

"Thank you," said Ephraim, "I never touch it."
Miller looked at him for a moment in amazement. He concluded that this must be one of the phases of Batterby's newly-developed queeriness. So he emptied his own glass and put it down.

They entered the parlor to wait for dinner. Ephraim's eye was caught by a very pretty miniature on the wall.

"Who is that?" he asked.

"Mrs. Miller; my wife."

"Is it a photograph?"

"I don't know what a photograph is."

"Ah!" sighed Ephraim, "I remember. Let me ask you something else. Did you ever hear of a place named Chicago?"

"Never! there is no such place."

"You know nothing of railroads, or steamships, or telegraphs?"

"You are talking Greek to me."

"Did you ever hear of a telegraph cable to Europe?"

"Well, you are asking queer questions, sure enough. No, I never did."

"Is there not, there not, a railway line across the continent to the Pacific?"

"What a funny kind of an idea! No, there isn't."

"Are there any such things as daily papers?"

"No, sir."

"One question more: I see you have a wood fire. Do you never burn coal?"

"Charcoal, sometimes, for some purposes."

"I mean hard coal—stone coal?"

"There is no such thing in existence, so far as I know. What are you up to, anyhow? Going to invent something?"

"I will tell you after awhile, may be," replied Ephraim; and then to himself he said, "I am beginning to catch the meaning of all this experience. How strange it is!"

A lady entered from the front door, and passed the parlor. Ephraim saw that she had on a very narrow dress, with a high waist almost beneath her armpits, that she wore upon her head an enormous and hideous green "calash" which bore some resemblance to a gig-top.

He had not seen one of those wonderful bits of head-gear for fifty years.

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