

high C than any cat on the block, bar none. But there! let 's have done with Misery (would we could!); it 's of Jim Crow I would speak.

When he became a member of our household he had a limited wardrobe and absolutely no manners, so I proceeded to add something to his outfit in both directions. He was bright, quick, and had a good memory, and if he could only be kept still long enough to absorb your meaning he was nearly sure to remember your lesson.

But he gave me some trying moments, I must confess. For instance, while I would be trying to explain to him those laws of politeness which rule the actions of little gentlemen, Jim Crow, with his eyes fixed solemnly on my face, would lean his elbows on my knees, and kick himself in the rear with a vigor and rapidity truly surprising. On one of these occasions I told Jim Crow that he need not do that, as doubtless through his whole life other people would do the kicking for him. This greatly amused him;