

family periodically, so usually there were several of the feline species running around to be fed and petted, kittens and adults.

Bitsy believed in living in the house with the humans-- and we believed in it too, so more often than not, a kitten or grown cat was under foot. Cats crave praise and approval. When Bitsy or any of her offspring became successful hunters, they brought the trophies in for us to admire. Mice, rats, an occasional bird (addition to the cemetery), a small wild rabbit, once a snake--were proudly laid at our feet. We might wince at the quality of the offering, but never held back our praise for the Mighty Hunter.

It had been an unusually hot season. The oppressive heat made me more or less sleepless for several nights, my room being directly under a roof on which the relentless sun beat all day. In despair I pulled my mattress off the bed on to the floor, but there was no relief there. A bright idea struck me--the well curb! So much water was spilled every time the pump operated, that the ground was always damp, giving an effect of coolness. With a sigh of anticipation, I put my blanket on the cool earth and closed my eyes. Within five minutes, a million mosquitoes, lured by the damp ground, had found my retreat--I fled!

Next I tried the hammock on the open porch. After half an hour with head and feet up and back down in the middle, I felt like a human horse shoe and wondered if I would ever be able to stand upright again. Painfully dragging my pillow behind me, I at last settled for the parlor floor. The