

zle-loader, and home-made bullets. He looks to the past, not to the future, little reckoning that the boy at his side will become the man of to-morrow. He has seen the flail give way to the threshing-machine driven by horses walking in a circle and a man standing in the middle wielding a long whip and emitting a longer whistle. He has seen the reaper supercede the scythe. He has seen oil actually burning in a lamp and shedding out an incredible light. He has seen wood burning in an iron stove set in the middle of the floor. He has heard of machines that knit, and of men riding on wheels propelled by themselves. As well might one think of flying. By many persons matches are used even in his time, and not long ago he heard a man say that you could get a gun that can be charged in a second. Of course, he doesn't believe that, nor does he see any sense in talking about being able to hear a person speaking a hundred miles away. And he would regard it

as sheer nonsense were anyone to tell him that some day the boy at his side would be able to leave to posterity the sound of his voice.

Thus we see the pioneer of the log house forty years ago. He is the father of his country, for out from his house and thousands of other log houses have gone forth young men and young women who are making the nation great. And the little boy who now rises from the fireplace, having listened to recollections of the past, looks forward into the future. He is of a later generation, and he must withdraw. And in good time, too, for the old woman is nodding over her knitting, and the old man's pipe has gone out.

The boy walks quietly across the floor, opens the door and passes out. The village is in darkness, except at the store, where the keeper is at this very moment putting up the shutters. He is a little later than usual, but, then, he is postmaster also, and the mail was behind time to-night. The



A LOG SHANTY

From a pencil sketch made by Harlow White in 1872