

he laughed immoderately, and when he went down-stairs he told his mother that "Miss Cla'h said that he was to do nuffen, and other pussons would kick holes clean frou his life!"

And thereupon that irascible bondwoman delivered her sentiments to the effect that: "Law sakes! She wished dey 'u'd begin right away! That she 'd like to kick him full o' holes hersel', beca'se o' that ornery, no-account, one-eyed cat o' hisn," etc.

It was not long before Jim Crow comprehended that certain benefits followed in the train of good manners. First of all, there was the keen delight of bowing deeply and gracefully to his own reflection in the basement windows. Then there was the charm of hearing his own voice declaiming loudly all his manners in one breath, if his lungs permitted it, thus: "Yes, sir; no, sir; yes, 'um; no, mum; if you please; thank yer; howdy do? good-by; can I 'sist you? is there anythin' I can do?" Then there were the admiring exclamations, not unaccompanied by