

Waking the Colonel.

Near Tuscumbia, Alabama, as I was riding across the country on horseback, I reached a cross-road and saw a white man fast asleep with his back to a tree, while an ancient colored man was lying on the grass three or four yards away and a horse was hitched to a fence. says the Detroit Free Press. The negro saw me as I approached and got up and came out on the road and respectfully saluted me and said:

"Does yo' wanter ax any questions, boss?"

"Yes. I want to know how far it is to Graysville."

"Deed, sah, but I can't tell yo'. I hain't dun bin yere a great while."

"Who is that?" I asked, pointing to the white man.

"Him's Kurnel White, sah."

"And you are his servant."

"Zactly, sah—'zactly."

"Well, let's wake the colonel up and see if he can't tell me."

"Did yo' jess want ter ask how fur it am to Graysville?" he asked.

"That's all."

"Doan' want ter talk pollytics?"

"No."

"Nor about the wah?"

"No."

"Doan' wanter buy de kurnel's land nor nuffin'?"

"No. Did he tell you not to disturb him?"

"He did, sah, an' de kurnel's a werry peaky man. Does yo' want to wake him up to ask him to take a drink wid, yo'?"

"I haven't a flask along."

"Den, sah, let me inform yo' dat de minnit I dun woke him up he'd yell the biggest yell yo' eber heard of. Den he'd whoop an' holler an' begin to shoot wid his pistil, an' afo' we knowed it we'd boaf be dead an' de hoss shot full of bullets. Sorry, sah, but I knows jess how he acts. Some kurnels wake up like lambs, but dis yere one nebber did surrender arter de wah an' he's all de time believin' dat de United States is after him wid a gunboat an' fo'teen cannon."