

## A PRIMITIVE CHRISTIAN.

By H. C. McMaken.

In the summer of 1858, in company with some friends, we attended a church service on Gospel Hill. Our party was dressed in "store clothes" and the men had on "biled shirts", collars and neck-ties. The ladies were dressed neatly (two of them had on silk dresses)--of course they had just come in from the East--Well the balance of the congregation was more primitive. The Elder that did the preaching was an odd looking genius; fluent talker, and he hammered the dry-goods box that he had for a stand till it seemed he would make kindling of it. There were about a dozen men and women and plenty of "Kids". Most of the men were bare-footed, and two or three of the women the same. In the women's clothing, red, green and yellow predominated, and they all wore sun-bonnets. They looked as odd to us as we did to them. The Elder just gave it to the people that dressed fine and wore hats with flowers, saying they were the abomination of God. He just poured Hot Shot into our crowd, and we all grinned and bore it. He kept on in this strain for an hour, telling us if we kept on the Devil would get us sure, but he finally quieted down and began talking of Primitive Christians. He stopped, drew a long breath, looked over his congregation, and made the remark, "Is there any of the old Primitive Christians a living?" That moment up jumped a big, hairy man (looked like a descendant of Esau) saying, "Yes, Thank God, here is one", "Amen--Amen" from a number of his brothers. Yes, he was Primitive; he was dressed in just two more garments than Adam and Eve are credited with in the Garden of Eden. He was bare-footed: wore a home-spun tow shirt, tied at the neck with a string, and home-spun butter-nut pants. Primitive man--yes, sure. ~~It~~

It was quite muddy, and when the barefooted ones walked on

the floor it put me in mind of a bunch of grizzly bears' tracks.

We see the children and grand-children of these same

"Primitive people" riding in carriages and automobiles, wearing tailor-made suits and having all the luxuries going; and all made by staying with Nebraska and raising grain and stock.