

plied on one side or the other, as occasion required.

Three hours of laborious jolting over rocks and gullies, and the summit of the Balkans was reached. The rain had nearly stopped, our driver and horses had rejoined us, the oxen and their owner were dismissed, and we began our descent. For a time the roads were hardy and fine, comparatively; the horses had rested, the driver anxious to get into quarters for the night, so we sped along at a good pace, our jangling bells—

"Keeping time, time, time,  
With a sort of Runic rhyme—"

That reminded us of a New England sleigh ride. Soon the forest began to clothe the mountain sides, while white cascades, foaming and tumbling among the trees, and the white branches of blossoming hawthorns gleamed ghastly among the dark masses of foliage. After a little we came to a sawmill, whose bridge had been carried away by the floods, and here we were forced to dismount, and pick our uncertain way over stones and loose planks, while the horses and carriage were taken below, where a ford made it possible to get them across with great difficulty.

From here on, our route was varied by landslides, fords, and most precarious bridges, until at 10:30, more dead than alive, we dragged into the little town of Poclovitz, our destination for the night. Accommodations here were not at all sumptuous. The khan with its floor of earth, was surrounded by a courtyard where already four or five Arab ass and ox teams were quartered for the night, the drivers meanwhile congregating in the barroom, which constituted the first floor of the khan. An outside stairway led to the sleeping room above, to which I was unceremoniously ushered by a sheepskin clothed young man. The doorway was very low and the room small and dirty. Its furnishings were simple in the extreme—two beds with dirty Yorghon covers, and a wooden stand holding a beer bottle, a candle and a coarse comb set artistically in a clothes brush. There was no lock on the door, and no means of washing my mud-be-grimed features.

When my soaked belongings were brought in, I tried by signs to make the young man understand that I wished to wash my face, and was evidently understood in a measure, for he vanished, and returning, brought a bottle of water, but neither basin nor towel. He seemed pained that his overtures at conversations failed of response on my part, and again departed, to bring back with him the village oracle—a young apothecary in European dress, and a red, red rose in his hand. This kindly creature knew no English, but achieved a few words of French, whereby he gleaned the fact that I was an American, and en route for the Danube, two facts of which the history of the town afforded no precedent.

When at last our interview was concluded, I threw myself on the dirty bed, still in my traveling wraps, ready for any emergency. I had hardly closed my eyes when the door opened, and I saw the figure of a man in the naive dress standing there. Upon inquiring what he wanted he made answer, though to what effect I never knew, and withdrew to seat himself outside my window and there smoke his lonely pipe. Again I dropped into a sleep of sheer exhaustion until aroused again at 3 o'clock by

the familiar jangling of our bells. I sprang to the door to find our driver already preparing for the start, while from the interior of the other voitures and Arabas, other drivers were struggling forth, adjusting their sashes, which seemed the only part of their toilettes worth mentioning.

Between the horses and wagons ran divers ducks, pigs and geese, while several village women, in dirty embroidered white petticoats, and head garnishings to correspond, stood waiting to see the start. I stood on the platform outside of my room, using my bottle of water to the best advantage possible for my abluion, swallowed a few mouthfuls of my luncheon, and descending clambered again into my coach—still unpleasantly moist from the day before—and again we were upon the road, where already groups of peasant women with broad-bladed hoes over their shoulders, were on their way to the fields outside the town. The sun was doing its best to shine, though in the face of evident discouragement in the shape of frequent showers. Soon we met a long line of buffalo teams drawing wicker wagons of freight covered with canvas, each wagon with its swinging ox-horn of black grease fastened to the side.

Along the roadside alders bloomed and in the trees were great nests where storks had set up their habitations, and from here on the costumes of the people began to change. The white petticoats of the women grew shorter, and in place of the dark-blue upper gown was a double shirted gay plaid back, with a long narrow plaid apron in front while the men's white coats grew longer and their sashes broader. Bare legs were the order of the day, for the whole country was one sea of mud.

At Ferdinand, where we stopped for luncheon and to rest the horses, one after another of the inhabitants was brought in to see "the American woman who couldn't talk Bulgar," and I grew to realize the feelings that must possess the breast of Circassian or bearded women of side shows, who are placarded to the gaping public as the "greatest living curiosity." One woman came and touched my gloves with a dirty forefinger, evidently under the impression that my epidermis was variegated, and then announced her impressions to the gaping crowd. As we passed through the town, in nearly every open doorway stood women with spindle and distaff, while even the women riding along in the buffalo carts spun the black wool as they rode, for the Bulgar woman is industry personified.

Along the roadsides, wherever a well sweep announced the village well, were women with curious chopping-tray like tubs, wherein they soured and beat their garments with no economy of strength or labor, while along the rivers they spread their wash on the flat stones and beat resoundingly with flat paddles. Just why the people should all wear white garments in a country where mud is so palpably the order of the day is a question that must confront every house-keeper for miles and miles no man was seen without the white trousers, and the overgarment that grew with the journey from a short Norfolk jacket effect to a nightshirt reaching to the ankles.

And so we rode all day, fording rivers so high as to come over into the carriage, ploughing through mud above the hubs of the wheels, passing miles of grain,

its hearded heads just visible over the standing water; past villages where the thatched roofs peered out like islands, until at nightfall we arrived at Lomb, on the Danube, where we were to take boat to continue our journey to Belgrade. Here, too, was the story of the flood, writ in water, to be sure, but only too evident. One whole quarter of the town had been flooded, and the desolated houses and muddy gullies gave promise of an epidemic to follow later. And this is the story all along the Danube. Town after town has shared in this disaster, the sum of whose fatalities has not yet been written, and can scarcely be computed. And still it rains, and the people of the Balkans wait for the "bow in the cloud."

EMMA PADDOCK TELFORD.

### PREACHING IN THE SOUTH.

The following communication was recently received from Elder J. G. Kimball for publication in the News,

Having received letters written by several Elders laboring in the Southern States Mission, from Elder Elias S. Kimball, who is presiding over said mission, it is desired that portions of said letters be made public, the object being to show Latter-day Saints that the faith enjoyed by the ancient Saints and by Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints still exists, and what can be accomplished by fasting and prayer; second, that friends can be made for Elders who travel without purse or scrip; third, that the words of the Prophet Wilford Woodruff are fulfilled, viz. that the bitterness and hatred is being taken out of the hearts of the children of men; fourth, that young men are teaching the Latter-day Saints the value of following the counsel and being obedient to those placed over them to preside.

In the spring of 1894, Elder Elias S. Kimball succeeded me as president of the Southern States mission. I accompanied Elder Kimball to Chattanooga to give him all information connected with the mission. On reaching Chattanooga received a telegram that Elders Beecher and Campbell had been arrested, while endeavoring to preach the Gospel in the city of Birmingham, Alabama, and placed in jail. It seems the city had passed an ordinance that punished people for asking for food and shelter. All arrangements were made for Elder Elias Kimball to go at once to Birmingham, secure a good attorney and test the matter.

No sooner had these arrangements been made, than word came to us that the Elders had secured money sufficient to pay their fines, and were released. I desire to now show how the people and city ordinances have changed through the softening influence of the Holy Ghost, as well as the mighty faith exhibited by the young Elders.

Elder Albert Matheson, president of the North Alabama conference, writes to Elder Kimball from Birmingham, as follows:

Elders Haight, Wride and myself are here. We tried without success to secure a hall or a public place in which to hold meetings. However, we are thankful that the streets are at our disposal. Good use is being made of the streets, for we hold two and three meetings every day. A great many gather around us at our meetings and pay strict atten-