

She confided to me that "us folks thought it was a queer do, but he," pointing to the superintendent, "pays us well." I think, as a matter of fact, she surveyed the curious crowd with a feeling very closely resembling contempt. She was doing what she had always done, and if this curious crowd had never seen it before, it was because they were ignorant. She did not seem in the slightest degree interested in any other part of the show, and when I told her I came from Canada, she said "seems to me I've heard of that-away-place before," but she asked me no questions about it. She was the embodiment of content. I could not help wondering whether her tales when she returned home would stir the younger generation to move.

The exhibit was put on by the American Wool Growers' Association and was used to contrast the primitive methods with those now in vogue in the wool business. All around the room were cases containing wool from every part of the world where sheep were raised. Every grade of wool, and wool under every process of development, from the most crude to the finest finished product. I fancy few of the thousands of visitors saw anything in the room but the weavers' looms, with their unceasing flying shuttles, or got away from the fascination of the rapidly developing pattern. After all it was an epitome of life.