

out to look for his young family who had fled at the first sign of trouble. He found them huddled together on the far side of the little lake among the roots of some rushes and led them in single file back to their home. It took a long time to get the house purged of that deadly odor of mink, but at last it was done and our rat family settled down again to a quiet existence.

One bright morning in March SNAPPER was at the end of his gallery wearing down his four great front teeth, which were growing too long, on the hard old stump and nearly lost his life by reason of this, for in working at the wood, although he did not know it, he was disturbing the surface of the snow above him, and a great pair of eyes seeing this knew there was a dinner for him if he could only get it. He approached the stump in great leaps. It was one of these leaps close by that SNAPPER heard and in a flash was in his gallery. At the same instant a great nose was pushed in, close on SNAPPER's heels and two great jaws snapped, but SNAPPER was a safe though badly frightened little rat and a sixty pound lynx drew off discomfited. He walked over and round the house for a while but soon left, knowing he could not possibly, owing to the hard frozen ground, dig in, nor would SNAPPER or any of his family come out again that day.

In this part of the country spring is a long time coming, but when it comes it does so with a rush and the air is quite warm in a day or two. With the first warm wind SNAPPER was out on his roof balcony sunning himself and was so utterly comfortable his usual alertness was somewhat dulled when suddenly a big