

Before the Lamp ~~to~~ Cutler and Florie we would go right after dinner. Mary went over and made the necessary arrangements and Mrs. Lampkin offered to keep the baby. I worked at the chicken pen till noon then right after dinner we loaded Gay into the hand sleigh and hauled her over, left her with Mrs. Lampkin and came back with Florie & the cutter for Mary & the nibblits. It was cloudy when we started with a row wind but thawing more than it has any day yet. We left Harry B. at Auntys and I drove Mary up to see Glad. Law who has been very much worse since Christmas. I then came back put Florie in the bus, and went in and had a visit with Lila who has not been out of bed for the last few days although she feels pretty well. She has become fascinated by the much talked of and ridiculed cross-word-puzzles. Auntys & Auntys Alice are greatly elated over the courage & skill they displayed this morning in tracking down & killing a rat. They have suspected his presence for some time in the little room off the kitchen so this morning organized a hunting party. They searched through various boxes, boxes, baskets, bags, trunks etcetera and finally unearthed their quarry in a volute through which he had chewed his self an

entrance and also helped himself to pieces of all the contents for the construction of his nest. The prize discovery was only half won as the real chase began, and ~~was~~ carried on, in, out, between, under, over, across, through and "apart" every object in the room until finally they brought him to bay and Auntys Alice, with certainly more courage than a great many women and some men possess attacked him with the hammer. Her onslaught though fierce was not sufficient to mortally wound him nor to quell his cries, but she had him pinned down she feared to risk his escape by raising the hammer for another blow so she called to Auntys to come to her rescue with another weapon. She knew the sickle was in the kitchen and thought it would do the deed but in the tense excitement of the moment could think of no other name for it but cutlass, for which she called. Auntys was at a loss to know where in their peaceful surroundings she could lay hands on a cutlass or any other buccannery accoutrement so failed to render the assistance so sorely needed. The case became desperate for although the croaking cries of the enemy betrayed the flitting of the vital spark, the strength of the hand that held the hammer was also waning and who could tell what reserves of strength might be mustered