

dish, where it stood ankle-deep in the strength-giving fluid.

While pussy was engaged in the milk-storage business, Jim Crow conversed pleasantly on the peculiarities of cats in their relations to the different races of men, white or black. With a wise wag of his head, he remarked:

"Miss Cla'h, dat ain't no white man's cat."

"Why?" I asked.

He gave me a surprised look, and answered: "Hain't got eyes enuf. White man's cat always has two eyes."

"Well," I said, "it 's a dreadfully ugly little thing. I am sure *no* one wants it."

Then was Jim Crow angry. With his brows knit and his under lip thrust out, he had for a moment an expression as black as his skin. But it lasted only a moment; then the roguish look was back, and with his usual white-toothed smile he exclaimed: "Miss Cla'h, don' you know dat cat 's a niggah man's cat? Wh-wh-why, dat 's a lucky cat; an', Miss Cla'h—" He stopped to put his finger in his mouth,