

MAMMY RACHEL'S CABIN.

him, pourin' drops of whisky an' water down his froat to keep de life in him. Bimeby he stop screechin', but he couldn't move nary a leg to stan' up on, an' I 'llowed he wuz goin' to die for shore; but 'sted o' that he up an' got well!"

"How glad you must have been!" the little girl exclaimed, sympathetically.

"I sholy was, honey; I sholy was."

At this point Peg Leg tried to jump up on Audrey's lap, but instead he turned a back somersault and landed on his head. When he had picked himself up again he looked somewhat crestfallen, but not much surprised, for these disappointments were common occurrences with him.

"He isn't quite like other cats, is he?" inquired Audrey, politely, as she lifted Peg Leg gently up, to save him from making another unsuccessful attempt like the last.

"He am par'lyzed, dat's what," replied the old woman. "He done got well fum his sickness like I tol' you, honey, but his spine was par'lyzed as a sequency, an' he can't seem to walk straight, nor yet seem to navigate his motions same as other cats. Mos' times, ef he want to go forrards he's 'bleeged to go backwards 'sted, an' seein' as he ain't got no *nobility* in his hind legs, he's got to walk *clumpety*, same's if they was made o' wood."

"What a wonderful cat!" Audrey exclaimed, admiringly, as she watched him try to scratch his ear. His frantic efforts caused him to whirl round and round on the floor, but nothing seemed to disconcert or discourage this heroic cat.

"He sho' is," Mammy agreed heartily, "an' likewise he am powerful socialistic, like I done tol' you."