

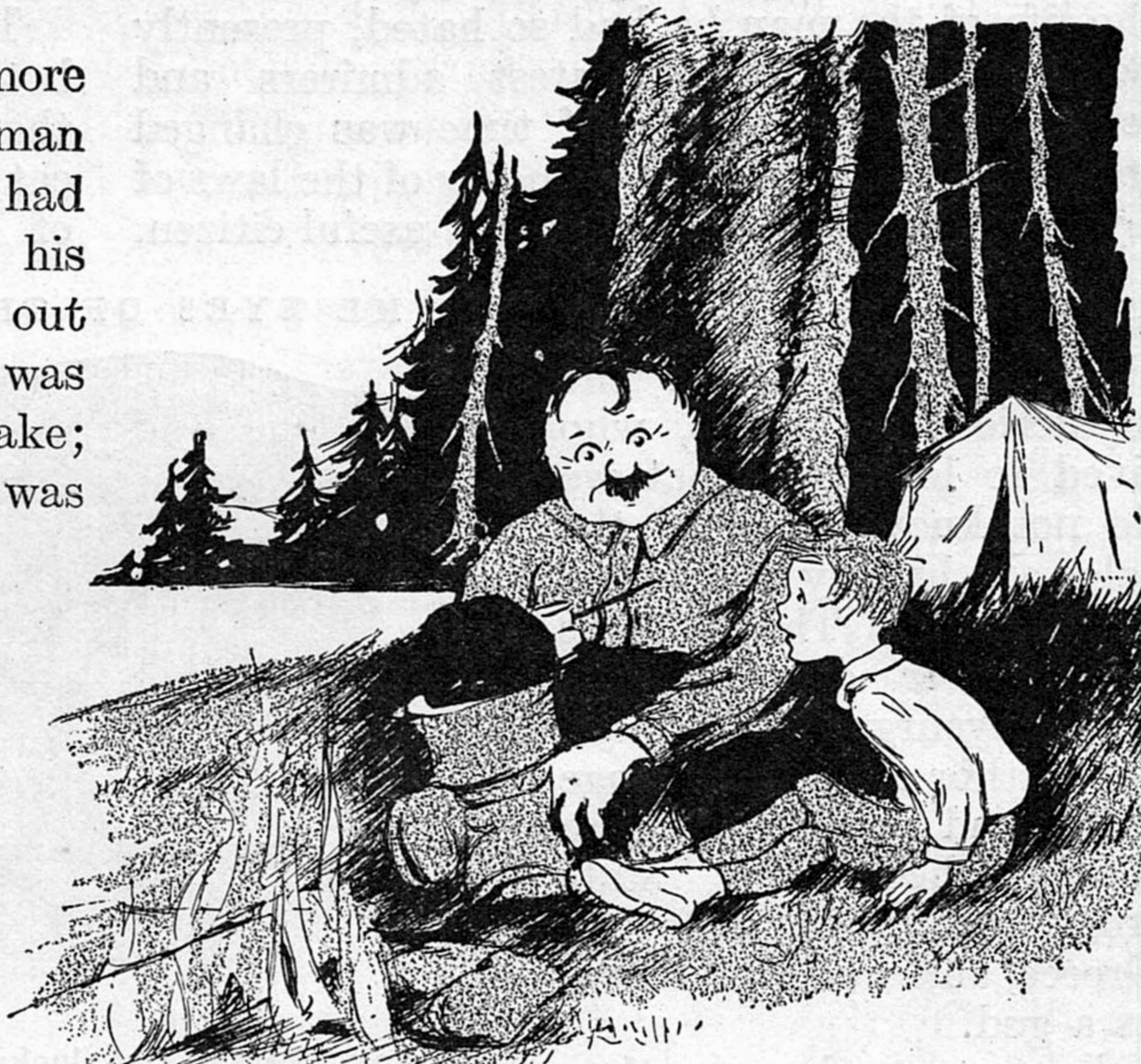
TALES THE WOODMAN TOLD THE STORY OF THE LYNX WITH WINGS

LITTLE BOY had never been more excited in his life. The Woodman Who Was Wondrous Wise had taken him up the river in his canoe, and they were going to camp out all night. It was already dark; the tent was pitched on the shore of Little Fox Lake; supper was over; and a crackling fire was burning under the trees.

Outside the circle of the firelight it was dark, awfully dark, and Little Boy sat mighty close to the big Woodman, for he could hear strange crackling noises in the woods and queer splashes along the edge of the lake.

"It's just the wind on the water, and the dry wood snapping in the damp air," said the Woodman, smiling his big smile at the little boy's fright.

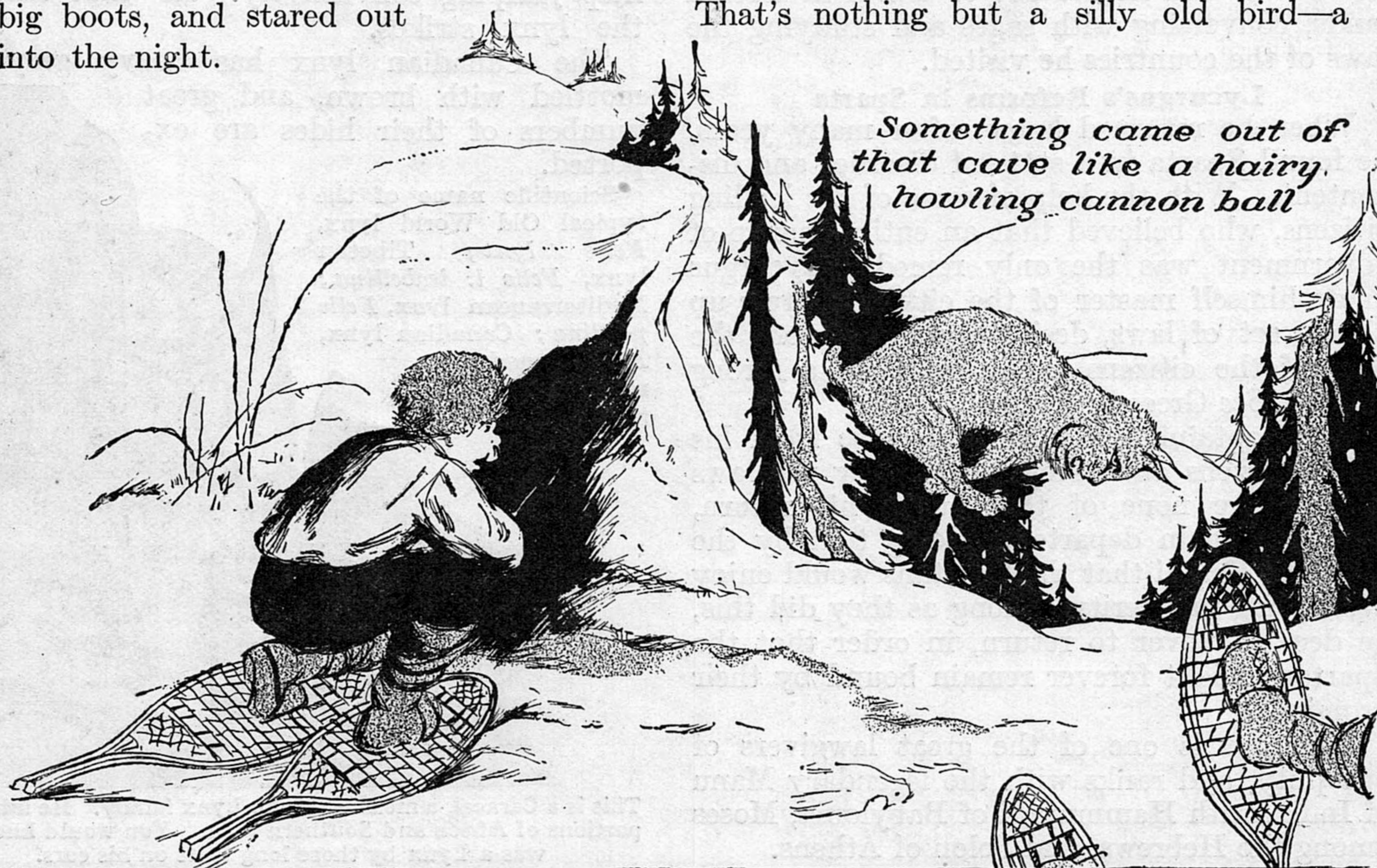
But just then a long weird cry sounded somewhere off in the darkness. It was high-pitched and sharp, with a sort of quaver at the end. Little Boy's hair stood almost straight up on his head. He crawled quickly between the Woodman's big boots, and stared out into the night.



"Was that a---a--l-l-lynx?" he whispered

"Was that a - - a - - l - l - lynx?" he whispered, thinking of the savage-looking creature in his picture book at home.

This time the Woodman chuckled out loud. "It's funny how that noise always scares people the first time they hear it. That's nothing but a silly old bird—a



Something came out of that cave like a hairy, howling cannon ball