

Yes, Sary, there's been quite a change since seventy years ago; it's quite a time to look back to, but yet it don't seem so; it only seems a little while since I was but a child, and you a girl in pantalettes a-rumpin' round so wild.

But time flies on with nimble wings, and faster every year, till we've most reached the end of life; the grave is drawin' near; and lookin' back through all these years, comparin' them with now, the progress made in everything is wondrous, I'll allow.

My father used a wooden plow in plowin' up his land, and reapin' grain, in them old days, was always done by hand; the women worked out in the fields a-helpin' rike and bind, and did as much at hoein' corn as any man you'd find.

Our women used to card and spin and weave the clothes we wore; tow pants and shirts were good enough back in those days of yore; and linsy-woolsey dresses that the women used to wear, if seen upon a woman now, would make our ladies stare.

We didn't have no railroads then, with palace-cars so gay, where one can go a hundred miles and get back the same day. Our grain we hauled to market in our lumber-wagons then; 'twould take a couple of days or more to go and back again.

But everything has changed so much—grandfather's wooden plow has passed away, and farmers till their land with steam-plows now, and women folks a-reapin' in the grain-fields now ain't seen, for all such work is quicker done with some all-round machine.

We used to think the post-boy's horse the fastest thing we knew, and thought that news was travelin' fast as long as the road be new; now the telegraph will carry news from here to any state, and bring an answer back to us by wire while we wait.

We used to think, in those old times, 'most everything was known, and no one dreamt 'twas possible to make a telephone, where we can stand and talk with friends a hundred miles away; and though the distance seems so great, hear every word they say.

Then, Sary, there's the phonograph, that wonderful machine that takes the cake on everything that I have ever seen; it bottles up for future use the speeches that it hears, and pours them out when wanted, though they may be kept for years.

Now ocean cables bind together each great continent, and news from Europe reaches us before the time it's sent, and send us news of happenin's on some far foreign shore, and we read it in our papers here the evenin' before.

Electric lights change night to day—make midnight seem like noon—'nd 'twouldn't be surprisin' if it happenin' to get to bottlin' daylight to save up for the night.

If things go on progressin' for the comin' fifty years, as they have done in fifty past, I'll certainly have fears. Some plan will be contrived to change that 'sturdy, hard-fashin'd laws, and stop this old earth's whirlin' with a mighty sudden pause.

—H. H. Johnson.

## THE TRADING OF WALKING MOOSE.

By THEODORE ROBERTS.

Although still under thirty years of age, Walking Moose was one of the most successful furtakers of his tribe. His hunting-ground, which ran north and west between Hudson Bay and the great mountains, was vaster than many kingdoms. Now, after a prosperous winter, he and his squaw and two sledge-dogs crossed the weakening ice on Smoke River and ascended the bank toward the three log shanties of Alexander's Hope.

Walking Moose stalked in front, carrying his trade gun, in its blanket sack, under his right arm. Behind came the squaw and the dogs, dragging the sledge piled high with pelts of marten and fox, deer and bear.

Pleasant anticipation glowed in the hearts of all four of the little party. The two Indians thought of the treasures of the post. Tobacco and tea would again be theirs, and perhaps the hunter would indulge in a red shirt and the squaw—she was a good squaw—would be treated to a blanket and a few yards of gaudy cotton cloth. Ammunition must be bought for the trade gun, for already the streams were breaking from their fetters, and the beavers, leaving their strongholds, presented tempting marks for well-directed bullets. The dogs looked forward to a few extra feeds and the summer freedom from the sledge.

tardy agent was to be seen. Returning to the clearing, he discovered his wife at one of the windows of the store, her face pressed against the parchment that served for glass. He pushed her aside roughly; then, unable to withstand the temptation, he took her place and peered into the dusky treasure-house.

There hung shirts of red flannel and blue; gaudy blanketings; woolen stockings of many hues, with dangling tassels; and here and there he caught the gleams from canisters of tobacco and tea. At one end of the dusty counter stood little kegs of gun-powder and leaden bullets. And as he searched for other treasures with longing eyes, he caught the shadows of the squaw's face against the window in the opposite wall of the store. At that he turned away and called to her angrily. But pity for the woman who had worked so well and cheerfully through all that long winter ached in his breast.

McLeod did not arrive at the post that day. Neither did he appear on the next. Walking Moose haunted the store, sometimes fingering his empty tobacco-pipe, sometimes contemplating his empty musket. The squaw worked listlessly at the dressing of a moose hide, sitting for hours before their rough shelter without saying a word or lifting her eyes. A thousand swollen streams broke their fetters of ice, and the beavers swam up from their winter retreats.

"Me go get McLeod," said Walking Moose, on the morning of the third day after their arrival at Alexander's Hope, "and you stay with the skins and the dogs."

The woman looked up at him piteously. She was a good squaw and young—and her eyes were large and bright.

"Yes, me go," repeated the hunter, firmly. "Three days to St. John's, and three days back—and you take care of the skins." He glanced about him uneasily, high and low, to right and left—anywhere but at the woman.

"Me travel fast all alone," he added.

A few minutes later he set out on the three days' journey to the southward, with snow-shoes on his feet, a pouchful of dried meat at his side, and his useless firearm on his shoulder.

The dogs ran after him, but were called back by the squaw.

Walking Moose travelled stolidly for ten miles.

McLeod and the big fort seemed to be a whole world's length away; but behind him, at the end of the trail of his snow-shoes, were a woman and two dogs. He continued the southward journey.

The sun was in the west, a handbreadth above the far hills, when the heart of Walking Moose rebelled against the desolation and unreason of the lonely journey. Turning square in his tracks, the hunter began to reclaim the miles he had so wearily unraveled. The north called to him—with the voice of the lonely woman and the enchantment of the little store at Alexander's Hope. The memory of the red shirts, the powder, the tea and the tasseled stockings drew him and mocked him in the same turn of thought. One voice spoke within him. "The door is weak. You will take what you need and pay fairly with the good skins. It is your duty to supply yourself with powder and ball for your gun, that you may kill the beaver and musquash and wild geese. And you and the woman deserve tea and tobacco—and you have the good furs with which to pay."

But another voice whispered that such a thing could not be done; that only an agent of the great company might unfasten that door and measure out those needful and desirable stores; that the name of Walking Moose would become a name of scorn in the world if he did his trading without waiting for McLeod. But the

first voice was the stronger; and Walking Moose sped along through the fading twilight, stilling the lesser voice at every stride.

The sky was clear, and in the starshine the trail of the snow-shoes was plain under the hunter's feet. He ran in the level and open places; and nowhere did he halt to draw breath until half of the return journey was accomplished. Then he ate sparingly and rested for an hour.

Dawn was gray in the east when the huskies announced their master's return with furious barking.

The squaw ran from the lodge. "No wait for McLeod," said the hunter. "Come now, and see me make honest trade. Bring the skins."

By the pale and unearthly light they broke the wooden hinges of the door and entered the treasure-house.

"Walking Moose make this trade all alone. You no touch," said the brave. First of all he opened a canister of tobacco and weighed out five pounds of the gold-brown luxury, and placed five marten skins in payment on top of the canister. Of flour he measured out four skins' worth; of powder and lead, ten skins' worth; of tea, five and of dry-goods, seven. In each case he placed the furs on the shelf or package from which he had taken the goods. Then he stacked the remainder of his winter's catch on the floor and placed his signature on top of the pile—a spruce cone, a strip of birch bark and a porcupine quill—that McLeod might know to whose credit to place the furs.

They mended the door with care; then pipes were lighted and tea brewed, and the bitterness of the long trails was forgotten.

The first snow had fallen in a night and melted in a day. It was in that elusive season called Indian summer that Walking Moose came again to Alexander's Hope, this time to buy an outfit for the winter campaign. The squaw and the huskies, and even the brave himself, carried packs of pemmican, beaver-skins and smoked fish on their backs. The sledge and snow-shoes had been cached in the woods near Alexander's Hope. Walking Moose found a stranger—a young man with spectacles on his nose—smoking a pipe in front of the store.

"Where McLeod?" he inquired.

"Mr. McLeod was promoted to the Bear River post last April," replied the stranger. "I am in charge here now. Post has been closed half the summer. You've come just in time, if you want to trade, because I'm going to shut up shop in a few days."

The hunter nodded.

John's before freezing, with the boats," continued the agent, "and we'll take all the trade back to the big fort. It ain't safe here. Some one got into the store last winter and helped himself."

Walking Moose straightened himself with dignity. "Me, Walkin' Moose, done that," he said. "Made good trade; paid honest; left big heap of skins for credit, and mended door."

"It was you, was it?" sneered the agent. "You're the hottest Injun, are you?"

Walking Moose nodded gravely.

"Do you expect me to believe that you didn't take tobacco and rum and stuff to the full value of all the furs you left?" said the other. "I know more about Injuns than you think, Mr. Moose."

"Me honest trapper," replied the brave. "McLeod he trust me. He full-grown man, McLeod."

The other laughed unpleasantly.

"Well, do you want to trade your beaver?" he asked.

Walking Moose shook his head.

"Me take beaver way east, to Bear River now," he said. "But take trade for skins on my credit all right."

"No you don't, my son," said the agent. "You can't fool Benjamin Brown with your tricks."

"No give me baccy an' powder for my credit, for my good skins in the store?" asked the hunter, sharply.

"That's what I mean exactly. This post doesn't pay twice over for skins when I'm in charge of it," answered the white man.

Walking Moose looked round him on every side. His squaw and the huskies and the robber in front of him were the only living creatures in sight. His hand shot out and clutched the front of the agent's shirt. A quick jerk brought the offender to his knees. In a minute he was bound with thongs at ankles and wrists.

Walking Moose, his countenance unruffled, lifted the agent of the great company into the store and propped him against a stack of flour-bags. Then he motioned to the squaw to enter.

"Now," said he, "you two see good trade."

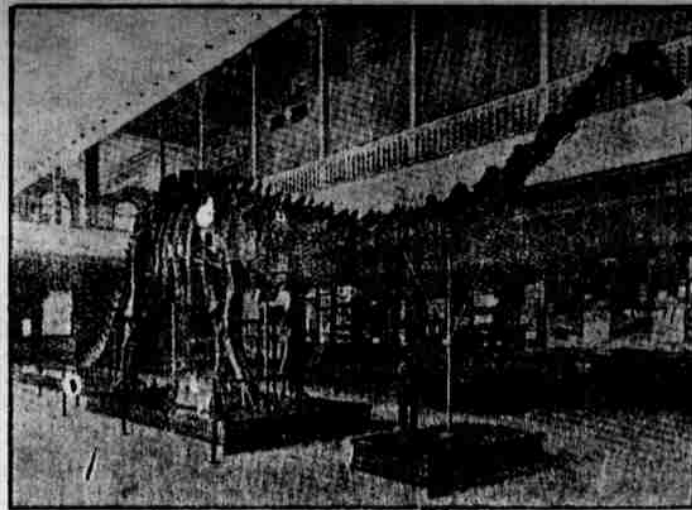
He found his bundle of skins heaped in a corner with others, drew it forth and unfastened it. For half an hour he measured and weighed provisions and counted skins. Now and then he inquired the rate of trade of the agent. When the last skin was spent, he helped the woman make the purchases into packs. Then he turned to the agent.

"Me leave little fire outside. You hop out pretty soon, and burn your hands free. Easy 'nough to do. Walkin' Moose had to do it once himself. Then you better wait for your men an' don't try follow Walkin' Moose."

The squaw exclaimed then in admiration. Her husband frowned slightly.

"Me no bad Injun," he said. "No rough Injun 'cept with fool. Now we go to Bear River and trade the beaver with McLeod."—Youth's Companion.

## A Prehistoric Reptile.



THE DIPLODOCUS SKELETON IN THE CARNEGIE MUSEUM AT PITTSBURGH—MR. CARNEGIE RECENTLY PRESENTED A REPLIC TO THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT.

### Pie Cutter.

A California man thinks that the common method of dissecting pies by the aid of the ordinary knife is too slow and also too inaccurate for these days of hustle and bustle. He came to the conclusion that a specially designed pie cutter was necessary for the purpose, and consequently concluded to devise one, the result of his work being shown in the illustration. This pie cutter comprises a base adapted to support a pie of the common size and shape. Hinged to the back of the box is the cutter proper, consisting of a lever and the knife blades. The latter are suspended from the lever directly over the place designated for the pie, and are arranged to divide the pie into six or more pieces at one operation.



of the lever. Families containing many children would find this novel pie cutter invaluable. As the pie would be divided into pieces of exactly equal size, there would be no possibility of showing partiality, and petty quarrels over who was to get the biggest piece would be eliminated.

### Too Hasty.

Governor Harris, of Ohio, said in an after dinner speech in Columbus: "This matter is a serious matter, and it must be taken seriously. Haste is a bad thing. It surely always causes error."

"I used to know a manufacturer. He was a good, honest man, but rather strict, rather close. Furthermore, he was inclined to be a little hasty."

"He had instituted in his mill a system of fines—fines for lateness, fines for mistakes, fines for spoiled work, and so on."

"Well, in the rush season, happening to awake one morning very early, he went to the mill a little after starting time. As he got out of his automobile he saw a pale, haggard, hollow-eyed man walk wearily through the gate."

"Aha, Joe Harris," he shouted angrily, "ten minutes late, eh? Well, you're fined fifteen cents. Not a word now. That's the rule."

"Take you're time, boss," Harris answered. "I ain't knocked off from yesterday, yet."—Washington Star.

### A Judge's Sharp Tongue.

Many a nint sayings of Lord Young, a famous Scotch lawyer who has just died, are being recalled by the English press. Once a little advocate who was slightly misshapen heckled the great lawyer beyond what his patience would stand, and finally pinned him on the exact meaning of a mark of interrogation. "I would called it," said Lord Young, fixing his eyeglass in his eye, "a little crooked thing tha. asks questions." It was not long ago that, looking

## HOW MODERN PROGRESS BREAKS DOWN THE CHINESE WALL.



A RAILROAD ENTERING PEKIN NEAR THE SOUTH GATE. —W. Burnham.

Time may be money, but it isn't so scarce.

Some fellows never pay up till you run them down.

It's generally the nerve of other people that gets on ours.

Even a family tree may occasionally need a little pruning.

Some people are satisfied to be under-studies all their lives.

Few men thank heaven that they have more than they deserve.

Clothes don't make a man any more than a complexion makes a woman.

There are few things more certain than expenses we hadn't counted on.

Many a man who is up with the lark has really kept the lark up all night.

Even after a woman becomes a Mrs. she may discover that things go amiss.

A girl can generally manage to keep the tears back if crying makes her nose red.

You can't always tell if a man is well bred from the amount of dough in his possession.

It isn't until a man asks a favor that he discovers some of his friends are merely acquaintances.

Perhaps it is possible for a woman to keep a secret, but most of them are terribly out of practice.

It would do the chronic bore a lot of good to take a few days off and get acquainted with himself.

Some fellows are in such a hurry to do things that they hate to lose time finding out how to do them.

The man who takes a cork out of a bottle by pushing it in is apt to do everything else on the same principle.—From the Gentle Cynic in the New York Times.

### LONGEST CIRCUIT.

#### How Telegraph Line from London to Teheran is Worked.

Probably the longest telegraph circuit in the world, says St. Martin's-le-Grand, has been in operation for over a year on the lines of the Indo-European Telegraph company, between London and Teheran, Persia's capital. This circuit is 4000 miles in length, and in its course it traverses the North Sea for 200 miles and passes through Belgium, Germany, Russia, Turkey in Asia and Persia. The Wheatstone automatic system of transmission and reception is employed on the circuit. By this system messages are transmitted at the rate of from 80 to 400 words a minute, according to the nature of the circuit, as against 25 to 35 words by manual Morse transmission.

On the London-Teheran circuit there are ten automatic repeating stations, namely, at Lowestoft, Emden, Berlin, Warsaw, Rouno, Odessa, Kertch, Sukhum Kaleh, Tiflis and Tauris. The business for and from Manchester and Liverpool is also handled direct with Teheran.

It will be understood that automatic repeaters virtually take the place of operators at the repeating stations. In the case of the circuit under consideration there are repeating instruments and batteries at each of the ten repeating stations. As the line is divided into 11 parts, each part is comparatively short.

### Speculation.

Morris Sellers Largey, the young Montana millionaire, who is devoting himself to the theatrical business, said at a dinner apropos of his new theatre in New York:

"I think that theatricals offer a fine field for shrewd investors. They are very steady. They are not as the slave trade was during the Civil War. 'Perhaps you have heard of the slave who wanted to buy his freedom. This was before the war, and since he was a very good slave, his master would not sell him to himself at any price. 'But as the war approached its end the master not unnaturally changed his mind. He sent for the slave one morning and asked him if he was still of the same mind about purchasing himself. 'The slave scratched his head, looked at the ground and faltered: 'Well, Marses Henry, Ah did wanter buy myself, but Ah been a-studyin' about it right smart lately, sah, an' Ah done come to de 'clusion dat in these times niggah prop'ly am too onartin, sah, to put any money in.'—Washington Star.

### Parliamentary Language.

Representative Champ Clark of Missouri tells a story about former Representative Henry U. Johnson of Indiana.

"Mr. Johnson," he said, "was engaged in a debate with an Illinois Congressman and called him an ass. This was unparliamentary, of course, and had to be withdrawn. Pursuant to the order of the speaker, Mr. Johnson said: 'I withdraw the language I used, Mr. Speaker, but I insist that the gentleman from Illinois is out of order.' 'How am I out of order?' demanded the Illinois man, with considerable heat. 'Probably a veterinary surgeon can tell you,' retorted Johnson. This was parliamentary and went to the Record.'—Indianapolis News.

St. Thomas Episcopal church in New York is about equally divided whether to expend \$1,000,000 on a new church or split the amount and give one-half of it to mission work, using the other half for a church.