

persons, "when he is bad, he is horrid." If, for example, he catches the thin squirrel hunting for a nut, he just gives him a smart box on the ear and sends him about his business. If I remonstrate, he says that the other one is so small that he does not need much food, and that nuts, in particular, are apt to disagree with him and make him sick in the night. After that, of course, there is nothing more to be said. When I am in the room the squirrel never touches the nut-basket, but sits up and begs, curling his great tail over his head and pressing his small paws on his little white stomach, as much as to say :

"See, how much I love you !" or, "See, how hungry I am !" (For squirrel language is as easy to understand as any other, when once you have learned it.)

But, alas ! and alas ! there came a sad day when my squirrel and I had a quarrel. And thus it came about. There is no squirrel large enough to hold, inside of him, all the nuts he will take, even allowing for the worst kind of indigestion ; accordingly, being of a thrifty turn, he buries the nuts, one at a time—each, I think, in a hole of its own, covering it neatly so that no one would dream of there being anything hidden.

On the day of which I am speaking, my squirrel, being full to bursting, buried nut after nut, taking each one delicately from my hand, balancing himself the while, with his sharp claws curled around my fingers. At last, taking a nut (and rolling it over and over in his mouth, after the manner of squirrels), instead of running down the willow-tree, he went to the end of the window-ledge and laid the nut down in the grooves made for the window. There he scratched and clawed, and burrowed and patted until he had settled that nut ; then, turned again and begged for more. I gave him another, which he carried down the tree as usual. In a moment I saw him on his way back, and, without thinking, I picked up the nut that he had with such industry buried in the groove. He sat upon his hind legs, curled his tail at ease, clasped my fingers in his claws and opened his mouth for the nut. Suddenly, he stopped—reared himself to his full height, threw back his head and looked me square in the face.

"Do you mean to tell me," he began, then sniffed at the nut.

"Impossible !" I heard him exclaim under his breath.