

all cropping out in this tiny black man of five years.

Both his mother and sister were in our employ, and between them Jim Crow received "more kicks than ha'pence," and more cuffs than kisses.

Injustice sometimes stirred him to revenge, and then—I think I have said he was generous, but never, never did he show such cheerfully boundless generosity as when he was "giving away" his mother and his sister. The methods of his betrayals were amusing in the extreme, since he invariably set them to music. Usually he sang his accusations to the tune of an old Methodist hymn.

On one occasion, a large, imposing chicken-pie had been built and furnished forth on Monday, and on Tuesday my lord and master desired its presence, that he might make an assault upon it.

But there was no chicken-pie!

"Why? What? What has become of it?" was the next inquiry.

"The rats ate it, sir!"

We shuddered. What awful rats!