

How Sojourner Truth Earned Five Dollars in Washington.

Sojourner Truth lectured in Detroit recently. She said: "When I was in Washington last summer, I was walking down to the Capitol. I heard some one say, 'That's her.' 'Who?' 'Why, Sojourner Truth.' 'You don't say! How old is she?' 'I don't know. You ask her.' One of 'em said: 'How old are you, aunty?' Much over 100.'" I said I was 150. 'I declare, who would have thought it? How smart she is,' etc. You know they wouldn't have been satisfied if I had told 'em I wasn't a hundred. Mr. Fish, who was with us, said: Now, when they ask you how old you are, tell them you'll give an answer for \$5. That'll stop them, or else you'll earn a little pocket money.' Somehow there wasn't so many curious people afterward. A gentlemanly-looking and 'pearing man talked to me when I was sitting in the President's room. When he asked me my age, I told him I was goin' to ask \$5 for that question from every one. He smiled and drew out \$5, and said that it was worth that to know it. When he'd gone, Mr. Fish said: 'Do you know who that is? That's Mayor Bowen, mayor of the city.' 'Well, I can't help it if 'twas an emperor; I followed your advice.' President Grant was sitting near by at the time. After the mayor left he said: 'Have you any of your photographs with you?' I gave him one, and then he put his hand in his pocket and took from it a \$5 note. 'There,' said he, 'take that, and I won't ask you what your age is, either.' A tall, gaunt Yankee came into the room while I was there. He felt pretty important, too, I reckon. He looked all around the room, in which were several persons, as if in search of some one. Then he went up to Grant, sort of pompous like, who was sitting by a table. 'I say, be you President?' 'Yes,' said Grant, quietly. The Yankee looked at him for a few seconds without saying anything. 'I vum, you ain't so old as I thought you was, not by a darned sight.' After a pause: 'How old be ye?' 'I'm 49,' said the President. 'Shoo! Well, now, really, is that all? Is that your true age?' He admitted gently that it was. 'Well, I declare: I expected to see an old man. Why, your hair ain't gray, hardly. Supposed 'twould be. And so you're only forty odd years?' Then, after a pause, while he looked at the President for a while longer, he said: 'Don't know as I want to say anything else, so good day,' and off he went, saying to himself, 'Ain't near so old as I expected.' The President merely smiled, and did what most men wouldn't have done, he kept his patience. I felt so ashamed while that pesky man was talking to him. There, I'd been asking \$5 to tell my age, and here was the President of the United States as patient and quiet as a lamb, answering them foolish people who hadn't nothing better to say than that, and come and almost 'ruin' the President. I wanted to sink through de floor."