

pierced at about the same height by two successive bullets from a revolver. One of the balls had made a clean sharp hole in the plate-glass, and would no doubt have continued its journey through the body of any unfortunate occupant of the seat. This was our first experience of "Western Life." We looked next morning in the papers for an account of the "outrage," as it would have been termed by our penny-a-liners at home. It was not mentioned at all. We found, however, records of so many successful shootings that the non-insertion of our episode was easily to be explained. The incident impressed me with a sense of recklessness in the use of firearms and disregard of life—an impression that was not effaced by the rest of the journey.

We crossed the Mississippi at night, and having some time to wait at the Quincy Junction walked down to the banks of the river and reverently dipped our hands in the great "Father of Waters." Lights gleamed from the farther side, heightening the effect of vastness and mystery. Behind us, too, gleamed the much brighter lights of rival drinking saloons, from which, before resuming the journey, we were enabled to enlarge our rapidly-growing vocabulary of American drinks.

The Missouri River at Kansas City is the muddiest, most tumultuous flood of rolling water I ever saw. Yet it was now the month of August, and there had been a long course of previous dry weather. The train carried us slowly across a creaking wooden bridge over the boiling sea below, past some cliffs of old alluvium, into a station full of negroes, of whom there had been a large influx from the South in search of a proposed settlement in Kansas. There being now some kind of picnic or holiday afoot, they were a merry, noisy crowd, dressed out and bedizened as only