

Shortly after the pie episode I found Jim Crow holding in his arms some small object upon which he lavished the tenderest terms of endearment. As soon as he saw me he gave the three standing jumps and the whoop which were his usual morning greeting, then exclaimed:

"Now, den, honey, stan' on yo' foots, an' show yersel' to Miss Cla'h!"

"Honey" obeyed. It seemed like a sneer at misery to call the creature a kitten. As it wavered toward me on its weak little legs, and piteously raised its one green and only eye to my face, I felt the tears coming. In the scheme of its structure fur had not been considered an important item, and flesh had not been considered at all; but the amount of tail used in the make-up of that one small slip of a cat was something wonderful. I took up the little scrap of metropolitan misery, and a vibration in its skinny throat told me it was trying to purr, but was literally too weak to make a sound; though when I obtained some warm milk for it, its savage hunger forced it to clamber into the