

**PATIENCE
STRONG'S
OUTINGS; PP. 1-231**

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Patience Strong's Outings; pp. 1-231 by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney

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MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY

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PATIENCE STRONG'S OUTINGS.

BY

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY,

AUTHOR OF "FAITH GARDNER'S QUELLED," "THE GAYWOODS," ETC., ETC.

—♦♦♦—

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PATIENCE STRONG'S OUTINGS.



I.

INTO THE BY-GONES.

"ELIPHALET'S folks are going to Europe."

Mother says that in a meek kind of way, trying not to be too much set up about it, to the neighbors when they come in, and ask, as the neighbors here have a way of doing, "What the good word is with us?"

It makes me think, — that greeting, — always. It seems, somehow, as if it were a sweet old fashion that might have come down out of the kingdom of heaven.

That syllable is so full, — "word!" That which "was in the beginning with God," and "without which nothing was made that is made." What he has been giving out, always, — down, through the angels, unto men, and into things. God's meanings, of thought and of life; his instant bestowal.

Looking at it so, it is tender and solemn to hear the neighbors ask, "What the good word is to-day?" And to hear mother say, with that kind of tremble in her voice that she tries to straighten into calmness, "Eliphalet's folks are going to Europe," — why, it is as if the leave for the pleasure *was* just the day's word from God.

I know mother is glad and proud at Eliphalet's well-doing and getting-on. She is a little afraid of his wife, because she belongs to a Boston family of consequence, and is very elegant in her manners, and never takes them off, not even for the most common every-day. But then, as mother says, she isn't "stuck-up," because she never *got* up, and she never comes down. She was always just so. She is very respectful and kind to mother, but she don't like to be introduced as "Eliphalet's wife." She is "my daughter-in-law, Mrs. Strong." Not even "Mrs. Eliphalet" since father died, though she was particular about that before. She never objected nor suggested in so many words; but we always find out, somehow, just what Gertrude considers proper, and likes to be done. She

is "Gertrude" among us. *Mother* wouldn't like it otherwise; and mother has her quiet proprieties too.

Well, Eliphalet's folks are going to Europe. He and Gertrude, and the children, and their nurse, and their Aunt Marthe. (That is not a Yankee shortening; the French terminal makes all the difference in the prettiness. It is just so with other words. I remember that I would not call my white waists "gamps," thinking of bed-gowns and Sairey; but when I found out that it was the French "guinape," it gave a grace to the name and the thing. I don't know why we *shouldn't* be graceful, even if we have to be French.)

Everybody goes to Europe now. I think it is to get rid of the kitchens. There are two currents in the Atlantic,—an upper and a lower. The tide comes in at our basement stories, and has to flow out again at the parlor and front doors. Perhaps that is the reason the Gulf Stream is changing. Things have to equalize and accommodate.

Eliphalet came out last Sunday evening on horse-back and took tea, and told mother all about it. They are to stay a year or more; travel in England and