

be the "Arkansaw Traveler," and her brother's easy steps are sadly out of time with vivid, restless six-year-old's?

The interval between the two cottillions is filled to the brim with happiness, for does not Johnny treat her as if a duchess in years and dignity, and does he not fit his talk, graceful as that talk is, to six-year's understanding? And, a rare treat in pioneer days, does he not fill her hands with raisins plump and rich?

Ah, me, all things must end. And six-year's step is more demure, her face is quiet now as she walks by his side to her seat, for unto her the gates are closing; and all left to her will be to once more stand without and gaze between the bars upon the inner glories.

No, not all; for her little heart is charged and surcharged with memory and gratitude.

The midnight hour drives sleepy six year's up to bed. Upstairs there are beds in every corner, beds on cots, and beds on floors. Babies on benches, chairs, and windows. Six year-old falls wearily down on the bed her mamma spreads for her, and sounds and dreams are all mixed up until utter weariness shuts out everything but deep repose.

Oh, I could paint such scenes for hours, for they are drawn upon the fadeless, faithful memory with all the tints of childish woe and childish glee. Yet, are they not much like your own, my reader?

So I say, we were reared much as other fortunate, happy children are.

I have seen polygamous and monogamous families. Have traveled, and in my three years' sojourn across the sea I have known some monogamous families of the world.

And are polygamous wives ever happy? Let me first ask you a question before replying. Are monogamous wives ever happy? Generally, you answer, and then as memory jogs your arm, you change it to sometimes. Just so, I answer your question, generally, sometimes. If a wife is a good wife, kind, affectionate, and a woman who understands and respects her womanhood, making her husband do likewise, she will be the same in monogamy or in polygamy.

It is no use saying that this order makes bad women worse and good women bad, for I know that it does not. Good women become nobler and weak women, who still have the strength to struggle up, become better and stronger every way.

Polygamy doesn't make a silken purse out of a pig's ear, nor does monogamy so far as I have seen. There are woes in polygamous marriages, so there are in monogamous. We have no letters patent on misery out here in Utah. I don't know of any one who gets up and inveighs against matrimony because many people are unhappy in it. Life at its best is full of care and anxiety. And yet it is just what we make it.

I think I am justified in saying that I am and have been intimately acquainted with the families of most of our leading men, our First Presidency and Apostles. Likewise my experience has led me up and down

among the masses of the people of Utah; the people, I say, for we have no higher and lower classes among us, for we are or try to be "as the heart of one;" and I have seen and known more genuine old-fashioned comfort and content among the wives of one man than where there is one man and his one wife.

A selfish, meanly selfish man cannot live in this peculiar relation. He may sometimes act selfishly—men are men, you know, all the world over—but if he be a thoroughly selfish man he cannot live in it. Either he will drive away his good wife or wives, keeping the poorest one, or they will all leave him one by one until he is left alone. This I have seen.

In all my childish days I never heard a family quarrel; that is, a quarrel between my father and one of his wives, or between the wives themselves. There might have been differences and misunderstandings—doubtless were; but they were wise enough to keep them from childish ears. Seldom, indeed, was there a word between the children. To be sure, the boys would jump from dark corners, try to scare us with pumpkin faces, ask for a bite of our precious piece of pie, causing, with that bite, all of the pie but the outer shell of crust to disappear; and one was even mean enough to spoil his bread and butter lest some one would coax him for it; all this and much more like it, but nothing really low nor degraded. Our honored father and mothers were too anxious to rear us aright to allow a spirit of discord to be engendered.

When we grew older we had beaux and parties. Only, that at 10 o'clock every gate was locked, and whoever came in after that hour was severely scrutinized, and afterwards reported by the watchman who kept the gate.

And whom did we marry? Most of us girls are wedded to single men. A few to married men. All of those who married into polygamy have clung to their husbands through all this recent persecution. But I cannot say the same of the others. Drunkenness and debauchery make more aching hearts, fill more cups to the brim with genuine woe and misery than ever can this bugbear polygamy. I, who know, say this.

We were trained in the strictest school of sobriety and honesty. Our boys were taught that as men who were to become husbands and fathers, it would be far worse for them to commit crimes or vile sins than it could be for women, so that girls here know when they marry their companions are as pure as they.

We are an affectionate, rather clanish community. Our peculiar differences from the world help to make us so. We speak of these things with quiet, patient words, for we are so used to calumny and misrepresentation. So when some one who has ventured out returns saying the world calls all our cherries sour and bitter, we smile and go on picking the sweet fruit, knowing that Time will some day tell the tale in all its truth, history will deal more justly with us.

Such examples of heroism and loyalty as these last years of judicial persecution have shown among our women! I could tell you tales of love and joy, or love and woe. The romance of life is ever bright in Utah. For the sorrows of our people are the sorrows of innocence or ignorance perhaps, but never of vice or crime. Like cleaves to like, light to light. And when one of us allows himself to sink into that which is wicked or filthy, he soon drops from the tree as unripe or rotten fruit, and this it is which foxes gather up and hold out to you as samples of all the tree contains.

Talk about polygamy making a god of man! A man can never bear so much about his weaknesses and faults as when he has two or three plain-spoken wives holding up the mirror of nature continually before his eyes.

As one lady friend laughingly remarked to me the other day:

"Why, you know I always insist that the man has the hardest time in polygamy, for the woman has only one, her husband, to please, while he, poor soul, has two, three, or even four to please and satisfy, all of them critical, exacting, and censorious. A man must be a good man indeed to make all these women happy."

I know the reason the world calls us hard names. It is because they do not, cannot understand the force which holds together men and women in such peculiar relations. The world has become wise, witty, selfish, and sordid. It is every man for himself—you may add the rest of the old saw; it is about true. Every one seems in a hurry to get money or spend it. To find a set of people who care only for money in that it assists them in their effort to reach a higher plane than that of self-aggrandisement—why, the world cannot understand such an anomaly—in this enlightened century!

One or more individuals might be forgiven for having such quixotic notions—but a whole community—"my friends, the foxes are right. We will at once go up, and with a sharp pruning hook cut down all their trees."

Do you know the only keyword we can have to turn the ponderous door of selfishness and greed that shuts the way to every untrained human heart? It is the keyword self-sacrifice. This principle does not make women vile, ignorant, or dupes. It does not make men selfish, tyrannical, or lordly. It makes men humble, obliges them to go to God for wisdom to lead his family into the haven of peace and righteousness, and it makes women forget themselves and their selfish want in the desire to help others to be happy and contented. It is a grand school, developing all that is good and true in both men and women. If you don't believe it just try it for yourself.

It is the very secret of the emancipation of women. The curse still hangs over women—thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee. It is being lifted. Women are beginning to love men as men love women. Now don't let