

well as usual, for his excited and minute description of what he most admired in clothing left the impression on my mind that he desired greatly a suit composed entirely of buttons.

Our interview finally ended in a double-barreled promise. One barrel was Jim Crow's vow not to make any advance whatever to the white children, but to answer nicely should they speak to him first. In return, I promised to buy on the very next day a suit of clothes for Jim Crow, allowing him to select his own store and his own suit. This being settled, the little fellow slipped from my lap, made me his profound bow, and left the room. In a moment I heard him whizz down the banisters on the way to the kitchen.

Next forenoon I sallied forth, one hand holding a pocket-book, the other leading a little black imp, whose gleaming teeth, flashing eyes, and roguish face caused every one to smile who looked at him; and many turned to look again.

Once he released my hand, and for a