

with a great hole rotted in its base. She looked in.

"It was pleasantly shadowy inside, with a musty smell, and no sign of danger. She dropped upon a narrow shelf. From the shelf, sniffing, and glancing this way and that, she sprang to a kind of wider shelf close under the eaves.

"That was a bunk, of course, where one of the lumbermen used to sleep, though *she* didn't know *that*. It was full of old, dry hay, very warm and cosy. And the hay, as the Little Sly One observed at once, was full of mice.

"She pounced on one at once, and ate it. Decidedly, this was the place for her. She curled herself up in the warm hay, and went to sleep without fear of any enemies coming to disturb her."

"But what would she do when the lumbermen came back?" demanded the Shanty Kid anxiously.

"By *that* time," answered Uncle Andy, putting away his pipe and rising to go, "she would no longer be the *Little Sly One*! She'd be big enough to take care of herself—and run away as soon as she heard them coming."