Mr. Beaver

Puff! Splash! Mr. Beaver was on his way home, swiftly through the water, he swam, only the smooth sleekness of his head showing. He certainly was in a hurry, because he knew Mrs. Beaver was waiting impatiently for him to appear. But what is this on the bank? A human being? Mr. Beaver darts and pounces faster. He forgets all about Mrs. Beaver and his lunch, and thinks only of his relations, they must be warned. When he nears the opposite bank he rises to the surface, and with a determined face slaps his wide, flat tail on the water. Mr. Beaver has done his duty; his fellow "hoon-men" have been warned of the danger and are now either under water in their homes or swimming in the middle of the stream.

Mr. Beaver arrives home to find Mrs. Beaver in a great state of agitation. She breathes a huge sigh of relief at his appearance, then she immediately sets off to tell him. Mr. Beaver isn't greatly worried about what Mr. Beaver has to say, but starts right in to eat his dinner of lovely, young, purey green sticks. Mr. Beaver, however, is determined to have his say. She will not live another week in this house. Why can't she have a new one? There are lots of sticks and trees about and plenty of mud. Isn't Mr. Beaver starting his holiday to-day? This amusing is getting on Mr. Beaver's nerves, so as to be able to get some peace, he conceits to build a new home.
for Mrs. Beaver, next day.

When sparkling, Mr. Sun smiled on
the world. Next morning, he was supposed to
see a sleek brown body slide out of the water of
a winding blue river, and commence to grow
at a young sapling. Mr. Beaver so true to his
word, he intends to build a house. He big
front teeth sink deep into the juicy trunk of the
tree. Slowly, slowly, he peels off, until the tree
weans. Then, he springs for the water, stopping
his tale as a warning, and dives under. Down
falls the tree and up comes Mr. Beaver. He
immediately starts trimming and cutting it in
pieces. He cuts down many trees in this way
until he thinks he has enough for the proposed
house. Then with the aid of a friend, he collects
from the bank enough mud to make a foundation.
He takes it down to the site of his future home and
combining it with some sticks, makes a
firm foundation. Mr. Beaver's work is started, he
brings down sticks and mud, sticks and mud,
until he has built a steady dome-shaped
house. The doorstep is a small tunnel at
the bottom of the house, it is just big
enough for one to enter at a time.
This is indeed a strange home, but it is
very safe because there is only a little
bit flowing above the water. Mr. Beaver
is very tired, and he wipes his forehead,
thanks his friend, and swims slowly back
to his old home, there to eat one more
meal and then to sleep one more night.
Winter is approaching, and the task of collecting provisions for that bleak time of the year falls to Mr. Beaver. Out he goes day after day, and collects many small sticks and leaves. Then he stores in a special chamber he has built. Now the winds, the rains, and the snows may come, but Mr. and Mrs. Beaver are snug in their nest at the bottom of the singing stream.

About two months later, Mr. Beaver awakened from a long, refreshing sleep. Everything that was stored in the house has been eaten, so out he goes for more. He manages to break a hole in the ice, and climbs through. The snow is still on the ground, and Mr. Beaver has to climb because it sparkles so. As he was walking around in search of food, he saw a small tree in quite a sheltered spot. His mouth began to water as he went towards it. He was so hungry now that he cut down the tree and chopped it into small pieces in second time. These pieces he slid onto the ice to his hole and then covered them under, then he awakened his wife so she could enjoy the feast too.

It was spring when they next awoke up. Mr. Beaver swam to the top of the water and found there was no ice. The birds were singing in the trees and jolly old red Mr. Sun smiled down on him kindly.
Then he swam ashore and climbed up on the bank to have a look around. What he next saw surprised him very much. for at the end of the pond where the dam was, he saw a great hole and the water was pouring through. Mr. Beaver immediately went to wake up his friends and enlist their aid in the mending of the hole.

Male and female beavers all hurried to the scene, all willing to help. Three of the older males swam to the bank and commenced to cut down a big cottonwood tree. Luckily the work proceeded, tree after tree they felled until they had enough to mend the gaping hole. The females collected mud and packed it around the trees to hold them together. By the time they were finished it was dark, and they all went to their homes to get some much needed sleep. They were well satisfied at their day's work and soon all was quiet over the singing stream.

Next day was the first of May, and the beavers were mending their homes where the ice had ruined them. About a week later a man came to the edge of the pond and set a trap for the beavers. Late that night there was a piercing scream. It woke Mr. Beaver up and he quickly swam to the top of the water. There he saw his neighbor caught in the trap. Mr. Beaver hurried over to help him and he poor had
his friend out of the trap, and helped him home to his anxious wife.

One week later Mr. and Mrs. Beaver had two little children. While Mr. Beaver hunted for food, Mrs. Beaver stayed at home to look after the little babies.

A few days later, early in the morning before Mr. Beaver was up, four sleek, brown heads could be seen moving in the water toward the farther bank of the pond. Yes, you have guessed correctly, it was none other than Mr. and Mrs. Beaver and their two children.

Douglas Hamilton.