Mt. Omei,  
Szechuan Prov.,  
W. China  
July 16, 1914.

My dear Clara-

We reached the Shield’s home on the mt. top the night of the day after the day we planned to leave Kiating and made the whole trip of twenty-five miles in one day. Four men carried Paul and me in one chair. I walked all the steep places and all the turns in the path where it was next to impossible to get an empty chair past.  Paul did not seem to mind the trip and has been constantly improving.  He has a good appetite and is getting fat.  Runs about the mountain like a prisoner liberated.  He and Ruth & William Shields have good times together.  They have a tent for the children to play in.  Dr. Shields takes Paul on his horse once or twice a day for little rides and Paul enjoys that greatly.  I’m happy that Paul is getting strong and well so fast.

Do hope I shall be myself again soon too.  A few days after I reached here

I came down with follicular tonsillitis.  It made me very weak and was followed by an attack of diarrhea and later by dysentery which I am just recovering from.

Last night there was a terrible electric storm, awful claps of thunder and constant flashes of lightening.  It lasted most of the night.  I did not get to sleep until about four o’clock in the morning.  The worst storms I ever saw occur out here and there seems to be no let up to them.
During July and the first part of August large crowds of pilgrims climb Mt. Omei to worship in the temples along the way and at the summit which is 12000 ft. above sea-level. We saw many of them on our way here. They had umbrellas tied on their backs and all the clothes they had were on their backs. In front was tied a small square bag of yellow cloth for holding cash to give to the many beggars on the way that in so doing the givers would gain merit. Sometimes a more religious pilgrim will prostrate his body full length on the ground at every step all the many miles to the top from his home thinking this will be pleasing to the gods. On Omei Mt. path the beggars are many and annoying. Some of them are in a terrible condition and deserve help while others are well and strong of body but filthy and covered with vermin. A few of these latter beggars followed my chair some distance chanting rhymes and kept putting their hands in thru the chair windows until I took out my umbrella and struck at them. They carry all sorts of disease germs and I did not want to get my chair and clothes contaminated. Paul was greatly disturbed by them and kept shouting for them to get away.

After heavy rains on the mts there are crystal deposits to be found on the paths and in cornfields. They are often perfectly formed and look as tho they had been cut by an expert. I hope to find enough to have a necklace made of them. The poor Mt. people usually gather these and bring them to the foreigners to sell.

Lovely tall white lilies are blooming wild on the Mt. sides and begonias galore also beautiful blue hydrangeas and later on there will be plenty of flowers resembling the spotted yellow orchid.

Monkey Mt. where most of the cottages are, is about 9000 ft. A party of missionaries is planning to make the trip to the top in about ten days and I hope I shall be able to go also at that time. From the summit the snow-capped mountains of Tibet can be seen and a beautiful circular rain-bow in the center of which a person can see himself reflected. This is called “Buddha’s Glory.” People sometimes jump off into it and kill themselves expecting that they will be transformed into a Buddha.

Dear girl I hope you will pardon use of carbon paper and pen together. The part of my letter above is a copy of part of my home letter. I used the carbon paper because of to save time. I have a huge bunch of correspondence to answer and will never get it done if I write each letter separately. I know you won’t mind. The above may need a bit of explanation. Paul was taken very ill on the road to Kiating from Suifu with a high fever and later contracted tonsillitis and I was very much worried over him. He is alright now. Glad to say.

I was pleased to get your nice long letter some months ago. I hoped to get your pillow-slip off to you long ago. It is ready to send but I have to keep it until the embroidery man can get a pattern off of it.

That is sad about Miss Guillfoyle - I didn’t know she was married. Who did she marry and is she alright again now? I’d love to see Miss. Miller and her dear little girl. Do give her my love when you see her again also any other of the H.H. girls
whom I knew and liked. Thank you very much for the picture of the nurse’s home you sent. It surely is beautiful.

About those chickens and eggs you would like me to send to your father. I fear it would cost more to get them to America alive than several dozens of chickens would be worth as they would have to be fed daily and the eggs would spoil. I’m sorry that the steam-ship companies do not make better provision for the shipment of hens etc. I do not think I could ever have them shipped alive if I tried. Too bad, dear for I surely would have liked to send your father some eggs & chickens from W. China. But it seems one of the impossibilities, (over)

Do thank Miss Weller for her dear letter enclosed in yours. I often have thought of her and always liked her so much it did me good to get her little message.

I hope all your family are very well. I shall be pleased to see you all again about a year from this time when I expect to be home on furlough.

Do write as often as you can with love to you all-

Julia W. Cherney

P.S. I shall return to my work at Suifu after the heat of the summer in about a month-

J.W.C.