

been previously conducted by a Mr. McKellan, a Baptist, and a Mr. Williamson of the Wesleyan persuasion—both young men. It appeared that the attendants at these meetings had occasionally been disappointed by the non-appearance of the two young preachers. The week previous to our visit an occurrence of this kind had transpired. A few minutes before the meeting commenced, Mr. Blair began to be doubtful as to there being anyone to lead in the meeting, when Mr. Francis, turning round to Elder Lee and myself, said, "These gentlemen can conduct it." "Yes," I replied, "we are used to it, having held cottage meetings in Patricroft."

Neither of the two young divines referred to making an appearance, we commenced the meeting by selecting a hymn from the Sankey hymn book. Elder Lee and myself then occupied the time in explaining the principles of the Gospel as taught by the Savior and His Apostles, and bearing testimony to the truth of the same, after which we concluded the services with another Sankey hymn—"In the sweet by and by." There were thirteen present. We thanked the audience for the courtesy extended us in listening so attentively to our remarks, and volunteered to be present next week if they desired our services. Mr. Blair, in behalf of the company, made expressions of appreciation for the part we had taken; and it was decided that we meet with them the Tuesday following.

December 18th was the date for the next meeting. It was a dark, rough, wet night, but I never like to fail in an appointment. Elder Lee having another engagement, I was there alone. The inclement state of the weather decreased our numbers. Neither of the two divines was present. The Spirit of the Lord was with us; I felt its benign influence in rich abundance. Again I explained the first principles of the Gospel, and again did the audience listen attentively to the remarks made. Some little time was then spent pleasantly in conversing about matters pertaining to the plan of salvation. On account of the long journey I had to perform at such a late hour, the charitable Mrs. Grover and Mrs. Blair arranged to have a nice supper prepared for me, which was very acceptable.

There were several meetings held during the winter at Mr. Blair's. In the beginning of this year—January—Mr. McKellan, the young Baptist, having a desire to resume their cottage meetings, made application to the Blair family for the use of their house; but permission to do so was refused him. They told him, however, that he could have the privilege of attending our meetings if he choose, but he never availed himself of the opportunity. He also asked the Francis family to open their house, but they declined. Mr. and Mrs. Blair became very much interested in our Church works. They read the Book of Mormon, Voice of Warning and Orson Pratt's Works, also other Church literature; in fact they read until their eyes ached. They absented themselves from attending sectarian meetings, where they had been regular attendants, stating it was hypocrisy to do so after becoming acquainted with our doctrines, and soon they became thoroughly convinced of the truth of Mormonism. I often visited them and instructed them in the first principles,

and just previous to my departure for home they said they would be baptized as soon as the weather became warmer.

It is gratifying to the missionaries to learn that some of the seed sown has taken root. It was very pleasing to me to learn that Mr. Blair and wife had united themselves with the Saints. Mr. Blair is in very poor health at present, and word comes by letter that he is anxious for the prayers and faith of the Saints. We fully realize that Paul may plant, Appollos water, but it is God that giveth the increase.

Yours in the Gospel,
ROBERT AVESON.

THE MEW EPOCH OF THE LEGS.

Sisters, the pallor in the East tells us that the herald—daily edition—of the dawn is speeding up the slopes of the Orient; a little while and the rosy fingered hours will paint the day red. Emancipation is on its way by Adam and Eve's express. Yea, it is even now here, with both feet.

How do I know this? How does the cautious prophet become dead certain of anything? By keeping his eyes open, taking both papers, and waiting patiently until the event has prophesied itself. That's how.

A day or two since I was frying to bring order out of the eternal chaos



LEGS? THEY ARE WHAT THE CAUSE OF EMANCIPATED WOMEN STANDS UPON.

which ever rules in the jungle which I call my den, debating within myself whether to go on with the regular order or go out and set fire to the house, the shorter and sometimes more profitable, and certainly under any circumstances, least expensive method of cleaning house. A hasty but hurried investigation revealed the depressing fact that my fire insurance had lapsed some twain years erst. I sighed and went on with the task of restoring a semblance of order inside. The women folk sighed twice to my once, so I was also outsighed. Signed copies of this will be sent on application. A ten cent stamp must accompany each request, not necessarily for publication, but to make a little noise with. Where there is absolutely no sense, there should be some sound.

Well, emptying a box containing much antique literature, a large assortment of fleet-footed spiders, with sinister countenance, and the cliff dwellings of a

colony of irascible mud wasps, there tumbled out an old bound volume of Godey's Lady's Book. Dear old Dodey. There was the old familiar colored fashion plate folded at the beginning of each number. A lady with a head the size of a hazel nut, and a cloud compelling bonnet as large as a clothing hamper, with a whole conservatory of fabulous and highly colored flowers, all in full bloom, swarming over and under and around it. The lady had a mouth not quite so wide as her nose. A long and gracefully curved neck trailed its sinuous length from her head until it gradually tapered into a pair of shoulders which sloped downward until they lost themselves in what was left of the body after the neck and shoulders had been formed. From a waist not so large in circumference as the thinnest part of the neck, swelled a vast, wide circling skirt. Legs, or semblance or suggestion of legs the lady had none. Barely visible at the front of the skirt a wee, tiny point like the vertex of a triangle peeped timidly out into sight and faintly suggested that the rest of a foot was concealed somewhere behind it. There is never any suggestion of more than one foot. I looked at the picture, and naturally thought of Sir John Suckling's "Ballad Upon a Wedding."—

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like lit le mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light.

Although I want you distinctly to understand that nothing so coarse or vulgar as a petticoat went with that sort of a fashion plate. No, sir-ee, ma'am. We didn't wear such things in those modest days. Not a mother's son of us.

Well, lifting mine eyes from that fashion plate of long ago, and looking out of my window upon "Anno Domini 1895" wheeling, and galloping, and striding, and driving, and tally-hoing past, the prophetic vision came upon me. I heard the deep, round chest tone of Woman—none of your weak, piping, masculine falsetto—calling out of Today into the depths of Tomorrow, that Woman is free—free—fer-ee! Emancipated all the way. Ay, from the ground up. That is where she has begun. At the ground. With her Understanding. It is the Epoch of Legs.



SHE CAN WRIGGLE THROUGH THE MAZES OF THE SERPENTINE.

The ballet girl may put on her longest dress with the most sweeping train. She is no good. She is in evidence—and very expensively—an hour or two every evening in the season, maybe.