

wing flipped a twig over his head, four sharp claws bit into his hip and he quickly left the ground but not before, in the instant left him, he had sprung and seized the fleshy part of the hawk's leg, high up, and thus was borne above the trees. With the other talon the bird endeavoured to tear him from his grip, but this claw, having been frozen had, for the time, lost its sharp talons and could do little more than bruise our rat friend, whose long teeth were sunk deep in the hawk's leg and body. This combat in the air continued for some minutes, till the hawk, weakened from fighting and pain together with the added weight of SNAPPER, was compelled to descend to earth and was glad when, within ten feet of the snow, to feel SNAPPER let go. He had dropped into an open space in a running stream. The hawk rose again to a branch of a fir tree to mend his wound and calm his temper. SNAPPER dove and came up under the overhanging bank. This was serious. He must be a long distance from his house and lake. The sun was going down and SNAPPER was very sore so he just climbed into the dry roots above him and lay there for hours, listening. Once in the silence of the night he seemed to hear falling water and rightly, thought it might be that flowing over the dam from his lake. When the moon rose he started toward it. It was hard work for the snow was deep but, ever climbing, tumbling, sinking and rolling over, in a couple of hours he came out on a little clearing and there, in front of him, was his old stump. So after all the hawk must have flown in a circle by reason of the fact that his load was all on one side, however here was SNAPPER