



General Grant's Log Cabin.

It was at White Haven, a farm of a thousand acres of hilly field and timber land owned by Frederick Dent, that General, then Lieutenant, Grant met Miss Julia Dent, the eldest daughter of the house, and won her heart. As the Dent family grew up, Mr. Dent allotted to each member in turn a tract of land from the original homestead and from two to three slaves; so, if they desired, each one had his or her own home to go to upon marriage, and house servants to do the work. It is of one of these homes that Mrs. Emma Dent Casey—the last of the Dents of White Haven—writes in the Associated Sunday Magazine, in the hope that she may be able to dispel the erroneous idea that the far-famed log cabin of General Grant was the mean, poor, makeshift affair that the public mind of to-day believes it to have been.

Of course many saw this cabin at the World's Fair, writes Mrs. Casey, and to my assertion many will say "Bosh! We saw the cabin with our own eyes." To them I will answer that a house unoccupied for many years is not a home, nor is it homelike; it is an empty shell, a body without a soul, a dead thing and unlovely.

When Captain Grant resigned from the army, old Mr. Grant, his father, gave him a thousand dollars. With this he built and furnished a log house of five rooms on eighty acres of land, which my father had given Mrs. Grant as a bridal present.

The house was built after a plan conceived by Mrs. Grant, and was fashioned and furnished with an eye to the artistic, and to the end that it was both homelike and refined.

Through the middle of the house ran a hall, on either side of which were the sitting-room and dining-room. Above these were three bedrooms, two of good size, and a small front room over a portion of the hallway below. The kitchen and servants' quarters were in cabins to the rear.

Long before Sister Julia's marriage to Captain Grant father gave her three slaves, who remained, of course, at White Haven while she was there. Later, when Captain and Mrs. Grant were stationed at different army posts in the free States, these slaves were left behind, for obvious reasons. With these three servants, two white horses, a wagon, a cow, and the log house on the eighty acres of land mentioned, the Grants began civilian life in Missouri.

I do not doubt that there are several elderly men yet living in St. Louis, or on the Gravoise, as the neighborhood where we lived was called, that remember the willing hands they lent to the Grant "house-raising party," for it was my sister's wish that inasmuch as her home was to be of the old-fashioned kind, it must and should be built in the old-fashioned way—log laid upon log by friendly hands. So after several busy days for colored Kitty and Mary in the kitchen, and after a quantity of trees had been felled, the logs duly heaved, notched on the ends, and then dragged to the proper site, the neighbors from the Gravoise were invited in to the "raising," and sooner than one would have expected, for all the feasting and merrymaking, the house was done. Later, carpenters from St. Louis put on the finishing touches.

As I remember them, the window sashes opened outward from the middle. Each window contained two panes of glass separated by a strip of wood as broad as a man's hand. This gave a pleasing and harmonious effect, and was in perfect keeping with the Grant log cabin.

Besides the Grants', there was yet another home at White Haven. Father gave my brother Louis two hundred acres near the Grants', and on this he built, after his marriage, a brick house and called it "Wish-ton-wish," an Indian name for the whippoorwill.

For all the two examples in home-making, the Grants called their place by no particular name. They simply spoke of it as "Home."

Negroes in the Army.

"It is not necessary to revert to the civil war to prove that African negroes are faithful, devoted wearers of uniforms," once said a man who has seen service in both the army and the navy. "There are at the present time our regiments of negro soldiers in the regular army of the United States—two outfits of cavalry and two of infantry. All four of these regiments have been under fire in important Indian campaigns, and there is yet to be recorded a single instance of a man in any of the four layouts showing the white feather—and the two cavalry regiments of negroes have on several occasions found themselves in very serious situations. While the fact is well known on the frontier, I don't remember ever having seen it mentioned in the east that an American Indian has a deadly fear of an American negro. The most utterly reckless, dare-devil savage of the copper hue stands literally in awe of a negro, and the blacker the negro the more the Indian quails. I can't understand why this should be, for the Indians decline to give their reasons for fearing the black man—but the fact remains that even a very bad Indian will give the mildest mannered negro imaginable all

the room he wants, and to spare, as any old regular army soldier who has fronted him will tell you. The Indians, I fancy, attribute uncanny and eerie qualities to the blacks.

"The Sioux will hand down to their children's children the story of a charge that a couple of the negro cavalry troops made during the Pine Ridge troubles. It was at the height of the fracas, and the bad Indians were regularly lined up for battle. These two black troops were ordered to make the initial swoop upon them. You know the noise one black man can make when he gets right down to the business of yelling. Well, these two troops of blacks started their terrific whoop in unison when they were a mile away from the waiting Sioux, and they got warmed up and in better practice with every jump their horses made. I give you my solemn word that in the ears of us of the white outfit the yelps those two negro troops of cavalry gave sounded like the carnival whooping of 10,000 devils. The Sioux weren't scared a little bit by the approaching clouds of alkali dust, but, all the same, when the two black troops were more than a quarter of a mile away the Indians broke and ran as if the old boy himself were after them, and it was then an easy matter to round them up and disarm them. The chiefs afterward confessed that they were scared out by the awful howling of the black soldiers.

"Ever since the war the United States Navy has had a fair representation of negro bluejackets, and they make first-class naval tars. There is not a ship in the navy to-day that hasn't from six to a dozen, anyhow, of negroes on its muster rolls. The negro sailor's names very rarely get enrolled on the bad conduct lists. They are obedient, sober men and good seamen. There are many petty officers among them."

A Night Panic in Georgia.

On the 4th of July, 1864, our regiment, the Twenty-seventh Indiana, had been marching and skirmishing with the enemy between Marietta, Ga., and the Chattahoochee river. Night overtook us while we were passing through a piece of timber with a dense growth of brush up to the edge of the road on either side. We were ordered to stack our guns and lie in such positions as to get them immediately on the least alarm, with all our accoutrements on. This we did by lying in line of battle in the rear of our guns, and being tired and sleepy from constant skirmishing and maneuvering around Kennesaw mountain for the past few days, were soon far away in the land of dreams; but about an hour after lying down, the most of us were aroused by the hurried commands of "Fall in, steady, men!" accompanied by the cracking of brush and the thundering of a cavalry charge (as we then thought) on the opposite side of the road from where we were. Some of the boys actually climbed in small trees to keep from being run over, and some of the most excited fired their guns at the supposed enemy and the officers called out, "Steady; don't fire until commanded."

For a few seconds suspense was dreadful, but we soon found that the enemy was as badly scared as we, and were fast increasing the distance between us. On investigation we learned that the scare was all brought about by our "cattle" guards, who were driving in a bunch of cattle, and some of the cattle, no doubt, while browsing in the brush in the roadside, ran onto some weary soldier, who, being thus unceremoniously roused out of his slumbers, in trying to get away, ran onto some one else, who, in turn, ran onto some one else, and so on, and the cattle, getting alarmed at the racket, went off pell-mell in the opposite direction.

This was the alarm mutual and our 4th of July celebration complete with no casualties save a few black eyes and broken noses, caused by the first ones who got alarmed running over those who were more slow in getting roused up. At the time we were dreadfully alarmed, but after it was all over we were inclined to be ashamed of it, and I presume some of them are ashamed yet, for I have never seen any mention of it since. But why should we be ashamed? It was a very natural inference.

Lee's Surrender.

The last gun was fired, the last roll was called. Half starved, half naked, grim, gaunt, unappalled, Stained with blood and powder, the old army stood: "I have done all things for your good!" Thus spoke their great leader, deep grief on his face. While a halo of glory illumined the place; Some trailed their muskets, and some sheathed their swords. They had smiled at Grant's cannon, they wept at Lee's words.

And Grant was courteous as the grand knights of old, No glad shouts were uttered, no loud drums were rolled; And the victors saluted those gaunt men in gray, And the fire-winged tempest died slowly away.

—Unknown.

The Sultan of Johore, a little state at the top of the Malay peninsula, has contracted for an electric plant to cost almost \$1,000,000.

According to Sir William Crookes, by 1931 the world's supply of wheat will be unequal to the increase in population.

Even a philosopher is apt to fall down when it comes to making the best of the worst of it.

The Magic Christmas Day



Wee Elsie had been told, By some hobgoblin bold, To hang her stockings neat And then this verse repeat: "Twinkle, twinkle, fee fi fo fum, Stocking, oh, stocking, much bigger be—come."

On Christmas Eve, therefore, She said these lines thrice o'er. Lo! hardly were they said, When right above her head A pair of stockings were That surely seemed, to her A giant to belong— "Good-night to you," she said, And clambered into bed, Quite sure next day would show Them filled from top to toe.

"Whoa there! my Jupiter, Gallant and Gray!"

Quietly, remember, a moment here stay." And leaving them his sleigh, Old Santa made his way Quick down the chimney flue And through the fireplace, too.

"Dear me, what's this I see? It surely cannot be— None but a greedy miss Would hang such things as this!"

bread and butter, with honey spread between, and off they started for the clump of hickory trees in the sheep pasture.

As they crawled through a hole in the garden fence they could hear the trees rustling in a very queer way for a still day, and pretty soon they espied somebody in one of the trees, shaking it vigorously.

"It's a man!" cried Margy, dismayed. "It's a thief!" shouted the Boy. "Come on!" And from far away he yelled: "You thief! Come down out of our trees!"

But before they reached the spot the man swung himself down from the branches, and behold, it was Robert, grinning and chuckling. "I reckoned yo' all couldn't get dose nuts out de tallest tree, so I done shuck 'em down foh you."

So their first effort was made easy. That day's labor showed a fine start on the nut heap, that grew and grew in the corner of the garret.

It was not always so easy. After the meadow trees were stripped they had to hunt in the woods, and often the trees were too high for the Boy to climb.

Other times he and Margy could go up together and they would both dance on the limbs with all their strength, till the nuts came rattling down in a jolly shower.

Sometimes, as the October days grew colder, they would come home, with teeth chattering and fingers and noses blue with cold. Then mother would thaw them out and give them hot lemonade.

And the pile of nuts in the corner of the garret grew and grew.

You mustn't think that picking up the nuts was all of the work. Not by any sort of means. For every nut had a

as there are hearts on earth full of generosity and love.—Portland Oregonian.

Little Johnny's Resolutions.

"Next Tuesday'll be New Year's day," Said little Johnny Lake. "Some resolutions, mom declares, I really ought to make. Mom's promised to stop gossipin', An' so has Sister Sue. I guess I'll resolve a bit. Let's see—what shall I do?"

"I'll resolve, I guess, to quit A-splittin' kindlin' wood; Then pop'll have to do that work, Like fathers always should. An' then, while I'm a-doin' it, I'll resolve to quit The Sunday school, fer goin' there With me don't make no hit."

"I'd like to resolve some way To git myself a goat; I want a buttin' billy ram With whiskers on his throat. An' then I'll resolve, I guess, To beat up Tommy Hunt; He's took an' stole my gum from me, The doggone little runt!"

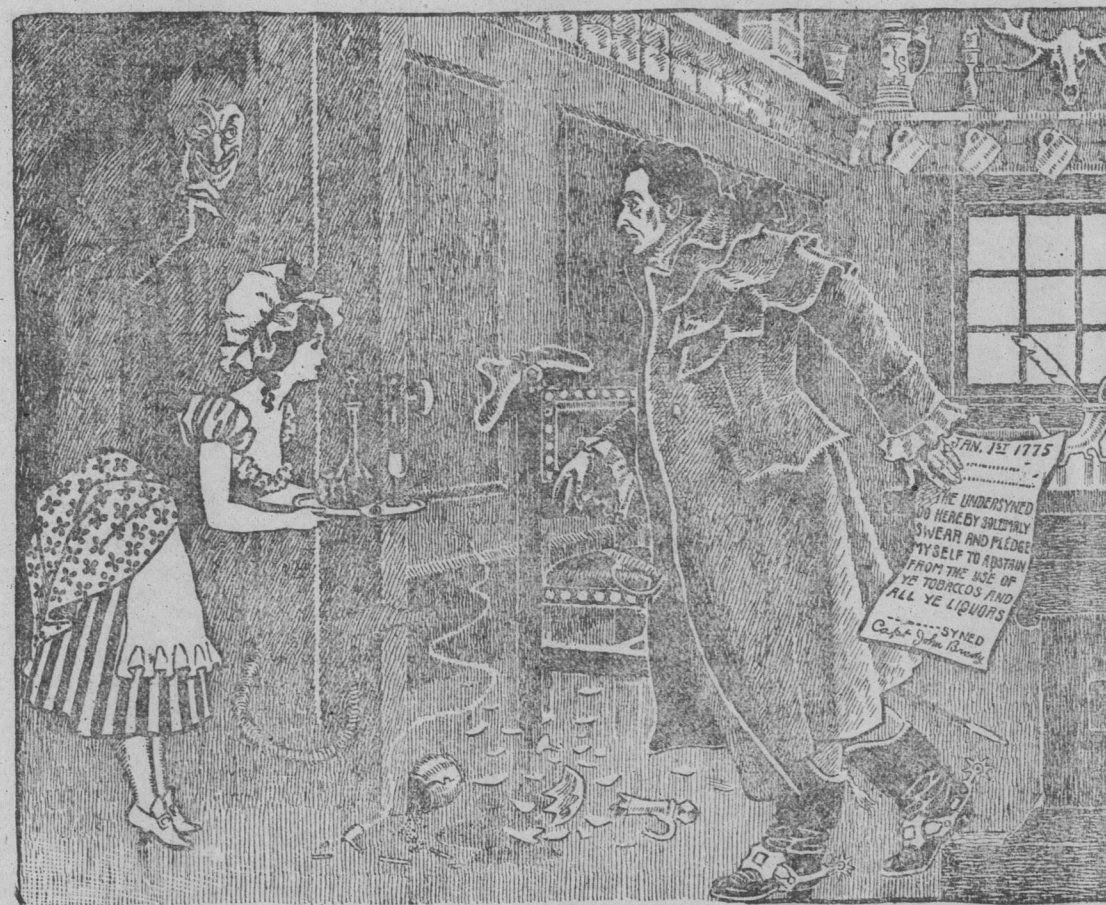
"I reckon that's enough fer me To resolve jist now; At any rate, I'll make that do— It's plenty, anyhow. Let's see—I start on New Year's day. Well, that ain't very fur. Won't mom be tickled when she finds How well I've minded her?"

—Denver Post.

Christmas in King Alfred's Reign.

In King Alfred's time, and all through the middle ages Christmas began on St. Thomas's Day and lasted until Twelfth Night, and was moreover as much a festival for fathers and mothers as for their children. There was no pantomime, it is true; but there was a Lord of Misrule elected in every important household, at court

DID YOU RING, GOOD SIR?



Which shows that even our forefathers had their troubles.—Cincinnati Post.

So Santa sadly took The stockings from their hook, And in their place he put One meant for smaller foot; Nor did he leave behind A gift of any kind.

Next day, at sunrise, a little maid sobbed, Bitterly crying that she had been robbed. When right before her the goblin appeared— "Greedyneas robbed you," he said, as he leered.



Earning Christmas Money

The Boy and Margy thought and thought and thought. Finally they went to Violet Amanda in the kitchen, for they did not want to let father and mother know. It was to be a surprise. This Christmas they had planned to keep the spirit of old St. Nicholas in their hearts, and there were to be gifts bought with money of their own earning. How to earn it was the question. Violet Amanda had no suggestions to offer, but Robert, the hired man, had an idea. Now, to look at Robert you'd never believe he could have an idea stowed away under his black skin and woolly topknot; but looks are sometimes deceiving.

"Out in de medder," he said, slowly, as Violet Amanda poured him a second cup of coffee, "dey's a pow'ful heap sight ob hick'ry nuts on dem big trees, an' deys mo' in de wood lot. Yo' all could git money foh dem nuts ef dey wuz gadder. Dey's jes' ripe foh fallin' out de shucks."

"Margy!" cried the Boy, "it's just the thing. How much could we get for a bushel of 'em, Robert?"

"I heerd somebody say," said Robert, as he wiped his mouth on the back of his sleeve, "dat yo' could git two dollahs foh dem dis Fall up in de city."

"We'll start the minute we've finished breakfast," they cried. Mother's consent to a nutting party was given without question. Bags and baskets were provided, and a lunch of

little green house of its own; and although sometimes the four little walls of it fell away at a touch, oftener the nut gatherers had to try force.

Two stones would do the business—one to pound on and the other to pound with. Fingers and thumbs got pounded, too, sometimes, and if you want to know if it hurt or not, just try pounding your own finger sometime when it is half frozen.

But that was part of the affair, and mother's arnica bottle and salve would stop the ache and dry the tears. Then, too, it was very interesting to unwind the long, narrow rag and show the wound to father after supper.

All through the nutting season neither father nor mother asked one single troublesome question, so that made it easy to keep the secret, although both Margy and the boy were nigh to bursting with the importance of it.

And the nut pile in the corner of the garret grew and grew.

Every time they added to their hoard the whole was carefully measured till at last there were three full bushels, heaped to running over. Uncle Tom was let into the secret, and he came over one day when father and mother were gone and took away the nuts. Two days later he came back looking very important.

"Hullo, children," he said, "come out in the woodshed with me a minute. The old black cat's out there washing her face."

Out there, behind the chip pile they never looked at the black cat, but Uncle Tom opened his hand and showed them six big round silver dollars.

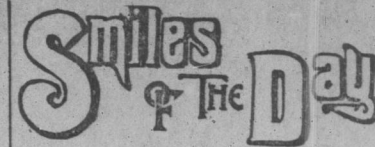
"There's your Christmas money," he said.

"We'll divide even," said the boy generously, "even if you are the little-est, because you worked just as hard. So there's three of 'em for each of us."

"What a Christmas we'll have," cried Margy rapturously. "The best ever. It's great fun doing things ourselves."

And so the sweet kindly spirit of good old Saint Nicholas lived again, and grew and grew in the hearts of Margy and the boy, just as the nut pile had grown in the garret.

No, indeed, the soul of Saint Nicholas is not dead, and will never die so long



Smiles of the Day

Lies in the Man.

"Wealth doesn't always bring contentment." "Neither does poverty,"—Washington Herald.

A Mistake.

Husband—Only think, my colleague, Cohen, whom we had to dinner last Sunday, has died suddenly.

Wife—How I wish we had invited him for next Sunday!—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

First Past the Post.

"Yes," said the humorist, "I have great respect for the wisdom of the ancients."

"Because why?" asked the cub reporter.

"They were born in time to say most of the smart things before I had a chance to think them," answered the party of the funny part.

Just Wanted to See.

"They were born in time to say most of the smart things before I had a chance to think them," answered the party of the funny part.



Kid—Say, mister, got change fer five dollahs?

Kid Gentleman—Yes, my boy; here it is.

Kid—Thanks, boss; I just wanted to see it. I'd kinder got to thinkin' dere wasn't dat much money in circulation!

The Mean Thing.

Westend—What did your wife say when you got home from the stag the other night?

Broadway—Nothing at all. She just sat down at the piano and played "Tell Me the Old, Old Story."—Puck.

What He'd Bag.

Amateur—I'm going hunting in the great north woods, old man, and I will send you down my first trophy.

Friend—Thanks, but I am no cannibal.

Amateur—Cannibal?

Friend—Yes. I can't eat guides.

Going Some.

As the large man in the red sweater entered the lunch room and seated himself at the little table the waiter placed a new record on the phonograph.

"What tune is that?" asked the new patron.

"When de Harvest Days Am Obah," boss," whispered the waiter. "Dat gemman am an ice-man."

Presently another man entered and seated himself at the second table. On went a new record.

"What's that, Sam?" queried the new patron.

"Why, 'When de Harvest Days Hab Cum.' Dat gen'man am a plumbah, sah."

A Dilemma.

"You are a man of abundant leisure," said the friend. "Why don't you go in for politics?"

"What's the use?" asked Mr. Dustin Stax. "If I went into politics and didn't spend my money, they'd say I was stingy. And if you did spend it, there'd be a scandal."—Washington Star.

The Wisdom of Youth.



"Boo-hoo! Johnny Jones has got de messes, an' can't come out."

"Ah! And you miss your dear little playmate?"

"Yis'm, he's de only kid in town dat I kin lick—boo-hoo-oo!"

We All Know Her.

Cora—She has such keen perceptions. Dora—And such a blunt way of conveying them.—Puck.

The Family Skeleton.

Visitor—By George! But you've added a great many beautiful volumes to your library since I was here last. Must cost something, old man?

Mr. Meeker—On the level, Bill, I'm on the verge of bankruptcy buying souvenir postcard albums and book-case sections to hold them!—Puck.

Same Thing.

"To what does Mr. Cockyfeffer attribute his success?"

"To hard work."

"I didn't know he ever did any hard work."

"He didn't; but he hired a lot of it done for him."—Cleveland Leader.

Rather.

Seven-year-old Elsie ran up to her mother saying: "Mamma, Gertrude just said, 'I ain't, neither.' That's pretty poor geography, isn't it?"—Puck.

Corrected.

A little girl, the daughter of a clergyman, once sat at the table with bishop who was visiting her father.

When they had finished she observed that he did not fold his napkin. Distressed, she said, "We always fold our napkins, here."

"Yes, my dear," said the bishop. "But that is because you use them again. In the case of a visitor you don't do that."

"Oh, yes, we do!" said the little girl.—Punch.

Safer.

Church—Have you joined that "Don't Worry Club" yet?

Gotham—No; I'm going to wait until I get the last installment on the furniture paid.—Yonkers Statesman.

Easy on Them.

"Farman says the aeroplane is safer than the automobile."

"I guess that's right; it doesn't mangle the people it goes over."—Houston Post.

Fixed.

"But," said the good old lady, "why don't you go to work?"

"Why, ma'am," began the disreputable old hater, "yer see, I got a wife an' five children to support—"

"But how can you support them if you don't go to work?"

"As I was a sayin' lady, I got a wife an' five children to support me."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

Perfectly Ridiculous.

Madge—Dolly is a girl of surprises. Marjorie—I should say so. V. V. V. V. she's actually going to marry the young man she was engaged to last summer. —Puck.

A Carnegie Short-Speller.

Evidently they don't "show" some of the Missouri folks how to spell. A man who was robbed inserted the following advertisement in a local paper:

"One black soot of clows," "one rasiar, with a white bon hanel; the pants had a three-cornered hole in the rite side, that had bin mended by a taylor."—Atlanta Constitution.

Texts from Dr. Williams.

"Talkin' 'bout Tribulation," said Brother Williams, "wen he comes ter my house I makes him welcome—in dis way; I sez ter 'im, I does: 'Here you is, an' dar you is; take all de house ter yoself.' An' den I takes ter de woods."—Atlanta Constitution.

Awful.

Old Lady—My little lad, do you smoke cigarettes?

Boy—No; but I can give yer a chew of tobacco.



Green Room Gibe.

Leading Lady—That dear little Pittsburgh millionaire named his auto after me.

Low Comedian—Good head. It reminds me of you every time I look at it.

Leading Lady—Because it is pretty? Low Comedian—No; because it is so well enameled and does a lot of puffing.

The Main Task.

Mrs. Stubb—A regiment of women soldiers would look wonderfully imposing, John. You wouldn't have any trouble telling them to fall in.

Mr. Stubb—No, but you'd have a lot of trouble keeping them from falling out, Maria.

Making Trouble.

"What's the matter with all you Swampbusters?" demanded Clitman. "You all appear to hate Newcomb, and yet he's a decent sort of fellow."

"Huh!" snorted Subbubs, "the miserable chump snorted his wife a \$30 hat the other day, and now there's no peace in our homes."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Secure for the Moment.

"Why is it that a woman who gossips is always sure to find a listener?"

"I suppose," answered Miss Cayenne, "it's due to a realization that when she's gossiping to you she can't be gossiping about you."—Washington Star.

Obedient Orders.

Jones—Did you deliver my message to Mr. Smith?

Johnny—No, sir. His office was locked.

Jones—Well, why didn't you wait for him, as I told you?

Johnny—There was a note on the door saying, "Return at once," so I came back.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Wonderful.

Mr. Howard—Isn't it wonderful what force Niagara has?

Mrs. Talknuch—Marvelous! Do you know when I first saw it for a full moment I couldn't speak.—Brooklyn Eagle.

What He Was Painting.

The Artist (with an important air)—Yes, I've just got home. I've been painting in the backwoods of Maine for the last month.

The Critic—Well, well! What's the sense of putting advertisement signs there where there are so few people to see them?