

nickels, of ladies who were charmed by his deep bow and the graceful sweep of his little arm as he removed the crown of his hat before them. There were no brims to Jim Crow's hats, and I feel sure that had there been brims, then there would have been no crowns.

I also led Jim Crow a short, a very short, distance along the paths of education. He could count up to six with temperate calmness, but beyond that point his figuring was directed by an absolutely tropical imagination; while his joyous greeting of A, B, C, and D was in marked contrast to his doubtful acknowledgment of E and his absolute non-recognition of F.

Only a modicum of his time was spent in pursuit of education and manners; the other part he gave to a search for some new way of almost breaking his neck.

What was left of his day had many claims upon it. Misery had to be fed often and to be talked to. Everything I tried to teach Jim Crow up-stairs he tried