

WHAT DYING IS.

To leave the turmoil and the careful tumult,
 And wander vaguely to a pleasant region,
 Where green fields glow with a sheen of
 summer sunset.
 And narrow farther to a sylvan vista.
 Whence issue sounds to soothe the spirit's
 trouble;
 To hear the laugh and gurgle of low
 waters,
 And young birds sing with a diviner
 music,
 And young birds carol with a lovelier
 music,
 And evening winds that walk with a fainter
 footfall
 Unto the white clouds and the bluer sky
 depths;
 To rest a little some green willow under,
 Whose branches whisper in that shadow
 garden,
 And hold that hand which hath the tender-
 est pressure,
 And touch sweet lips just as thine eyes are
 closing;
 'This is that falling ere the sunset's fading.
 This is that dying ere the morn immortal!
 To see blue-hooded violets reposing,
 Among the grasses twining to caress thee
 And kiss thy cheek as if thou wert a sister,
 And warm thee with their breath of heav-
 enly odor,
 As if thou wert to them indeed a sister.
 To find some quiet in the willow vista,
 Some little slumber in that shadow garden;
 'This is that evening of thy dreamless sleep-
 ing.
 This is that slumber ere the life immortal!
 A gentle waking to a new beauty,
 A gradual unfolding to the soul life,
 As through a rose's chrysalis transported
 Into the blooming valley of that Eden;
 A slow unfolding of an early blossom;
 A little kneeling at the sapphire portals,
 And consciousness of all surcease of heart-
 ache,
 Tumultuous tremor as the soul receiveth
 The grander splendor of the spherical chorus,
 The joy which "passeth human under-
 standing."
 This is that coming of another morning,
 This is the morning of the life immortal.
 —Frederick Peterson.

YIK KEE.

After father died, some ten years ago,
 I found that for three years he had
 been living on credit. I was 18, strong
 and well, but did not know how to
 work. In the little back room of the
 New York tenement house (by the
 way, the landlady seized my clothes for
 our rent) I considered my future. I had
 inherited a great faith in relatives from
 my father, so I wrote to seven. I re-
 ceived six polite notes, telling me to go
 to work, and the following letter:

JONESBORO, Col., Jackson's Ranch—
 Dear Nell: I'm your cousin Jack. Your
 father once gave me money to come west.
 I've got up land, got a comfortable home,
 no style or frills, but good folks to live with
 and healthy grub. I've got the best wife
 you ever see and seven youngsters. The
 city ain't no place for a friendless girl.
 Wife wants you to come. She'll be a
 mother to you. Come right off. I'll meet
 you at Denver.

Inclosed was a check sufficient to de-
 fray expenses; so I started. Denver
 was then only a large town, and the
 depot a barn-like structure. I got out
 of the cars and stood bewildered among
 all the emigrants and their bundles.
 Some one touched me on the shoulder
 —a roughly dressed, broad shouldered
 man, with long blonde beard and big
 blue eyes.

"Are you Nell!" he said.
 "Yes; and you're Cousin Jack."
 "I knew you," he said, as he led the
 way, "by your black clothes an' sorrier-
 ful look, an' them big, blue eyes, like
 yer father's as two peas. We'll git the
 shadder outer 'em when we git home.
 Yer father was a mighty good man.
 Bless yer dear heart, don't let them tears
 come. This 'ere's a dry country; we
 don't waste water."

Comforting me in his kind, rough
 way, he reached his team, a big, green
 wagon, drawn by two wild-looking
 steeds, which I afterward knew to be
 bronchos. A fat, blonde boy, about 12,
 held the reins.

"That's Ted," said Cousin Jack.
 "Ted, this is Miss Nell, your cousin;
 give her a hug." The fat boy solemnly
 obeyed.

After this he seemed to have a special
 claim on my affections because he met
 me first. Jack's wife was a jolly,
 plump woman, with brown eyes and
 curly hair. She always had a baby in
 her arms and another at her heels. She
 adored Jack. I never knew them to
 have a quarrel. I soon grew to love
 the life at the ranch. I liked the big,
 half-finished house, its untidiness and
 comfort; its pleasant, healthy atmos-
 phere. I loved the children, the house-
 hold pets; Shep, the sagacious dog;
 Thad, the clever cat; the hens and
 sheep; the horses, Dolly, Dot and
 Daisy, that did the plowing and the mar-
 keting at Denver, twelve miles away,
 and were so gentle and kind we used
 to ride them without saddle or bridle.

I learned that cattle grew fat on the
 dry-looking grass, and gave the best of
 milk. I learned to love the broad
 plains and the glorious sunsets, and to
 watch the distant bands of Indians with
 half fear, half interest. I helped coun-
 sin Mary, sewed, cooked, kept the house
 and children neat, and lifted many
 burdens from her weary shoulders. We
 were so happy. The children and I
 took long walks over the plains, and
 Ted and I took many rides on Dolly
 and Dot, and in the long winter even-
 ings I told the children stories. Occa-
 sionally Harry White came over to
 visit us from his ranch, five miles
 away. He lived with his old mother;
 he and Jack were dear friends. Harry

needed a wife, Jack used to say, wink-
 ing at me.

One day Jack went to Denver for
 supplies. He went alone, and coming
 home later than usual, Ted and I and
 baby Mame went out to meet him.
 Jack looked sober and guilty, and
 seemed ill at ease. If he ever drank, I
 should have thought him intoxicated.
 In the wagon was a queer shaped heap
 under a horse blanket. I was sure it
 moved. When we got behind the barn
 Jack said, sheepishly, avoiding my eye:
 "Well, Ted, I calkerlate I've got
 su'thing in that there waggin that'll
 astonish yer marm."

Little Mame pulled the blanket off
 the heap; she had been peeping under
 it all the while she was in the back of
 the wagon. There lay a human being.
 Such an object; short and squat,
 dressed in a queer blue blouse with
 flowing sleeves, wide trousers, and
 queer wooden shoes. He had small
 black eyes, a shaven poll, from which
 depended a long, thin qu-ue. His
 countenance was battered and bruised,
 his clothes torn and bloody.

"There was a row down to Denver,"
 said Jack; "the Christian folks stove in
 these 'ere heathens' winders, tore their
 houses down, and killed half on 'em. I
 cleared out as soon as I could. When
 I got half way home I heard a noise
 back of me, and out crawled this thing.
 I was so dumbfounded I couldn't speak.
 He thought I was going ter send him
 back, an' he fell ter cryin' and jabber-
 in' in that yap of his, and clingin' onto
 my hand an' kissin' of it. It sorter
 turned my stomach. I told him ter set
 down, give him some crackers ter eat,
 covered him up an' told him he could
 live with me. What do you s'pose
 marm'll say?"

"Oh, Cousin Jack," I said, "of course
 she will not care. Your horse is a refu-
 ge for all the wretched and unfortu-
 nate."

"Now, don't, Nell," he said, turning
 as red as a rose, and busying himself
 about the harness. The Celestial looked
 at us solemnly; Mame toddled up to
 him. He looked at her curiously but
 did not move.

"Get out, John," said Jack, "you
 needn't be scared any more; we're at
 home."

He got out stiffly, and to my surprise,
 turned and lifted the baby down. She
 took his pig tail and pulled it in wild
 delight. He seemed grieved when I
 took her away. When Jack told Mary,
 the good soul found a thousand reasons
 why he should stay, and hurried to
 make him a bed in the attic. The
 Celestial did not say much, but when
 Jack called him "John" he smiled a
 sad smile.

"Melican man callee John. Hump.
 Yik Kee."
 So with due consideration for his feel-
 ings we addressed him as Yik Kee. He
 was of great use. He helped take care
 of the children, did the washing (Mary
 did not fancy his method of sprinkling
 clothes), and helped Jack on the farm.
 We made him one of the family. He
 was always pleasant and smiling, but
 was a man of few words.

Cousin Jack added much to his in-
 come by trading in hides. Ranchmen
 living at a distance sold their hides to
 him and Jack sold them to traders, who
 came around at certain times in the
 year. Harry White was a partner in
 the business. He used to go on a sort
 of round-up and visit the ranches all
 over the country. The cattle of the
 ranchmen roamed in vast herds over
 the plains, protected only by the brand
 of the owner. Cattle-stealing was fre-
 quently practiced. Offenders in this
 respect were shown no mercy. They
 were convicted, tried and executed only
 in the court of Judge Lynch. I never
 blamed the ranchmen for this; it was
 impossible to guard the herds in the
 vast area over which they traversed,
 and the cattle must be protected in
 some way. Gil Mead was a wealthy
 ranchman, who lived about ten
 miles from us. He owned the
 largest herd of cattle on the plains.
 They were branded with the vowels of
 his name, E. A., which could be re-
 cognized anywhere. He always shipped
 his cattle east to his brother in Chicago.
 I feared the man. He was tall and
 gaunt, with deep-set black eyes
 and low forehead. His home was un-
 happy, his wife cross and ugly, and his
 children wild and unruly. This made
 him more than commonly disagreeable.
 I think it was in the fall of '74 that
 Harry White brought the big load of
 hides to Jack. Both were much pleased
 at the bargain they made. Harry gave
 glowing accounts of a new customer—a
 ranchman from Chicago, who had
 taken up an abandoned homestead. He
 had purchased many cattle from his
 cousin, Gil Mead, and hoped to rival
 him in the number and quality of his
 herd. Jack packed the hides away to
 keep till December when he expected
 the dealer.

One afternoon, not long after this, Gil
 Mead rode up to the house looking very
 agreeable and pleasant. A couple of
 strangers, also ranchmen, were with
 him. They wanted to look at the hides,
 one of them being a trader, Gil said.
 Jack was in Denver, so Yik Kee and I
 went to the barn with them. They
 looked the hides over carefully, and
 conversed in low tones, Gil with a sup-
 pressed oath. Finally they thanked us
 courteously and took their leave.

"Humph; no goodee," said Kik Kee,
 but he wouldn't say more.

About 5 that evening, when we were
 at supper, a crowd of twenty-five or
 thirty men rode up on horseback. Jack
 came out and met them, inviting them
 in to take supper, in his generous, hos-
 pitable way. They wanted him to go
 to Denver with them; there was to be a
 meeting there of importance to ranch-
 men. The meeting would be at 8. They
 had brought with them an extra horse
 for Jack. Mary looked around for Yik

Kee to help her, but he had mysteriously
 disappeared. I faintly remembered
 seeing his white, horrified face peering
 around the barn at the horses. I noted
 the visitors ate little—the food seemed
 to choke them. Some of them watched
 Mary and the baby in a queer sort of
 way. When Jack, as was his custom,
 kissed his wife and babies good-bye, one
 of the visitors, an oldish man, coughed
 huskily, and said: "Best if I kin stan'
 this." They all rode off, Jack the mer-
 riest of all, waving his hat till he was
 out of sight.

When we were clearing up the un-
 usual quantity of dishes Yik Kee ap-
 peared at the end window and beck-
 oned me. I followed him out. Ted
 was with him. Behind the barn were
 the three horses saddled. Shep was
 with them, released from confinement,
 where he had been secured from fol-
 lowing his master.

"Foller 'em," said Ted, in an excited
 whisper. "Yik's afraid they're up to
 something."

"What is it, Yik?" I said, sternly.
 "No fooling, now."

For answer he twisted his long pig-
 tail around his neck, tying it under his
 left ear in a significant manner.

"Humph, he hangee; stealce cow."
 "Oh, Mary," I cried, remembering
 Gil Mead's visit and his strange ac-
 tions, and dimly seeing what Yik Kee
 meant, "I must tell Mary," I said
 wildly.

"Humph, no," said Yik Kee. "Yel-
 lee sick," and he closed his eyes in a
 die-away sort of manner. "Go now—
 too late."

We mounted.
 "Mother'll think we're gone to ride,"
 said Ted, as we galloped over the
 plains. He was deathly pale, poor little
 fellow, but he sat erect and firm. I
 saw his father's big Colt's revolver
 sticking out of his pocket. He was a
 determined boy. Even in my despair,
 in my wild hope that I could save Jack
 by begging on my knees, that I could
 cling to him, and that they would have
 to kill me first, I could not help a smile
 at the comical figure Yik Kee present-
 ed on horseback. His loose garments
 flapped in the wind, his long pigtail
 flew out behind, and he bobbed up and
 down like a kernel of corn in a corn-
 popper.

It was a soft, warm night, lighted
 only by the pale young moon and the
 twinkling stars. We rode as fast as
 our horses could gallop. Shep was
 close at our heels. Way ahead, when
 we reached the top of a little hill, we
 saw the crowd of horsemen. They
 were riding toward Denver. We gal-
 loped on with renewed zeal. They
 turned into a cross road leading to
 Mead's ranch. On this road was a
 bridge over Dry Gulch, which was in
 the spring a roaring torrent. Beyond
 the bridge, across the fields, was the
 haystack of Mead, where was stowe-
 sufficient to feed his domestic cattle
 through the winter. We at last reached
 the turn of the road. They were three
 miles in advance, riding rapidly. Yik
 Kee stopped at the turn. "Humph!
 Can't catchee. Hangee at bridge.
 You goee!" He turned his horse and
 sped across the field, deserting us
 basely.

We rode on, Ted and I. He was pale
 and still; my cheeks were burning.
 We neared the bridge. The high
 mound of earth before us hid them
 from sight. We stopped our horses
 and listened. The men had lighted
 torches, some were preparing a rough
 gallows under the bridge; two were
 uncoiling a rope; some held the horses
 of the others beyond the bridge. The
 men were masked now, and I could
 see by the lighted torches that their
 number was increased. Jack was very
 white and sad, but he showed no fear.

"I am innocent, gentlemen," he said
 slowly, "but I refuse to tell you of
 whom I bought the hides."
 I understood him. Could Harry
 White be a cattle thief? I felt as if I
 were growing mad.

"What shall we do?" whispered Ted,
 cocking his revolver.

Suddenly a bright red light illu-
 minated the heavens, followed by clouds
 of black smoke, and a queer, crackling
 noise. A yell from the men, Gil Mead's
 voice above the rest. The haystack
 was on fire. It seemed to me in the
 glare around it that I could see a for-
 eign looking human vanishing across
 the plain.

The men mounted their horses, Gil
 Mead at their head, and set off across
 the fields at a mad gallop. They must
 save the stack. They left Jack bound
 hand and foot and guarded by one
 man.

Shep, the wonderful dog, had kept
 by us until now, slinking in the dark
 shadows. Now gliding sidewise, and
 still, he reached the man on guard,
 whose back was to us, and with no
 warning growl, caught him by the
 throat with strong white teeth that
 could choke a coyote in a second. The
 man, who was in a sitting posture, fell
 back with a groan. Ted struck him
 over the head with the butt of the re-
 volver, and pulled off the dog. I cut
 Jack's bonds with a knife. He looked
 at us wonderingly, and staggered to
 his feet.

"Never mind how we came, Jack,"
 I said. "Quick, mount the horse be-
 yond the bridge, and ride to Denver for
 your life. They will not harm a woman
 and child."

"Harry White," he muttered, the loyal
 soul that even could think of another's
 danger.

"I will tell him."
 "No, no; not of this—only say if he
 stole the cattle to fly the country. They
 will find out sooner or later."

He galloped down the road. Ted
 and I mounted, calling off Shep, who
 sat on his haunches watching the un-
 conscious man, and then we, too, sped

down the road. The haystack was
 giving out great volumes of black
 smoke, but the fire was dead.

Ahead of us was a riderless horse,
 Dolly, who greeted her master with a
 joyful whinny. Where was Yik Kee?
 Then Dot, my horse, shied from the
 road at a recumbent black figure. It
 was the indomitable Yik Kee, who had
 crawled all the way from the stack on
 his stomach, so that he could not be
 seen, after lying in the ditch until the
 blaze had faded out. "Humph! no
 catchee Chinese; heap sore," he said,
 laconically, rubbing his stomach.

He mounted Dolly, and we rode on
 to White's ranch. Harry rushed out
 at the sound of horses' feet, at mid-
 night. There, under the twinkling
 stars, I looked into his eyes, and told
 him the whole story. He showed no
 guilt, but only said he must stay the
 night at his ranch, for the men would
 come back to Jack's for him, and then
 mounting his fleet colt rode off down
 the road. I comforted his mother as
 best I could. At daybreak we rode
 home.

Mary was in a wild state of alarm.
 Where had we been? Where was
 Jack? and how cruel we were to leave
 her alone. She said that at 1 o'clock
 three masked men had come to the
 house and searched it and the premises,
 but had not molested her or the chil-
 dren, only asking where Jack was very
 sternly and sharply.
 At noon, Jack, Harry, the sheriff and
 a party of armed men from Denver rode
 up, stopping only a moment to tell me
 that they would be back at night. I
 dared not tell Mary, and she worried
 all the afternoon at their strange con-
 duct. At night Jack and Harry came
 home, looking tired but happy. Then
 Jack told Mary, and she cried and clung
 to him as though she could never let
 him go.

It seemed the pleasing ranchman
 from Chicago was one of a band of cat-
 tle thieves. He sold the hides to Har-
 ry, who honest and open himself, was
 slow to suspect wrong dealings in
 others. The sheriff had caught the
 men skinning a cow that belonged to
 Mead, and had captured the gang and
 taken them to Denver.

The men concerned in the attempt to
 lynch Jack were sincerely sorry. Their
 regrets would not have availed much,
 however, if they had succeeded in their
 purpose. They gave each of their
 children ten acres of land; they gave
 Ted sixty-five, and me, whom they
 pleased to consider very plucky, 150
 acres. I felt rich enough, and time has
 made it very valuable land. The man
 on guard was our warmest admirer. He
 thought Ted, Shep and I wonders of
 courage. He said when I came down
 on the bridge with the open knife, he
 thought his last hour had come.

Gil Mead committed suicide not long
 after this. He was always queer. No
 one ever knew that Yik Kee set the
 stack on fire. I tell you Jack reward-
 ed the faithful fellow—gave him a good
 farm, taught him to work it, and built
 him a house. The funniest thing was,
 Yik Kee had a wife and three queer lit-
 tle children in China, and Jack sent for
 them, and Yik Kee and his family are
 as happy as they can be. The children
 play with Jack's (he has twelve now),
 and get along finely together.

In 1875 I married Harry White,
 which, I suppose, was foreseen from
 the beginning—at least Jack says any-
 body could have seen it. The most se-
 rene and satisfied face at the wedding
 was the Celestial's. In my inner con-
 sciousness, notwithstanding he was a
 "heathen Chinese," I have the convic-
 tion that as great a hero as is seen in
 modern times is the man of few words
 —Yik Kee.—[Our Continent.

A Great River of the North.

Life in Puget Sound.

The most interesting part of the jour-
 ney was the passage of the Columbia.
 The bar at the mouth of the river is a
 great hindrance to its free navigation,
 and vessels are often detained for days,
 and even weeks, waiting for a favor-
 able opportunity to cross. We waited
 five days outside in the fog, hearing all
 the time the deep, solemn warning of
 the breakers. Our steadfast captain,
 as long as he could see nothing, refused
 to go on, knowing well the risk. At
 the end of the fifth day he entered in
 triumph, with a clear view of the river,
 the grandest sight I have ever seen.
 The passengers seemed hardly to dare
 to breathe till we were over the bar.
 As we passed into the river I sat on
 deck, looking about. I had long looked
 forward to seeing this immense river,
 seven miles broad, rolling seaward, and
 the great line of breakers at the bar;
 but no one can realize, without actually
 seeing it, how much its grandeur is en-
 hanced by the surroundings of inter-
 minable forests and the magnificence of
 its snow mountains. The character of
 the river itself is in accordance with
 everything about it, especially where it
 breaks through the Cascade mountains
 in four miles of rapids, and still higher
 up, shut between basaltic walls, rushes
 with deafening roar through the nar-
 row passage of the Dalies, where it is
 compressed into one-eighth of its usual
 width. For a long time I could not re-
 ceive any other sensation or admit any
 other thought but of its terrific strength.
 The Indians say that in former times
 the river flowed smoothly where are
 now the whirling rapids of the Cascades,
 but that a landslide from the
 banks dammed up the stream and pro-
 duced this great change.

A letter has been received at Erie,
 Pennsylvania, from General Butler, and
 has been made public, in which he
 declares that he is out of national
 politics forever, and that he has no
 ambition in politics out side of Massa-
 chusetts.

A LEAP-YEAR SCHEME.

Messenger Boys To Be Used as Escorts by
 Young Ladies.

Denver Tribune.

Denver's district messenger boys are
 always obliging. Their employers have
 concluded to put them to other uses
 than that of answering calls. The Dis-
 trict messenger company yesterday is-
 sued a card stating that its messengers
 can be used hereafter by ladies as es-
 corts. The card says the boys will be
 neatly uniformed, and that they will be
 handsome and polite. The boys can be
 had for thirty cents an hour. The
 scheme is said to be one peculiarly
 adapted for leap-year, when ladies are
 supposed to cast as de a certain amount
 of their modesty. Those who wish to
 go to the theater, and do not wish to
 ask somebody else's brother to accom-
 pany them, can find an escort—he may
 be diminutive, but it is better to have a
 half loaf than no bread—by ringing
 for a messenger boy. If the boy does
 not make his appearance promptly, the
 young lady or maid in the sere or yel-
 low leaf can ring again. If the boy
 does not show up then the person who
 has been ringing the alarm can just
 bless the boy a little and ring again.
 Then she can retire and fix up
 anew her spirits, curls, bangs or sixes,
 as the case may be. After that the boy
 may knock at the front door. On being
 admitted he may be out of breath, but
 the lady, no matter whether old or
 young, should kiss him behind the left
 ear. She may, if she sees fit, call him
 a little wretch, but he will have the
 privilege of saying, "My dear Miss Flip,
 am I going to the ball or theatre with
 you this evening?" The lady may ask
 him if he knows how to use opera-
 glasses properly, or if he can dance;
 but the boy can do both, and these mat-
 ters having been settled the lady with
 her gallant though youthful escort can
 start out for the theatre or a ball in a
 carriage—if walking is not good
 enough.

A Tribune reporter yesterday called
 at the office of the District Messenger
 company and approached the superin-
 tendent, whose duty it is to awake the
 boys who have fallen asleep in the
 chairs or on the stools, and inform that
 a gentleman at box—wants one of them
 to take a letter to his lady love, or that
 a lady wants some one to accompany her
 to the theatre.

"Have you secured any boys as hand-
 some as newspaper reporters to act as
 escorts to young ladies?" was asked.

"Yes, sir," replied the superinten-
 dent, as a cruel smile played on his
 handsome countenance, "a fine crowd
 of noble looking boys."

"Do you think there will be any ob-
 jection offered by the ladies to the boys
 acting as escorts?"

"I do not think so. You know it is
 leap year, and no young ladies will
 offer any objections."

"Will the boys be used for anything
 else?"

"Oh, well, if a young lady is timid
 and should be out calling on her friends
 she can borrow a full dress suit for a
 boy and send him out."

"Do you think the innovation will
 pay?"

"No doubt of it. It is a novelty, and
 all society bells will think it the proper
 caper to have one of the youthful es-
 corts."

"Are the boys well informed?"

"Yes, they are well posted on social
 events and theatrical matters. They
 are well read, and you can make up
 your mind that they will prove very
 agreeable companions."

American Beauty Slurred.

Sir Lepel Griffith in London Fortnightly.

There can be no doubt that Americans
 honestly believe their women to be
 the most beautiful in the world; nor
 to them would there appear any extra-
 vagance in the remark of the New
 York Sun on the audience which at-
 tended Irving's first performance, "in
 respect of the beauty it contained, far
 surpassing any audience that Mr. Ir-
 ving ever bowed to in his life." But
 the opinion of foreigners—I do not
 speak of Englishmen alone—is very
 different, and I have never met one
 who has lived long or traveled much in
 America who did not hold that female
 beauty in the states is exceedingly rare,
 while the average of ordinary good
 looks is unusually low. More pretty
 faces are to be seen in a single day in
 London than in a month in the states.
 The average of beauty is far higher in
 Canada, and the American town in
 which most pretty women are noticeable
 is Detroit, on the Canadian border and
 having many Canadian residents. In the
 western states beauty is conspicuous by
 its absence, and in the eastern towns,
 Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York
 and Boston, it is to be chiefly found.
 In New York in August I hardly saw a
 face which could be called pretty. In
 November New York presented a dif-
 ferent appearance, and many pretty
 women were to be seen, although the
 number was comparatively small, and
 at the Metropolitan opera house even
 American friends were unable to point
 out any lady whom they could call
 beautiful. A distinguished artist told
 me that when he first visited America
 he scarcely saw in the streets of New
 York a single face which he would se-
 lect as a model, though he could find
 twenty such in the London street in
 which his studio was situated. The
 American type of beauty is extremely
 delicate and refined, and London and
 continental society will always contain
 some American ladies who may rank
 among the loveliest in the world. Such
 are known to us all, but are more com-
 mon in Europe than America.

Mormon missionaries are traveling
 through Michigan.