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hung his head, and worked one foot round and round a figure in the carpet; then, with a world of persuasion in his voice, of entreaty in his dark eyes, he laid a little pleading hand on my knee, and almost whispered, "Miss Cla'h, dat little cat wiv one eye 'u'd jist 'bout suit me to deff."

That ended it. Jim Crow had his way, and his cat. A few days later there was to be seen, walking slowly around the grass-plot, a very small cat which had the appearance of having swallowed whole a large, hard, and very round apple, so distended were her sides, so thin her frame.

I wish I could say I never, never had cause to regret my kind act, but as a strictly truthful woman I cannot say it. You see, this was an ash-barrel cat,—one should always remember that,—and she ("Misery" was her name, though Jim Crow always called her "Mis'sy") matured early. Almost before we knew it, Misery had the reputation of being able to spit farther at one hiss, tear longer splinters out of the fences, sing more ear-piercing songs, and give a more soul-harrowing