MILDRED HAS A BEAU.

She sits and gazes off
At something far in space,
And pensiveness and keen regret
Are pictured in her face;
The bloom of lovely womanhood
Still gilds her cheek but, O,
She sits alone and sighs today,
For Mildred has a beau.

'Tis not that she would seek to throw
Sweet Mildred in the shade,
'Tis not that they are rivals where
The game of love is played;
Ah, she is fair, with glossy hair
And roses yet, but, O,
Sweet Mildred is her daughter, and
Has just brought home a beau.
—Chicago News.

THE NOSTRALGIA OF NANCY

Miss Janet Tweed stood upon Nancy Knowles' door-step and plied the knocker with a gentle persistency. She had not stood upon that door-step for several weeks past, but that was not due to neglect. Nancy had been away from home. She had been visiting her birthplace, and Miss Tweed glowed with a generous anticipation of the pleasure she would experience in seeing the heart-starved old spinster tasting of happiness to her soul's satisfaction for once in her life.

There was a flavor of personal gratification in Miss Tweed's emotion—the gratification of the benefactress. To her Nancy owed her holiday. It was Miss Tweed who had furnished her with the necessary means.

Nancy Knowles was poor and when in the early summer Miss Tweed had visited her in the course of one of her customary rounds of merical ministry she had found her sitting wretched and alone, in her little kitchen, clasping an aching head between two fever-parched hands and lamenting to the unresponsive four walls.

"May I come in?" Miss Tweed had asked, standing on the outer threshold and forbearing with a nice sense of delicacy to cross until she gained permission.

Nancy had raised her head and bent on her visitor a look of reproachful welcome.

"O, yes, come in, come in," she responded, sounding high the note of complaint with her first breath. "This be the first time you've been anigh me for weeks an' weeks an' me so dretful poorly seems like I was goin' to die. But I 's'pose that ain't no account an' I ain't no call to find fault. Folks must take what they c'n get an' be thankful for't when they be old an' failin'."

Miss Tweed took a nimble seat not far from her aggrieved hostess and began, in faint protest and apology: "Indeed, no, Nancy! I haven't meant to neglect you. I've been nursing mother, who has had the grip, and I have scarcely been out of her rooms for weeks. I'm so sorry you are sick. What seems to be the matter? Won't you tell me and let me see if I can't help you?"

"Help me? Oh, law! I s'pose there ain't nothin' 'd help this pain. An' it ain't on'y the pain, either (tho' that's considerable ugly), it's the kinder sink in' fellin' in my heart that comes out 'o times an' the lowness o' my spirrets. Does your ma hev sinkin' o' the heart an' lowness o' the spirrets? Ever since I hed the la grippey, 'long in the spring, I ben jest this way—feelin' like I was goin' ter die an' purt near wishin' I war. O, law! how my head does hammer! I c'n see in the glass how hagworn and pindlin' I look. Folks don't need to ast ater my health, they c'n see for themselves how bad I be.

"Does your ma hev a constan' achin' in the bones? We ain't never had no rheumatiz in our fam'ly. Oh, lan', I do ache so!

"But who wouldn't get took down in this mis'ble, stived-up sorter place? Wonder everyone ain't down, sick abed with the doctor! I never see such a town! I declare for't, I feel so ugly times, seems like I couldn't stand it. It jest makes me long fer my own place, whar I was raised. My stars! But what wouldn't I give to see the old house again! Sometimes I 'low it's that sort of fellin' makes me so pesky slow pickin' up. Seems like one lock 'round 'ud put new life inter me.

"Ah! The place I was raised is suthin' like. No narrer streets there! Good, open roads with trees an' things growin' 'long-side. An' no pesterin' sidewalks that like to break your shins stubbin' your toes. The houses to Bethelbury ain't set in long rows like they be here. No, indeedy! Thar they be whar folks can feel they's livin' in the world 'ith the trees 'longside an' your own strip o' garden. O, laws o' man; but ain't it pipin' hot!

"Now, to Bethelbury the days ain't never so hot's they be here. There's alays a breeze som'ers. An' the nights is so cool you can sleep under a comforter, if so be's a comforter's agree'ble to you. I never wish for one myself. I don't think 'em healthy. It's much's twenty years sense I was to Bethelbury, but I can see our old house now, asettin' back on Trukey hill. It ain't changed a mite. Big an' ramblin' and goodsized chambers, you can do more than sling a cat in. Back of the house is the orchard. How us young 'uns useter streak through that orchard! Thar was an appletree with a nat'ral seat into it we set dreadful store by. Hot summer days we'd useter sit up there when there wasn't a breath of air to stir the leaves over our heads.

"An' then there was Shindle crick. No place hereabouts like Shindle crick, I can tell you. Us children useter have picnics there, and I 'low it was some of a treat when we could take our baskets an' walk six miles to eat our vittles to Shindle crick!

"Oh, my, how I wisht I was there now! Seems like I might feel chirk an' likely agen ef I could get back to Bethelbury for a spell. Law! I feel so homesick times, seems like I must take to get there somehow. But I ain't got money for't, an' so I calc'late I'll hev to stay whar I be. Ef I was jest a mite more forehanded—but laws! I'v scurce enough now to keep myself in vittels—folks is so dretful near—much less go 'way for a spell. Who cares for me—a pore stranger eatin' bread o' charity!"

"Oh, don't say that," broke in Miss Janet, interrupting the long-drawn wail with a sympathetic disclaimer. "We all feel for you and I'd not be in the least surprised if a way were opened to you to go and see your old home and get well and strong again. Here, let me put this cold compress on your head. And if you will swallow this tablet I am quite sure it will help you. It always does me when I have a nervous headache."

Shortly after Miss Tweed left, her brain busy with a project whereby she might alleviate the nostalgia of Nancy Knowles. A few days later the little tenement was closed, and Nancy had started upon four weeks' holiday.

Now she had returned, and Miss Tweed was all eagerness to see whether the old spinster had renewed her youth amid the scenes of her childhood, and whether her draught of happiness had satisfied the thirst of her heart. Miss Janet never dreamed of gratitude. It would be sufficient return to witness the joyful effect of her good work in the joyful woman's life.

She stood upon Nancy Knowles' doorstep and plied the knocker with a gentle persistency. Presently she heard a shuffling of feet within the entry and a moment later the latch of the door was lifted and she and her beneficiary stood face to face.

"H'm, it's you is it?" said Nancy, grimly.

Miss Tweed's radiant smile faded.

"Ah, Nancy," she said, gently, "I came to hear all about your delightful time. Has it done you worlds of good?"

"Ef you have a mind to stop jest step in. The flies swarm dretful this time o' year. Good time? No; I ain't hed anythin' of the sort. Oh, h'm! I wish I hed stayed to hum!"

"Why, Nancy, didn't you enjoy the beautiful lanes?" asked Miss Tweed. "You were looking forward to seeing them again with so much pleasure. You longed for them so."

"Me? Oh, I dunno. I longed 'tic'larly after everything. Leastwise after sechlike. Hoy d'you 'low I was going to see fields an' them sorter things to a teown like Bethelbury, with trolley cars arunnin' through it so you don't dare stir?"

"Why, I thought your old home was quite out in the country, on the top of a hill, with an orchard at the back, and—"

"Wal, who said it warn't? The house is there, but laws o' man! D'ye 'spose I was goin' to stop long of Joel's folks all that spell? Why, I never see sech children's Joel's. Sech noise and pesteration! Seem's like I should go crazy! 'Sides, Joel's folks hev done suthin' dretful destroyin' to the house. Why, it's the miser'blest old rack o' boards I ever did see. The chambers are all so you'd smother. An' the ceilin's so low seems like you'd smother. An' hot! Land o' love! How hot it do be! Not a breath, nor a breeze; No, I—"

"But, Nancy, didn't you see the orchard and that lovely natural seat on the old apple tree, and—"

Yes; I see the orchard, and got a smart nip o' neuralgy a-settin' under the trees one day. Wish'd I'd never went. No; I declare for't—"

"But Shindle creek," urged Janet, "surely you went to Shindle creek?"

"Shindle crick? Now, how in the name o' natur' was I goin' to walk a matter of six miles to get to a place damp enough to chill yer marrer with malary, soon's you set yer foot in it? Joel's wife did carry me over onct in the wagon, but the looks of the place give me the cold shivers. It ain't a mite what it useter be, an' I wouldn't be hired to set foot inter it, with all them rocks and that water a-flowin' by, with rheumatiz thick's midges in the air. You talk kinder senseless to ask. And the natural seat? Wouldn't I cut a pretty figger at my age climbin' an apple tree, even if the tree an' the seat an' all wasn't dead and gone for years an' years. Seems to me some folks ain't got proper sense!

"No; I stayed to Bethelbury a matter o' two days or so an' then I cum home. Ben here ever since, an' calc'late to stop here. An' no one shan't bundle me off no more for the sake o' gettin' rid o' me. I don't pester folks so dretful that I must be packed off jest to be got shet of, when I wasn't but only gettin' over la grippey an' in no condition to travel.

"Seems like some folks might have consideration for my age an condition. I declare for't, the thinkin' o' them couple o' days gives me such a turn, seems like I could cry.

"I dunno what ails me, but I feel a sight worse'n I did before I went. Thet sinkin' feelin's worse, an' the lowness o' the sperrits.

"An' I can't help feelin' a mite ugly when I think it's all along o' you thet I got so.

"Somethin' to Bethelbury dis'greed with me, an' I hev a notion I'll never get over it."

In the differences existing between the operators and miners at Pana, Ill., the state board of arbitration has decided that 33 cents gross weight per ton for mine run should be paid, all supplies except powder to be furnished by mine owners, and that the 6 per cent discount for cashing coupons should be abolished. The decision of the board has been accepted by the miners, while the operators announced that they would not be bound by any decision of the state board whatever

THE WORLD'S POSTMEN.

How Mail Matter is Handled in Many Countries.

The postal delivery service of the world is one of the wonders of nineteenth century achievements in government, and of the armies that comprise its complicated human machinery the postman is perhaps the most interesting personality. The world's postmen may be divided into two classes—first, the well-uniformed ones who make the house to house distributions in the cities; second, the long-distance bearers of mail packs who serve communities remote from transportation highways. The latter are fewer in numbers, but more picturesquely interesting. In the United States alone many types of these athletic and intrepid letter carriers, who served the advancing lines of civilization across the continent, almost has disappeared. In spots of the Sierras and Rockies a few of the American grimpeur postmen remain, and occasionally of a winter you read of one of them perishing in the avalaanche whose path he has crossed perhaps a thousand times.

In the silver mining districts these tall, powerful and handsome snowshoe postmen were quite numerous fifteen and twenty years ago.

WONDERFUL FEATS OF STRENGTH

On Norwegian shoes some among them have been known to pack in a day 150 pounds of mail, ascending altitudes of 8,500 feet to the bleak objectless altitudes of 13,000 and 14,000 feet and down again to 7,000 or 8,000 on the other side. As the distance traveled would not exceed thirty miles it may be imagined how this particular kind of postman has to climb and slide. In the summer, with the disappearance of the snow he usually has a regular zigzag trail.

The newest border postman of American type is the one who follows the Eskimo mail car of the polar circle, his dogs the only animate beings he sees through the great stretches of ice and snow.

Many years ago, after the navigation of the Colorado river by flatboats had developed considerable comemrce, an old postman's service was established particularly for the benefit of the army detachments stationed along the river. The mail was brought to the mouth of the river on the regular steamships. By river-boat it was three days to Fort Yuma, the first point of settlement inside the American line.

THE COCOPAH CARRIERS.

Big Cocopah bucks, built like Olympian prize-takers, were the postmen organized to defeat the steamboats. The distance to Fort Yuma, the first relay on the river over the route, was fifty miles by trail over the Sonora desert, where blistering, strangling simoons were of common occurrence in the summer months. The heat at all times on this desert stretch is tropical, yet the Cocopah postman rarely failed to trot the distance in a day with twenty-five pounds of mail, thus beating the steamboat two days. The river trip was lenghtened by the incredible curves of the channel. No white man ever ventured to take the Cocopah postman's contract, though it represented a goodly sum of money.

In some respects the Cocopah postman of the Colorado desert, who made his astonishing trip only at infrequent intervals and striped to his coper-tanned hide, with his hair matted on the top of his head in baked mud, is resembled by one of the picturesque postmen of the British empire. This is the native of Natal. Ordinarily he does not cumber himself with clothes, although the government gives him a military great coat and cape. About 170 of these runners are employed on routes where the use of mail carts is not justified. One hundred miles a week is the maximum. The runer's load ranges in weight from forty to sixty pounds; for distances less than forty miles he is required to average four miles an hour, and three miles when the distance is greater. He is honest, lives on porridge, and in addition to $2.50 allowance monthly for rations, he receives $5 pay.

An add method of carrying the mail is in vogue among the island natives of Coromandel. Waterproof bags are placed in a kind of a catamaran, stride which the postman has to sit, while he at the same time navigates the mail transport and battles with sharks.

Peasants carry the mails through the jungles of India, and across swollen or torrential streams the mail bags are pulled on slung ropes. The slowest postmen are in Corea. They serve with ox carts. It is insisted, however, that the slowest delivery is in Turkey. There sacks containing the letters of the people often lie for weeks at a distribution office, until the local cadi finds it convenient to hand them over to the lowest bidder who will undertake to deliver them within a specified time to the local cadi of the town for which they are destined. Almost without exception these delivery contracts are violated by the vagabond postmen, who loiter along visiting relatives.

HOW JAPANESE MAIL IS CARRIED.

The coolies postmen of Japan are counted among the speediest and carry very good average loads, suspended from the bamboo pole which they balance across their shoulder. But the cutest of all postmen are the dogs on the eastern slope of the Caspian mountains, who are sent down to the postoffice towns of the plains with the taxcollector, peddler or anyone who chances to be going that way. The mail is placed in a pouch depending from the dog's collar, and immediately he makes the dust fly in his tracks for home.

The difference in the regulation costume of the postman is so striking as to point plainly the national and climatic influences in taste. The Barbadoes postman has two uniforms. During the three hot months he wears unbleached cotton drill, with red facings, and the remaining time he is attired in blue serge. His headwear is a helmet. He takes the mail to the back door.

As a rule the postman of Trinidad is a native of Barbadoes or Tobago. He is usually a very civil, well-spoken negro. He makes three deliveries between 9 o'clock in the morning and 4 in the afternoon, averaging fourteen miles a day and is paid from $150 to $350 a year. In the capital of the island the suburban postmen have bicycles furnished by the government. Seventeen postmen serve the capital of San Salvador. Two are employed exclusively in the delivery of registered letters for $40 a month each.

Sixty-two million letters are distributed annually in New South Wales. Two kinds of uniforms are worn in Sydney. The city postman is distinguished by blue serge, brass buttons and helmet; the suburban postman by gray clothing, with black trimming and slouch hat. Both uniforms are rated first-class.

In nearly all European countries the postmen look and act as though they had just stepped out of the army. former service therein is their usual experience. The Holland postmen are rated as a handsome class, though of medium stature. The delivery of this little monarchy numbers 60,000,000 letters annually. For the arduous service of stair-climbing in Vienna, which is a necessary part of the postman's duty, he receives from $150 to $200 a year. He gets from the government one tunic, one pair of cloth trousers, one pair of linen trousers, one waistcoat and a cap, and every second year a coat and blouse are given him.

POORLY PAID ITALIAN CARRIERS.

In Rome the postman has to work eight hours a day for $15 a month, and is only enabled to live comfortably, like the Turkish postman, from the tips given him by citizens at the holiday time. In Switzerland postmen, as is the case with other members of the postal service, must pass physical and mental examinations, speed and endurance of foot being required with proper intellect. In some cities of the republic he pushes a mail cart. In Norway the long, ministerial-looking frock coat of the postman has given way recently to a short green jacket.

The Norwegian's pay is not enough to keep him out late Saturday nights. He gets $275 a year and a raise after fifteen years' service. He pays for his own uniform besides. However, he does better than the Viennese and Roman. All the Finland postmen are linguists, speaking at least Finnish, Swedish and Russian. They dress warmly, in long boots of thick leather, long, heavy coats and skull caps. The postmen of Denmark receive less pay than those of Norway, the annual salary running from $220 to $270. Just the same, they are said to be a fine lot of public servants. Roumanian postmen have a handsome uniform of dark blue cloth, with gilt buttons and green collar and cuffs. The uniforms of the continental postmen are mostly slight modifications of military patterns.

Hospital Corps Director.

Dr. Anita Newcomb McGee, director of the hospital corps of the Daughters of the American Revolution, whose headquarters are at Washington, was born in 1864. Her father was Prof. Simon Newcomb, Ph. D., LL. D., and her mother, Mary C. Hassler Newcomb, daughter of Dr. C. A. Newcomb of the United States navy.

Mrs. McGee's early education was received in her native city followed by three years of travel abroad. In 1886 she took up the study of history and genealogy. In 1887 she was married to Prof. W. J. McGee, the well-known ethnologist, who is connected with the Smithsonian institution. In 1889 Mrs. McGee began the study of medicine in Columbia university, and received the degree of M. D. from that institution in 1892. The following year she took a special post graduate course in gynecology at the Johns Hopkins hospital in Baltimore.

Dr. McGee can boast of a long line of distinguished ancestry, and is one of the most prominent members of the Daughters of the American Revolution. When that organization decided to establish a hospital corps for service in the war with Spain, Dr. McGee was one of the first to volunteer and she was promptly accepted by the management and appointed director of the service. So far four nurses have been sent to Key West, four to Charleston, six to Atlanta and a goodly number went on the hospital ship Relief.

If the native women of Sumatra have their knees properly covered, the rest does not matter. The natives of some islands, off the coast of Guinea, wear clothes only when they are going on a journey. Some Indians of Venezuela are ashamed to wear clothes before strangers, as it seems indecent to them to appear unpainted.

The royal library in Berlin contains over 1,000,000 volumes, the university library 158,000, that of the royal statistical bureau 136,000. The war academy collection consists of 88,000 volumes, that of the general staff 69,700 volumes and that of the royal chancery 72,600 volumes.

Jones—Funny joke on Earnest Dooem.

Brown—What is it?

Jones—He went home with a jag last night, and saw two of himself in the mirror. He thought he'd brought a friend home with him and went and slept on the lounge.

SOME DRAMATIC INCIDENTS

Strange and Inexplicable Happenings in a Lifetime.

It occasionally happens that lives which have run on the most peaceful and uneventful lines for many years are suddenly marked out by fate for the introduction of keenly dramatic incidents; and that such has frequently been the case, the following episodes, culled from the writer's recollection and experience will serve to demonstrate:

Two old maids for many years had lived, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, in the utmost seclusion at a village near Toulon, France, their lives being peaceful to the point of monotony. Their greatest excitement had been a flower show; their deepest catastrophe, the death of a favorite cat. One evening, however, as the two sat at their needlework in their little parlor, they were startled by seeing their window flung violently open, and a man in convict dress rushed into the room. Falling on his knees, he begged for protection from the prison officials, who at that very moment were in pursuit of him.

The old ladies, terribly frightened, were about to summon assistance, when, of a sudden, the elder of them pointed to the man with a low cry, and exclaimed: "Look! It is Henri, come back to life." Years ago, when the old maid had been a young maid, and a pretty girl as well, she had been affianced to a young fellow whom she had loved passionately. He had died three days before the day appointed for their union, and ever since she had carried his memory in her heart. By some strange coincidence the man who implored for protection was the living image of the dead man; and, this being so, sentiment gained the day, and they resolved to give him the help he besought.

Acting on the impulse, they went through their work of mercy with heroism. The convict was secreted in the boudoir, and when the officers of the law arrived and inquired if anything had been seen of the escaped man a direct denial was given them. Probably this was the first untruth which the poor old ladies had ever uttered, and the lie was one of those with which the recording angel will perchance deal lightly when the time of judgment comes.

The danger once over, the two worthy dames saw that the man was fed and properly clothed, and when a week had passed he left their house, taking with him a sufficient sum of money, which they forced upon him, to enable him to leave the country and start a new life abroad. The farewell scene was pathetic in the extreme, the rescuers being as deeply affected as the rescued.

For years afterward, and, in fact, until the time of their decease, the two women would often speak of this strange incident with bated breath, and the last incident in the little drama was the arrival one morning, two years later, of a magnificent diamond, accompanied by a note from the ex-convict He wrote that he had gone to South Africa, where he had prospered exceedingly, and he felt that the diamond, his biggest find, was a fitting souvenir of the biggest service that had ever been rendered to him by man or woman.

Another curious instance of a peaceful life suddenly lit up by a luridly dramatic incident was the following. A venerable country pastor, beloved by his flock and distinguished by his benevolence and unselfishness, was preaching one Sunday morning to the tiny congregation, when the calmness of the place was suddenly disturbed by a tall, dark-bearded man rising in his pew, where he had been sitting unobserved, and calling on the minister to come down from the pulpit, as he had no right to stand there and preach to his fellow-men.

The astounded congregation at first thought that the man was intoxicated and the verger was about to approach him, when the minister raised his hand and, in a voice which trembled with terror, begged for silence.

The dark man then proceeded to bring a terrible charge against the clergyman. He stated that, twenty years before, the latter had wronged his sister, who had died soon afterwards, and that, as her brother, he demanded that justice be done, and that the preacher should cease to preach precepts which, in days gone by, he had so wickedly disregarded.

Every eye was turned on the white-faced cleric, and every person hoped and believed he would utterly repudiate the charge, but, to the intense surprise of all, he cried out in a loud voice that the charge was true, and that henceforth the pulpit should know him no more. He had spoken the truth, indeed, for even as he descended the steps he reeled and fell. The shock had been too great for him, and he lay dead at the foot of the pulpit. Dramatic and awful, indeed!

Then there was the case of the old city merchant, a steady, plodding citizen, out every morning at 10, and in bed every evening at the same time, his life being governed by the law of monotones, who was awakened one night by finding a burglar in his room.

Quick as lightning he leaped from his couch and struggled with the marauder, and being a powerfully built man, and possesing great vigor in spite of his years, he overpowered the midnight visitor. He was just about to summon the servants and send for the police, when a voice he remembered well said hoarsely, "Don't you know me, Dick?"

For the first time he took a keen glance at the other man, and what was his horror when he discovered that it was his half brother, who, years ago, had run away to sea, and who had always been a hopeless ne'er-do-well. He had gone from bad to worse, with the result that he had entered this house on this night with the intention of plundering its owner, though he had not known his identity until they met face to face. Perhaps a more dramatic meeting for two brothers separated for a space of years could hardly be imagined, and it will be needless to add that the police were not summoned. The merchant promised to assist his disreputable relative, providing he would give up his evil ways, and it is satisfactory to think that the upshot of that night's meeting was a change for the better on the part of the would-be-thief.

Saluting the President.

Lieutenant Philip Andrews, U. S. N., contributes to the July St. Nicholas an article on "Ceremonies and Etiquette on a Man-of-War." Lieutenant Andrews says:

The regulations of the navy set forth just what honors shall be shown the various high officials and military officers who visit our men-of-war. The practice follows closely that in vogue by all nations, so that it would be very difficult to leave out any of the numerous honors and salutes now given. That more simplicity in the honors shown officials would be better suited to our republican form of government is certain; but international courtesy requires that we go through the same ceremonies as those employed by the most sensible countries. The Chinese have a most sensible custom of rendering honors. They give a salute of three guns whatever the rank of the visitor. This saves much noise and waste of powder, and would be excellent practice for all nations to follow.

When the president of the United States visits a ship of war of our country, he is received at the gangway by the admiral, commodore or commanding officer, together with such other officers as may be selected. The officers of the ship, in full uniform, are on deck; the crew, in their best uniforms, are at quarters for inspection, and the marine guard and band are paraded.

As the president steps on deck the drums give four ruffles, the band plays the national air, the president's flag is displayed at the main and a salute of twenty-one guns is fired. When the president leaves the same ceremony is gone through with, the same salute being fired when the boat containing him clears the ship, his flag being hauled down at the last gun.

Any other vessels of the navy present give the same salutes, and the crew, as the president passes, man the yards of parade along the rail if the ship is without square-rigged masts.

Manning the yards is one of the customs of the old navy and is dying out with the disappearance of square-rigged masts. The men stand on all the yards, arms stretched out and hands grasping the life lines, which are stretched above the yard to give proper support. It is a very pretty sight, as the life lines can not be seen and the men seem to be standing unsupported on the yards. As men-of-war today are being built without sail power and with only military masts this ceremony has of necessity been replaced by simply parading the crew on deck in the most conspicious places.

A Negro Colonel Enlists.

A recent visitor to the executive mansion who had the largest amount of self-constituted importance, perhaps, of any visitor in the last decade was a negro "colonel" from Virginia. He came in with flowing Jim-Swinger and artificial cocked hat, demanding to see the president "to oncet." For a time he was fretful of restraint, and refused to consider anything except an immediate admission into the White house inner sanctum. The officials asked him what was the matter with him and other profane questions, which at length induced him to explain his errand to the subordinate.

He was from Charlottesville, Va., and had a colored regiment ready to go to the war, which he wanted mustered into service and sent to Santiago by the next boat. The president, of course, would have this done if he understood the patriotism of these dusky volunteers.

"If you start into a battle, what is the first command you would give the troops?" was asked of the old uncle.

"I would say, 'Get on yo horses, sah.'"

"What would be your next command?"

"'Prepare to move forward, sah.'"

"What next?"

"'Shoot 'em for toe kill, sah.'"

Then it occured to the doorkeeper to ask the man his name. The answer was quick and original.

"J. Smith, sah."

"What does the J. stand for?" was the next query.

The old man hotly replied: "Don't you know nothin'? J. stands for gineral, sah."

Cut half a pint of corn in a bowl, add the yolk of one egg, half a cupful of milk, one tablespoonful of melted butter, half even teaspoonful of salt, half tablespoonful of sugar, the white of an egg beaten to a stiff froth, and one-eighth teaspoonful white pepper; mix all well together, pour the preparation into a buttered pudding dish, and bake in a medium hot oven till firm to the touch; then remove, and serve in the same dish in which it was baked.

He—I have just bet $50,000 that you would marry me.

She—Run, quick, and make it a hundred thousand, then hurry back and propose.