

OUT OF ZION.

PART II.

"GOODNESS!" exclaimed Chalcy, as she was helping wash the dinner dishes the next day, "somebody's comin' to-day, sure; I dropped the dish-rag, an' the rooster crowed afore the door, an' my nose eches; an' it's some one that's never be'n here afore, too, 'cause the broom fell right across the he'rth; an' laws-a-massy there comes the bishop, an' ef they haint a woman with him!" and Chalcy was, for once, speechless at this speedy fulfillment of her predictions.

"A woman!" echoed Martha and Serena, rushing to the window.

"It's his first wife, es true es I live," declared Serena. The two women drew in their under lips and looked at each other significantly, then toward Clarissy.

"I never knowed uv his takin' her anywheres afore," remarked Chalcy, craning her neck to see.

"Go tell yer paw," cried Martha. "Hurry now, limber-legs."

Silas hurried to the house, a little uncertain how to tell Clarissy what was expected of her. He came in, nervously wiping the perspiration from his face with his sleeve.

"That the bishop comin'?" he asked, carelessly, dipping the pint cup in the water bucket with a trembling hand, but watching his daughter closely. She smiled to herself as if roused from pleasant thoughts.

"I do' know," dreamily, "I guess so."

Silas Dean liked respectful attention when he spoke to any one, and Clarissy's indifference irritated him. "Clarissy, you've got a chance before ye as don't come to every girl." He tried to speak smoothly, but his tone was menacing.

"I don't know what ye mean," said Clarissy.

Silas was a hasty man. "Wal, then," he said roughly, taking hold of her arm, "it's time ye knowed. I mean this, the bishop wants to marry ye, an' he's goin' to, that's all."

"Pap, they've kim," called Chalcy, and pushing Clarissy before him into the other room, he hurried out to greet the visitors.

Clarissy was numbed. She spoke to them and shook hands with them, but she made no response to their extreme cordiality. When Mrs. Yelkton drew her chair close, and took her hand, she looked up to see that they two were alone.

"Well, my dear," said the older woman pleasantly, "I suppose you know what I've come here for?"

Clarissy's eyes avoided hers for very shame. "It's too horrible," she murmured, "I can't believe it."

"Sh-sh, you mustn't talk that a-way," said the other sharply, then softening her tone, "come now, I've given the bishop four wives, but none so purty er smart es you be, an' I hope you'll make us both happy by sayin' you'll make one of the jewels in his crown."

Clarissy shuddered. "Mis' Yelkton," she asked abruptly, "do you believe in polygamy?"

"Gracious!" exclaimed the startled lady, "don't call it that. If you mean do I believe in plural marriage, I say yes. Why shouldn't I? Solomon and David did, and it was given in a revelation to the saints. I hope you're not an unbeliever," looking keenly at her.

Clarissy's courage sank. She wished she was brave and dared to speak out and say how she hated Mormonism; but the fear of a lifetime weighed down her courage. "Are you happy?" she asked, earnestly.

Mrs. Yelkton smiled rather grimly. "I guess I'm happy es most folks. Ef I ain't, likely it's my own fault. Well, you say yes, don't you?" She was willing to humor a girl's whims, but this was getting tiresome. "You don't know how impatient the bishop is," she continued with a sigh, thinking, perhaps, of a time when his impatience was flattering to herself. "But I see," she nodded her head wisely, "you want him to coax you; all right."

Before the girl could protest, Mrs. Yelkton was out of the room, and her husband came in so quickly that Clarissy involuntarily wondered if he had been listening. She rose quickly, and with a childish idea of running away, ran to the outer door. It was locked. She leaned against it, shaking with anger.

The bishop stood a little way off, looking at her with an indulgent smile. "Clarissy," he said very gently, "you need not try to get away from me, you are delivered into my hands, blessed be the Lord."

He stood smiling at her and stroking his beard, until she fancied she could almost hear him purr, he looked so cat-like. She did not cry or storm, and so wear out her opposition, as he had hoped she would. Her first feeling had been one of intense anger that confused her. As she became calmer her spirit rose against her tormenter.

"I'll never be a plural wife," she said, as soon as she could speak quietly.

The bishop became officious. "The divine law of plural and celestial marriage," he began sternly, "was revealed to us by the prophet, Joseph Smith. Those who embrace the divine privilege, verily they shall have their reward; those who reject it shall be punished even as the Lord wills. As one of the anointed of God, I command you, Clarissy, to no longer reject the teachings of the prophet and the divine will, which you have set at naught, lest you bring upon