house, and drew up before the dwelling of the Bishop. The houses of the village were for the most part small cabins of two or three rooms, but the Bishop's was more pretentious. It was a frame building and boasted paint and shutters. A tithing office stood near, and back of the house we could see a large granary and long stacks of hay. A bunch of cattle was destroying one stack, and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy re-

marked that the tallow from those cattle should be used when the olive oil gave out at their anointings, because it was the Bishop's cattle eating consecrated hay.

We knocked on the door but got no answer. Mr. Beeler went around to the back but no one answered, so we concluded we would have to try elsewhere for shelter. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy comforted me by remarking, 'Well, there ain't a penny's worth of difference in a Mormon bishop and any other Mormon, and Colton is not the only polygamist by a long shot.'

We had just turned out of the gate when a lanky, towheaded boy about fourteen years of age rode up. We explained our presence there, and the boy explained to us that the Bishop and Aunt Debbie were away. The next best house up the road was his 'maw's,' he said, so as Mr. Beeler expected to stay with a friend of his, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and I determined to see if 'Maw' could accommodate us for the night.

Mr. Beeler offered to help the boy get the cattle out, but he said, 'No, paw said it would n't matter if they got into the hay, but that he had to knock off some poles on another part of the stock-yard so that some horses could get in to eat.'

'But,' I asked, 'is n't that consecrated hay, — is n't it tithing?'

'Yes,' he said, 'but that won't hurt a bit, only that old John Ladd always pays his tithe with foxtail hay and it almost ruins paw's horses' mouths.'

I asked him if his father's stock was supposed to get the hay.

'No, I guess not,' he said, 'but they are always getting in accidental like.'

We left him to fix the fence so the horses could get in 'accidental like,' and drove the short distance to 'the next best house.'

We were met at the door by a plea-

sant-faced little woman who hurried us to the fire. We told her our plight. 'Why certainly you must stay with me,' she said. 'I am glad the Bishop and Deb are away. They keep all the company and I so seldom have any one come; you see Debbie has no children and can do so much better for any one stopping there than I can, but I like company too, and I am glad of a chance to keep you. You two can have Maudie's bed. Maud is my oldest girl and she has gone to Ogden to visit, so we have plenty of room.'

By now it was quite dark. She lighted a lamp and bustled about preparing supper. We sat by the stove and, as Mrs. O'Shaughnessy said, 'noticed.'

Two little boys were getting in wood for the night. They appeared to be about eight years old, they were twins and were the youngest of the family. Two girls, about ten and twelve years old were assisting our hostess; then the boy Orson, whom we met at the gate, and Maud, the daughter who was away, made up the family. They seemed a happy, contented family, if one judged by appearance alone. After supper the children gathered around the table to prepare next day's lessons. They were bright little folks, but they mingled a great deal of talk with their studies and some of what they talked was family history.

'Mamma,' said Kittie, the largest of the little girls, 'if Aunt Deb does buy a new coat and you get her old one, then can I have yours?'

'I don't know,' her mother replied, 'I should have to make it over if you did take it. Maybe we can have a new one.'

'No, we can't have a new one I know, for Aunt Deb said so; but she is going to give me her brown dress and you her gray one; she said so the day I helped her iron. We'll have those to make over.'

For the first time I noticed the discontented lines on our hostess's face, and it suddenly occurred to me that we were in the house of the Bishop's second wife. Before I knew I was coming on this journey I thought of a dozen questions I wanted to ask the Bishop but I could never ask that careworn little woman anything concerning their peculiar belief. However, I was spared the trouble, for soon the children retired and the conversation drifted around to Mormonism and polygamy, and our hostess seemed to want to talk, so I just listened, for Mrs. O'Shaughnessy rather likes to 'argufy'; but she had no argument that night, only her questions started our hostess's story.

She had been married to the Bishop not long before the manifesto, and he had been married several years then to Debbie. But Debbie had no children, and all the money the Bishop had to start with had been his first wife's, so when it became necessary for him to discard a wife it was a pretty hard question for him because a little child was coming to the second wife and he had nothing to provide for her with except what his first wife's money paid for. The first wife said she would consent to him starting the second, if she filed on land and paid her back a small sum every year until it was all paid back. So he took the poor 'second' after formally renouncing her, and helped her to file on the land she now lives on. He built her a small cabin, and so she started her career as a 'second.' I suppose the 'first' thought she would be rid of the 'second,' who had never really been welcome, although the Bishop could never have married a 'second' without her consent.

'I would *never* consent,' said Mrs. O'Shaughnessy.

'Oh, yes, you would if you had been raised a Mormon,' said our hostess. 'You see, we were all of us children

of polygamous parents. We have been used to plural marriages all our lives. We believe that such experience fits us for our after-life, as we are only preparing for life beyond while here.'

'Do you expect to go to heaven, and do you think the man who married you and then discarded you will go to heaven too?' asked Mrs. O'Shaughnessy.

'Of course I do,' she replied.

'Then,' said Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, 'I am afraid if it had been myself I'd have been after raising a little hell here intirely.'

Our hostess was not offended, and there followed a long recital of earlier day hard times that you would scarcely believe any one could live through. It seems the first wife in such families is boss, and while they do not live in the same homes, still she can very materially affect the other's comfort.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy asked her if she had married again.

She said no.

'Then,' said Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, 'whose children are these?'

'My own,' she replied.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy was relentless. 'Who is their father?' she asked.

I was right sorry for the poor little woman as she stammered, 'I — I don't know.'

Then she went on, 'Of course I do know, and I don't believe you are spying to try to stir up trouble for my husband. Bishop Colton is their father as he is still my husband, although he had to cast me off to save himself and me. I love him and I see no wrong in him. All the Gentiles have against him is he is a little too smart for them. 'T was their foolish law that made him wrong the children and me, and *not* his wishes.'

'But,' Mrs. O'Shaughnessy said, 'it places your children in such a plight: they can't inherit, they can't even claim his name, they have no status legally.'

'Oh, but the Bishop will see to that,' the little woman answered.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy asked her if she had still to work as hard as she used to.

'No, I don't believe I do,' she said, 'for since Mr. Colton has been bishop, things come easier. He built this house with his own money, so Deb has nothing to do with it.'

I asked her if she thought she was as happy as 'second' as she would be if she was the *only* wife.

'Oh, I don't know,' she said, 'perhaps not. Deb and me don't always agree. She is jealous of the children and because I am younger, and I get to feeling bad when I think she is perfectly safe as a wife and has no cares. She has everything she wants, and I have to take what I can get, and my children have to wait upon her. But it will all come right somewhere, some time,' she ended cheerfully as she wiped her eyes with her apron.

I felt so sorry for her and so ashamed to have seen into her sorrow that I was really glad next morning when I heard Mr. Beeler's cheerful voice calling, 'All aboard!'

We had just finished breakfast, and few would ever guess that Mrs. Colton knew a trial; she was so cheerful and so cordial as she bade us good-bye and urged us to stop with her every time we passed through.

About noon that day we reached the railroad. The snow had delayed the train further north, so for once we were glad to have to wait for a train, as it gave us time to get a bite to eat and to wash up a bit. It was not long, however, till we were comfortably seated in the train. I think a train ride might not be so enjoyable to most, but to us it was a delight; I even enjoyed looking at the Negro porter, though I suspect he expected to be called Mister. I found very soon after coming West

hat I must not say Uncle or Auntie as used to at home.

It was not long until they called the name of the town at which we wanted to stop. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy had a few acquaintances there, but we went to a hotel. We were both tired, so as soon as we had supper we retired. The house we stopped at was warmer and more comfortable than the average hotel in the West, but the partitions were very thin; so when a couple of punchers, otherwise cowboys, took the room next to ours, we could hear every word they said.

It appears that one was English and the other a tenderfoot. The tenderfoot was in love with a girl who had filed on a homestead near the ranch on which he was employed, but who was then a waitress in the hotel we were at. She had not seemed kind to the tenderfoot and he was telling his friend about it. The Englishman was trying to instruct him as to how to proceed.

'You need to be *very* circumspect, Johnny, where females are concerned, but you must n't be too dang'd timid either.'

'I don't know what the devil to say to her; I can barely nod my head when she asks me will I take tea or coffee; and to-night she mixed it because I nodded yes when she said, "Tea or coffee," and it was the dangdest mess I ever tried to get outside of.'

'Well,' the friend counseled, 'you just get her into a corner some'eres and say to 'er, Dearest 'Attie, I hoffer you my 'and and my 'eart.'

'But I *can't*,' wailed Johnny. 'I could never get her into a corner any way.'

'If you can't you're not hold enough to marry. What the 'ell would you do with a woman in the 'ouse if you could n't corner 'er? I tell 'e women 'ave to 'ave a master, and no man better tackle that job until 'e can be sure

'e can make 'er walk the chalk line.'

'But I don't want her to walk any line, I just want her to speak to me.'

'Dang me if I don't believe you are locoed. Why, she's got 'e throwed hand 'og-tied now. What d'e want to make it any worse for?'

They talked for a long time and the Englishman continued to have trouble with his *h's*; but at last Johnny was encouraged to 'corner 'er' next morning before they left for their ranch.

We expected to be astir early anyway, and our curiosity impelled us to see the outcome of the friend's counsel, so we were almost the first in the dining-room next morning. A rather pretty girl was busy arranging the tables, and soon a boyish-looking fellow, wearing great bat-wing chaps, came in and stood warming himself at the stove.

I knew at once it was Johnny, and I saw 'Attie' blush. The very indifference with which she treated him argued well for his cause, but of course he did n't know that. So when she passed by him and her skirt caught on his big spurs they both stooped at once to unfasten it; their heads hit together with such a bump that the ice was broken although he seemed to think it was her skull. I am sure there ought to be a thaw after all his apologies. After breakfast Mrs. O'Shaughnessy went out to see her friend, Cormac O'Toole. He was the only person in town we could hope to get a team from with which to continue our journey. This is a hard country on horses at best, and at this time of the year particularly so; few will let their teams go out at any price, but Mrs. O'Shaughnessy had hopes, and she is so persuasive that I felt no one could resist her. There was a drummer at breakfast who kept 'cussing' the country. He had tried to get a conveyance and had failed, so the cold, the snow, the people, and everything else disgusted him.

Soon Mrs. O'Shaughnessy returned, and as the drummer was trying to get to Santee, and that was our destination also, she made her way toward him intending to invite him to ride with us. She wore over her best clothes an old coat that had once belonged to some one of her men friends. It had once been bearskin but was now more *bare* skin, so her appearance was against her; she looked like something with the mange. So Mr. Drummer did not wait to hear what she was going to say but at once exclaimed, 'No, madam, I cannot let you ride out with me. I can't get a rig myself in this beastly place.' Then he turned to a man standing near and remarked, 'These Western women are so bold, they don't hesitate to *demand* favors.'

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's eyes fairly snapped, but she said nothing. I think she took a malicious delight in witnessing the drummer's chagrin when a few moments later our comfortable sleigh and good strong team appeared.

We were going to drive ourselves, but we had to drive to the depot for our suit-cases; but when we got there the ticket-office was not open, as the agent was probably having his beauty sleep. There was a fire in the big stove and we joined the bunch of men in the depot. Among them we noticed a thin consumptive-looking fellow, evidently a stranger.

Very soon some men began talking of some transaction in which a Bishop Bunker was concerned. It seemed they did n't admire the Bishop very much; they kept talking of his peculiarities and transgressions, and mentioned his treatment of his wives. His 'second,' they said, was blind because of cataracts, and although abundantly able he left her in darkness. She had never seen her two last children. Some one spoke up and said, 'I thought polygamy was no longer practiced.' Then

the man explained that they no longer contracted plural marriages, but that many kept *all* their wives and Bunker still had both of his. He went on to say that although such practice is contra to law, that it was almost impossible to make a case against them, for the women would not swear against their husbands. Bunker had been arrested once but his second swore that she did not know who her children's father was and it cost the sheriff his office the next election. The stranger I have mentioned listened closely and we could see he was deeply interested.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy spoke to a acquaintance of hers and mentioned where we were going. In a short while we got our suit-cases and we were off but as we drove past the freight depot the stranger we had noticed came down the steps and asked us to let him ride out with us. I really felt afraid of him but Mrs. O'Shaughnessy thinks herself a match for any mere man, so she drew up and the man climbed in. He took the lines and we snuggled down under the robes and listened to the runners' shrill screeching over the frozen surface.

We had dinner with a new settler, and about two o'clock that afternoon we overtook a fellow who was plodding along the road. His name was Bunker, he said, and he pointed out to us his broad fields and herds. He had been overseeing some feeders he had, and his horse had escaped, so he was walking home as it was only a couple of miles. He talked a great deal in that two-mile trip; too much for his own good, it developed.

For the first time since Bunker climbed into our sleigh, the stranger spoke. 'Can you tell me where Mrs. Maria Bunker lives?' he asked.

'Why, yes,' our passenger replied. 'She is a member of our little flock. She is slightly related to me, as you perhaps

noticed the name, and I will show you o her house.'

'Just how is she related to you?' the stranger asked.

'That,' the man replied, 'is a matter of protection. I have *given* her the protection of my name.'

'Then she is your wife, is she not?' he stranger asked.

'You must be a stranger in this country,' the man evaded. 'What is your name?'

But the stranger did n't seem to fear, and just then we came opposite the residence of the Bishop, and the man we had picked up in the road said, 'That is my home, won't you get out and warm? My wife will be glad to get acquainted with you ladies.'

We declined as it was only a short distance to the house of the man Mrs. O'Shaughnessy had come to see, so he stayed in the sleigh to show the stranger to the house of Mrs. Maria Bunker. I can't say much for it as a house, and I was glad I did n't have to go in. The stranger and Bunker got out and entered the house, and we drove away. Next morning as we returned through the little village, it was all excitement. Bishop Bunker had been shot the night before, just as he had left the house of Mrs. Maria Bunker, for what reason or by whom no one knew; and if the Bishop knew he had not told, for he either would not or could not talk.

They were going to start with him that day to the hospital, but they had no hopes of him living.

When we came to Mrs. Maria's house, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy got out of the sleigh and went into the house. I could hear her soothing voice, and I was mighty glad the poor forlorn woman had such a comforter. After a while Mrs. O'Shaughnessy came out and the woman followed. As soon as I saw her face I knew *who* the stranger was, although I don't know his name. A few

miles from the town where we left the angry drummer we met Johnny.

One of our horses had snow-balled up on his foot, so Mrs. O'Shaughnessy asked Johnny to knock it off for her. He was not so tongue-tied with us; he told us the north-bound train was snow-bound for a few hours as the wind the night before had drifted the snow across the track; he said he had started home to the ranch that night but a few miles out had met a stranger staggering along almost frozen. He had taken the stranger behind him on his horse and had started back to town, but when they had come in sight of the snow-bound train he had deserted him and joined the crowd around the train and he, Johnny, had gone back to town and was just now getting toward home again.

'And did you tell any one about your quare adventure?' asked Mrs. O'Shaughnessy.

'No,' he said, 'there was n't any one up at the hotel and this morning I slept so late I saw no one but Hattie and — and we talked *all* the time about homesteading.'

'Well,' she said, 'don't say anything about it to *any* one and I'll bake your wedding cake when Hattie says yes, and I'll see to it that your cabin is not bare besides.'

Johnny blushed and promised, so we resumed our journey. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy drove and was unusually silent. Just once she spoke.

'I'd kill a man, too, if he wronged *my* sister and her children that way.'

I was so *very* glad to get home. How good it all looked to me! 'Poop o' Roome'¹ has a calf, and as we drove up to the corral Clyde was trying to get it into the stall with the rest. It is

¹ Mr. Stewart being a Presbyterian and his wife a Catholic, their cattle are named in accordance with their individual prejudices. — THE EDITORS.

'Poop's' first calf and she is very proud of it, and objected to its being put away from her, so she bunted at Clyde and as he dodged her the calf ran between his feet and he sat down suddenly in the snow. I laughed at him, but I am powerfully glad he is no follower of old Joseph Smith.

Mrs. Louderer was enjoying herself immensely, she loves children so much. She and Clyde hired the 'Tackler,' so called because he will tackle *any* kind of a job whether he knows anything about it or not, to paper the room. He thinks he is a great judge of the fitness of things and of beauty. The paper has a stripe of roses, so Tackler reversed every other strip so that some of my roses are standing on their heads. Roses don't all grow one way, he claims, and so his method 'makes 'em look more nachul like.'

A little thing like wall-paper put on upside down don't bother me; but what *would* I do if I were a 'second'?

Your loving friend,
ELINORE RUPERT STEWART.

[The present series of completely ingenuous letters should close with a brief note written quite recently, after the writer knew that the *Atlantic* was printing her letters. Mrs. Stewart had been gravely ill owing to the conditions of her life and the absence of medical attention.]

BURNT FORK, WYO., *January 23.*

To the Editor of the Atlantic:

DEAR MR. EDITOR, — I sent you a letter the other day, and when the man came back he brought me yours dated January 10 which I was powerfully glad to get. I am just up from a long and serious illness. That is why you have not heard from me, and as I could not send you the letters in time

for continuation I thought you would not care for any more and I was mighty blue. I felt so unworthy and so negligent to have let *such* an opportunity slip by even though I had been bedfast. But I don't feel so badly now

Indeed you are right about my getting letters and cards from many people on account of my *Atlantic* articles. It makes me wish I *could* deserve all the good things they say. One dear old lady eighty-four years old wrote me that she had always wanted to live the life I am living, but could not, and that the Letters satisfied her every wish. She said she had only to shut her eyes to see it all, to smell the pines and the sage, and she said many more nice things that I wish were true of me. Then I had a letter from a little crippled boy whose mother also wrote, both saying how the Letters had cheered them and eased the pain of the poor young, flickering life. The mother said she wanted to thank one who had brought so much of the clean, bright outdoors into her helpless little son's life. I wrote her it was you who ought to be thanked and not I. It wrings my heart to think of so many so hungry for what there is *such* an abundance of. There is so much to love in people that I can never think how there can be anything else but love between all the world. Jerrine tells me she has already written you. I am sorry I knew nothing of it. I was ill for so long that I suppose she got tired of waiting. She writes and spells so poorly that I should not have let her take up your time had I known.

Some women and myself went on an elk-hunt not long since, and I shall shortly send you an account of it.

Hoping I may not disappoint you, I am,

Sincerely your friend
ELINORE RUPERT STEWART.

(The End of the Series.)

ADVENTURES IN AMERICAN DIPLOMACY

I. THE AFFAIR OF X, Y, AND Z

BY FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

I

On the afternoon of October 8, 1797, three Americans sat in the office of the Minister for Foreign Affairs at Paris awaiting their reception as Envoys Extraordinary to the Republic of France. The official anteroom into which they had been ushered was a comfortable apartment, but they were obviously ill pleased with their surroundings, and there was ample justification for the silent dissatisfaction they displayed. Once before, earlier in the day, they had attended by special appointment to present their credentials, only to be told that their official host had been unfortunately called away and could not receive them until three o'clock. But now at the appointed hour they were informed that the citizen official was engaged with the Portuguese Minister, and though the request to enter the waiting room was couched in the most courtly phrases, it was in no very amiable spirit that the envoys accepted the invitation.

Minute after minute passed and the secretaries and clerks who drifted in and out of the official sanctum exchanged amused glances as they noted the rustic garb of the strangers and observed their air of stiff and solemn resentment. This was not the first embassy that had been forced to cool its heels at the door of the Foreign Minister, for that dignitary was Citizen

Talleyrand, late Bishop of Autun, but now, by grace of the Directory, the dominant factor in international affairs. In the ashes of the Revolution France had tempered a sword of war that had enabled her to dictate terms to almost half the world, and her representative did not underestimate his power.

It was therefore somewhat droll to see these American *parvenus* in the diplomatic world waxing impatient at their delayed reception. Poor fledglings! They did not appear to be overburdened with feathers, but had they many or few, an hour with the former Bishop of Autun would leave them without a single plume. And the cream of the joke was that every one knew this except the victims who chafed, *ma foi*, because their plucking was postponed! It was droll; it was certainly very droll.

Meanwhile, the unconscious subjects of these diverting reflections were growing less and less pleased with their situation. To all of them it was embarrassing, but to one of them it was exasperating in the extreme, for he had already experienced a grave humiliation at the hands of the French Government and every second of waiting now increased the injury to his pride. This was Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, who had been sent to succeed Monroe as Minister to France, but had departed from Paris with more speed than ceremony, on being informed that