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THE WIT OF A RED SQUIRREL
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Years ago, before we built our home, we had a little cabin on the lower part of our ten acres by the river. We used this for a summer camp and for occasional outings the rest of the year. One day in mid-winter, when I went out to work around the place, I put my lunch on the table, and at the side of it I laid three apples. The morning was spent cleaning up some brush, but at noon, when I entered the cabin, I noticed the apples were gone, while the rest of the lunch was untouched. I thought some one had played a joke on me and was hiding near by. I looked all around and waited, but no one appeared.

The disappearance of the apples puzzled me. They were not in the cabin, not even in the stove, the wood-box, or under the sink. As I was down on my knees looking under the cupboard, my eye happened to catch a tiny bit of peeling in the corner. It looked like a clew. If some one had eaten my apples, the cores and even the seeds were gone. I went outside, examined the ground, and climbed to the roof. Of course I knew a pair of red or pine squirrels lived in the big Douglas fir, but I hadn't heard or seen them during the morning. Besides, I saw no way a squirrel could get the apples out of a closed cabin.