

to teach his cat down-stairs. Then he had to romance a good deal about Misery to the neighboring servants, that they might be brought to appreciate all her remarkable qualities as a lucky cat.

Besides all this, he had to exercise that faculty which he had inherited from uncountable ancestors—the faculty of sleep. If his grown-up sister slept with all the stops open, leaning against any largish piece of furniture that came handy, and his mother—I have seen her standing before a chopping-bowl, taking a refreshing nap, with her hand still holding the raised knife. When she awoke the knife descended; operations were resumed. There was no yawning, no rubbing of eyes; she had been asleep, she was now awake, that 's all, and—"What of it?" Oh, nothing, Maria, nothing! I am only saying, now, that if the grown-up women required this refreshment, how much greater was the need of Jim Crow, who was burdened with the additional duty of having to grow a little bit each day, unless he wished to become a freak.