

laughing loon. That's why they call him a loon, because he laughs that way. No, it's not a lynx, Little Boy. If you ever heard a lynx howl in the dark, you'd never forget about it. I'll tell you about the first time I ever heard a lynx at night.

"It was up in the Big North Woods, years ago. I had a partner my own age, and we were spending the winter looking after a deserted logging camp. One cold day, when the snow was about three feet deep and just like feathers on the ground, we put on our snow-shoes and went out to see what we could see. We had a shot-gun and an axe.

"It was the Den of a Lynx"

"About three miles from camp we came on a kind of cave in the side of a hill. The snow all around was stirred up, and from the fur and feathers scattered here and there and the half-eaten bodies of rabbits and grouse, we knew it was the den of a lynx. You know, Little Boy, a lynx seems to us a cruel kind of animal, killing sometimes lots more than it can eat. But I guess it can't help it. It's just made that way.

"Anyhow, we decided to smoke out Mr. Lynx then and there. So I took off the big coon-skin coat I was wearing and cut some fresh pine boughs, and in three minutes we had one of the smokiest fires you ever saw. Well, I was crouching down poking the burning branches into the cave with a long stick, and my partner was standing up on his snow-shoes with the shot-gun all ready, when something came out of that cave like a hairy, howling cannon-ball. My partner tried to jump out of the way. Now I warn you, Little Boy, never try to jump when you

have snow-shoes on! He fell right over backwards, and both barrels of the shot-gun went off at the sky.

"He made a big hole in the soft snow, and the lynx tumbled in on top of him. For about two seconds there was the liveliest mix-up I ever saw. Both of them were scrambling around together there, each trying to get away from the other, and each howling something dreadful, while I was trying to hit the beast with my stick. But I guess I hit my partner as often as I did the lynx.

"Funny Short Tail and Long Ears"

"All at once the lynx got on top and jumped out of the hole and streaked away across the hills, bouncing in and out of the snowdrifts like a rubber ball. You know, Little Boy, a lynx has long hind-legs like a hare and is a great leaper. In fact, with its funny short tail and its long pointed ears laid back when it runs, you might almost think it was a giant rabbit.

"By this time, my partner had picked himself up. He was only a little scratched. The lynx hadn't had a chance to bite him, so

It was all crouched down, growling and spitting, and its eyes glaring fiercely

