

o'clock in the morning, when my mother opened her eyes, and what do you think she saw? Along the top of the partition, in front of the hammock where she slept, with his great head thrust out towards her, was a huge ten-foot snake. She thought it was a dream at first. Perhaps the snake charmed her; but the charm soon wore off, and when she screamed, she did scream, and



Mrs. Mitchell's little boy with rabbit taken while in Bolivia.

scream, and scream, till the whole household came running—even the slaves—some with clothes and some without, to see what was the matter. Even then they didn't seem to make out what all the fuss was about, except the mistress of the house, who just stepped up to the snake, and said, "Oh, you bad George you! What did you mean by scaring the Donna Elisa like that? She isn't used to snakes, and why didn't you keep to the roof, where you belong?" But even while his mistress shook a reproving finger at him, Master George actually reached over and coiled himself around her shoulders and waist, and the negro slaves—for Brazil still had slaves in those days—showed their white teeth in amused smiles of pity for the poor white lady, so easily fright-

ened. George was simply a tame pet snake, who earned his board by keeping the house clear of bats and centipedes and other unpleasant and poisonous pests. A ten-foot snake sounds long; but it isn't, at least not in Brazil. But that belongs to another story I may tell you another time.

Next comes Sammy, the monkey. We lived in half a house. In the other half lived Grandma Steele. In front of the house was a big tree, I forget what kind, and chained to the trunk was Sammy, Grandma Steele's pet and pride, Sammy. Sammy knew altogether too much even for a monkey. He loved to tease, and one time when my baby sister crept out near his tree, before mother had time to run after her, he reached over with his long arms, picked her up, nimbly climbed the tree and vaulted from branch to branch quite openly triumphant and defiant over such a successful capture. And the baby actually enjoyed the adventure, for Sammy held her with truly human gentleness, every little while rocking her in his arms, or holding her to his breast and patting her back, in ludicrous imitation of what he had seen us do. Several times he came down and held her out to her anxious parent, just to tease, and when mother would hold out her arms, away up the tree would spring Sammy with the baby again.

Finally Grandma Steele came to the rescue with sugar. She had to coax a long time, however, and send mother indoors, before Sammy would consent to the bargain, but he finally came down, and gently deposited Miss Babe on terra firma, and received his promised bribe of sugar, so dear to a monkey's stomach.

Boboleta, which is Portuguese for "butterfly," was my little pet dog, and he came to a sad end, for which we ourselves—or the crocodiles—were responsible. We lived on the Amazon, and these crocodiles had an unpleasant way of watching their chances when any of us went in bathing, or popping up their ugly heads around our canoe and calling "Ca-honk, ca-honk, ca-honk," which means "We'd like to grab you by a leg or an arm and carry you away and eat you if we could." So my father set a trap for them, and who should be caught in it first but Boboleta, and he was so