

one thing. An' dey always wants hot whiskey, fo' another—an' plenty sugar, too. So I gives dem the hot watah—dey does the rest. An' the debbil can't get 'em up in the mawnin', suh," he added plaintively, yet grinning amiably the while.

"He's going to sing the Gospel, sir," Dr. Seymour interpolated.

"I knows dat," responded the darkey; "dat's all right, suh—I ain't got nuffin agen the Gospel; my own pop was a 'xhorter down in ole Kaintuck—but dem singin' gents is funny birds, suh."

The Doctor seemed disinclined to pursue the conversation. Leaning back in his chair he picked up his book, "The Threefold Order. The Ministry," and pretended to read it. Yet it was dry, cruel dry! and doubtless the porter knew it.

"Dere's a pow'ful fine singer in the Colonist," he resumed gravely, still intent on matters musical.

The Doctor laid down the "Threefold Order." "Where?—what do you mean by the Colonist?" he asked.

"Colonist car," the porter answered laconically; "third car forrahd. He's a peach, all right. Sometimes I goes forrahd to see Mose—he's the attendant there, an' when he ain't doin' nuffin an' I'm doin' the same, me an' him has a cup o' coffee. Got their own kit in the Colonist, you know, suh."