

The Brussels carpet was tough and hard, but the parlor itself, located on the shady side of the house, was comparatively cool. I sank into blessed oblivion.

Something like a series of blows waked me from a troubled dream. The room was dark, but I soon recognized a gentle meow, and putting out my hand, felt a furry body. There seemed to be a great deal of movement around me, and I concluded that the kitties (three at that time) were happy to have me downstairs and were indulging in a little midnight frolic.

I put out my hand, indulgently again, and grasped an object cold, dankly clammy, which wriggled! I am sure I shrieked--but while doing so, stumbled to a side table where a kerosene lamp and matches were always kept in readiness. On the way, I stepped on another of those clammy objects which nearly threw me head first to the floor.

When the pale glimmer of the lamp's glow gave a fitful illumination to the scene, I almost yelled again. Three proud pussycats were playing tag with three huge, frightened, jumping green frogs--and I was in the center of the game. I flew for the stairs and the safety of my bedroom, hot or otherwise. I don't know what happened to the frogs. Probably my mother swept out their dead bodies in the morning.