

The Sportsman Tourist.

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OCTOBER.

DOWN from the north they are marching,
The scouts of the Winter King;
Where bright spring flowers were blooming,
Withered and dead leaves they fling.

Their bivouac fires they've kindled,
Sumacs and maples aglow;
Oaks on the hillside are waving
Signals to birches below.

O'er field and meadow are drifting
The smoke and dust of the fray;
In woodlands dead leaves are falling,
This Indian Summer day.

SPICEWOOD.

A BIRD HUNT IN WESTERN KENTUCKY.

I.

LITTLE attention is paid to protecting either game or fish in Kentucky. While there are laws on the statute book providing penalties for hunting game out of season, and for taking fish by net, seine or trap, they are as obsolete as the slave provisions in the State constitution. There are no wardens, no special instrumentalities for enforcing the statute, and any one giving information of infractions of the game laws is looked upon with disfavor. It is, in fact, a disreputable business to "tell on the poor fellows," and public sympathy usually aligns itself on the side of the offender. As a natural consequence, game and fish are scarce and rapidly disappearing. But few deer, turkeys or bear linger in the State, and the only sport left to kindle the blood and occupy the leisure hours of the ardent hunter is to search out the few spots where Bob White whistles his companions to the evening roost after feasting on the fat things of earth.

In search of just such a place the writer, with a companion thoroughly congenial and every inch a sportsman, left Frankfort one afternoon last December on the west-bound train. Our destination was Wingo station, in western Kentucky, where report said partridges were plentiful. There were a couple of inches of snow on the ground the day we got off, and a bitter cold wind coming from the direction of Omaha. Yet we had made up our minds to go, and it would have taken something more serious to have broken our resolution.

Besides, we had been laying store by this trip for several months, and to have shown the white feather at the last moment would have cost us a deal of disappointment, besides losing our only chance for a year.

In our hunting box were stored about 700 shells; and our four dogs—Kate, Dyke, Whit and Set—were safely ensconced in the baggage car. Kate is growing in years, but her earnest glance of rare intelligence does not belie the keen scent, the patient industry and the unerring steadiness she possesses still as relics of past greatness. Dyke is younger, but restless, nervous and of dauntless endurance. Whit has the sad notoriety of being bob-tailed—the fruit of a luckless fall of 20ft. from a second story. He seemed to recognize by his shy, sheepish glance, the oft-repeated joke that his tail had been driven up in his spine, leaving only the small bit exposed. Set was a long, slender, short-haired white pointer, whose special dread was briars. This quartette of hunters had seen service on many a fruitful field, but of late their education had been sadly neglected and their habits spoiled by sundry chases after "cottontails," under the seductive encouragement of the small boys at home. However, they seemed instinctively to "catch on" to the idea that sport was ahead, and their restless movements gave the baggagemaster no end of concern.

Less than three hours landed us in Louisville, and alighting on its hard frozen streets, with a bitter wind coming across the Ohio River and the mercury dropping toward zero, we felt the prospect of a pleasurable hunt grow dimmer each hour. Passing up Third street, the occupant of a doorway, who had sheltered himself from the wind, laconically ejaculated, as he noticed our dogs—"Been?" Our response, given with chattering teeth, was equally graphic—"No! going." No doubt he felt we were not "going" the right road to Anchorage Asylum.

Finding a hotel, at last, we entered and stamped the clerk at the desk by registering for self and dogs. "Can put you away, but don't know about the dogs," said he, in a puzzled sort of way.

"No dogs, no us!" we replied with emphasis.

Just at this juncture the night porter, with an eye doubtless to business, came up and guaranteed to provide the dogs with comfortable quarters, as he "knew of a good place." With a caution born of experience we went along to see that his guarantee was worth something. The hunter who fails to give a personal supervision over the security and comfort of his dogs will often find that promises are faithless and proper feeding left for "some other time." The quarters were good and warm, but reached only after threading the dark and devious byways, corridors and underground passages of a city hotel.

Next day we again entered the cars and hurried further westward. The snow had increased in depth, and after an all-day journey, as we landed at Wingo, a full 3in. lay on the ground. It was 9 o'clock as we halted at the station, and everywhere and over everything stretched the cold, silent mantle of white. The air was raw and keen, though the stars looked down from a clear sky.

Our advent at Wingo was quite a surprise to the inhabitants of that quiet town. It was a no less cause of disturbance to the genial landlord of the only hostelry as he surveyed our troupe of dogs. While we were warming at the big fire in the office, and the dogs were making their presence pointedly noticeable by sundry scratches at the door and speedy intrusions whenever it was opened, Landlord Tartt was in a brown study over the "dog" question. When, at last, after much cogitation, he announced his purpose to turn his own horse from his comfortable stable quarters into the open lot and install the dogs in his place, we had no further doubt that we had struck the right man and the right place for hospitable entertainment. Whether the horse appreciated the exchange is doubtful.

Despite the cold, the usual crowd of villagers had

gathered to see the train come and go. Our presence gave them new ground for speculation, and when my companion, whom I shall call M., frankly announced we had come 300 miles to shoot partridges, and proposed to spend a week at the business, a stare of incredulity resulted. There must be some mystery about these fellows, was the popular surmise. Hence, in the next day or two, we were beautifully clothed with suspicion as a couple of "detectives," nosing on the track of some undefined and mysterious criminal. What there was in our composition, or bearing, or the cut of our left eye, to lead a sober citizen to believe we might be two of Pinkerton's men "piping a mystery," or seeking to catch some safe-blower "dead to rights," was never settled between M. and myself. I loaded the blame on M., and he tossed it back to me.

However, by preserving strictly our sportsman pretensions, by the zeal with which we pursued Bob White over hill and valley, and by the soundness of sleep that followed each day's hard tramp, we got the better of Wingo's suspicious citizens, and established ourselves as genuine Nimrods, although a little "off" in the upper story. That 300-mile journey to shoot partridges was too big a cherry to swallow at one bite and taste good.

One incident we cannot forego. We trust our generous landlord will forgive the recital. Just before getting off the train a drummer interviewed us. Finding our destination, he cheered us by announcing Wingo as his own stopping place. We nailed him for information. Dwelling on the features of the place, said he, "You'll find plenty to eat and a good place to sleep. Nice clever people and sociable. Do you love pie? Yes? Well, you'll get plenty of pie—pie for breakfast, pie for dinner, and pie for supper." Modestly we denied the pie possibility. The drummer was obstinate. We ventured a trivial bet that there would be no pie for breakfast next morning. The drummer closed on the wager as a dog would snap a doughnut.

Next morning, as we sat down to a smoking hot breakfast, we had forgotten the wager, when happening to cast our eye down the line of dishes, there sat, in all its sweetness, the inevitable pie. At the same moment, we caught the eye of the drummer across the table. He remarked, with a quiet smile, "I win." I nodded. Conscience, however, compels the confession that while the pie was frequent, it was good. Born with a sweet tooth, we sampled it often, in common with the other good things that bountifully supplied host Tartt's table.

The first day of our hunt opened with forbidding prospects. Three or four inches of snow covered the earth, dazzling the eyes and making travel difficult. The country was new to us. Nobody, "except Captain George," hunted birds at Wingo; and, unfortunately, we had failed to make Captain George's acquaintance. Little definite information could be gained as to the locality where birds were plenty. Those of whom we made inquiry seemed obliging and desirous of extending all possible knowledge, but not being hunters, their information was largely incidental and inferential. Generally, we were told that for years birds had been abundant, but the deep snow of the previous winter had starved and frozen them out.

M.—ever ready for the fray—was eager to be off. So, investing in a pair of light rubber overshoes to insulate my feet from the melting snow, we donned our hunting suits, filled our belts and pockets with shells, whistled Dyke and Set over the fence, having tied up Kate and Whit for future use as a reserve, and ploughed through the snow to the eastward of the town. We had levied on the little son of our host as guide.

Several hundred yards travel brought us to the frozen bed of a long gully, beset with bushes and briars. It afforded good cover against wind and cold, and as the dogs rapidly coursed its path and hiding places, we confidently watched for signs of a covey. We were disappointed, for not a track was visible, nor did the dogs betray evidence that they caught a scent lingering on the frosty air.

In a little grove of locusts, off to the right, our guide detected the ears of a "cottontail" peeping above the snow. Getting into position where he could see the body of bunny, he shield, one after another, the apples he had in his pocket for lunch, at the little animal without hitting it or frightening it from its bed. Breaking off the branch of a tree, we handed it to him, and taking better aim, he hurled it with such force as almost to bury the rabbit in the shower of snow. The latter, feeling it was time to say good-bye, went off down the hill at ninety miles an hour.

Crossing a rail fence and getting into a tangle of long grass, briars and weeds, we found the first evidences of Bob White's habitat. A covey had been running through the snow, feeding on the seeds of the rag weed, and their tracks led up the dry run. The scent was cold, however, and the dogs shifted about uneasily. Keeping them well in hand we followed the tracks, momentarily expecting a point or a break away. Our spirits experienced a sudden check as we found in the snow the broad foot-prints of a rabbit hunter, and at the same moment noticed the brush of wings on the white surface, showing only too plainly that our feathered friends had taken flight at his intrusion.

M. now veered to the left, and I hunted a long thicket of briars and bushes ahead, without success. Turning into an old field, I was just climbing a ridge when I caught sight of a covey taking flight out of a swale of matted grass. Going fifty yards, they dropped down again in a cove of green bush. M. had not seen them, although Dyke, working eagerly to his right in the thicket, had flushed them without dropping to point. Hurrying up, I called M., and we moved carefully to where the birds had gone down. The dogs went in ahead. The birds were wild, and one went up before we got near. I let drive, making a snap shot, and he forgot to stop.

Another broke cover just in front and came straight at me, passing to the rear. I wheeled and fired, and he—didn't stop. This was bad. M. was under the brow of the hill, and didn't get a chance. The balance of the covey got up some distance ahead, and went across a field toward a piece of woods. As they disappeared we heard a couple of shots, and clearing the thicket, we found three rabbit hunters, one of whom had killed two of the partridges at one shot as they flew by. Of this performance he seemed exultingly proud. Had he killed his mother-in-law by accident, he could not have shown profounder emotions of pleasure. While we were talking to our new friends, the dogs were nosing around in some light sedge grass. They had not yet found reason

to halt, when M.'s quick eye detected a covey in the snow. They had not left their night roost. Here was a good chance for a pot-hunter. Foregoing the opportunity, the birds were flushed, and three quick shots dropped two, and I got another with the second barrel as they crossed an adjacent fence.

Leaving the rabbit hunters we followed the birds into the woods. They were much scattered and most of them we failed to find. M. sighted one that was winging its rapid flight through the trees, and dropped it at full 60 yards. It was a quick shot and well done. Climbing a second fence we bagged a right and left, and missed one that we watched till it again came down in a fallen tree-top. Going up together we prepared to close its career. M. took one side of the tree and I the other, and giving the limbs a shake as we went by, we had almost met again when quick as a flash the bird went up behind us, and putting a tree to his rear with quick instinct of escape, he scudded away as two loads of shot rattled harmlessly among the twigs. Returning to the first woods, I was kicking a pile of brush when another rose and was climbing for the sky through the treetops when he was called back at the report of the gun.

It was a long tramp before we found more birds. The snow made it tiresome walking and the air was raw. Several seemingly good places were hunted through without result. Threading a small patch of stubble at the end of which was a thicket, I caught glimpse of a covey running on the ground. They had seen the dogs, which were lower down the hill, and were hastening away.

Calling to M., I moved carefully forward, but before the dogs got in range they went off into a piece of woods. I was fortunate to get two at one shot, while M., who had not yet come up, shortly afterward bagged another, at which I had made a clean miss. When we again got the birds up in the woods they were well scattered and the shooting hard, but in a half hour's work we had dropped seven or eight birds, only a single one getting away. About half the covey we never found after the first rise.

We were now tired and hungry, and, crossing one more field, located ourselves on the sunny side of a rail fence and industriously began the demolition of the lunch our kind landlady had provided. It aided materially in warming up the inner man. When we had finished the dissection down to the bones the lunch was washed down with a draught of cold water, obtained by breaking the ice of an adjacent pond.

The afternoon was almost barren of result. M. took a random shot at a stray bird that rose from a thicket some distance off, but it saved both body and feathers. Later on several more partridges were added to the bag from the first covey we found in the morning, and M. closed the day's sport by showing how long and how far a man can fall when he trusts to appearances in crossing a gully with snow. Taking the full measure, we should judge M. to be about 25ft. high, as that length of snow was torn up, mashed down and displaced from where his feet entered a muskrat hole to where his hands left their imprint.

Seventeen birds were the outcome of the day's sport, a result not bristling with encouragement for five days yet to come.

S. R. S.

FRANKFORT, Ky.

Natural History.

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THE ARMADILLOS.

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IN my last contribution to FOREST AND STREAM, having reference to my series of "Sketches of our United States Mammals," I had something to say about the Opossums, and the Provisional List of Mammals of the U. S. National Museum was carried through the Ant-eaters in that paper. To continue that List in the order in which it was published, we find the following to be the continuation of it, viz.:

SUBORDER LORICATA.

Family DASYPODIDÆ. The Armadillos.

Tatusia novem-cinctus (Linné), Alston. Armadillo. Texas to Paraguay.

So then, to proceed with the plan as set forth in the Opossum paper, we will in the present connection turn our attention to the Texan Armadillo, and what we know of its life-history, while in our next contribution the Order STRENA will be dealt with, and this contains no less interesting an animal than the Manatee of Florida.

When a zoologist, in these days, directs his mind toward the study of any particular animal, or group of animals, one of the first questions he asks himself is, What has been the history of this creature during the past ages of the world; and, during that universal, for all-time development of animate forms, what have been the lines of ascent along which it has come to bring it to its present appearance, and structural state? Now in the case of our reptile-looking Armadillos there is much, very much, to be discovered and correctly interpreted yet before any such question can be answered. The present richest center in its variety of living species of Armadillos is the general central region of South America; and it is here, too, that Professor Lund and others have found, more particularly in the bone-caves of Brazil, the skeletal remains of not only existing types of Armadillos but of those forms which connect the existing ones with armadilline animals of the most recent geological periods. But as I say there is an enormous field yet to be worked up here, which is brim-full of interest and importance. Paleontologists of the future will surely undertake all this and the day will come when men will probably know, through the remains of extinct forms brought to light, the very path along which Armadillos have ascended from their ancestors of low reptilian stock. Those who have been in the main hall of the old Smithsonian Building, may remember the great cast of a queer, turtle-looking animal, that used to stand by the door that led down to the west basement below, it was the plaster-of-Paris model of a Glyptodon (*G. clavipes*), and the Glyptodons were gigantic ancestors of the Armadillos

of rhinocérine proportions. They flourished in old tertiary times in that region near where the city of Buenos Ayres now stands; and they were characterized by having a solid armor-like covering for their upper parts (carapace), and a bony dermal plate for the belly (plastron). They rank among the most remarkable of the extinct forms that have thus far been brought to light.

But let us return to our own existing species of Armadillo, which is sometimes met with in the lower parts of Texas, the variety generally known as the Nine-banded Armadillo (*Tatusia novem-cinctus*).

The animals of this group get their name through the Spaniards from a word which means "clad in armor," while the common Brazilian name for them is "Tatou," our animal being known as the Tatou-peba. If I remember rightly the technical term for them is derived from a Greek word meaning "hairy-foot," and, as unsuitable as it is, *Dasyppus* is still retained for one of the generic groups.

on each side to the elbows. It is composed of small pieces adhering to one another, and disposed in numerous parallel concentric rings, having the concavity toward the front, the first ring embracing the neck of the animal. The buckler of the croup extends from the back to the origin of the tail, and descends on each side to the knees. It is composed, as in the former case, of small pieces arranged in a great number of parallel concentric rings, passing transversely over the hips, but having their concavity turned in the opposite direction from that of the rings on the shoulder, or in such a manner that the last embraces the root of the tail. When viewed externally, the little pieces composing these bucklers have the appearance of irregular tubercles, but when examined on the under side of the buckler they are found to be hexagons almost as regular as those of the cells of bees, and fitted as precisely to one another. Between the bucklers of the shoulders and the croup are interposed a variable number of transverse movable bands, marked with zigzag lines

to feed upon some worms or roots, for all such things pertain to its natural diet. If you can manage to follow the animal unobserved, it may still pursue its foraging until perchance it may come across some ant-hill or other, whereupon it immediately proceeds to open up the nest with its fore-paws and devour the alarmed insects as they swarm out of their abode. As it feasts upon these it is heard, ever and anon, to give utterance to a faint squeak of satisfaction, a habit to which it is also prone while engaged in digging its burrow or feeding upon carrion, another thing of which an Armadillo is very fond. It has been said also that these animals have been known to burrow into human graves for the purpose of gratifying their appetite in this last-named and more depraved direction. Notwithstanding this fact those people who live in the countries where Armadillos are found, are very fond of the animal roasted whole in its shell, esteeming the dish a great delicacy.

Let us now suppose that you have alarmed the animal



A PAIR OF TEXAN ARMADILLOES (*Tatusia novem-cinctus*).—FROM A DRAWING BY THE AUTHOR.

To the unthinking, the first sight of one of these animals would convey the idea to the mind that it was a sort of mammalian tortoise, so puzzling is its external structure and appearance. Aside from certain strictly anatomical points, Professor Flower has characterized the present genus as having a narrow head, "with a long, narrow, subcylindrical, obliquely-truncated snout. Ears rather large, ovate, and erect, placed close together on the occiput. Carapace with seven to nine distinct movable bands. Body generally elongated and narrow. Tail moderate or long, gradually tapering; its dermal plates forming very distinct rings for the greater part of its length. Forefeet with four visible toes, and a concealed clawless rudiment of the fifth. Claws all long, slightly curved, and very slender, the third and fourth subequal and alike, the first and fourth much shorter. Hindfeet with five toes, all armed with strong, slightly-curved, conical, obtusely-pointed nails. The third longest, then the second and fourth; the first and fifth much shorter than the others. This genus differs from all the other Armadillos in having a pair of inguinal mammae, in addition to the usual pectoral pair."

To this description I would add that the animal has small, weak eyes, although the organs of hearing and smell are both highly developed. Further, the legs are short, and the general form squat and broad. The several parts of the armor are spoken of as "bucklers," and in no existing species are these extended under the belly.

Another authority, speaking of our species, says: "The buckler of the shoulders extends in front over the whole neck, and toward the rear as far as the back, descending

forming very acute angles, and in some degree gliding over one another according to the different motions of the animal. It is observed that the full-grown specimens always have the greatest number of bands, which renders it extremely probable that new bands are detached from the bucklers as they are required by the increasing growth of the animal. The buckler on the head descends from the ears to the muzzle, and covers each cheek as far down as the orbits; and there are small detached scales interspersed in various situations over the throat, the under jaw, the legs, and feet, and even on the outer side of the ears."

In most specimens the skin has a leathery appearance, and is but sparsely covered over with hair; we note, too, that when the head of the animal is held in certain positions, the bucklers of the head and body are much more nearly approximated than shown in the figure, and the former being short, additional protection is afforded to these parts. Our Armadillo has simple teeth of a sub-cylindrical form, and peculiar in standing apart from one another along on the jaw, very much as we see them in some reptiles, and in dolphins. An adult specimen of the Texan Armadillo has a total length of about thirty inches, the body and head alone measuring sixteen, and the tail having a circumference of about six inches at its base. The animal is a great burrower, and being nocturnal by habit spends most of its time by day in its burrow.

Should any of us meet an Armadillo in its native haunts, it would probably be seen to be walking leisurely along, stopping every once and awhile to devour some fruit or other which has fallen to the ground, or perhaps

you have been watching; it immediately pricks up its ears, for its hearing is very good and its eyesight very poor, and most often relying upon the former while it mistrusts the latter, it commences a rapid retreat in the direction of its burrow. The fact flashing upon your mind that this is one of its means of defense, you put after it with your best speed, and you soon discover that an Armadillo as a racer is an eminent success, but being well in the lead of you, and the ground being to its advantage with its home-base still in the dim distance, the brute with marvellous rapidity commences to burrow on the spot, and before you are half aware of it he has put himself fairly under ground. At this stage of the proceedings you arrive at the scene of its newly-made retreat, and are made aware from the squeaking that is going on, and the way the dirt is coming out, that your game will soon be in the regions below.

Off comes your coat, and rolling up your sleeve you reach down the hole after him, and soon have his armor-clad tail in the grasp of your good right hand; but, lo! what is this extraordinary change that has taken place, for either the fellow has thrown all of its spare anchors overboard, or else it has suddenly been transformed into some creature as big as an ox, that is if you may judge from the resistance it offers to being pulled out. Extraordinary stories are told of how Armadillos can resist almost any force exerted to haul them out of such a hole, and one "traveler" goes so far as to say that he actually had the tail of the animal come off in his hand, the "case-hardened wretch" parting with the appendage rather than give up to his efforts to extract him.

This species is very abundant in southern Mexico, and especially in Nicaragua, where I am told that the people hunt it at night with dogs, much as we do our Opossums in the Southern States. The Mexicans often keep a tame one about the house, it making not a disagreeable pet, and having the additional advantage of keeping the premises free from ants.

Normally, the general coloration of an Armadillo is a reddish-brown, but it usually appears much darker from the fact that, owing to its habits, a good deal of dirt adheres to its armor and hide. Its cleaned shell, too, by no means makes an unsightly ornament when hung up in one's study, as it is not an uncommon thing to see in houses in those countries where the animal abounds.

The "Tatou-peba" rarely has over three or four young at a birth, and very curious-looking little fellows they are, if we may judge from the admirable figures of them in Professor W. K. Parker's well-known work upon the "Structure and Development of the Skull in the Mammalia."

In various parts of South America, our Armadillo has some very interesting, not to say rare, relatives; there is the little-known *Pichiciago*, only five inches in length, with its silky white hair, and its shell of a pinkish tint; there is the six-banded Armadillo, which can roll itself up in a ball, and tumble down among the rocks, as an additional means of defense; there is the giant of them all, the Great Armadillo (*P. gigas*), of northern Brazil and the forests of Surinam; and, finally, there are the three-banded Armadillos, of which the Matico is a prominent example (*T. conurus*).

The Bibliography of the Order EDENTATA, to which our subject belongs, is not, as yet, very extensive, and a great deal still remains to be learned and written about them. Those who may chance to be on our southern Texan border, can render valuable and lasting aid to science by making accurate record of observations upon these animals, and duly publishing the same; noting their exact geographical range, their more peculiar habits; their period of gestation and reproduction; and, finally, their uses to man. Such persons as are engaged in the study of the structure of the animals which are known to inhabit our country, will be very glad to get spirit specimens of Armadillos, more especially the fetal young.

CAPTIVE GROUSE AND OSPREY.—Elmira, N. Y., Oct. 6. —Last week a very fine specimen of the ruffed grouse flew into a house near the State reformatory, near this city, and was captured without harm. I have him now in a coop made especially for him, and he eats and drinks and seems to get along fine'y. He is a fine male bird and full feathered. I have had another fine bird presented to me. It is a fine young male American osprey (*P. haliaetus carolinensis*). He was picked up last night in the heart of the city by a gentleman and handed to me for identification. It seems that while flying over the city he struck a telegraph or telephone wire and was stunned for a moment and fell to the pavement; while fluttering he attracted the attention of his captor and was immediately picked up. Both of my birds are in fine condition, and I expect to find out a few interesting facts concerning their nature and habits.—EDWARD SWIFT.

RECENT ARRIVALS AT PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Received by purchase—Five rhesus macaques (*Macacus erythrus*), three green monkeys (*Cercopithecus callitrichus*), two common macaques (*Macacus cynomolgus*), one sooty mangabey (*Cercopithecus fuliginosus*), one weeper capucin (*Cebus capucinus*), two pronghorn antelope, male and female (*Antilocapra americana*), twenty-seven prairie dogs (*Cynomys ludovicianus*), one male zebra (*Equus burchardi*), one Cavendish rail (*Ardeotis cyrenensis*) and one banded rattlesnake (*Crotalus horridus*). Received by presentation—One flying squirrel (*Pteromys volucella*), one woodchuck (*Arctomys monax*), two reed birds (*Dolichonyx oryzivorus*), one blackbird (*Turdus merula*), one American robin (*Turdus migratorius*), one mockingbird (*Turdus polyglottus*), two alligators (*Alligator mississippiensis*) and two box tortoises (*Cistude clausa*).

Game Bag and Gun.

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RAIL AT WILMINGTON.

IT is useless to attempt to find marsh hens or clapper rail unless the tides are high enough to cover nearly all the grass in the salt marshes. The idea prevails that this favorable condition is more likely to exist at the autumnal equinox, or at the full moon in September. Being so advised, and tired of the long close season, my friends Teceel and Mud—the man who did not swap his premier Scott for a cheap gun—and I, went to Wilmington on the 27th of the last month, with an abundant supply of shells. The Rev. Mr. B., of Wadesboro, preceded us by a day. After reaching the sound we were assured by the weatherwise that good tides would greet us. We tried it for three days, but the water did not rise high enough, and the birds which we sought were invisible. If we had gone a week earlier we should have found all the sport which the marsh hens afford, and could easily have had fifty or sixty shots on a tide. But the trouble is that, living in the interior, we never know when the tide will be high, and in consequence nearly always miss the favorable time. I took 180 shells, and brought back 179, getting one shot and one bird. Our clerical friend killed six, Teceel six, two yellow legs, and several willets, while Mud got three marsh hens and five willets. The preacher killed a few squirrels besides.

Our host furnished us with a Flobert rifle, with which we amused ourselves shooting at a target. All of us beat Mud.

We have planned a duck hunt on Topsail Sound, about the first of December. Crickett will be with us, but Mud will not be. We hope to get mallards, teal and black-ducks; and possibly a goose and a deer. Oysters will come in also. WELLS.

A YOUTHFUL MOOSE SLAYER.—George Sutherland is a lad of fifteen years, and lives with his parents on the road leading from Ashland, Me., to Fort Kent, a few miles from the former place or village. As he was returning homeward from the village at about 9 o'clock P. M. Oct. 4, he was confronted at about two miles out by a large bull moose. The ugly brute's charge was met by a shot from the lad's pocket revolver, which felled him with a hit square in the pate. While lying stunned he received six more shots from the tiny gun which laid him out. The meat dressed out over 500lbs.—WARFIELD.

OCTOBER FIFTEENTH.

THE mild October has begun
(The Fall, in other words),
And soon each man will grab his gun
And go to hunting birds.

The bright-skied "fifth" is here to-day,
The "opening day" is near,
For when ten days have passed away
The fifteenth will be here.

Each morning now the hunters rise
To see if it is fair;
They eager scan the morning skies,
And sniff the morning air.

Oh glorious, glorious, glorious Fall!
Take Winter, Summer, Spring—
And you can knock the spots off all
For shooting on the wing.

Some men there are who cannot know
The joy that fills our souls
To see our pointers bounding go
O'er meadows, dales and knolls.

Our pity falls like gentle dew
Upon the poor, poor wretch,
Who never yelled "I knocked down two,
Here Bang, good boy, go fetch."

We've had our share of earthly sweets,
We're getting old and gray,
But Heaven's the only thing that beats
The Fifteenth—Opening day.

Oct. 5.

F. M. GILBERT.

IN THE SAWTOOTH RANGE.—III.

NEXT morning the sun rose bright and clear; and we spent a most delightful day in fishing. We had the good luck to chance upon an old boat, or rather scow, in which we navigated over this beautiful lake.

Friday morning Charles and I rode over to the town of Sawtooth for flour and other needed supplies, and to make inquiries about our further route. Returning early in the afternoon with the supplies and desired information, the rest of the day we spent with the redfish. Early on Saturday we left those remarkable lakes for the Sawtooth Valley, having been informed that as soon as the trail leaves the woods we would notice a new white house down the valley; and taking this as our guide mark, we made a bee line for it. In Mr. White, the owner and occupant, who keeps a hay ranche here in the valley, we found a very pleasant gentleman, who, after hearing what we were after, advised us to go to the head of Fourth of July Creek, about eight miles, where we would find deer and possibly sheep. A Norwegian who was at White's and prospected at the creek, went along with us, but it was dark before we reached his cabin. Pitching camp across the creek, where we found better pasture for our horses, we soon busied ourselves with our own supper, after which we paid a visit to our neighbor. Here we found three nationalities, an American, a negro and our Norwegian friend, whose cabin was not finished, so he chummed in with Mr. Blackman, the colored gentleman, and whose name deserved to be Whiteman, as he was clever and intelligent, as well as kind and obliging.

Blackman showed us in the morning the lay of the country, and also where we would most likely find sheep. We hunted through a steeply encircled basin of most fantastic shape, Blackman and Bill going around the lower oblong basin, while Charles and I hunted through the upper half until we would meet; so that whoever started any game would drive them to the other party. We came together without seeing anything, but Blackman and Billy saw a small band of bighorns, which were disturbed by a bear. Blackman had shot at the bear, but missed him on account of the brush behind which he was sulking. They had also seen a second bear, but he was at a safe distance and soon out of sight. Hunting homeward for deer, as our camp was without meat, we killed two good-sized fawns, also several blue grouse.

It is remarkable how sudden the temperature will change in these high altitudes. The wind blowing south-east, jumped at once to the northwest, the sky showing the threatening look of a storm, beginning with a slushy hail, which the cold wind soon turned into beautiful snow. Reaching camp at last, we found things in a decidedly uncomfortable condition, for, not expecting such an early snowstorm, we had left everything lying loose around camp; but a blazing camp-fire and a fine venison supper quickly elevated our sunken spirits. We slept not any too warm that night, the mercury falling to 20 above zero; but in the morning the sun rose warm and bright, and soon all signs of the snow had vanished. Our colored friend assured us that a snowstorm up here (the altitude being at least 10,000ft.) was nothing uncommon in any month of the year: last Fourth of July they had celebrated the day in one which lasted all day.

The next forenoon we hung around camp, drying and cleaning our wet garments and rifles; in the afternoon we inspected the boys' mining claims, principally of silver, some of galena containing silver in rich quantities. Tuesday we made a more extensive tour after bighorn, but though we ran on a small band, they heard or scented us. We fired a volley at long range after them, but with no more damaging results than wounding one, but which escaped with the rest, over the almost perpendicular and impassable rocks. That night we decided to pull up the next morning, and go down to the river, following the valley. I felt rather disappointed, as I wanted a nice pair of bighorns to perfect my selection of antlers. Our Yankee friend who came to see us, drew a rough map of our trail, which we were to follow to Stanley Basin, known as a fine game country. Wednesday we bade farewell to our friends and the mountains. Reaching the valley, we followed the Salmon River until we came to some hot springs, our day's camp. Our next day's camp was to be Stanley Lake, fifteen miles further on our improvised map. Traveling pretty fast that day, finding good roads, we soon came to a creek where some prospectors were taking their midday lunch; they told us that we had passed Stanley Lake five miles back. This news was not very pleasant, as our ride was through a mountainous prairie, through which a fire had raged shortly before and was still burning in places. The main fire had crossed the river, and was carrying everything before it; the long stretching line of flame, fanned by the wind, leaping sometimes 20 or 30ft. into the air, was a

terrible fear-stirring sight, the black voluminous smoke almost darkening the sun by its density. Returning about five miles we found our lake hidden in the dense forest.

Scouting around the lake in the morning we found nothing but a few deer and some old bear signs. The next day we hunted and searched through the neighboring cañons and gulches, but with no better results. We found another lake a few miles above our camp containing redfish. I also shot on this lake a bird which was a rare specimen and a curiosity. Finding a roughly made boat left by some hunter and trapper, we paddled around after some ducks, which were feeding in an upper cove of the lake, when I noticed a flock of birds swimming, and looking to me more like snipe than ducks. Discharging one barrel of my Parker, I succeeded in killing three out of the flock. They are of a delicate light gray or dove color, except the tips of wings black, and neck and breast pure white, resembling a large yellowleg snipe, only three times as large in body, twice as long legs, which were half webbed, also the bill as long as a woodcock's, but more slender, their meat dark and rich and of delicious flavor. Finding not much game around these lakes we moved further down and camped on Valley Creek.

Examining our supplies we found we were running short on flour and several other important articles, and concluded to go to Bonanza, the nearest mining town, to replenish. So Sunday early, with one pack horse in tow we started. Meeting an old pioneer and rancher, Mr. Challis (the founder of the town of that name), who was looking for some lost horses, we were informed about our route; we were to follow the river five miles until coming to a large creek (Yankee Fork), and following the trail on this creek would bring us to town. Parting from him we kept riding until coming to a large bridged-over creek. Thinking we had come five miles, we thought this Yankee Fork and took the trail alongside, but we were wrong; as it proved later, to our sorrow; we were on Basin Creek; and our Yankee Fork was the next creek.

Owing to this mistake we kept on traveling until dark, hoping to strike some town or mining camp, but had to camp at last. Our situation was not a cheerful one. We did not know where we were; besides we were very hungry, as all we had eaten being a light lunch, for we had expected to make Bonanza before evening. The night was cold, and our saddle blankets were the only covering to keep us warm. We were glad enough when morning came; and we determined to push ahead on the trail which must lead to some destination. It was about noon when at last, from a clear and elevated bluff, we noticed a cabin in the valley below us, and emerging entirely out of the woods, we soon saw the long looked-for town lying before us.

We pushed down the hills in great hurry by the loudly clamoring inner man; we tied up in front of the little hotel, and were soon punishing a nicely prepared breakfast, after which we went to Pfeiffer's supply store, where we replenished our exhausted provisions. Mr. Alker Pfeiffer, owner of the handsome store, also part owner of the principal mine here (Custer) and the great bear hunter, gave us good advice and accurate directions for our home trail. By our own mistake, we had traveled about thirteen miles out of our way.

Well supplied with provision, and encouraging hopes, we left Bonanza in the afternoon, camping that night under more comfortable conditions. In the morning we set out, taking a short cut across the mountains. Leading our horses, and tacking down a dangerous steep bluff, I noticed a black bear, jogging lazily along the opposite ridge. Calling Charles's attention quietly, we tied our horses. We had to make quite a detour to get the wind and above Mr. Bruin, and Charles saw him lay under a black pine whose lowest branches were spread on the ground, making for him a soft and comfortable bed. Charles, who gave him the first salute, shot him through the ear. He jumped on his feet surprised, and shaking his head, when I put a bullet through his shoulder. He fell, but roused himself to get away, when another ball out of Charles's Marlin doubled him up, and he went rolling down the hill until a fallen tree stopped him. While watching him tumbling down, Charles cried, "Hurry, Frank, there goes another one!" Both of us ran around the hiding point and saw about 150yds. below us another bear, making time for the safe underbrush. Being behind Charles, and somewhat out of wind, I waited for his shot. The first shot made the bear yell, but the second one stopped him never to rise again. They were both large yearling cubs, very fat and with beautiful fur, and we were soon busy with their hides, keeping an open eye for any sudden surprise from their ancestors. This unexpected encounter delayed us somewhat, and it was dark when we got back to our old camp on Valley Creek. Billy was waiting with a fine venison supper; he had killed a fat doe, and also shot at a large brown bear, wounding it badly, but getting away from him.

The next few days we hunted faithfully through all the surrounding cañons and gulches, and had moved our camp nearer the lake, seeing a great many signs around the shore, some of them evidently of game of immense size, but we could not see any "bar." We could have killed plenty of deer, but Billy had brought one hind-quarter of the large doe; besides our larder was well supplied with birds. The foolhens were very plentiful, but we would never waste any powder or shot on these well-named birds. They would hardly fly out of our way, but sat stupidly looking at us, and we pegged at them with stones, aiming for their heads, and in this perhaps not sportmanlike, but quite exciting manner, secured all we wanted.

Friday, all of us hunted at the upper end of the lake, through a wild desolate cañon, and being near where Billy had hung up his doe, we intended taking some of the venison into camp. But coming to the spot we found old Eph had preceded us; and not satisfied with the entrails, he had torn down the deer and covered it up with dirt, leaves and brush for another visit. We held a council of war on the spot and decided to "lay for" the thief. Billy and Charley were to go to camp and bring out a few blankets, some grub and a few large beaver traps, which we intended to plant under and around the tree, on which we hung the half-eaten carcass; and then, lying in ambush, we hoped to give him a warm reception. I was to remain and watch for "his nibs," should he contemplate an early visit.

It was 3 o'clock in the afternoon when the boys left me. I established my lookout on a large isolated boulder