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sister did a great many of the things that made us live so comfortably, for their servants were both very old, and both had what they called "rheumatiz;" and I noticed that it was always worse when they were wanted to carry or lift anything. A thing happened this spring which made a great deal of trouble. They said the well in the dooryard, from which came all the water that we drank, "caved in." I did not know exactly what it meant, but they could not get any more water out of it, and the nearest water that was fit to drink was a spring half a mile from the house, in the woods. When Roland found how Uncle Jake groaned over carrying the water, he offered to do it instead; and I always went with him. I wondered for a while why Master did not have another well dug nearer to the house, but I one day heard him tell Madame that he could not possibly do it unless more of the people who owed him money for curing them would pay him. This made me very angry, for just about this time I had agreed to bring Snowball—who was not feeling well—a piece of catmint every day from a place I knew of down in the wood-lot, where a very large patch of it grew; and it was only by representing to her strongly that she would really hurt my feelings if she said any more about it that I prevailed upon her to give up her intention of paying me in rats and mice. And I thought, "If these people who owe Master for curing them only had half Snowball's honorable feeling!"

It happened one day that Roland had gone fishing, and Uncle Jake's "rheumatiz" was worse than usual. There was a bucket