

said—and when she had, his medicine always stopped it. The thing that worried me most was, that she never seemed to wish to sit up any more, or even to have her pretty wrapper on and lie on the lounge. She seemed perfectly contented just to lie in bed; and sometimes I used to fancy what would become of me if Madame, for any reason, should say, “Jock, I wish you to go to bed and stay there for a week.” And then I used to wonder with all my might how she could be so very patient, and if anything that anybody could say to her could possibly make her feel as I did when anybody said “Rats!” to me. By this time I was considered a very good rat-dog, and between us all we kept the place in pretty good order, though just as we thought there was not a rat on it a whole lot would come from somewhere and keep us busy again. Master came in one day and said the people on the next place were building a new barn, and pulling down the old one for the timbers. I did not think much about it at the time, but in a day or two our barns and stables and cribs, and even the cellar and kitchen, were suddenly swarming with rats. We had our paws full for the next week, but I rather think we made the place too warm for them, for what were left marched off one night as suddenly as they had come.

We were a good deal troubled with snakes too that summer, and I learned to kill them as quickly and cleverly as I could kill rats. It was Roland who taught me that, and I have reason to be grateful to him, as you will see. It so happened that the first one I ever