

On the side the Engineer located, the ground was entirely submerged. The best locality he could discover was a thick cluster of ragged bushes. These he climbed into. A few ducks came around the previous afternoon, but the shooting from that stand was not first-class. Now and then a duck would light in the rear where a shot could not be had and sass the "bushwhacker" in a provoking way. So during the morning a more favorable place was speedily looked up, where position was taken in the Amateur on one edge of a heavy growth of timber and under a thick cover of overreaching branches. The twenty mallard decoys had been put out thirty yards or more in front in a natural haphazard manner. A light rain prevailed to deaden the reflection, and a sufficient breeze existed to set the decoys in motion.

And sure enough there was a flight, not such as one sometimes gets, but sufficient to keep the sportsman eagerly on the watch. Yonder come a pair, will they turn this way? Yes, indeed! See them set their wings and push in toward the decoys. Now they circle and come in the rear, and pass to the left. Here they come again, closer this time, but still too far for a shot. Away they go to the far shore. Back again in a minute, closer this time. Look out, Mr. Sportsman, keep rigid as an old log or you are detected. Ah, they veer and go over behind again where the rush of their wings can be heard for a moment only. Here they come once more, against the wind this time, straight for the decoys—this is your chance, be sharp—quick—bang, bang. Eh! old fellow, miss with the first barrel, kill with the other, what's that for? "Bushes in the way and the duck twisted on me." The bird is retrieved. In ten or fifteen minutes the chattering of an old drake's bill is heard. Soon with his flock he is seen. They circle two or three times, get a hint that something is wrong, and with whistling wings hurry away.

So all the forenoon interest in the flight is kept up, even now and then a fine old mallard falling to the guns. So that when the Boss and Amateur are paddled down to the Greenwing the score is brought above the lowest she had ever gone home with. When tied together in pairs and hung up to advantage in the stern of the launch they make quite a creditable display, and number forty table ducks—all mallards but four—three snipe and three fish ducks.

At two o'clock on Saturday the anchor was weighed and a final start for home made. It was down stream this time, and in less than two hours the shrill whistle was blowing the signal of return.

"Can you pick up that buoy?" was asked of the Pilot as a small white block of wood loomed up on the surface of the water a few hundred yards away.

"Pick up that buoy! Of course I can! I can split it," indignantly retorted the Pilot. The Engineer and Fireman smiled slightly, for there was a smart cross wind, and the Greenwing is deep astern and light draft at the bow, and when slowed up she is easily sheered.

"Hold on! Stop her! Back her!" comes in quick succession from the Pilot who has not yet fully learned the signals for the bell. And by that time the wheel was directly over the buoy, and to have put it in motion would have endangered the line attached to the buoy. So the wind is waited on to get us away a bit. Presently the launch is pushed ahead, and the Pilot takes a circuit for the buoy, but he is too close and makes a complete circle with the buoy as a center. He then makes a trip out toward the middle of Lake Centennial, rounds to, makes a straight course for the buoy again. When near the buoy the Greenwing gets demoralized and wobbles about much after the manner of a drunkard in a public thoroughfare, and the buoy is missed by ten feet or more. In the meantime a few skiffs have moved away from that part of the lake to give the Pilot ample space. What was that the Pilot said on viewing his next failure? "Jam the jam buoy?"

"Well, jam her, Mr. Pilot—split it." And the next time the Greenwing was backed straight away, and the Pilot made a final bulge for the white block, making this time a nice allowance for windage, when the elusive buoy came alongside and was taken aboard and the line made fast to the post in the bow of the Greenwing.

As we moved away from her, after having sent all the traps ashore, it was remarked that the Greenwing looked as innocent as a sucking lamb, as though she had never kicked up any devilry in all her days. But surely she was a gay deceiver, having more pranks at her command than a festive plantation mule. Ta, ta, Mrs. Greenwing, may you long flourish even with your capricious ways.

VICKSBURG, MISS., Jan. 31.

W. L. P.

Natural History.

THE AMERICAN CERVIDÆ.

BY R. W. SHUFELDT.

TEN years ago when Judge Caton published his excellent and useful volume on "The Antelope and Deer of America," that careful observer treated of eight species of deer, which he took to be all the then representatives of this group in our fauna.

It will be seen in the U. S. National Museum List, which I published in my last contribution to this journal, on the PECCARY, that ten species of deer are there considered to belong to the North American fauna; these are arrayed in four genera, while Caton retained his eight species in two genera, or all in the genus *Cervus*, except the barren-ground caribou, which was placed apart in the genus *Rangifer*.

Now *Cervus alces* of Caton, "the Moose," has come to be *Alces machlis* of the above named List; the name for the "Elk" remains the same in both, i. e., *Cervus canadensis*. Next we arrive at a point of difference in these two authorities, which owing to the lack of literature and specimens I am, at the present time, unable to make clear, and I trust some of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, more fortunately situated in these respects than I am, will throw some light upon the subject. I place the authorities and species opposite each other for comparison.

CATON.	U. S. NATIONAL MUSEUM.
<i>Cervus tarandus</i> , Woodland Caribou.	<i>Rangifer tarandus</i> , Reindeer.
.....	<i>Rangifer tarandus caribou</i> , Woodland Caribou.

On page 326 of his work, Judge Caton gives it as his

opinion that "the Reindeer and our Woodland Caribou are specifically identical," in which case *R. tarandus* and *R. t. caribou* in the List of the U. S. National Museum, would be equal to his *Cervus tarandus*, an explanation which may be the correct one. Further investigation upon this subject seems to be desirable.

The "Mule Deer" of Caton (*Cervus macrotis*) is the same animal as the *Cariacus macrotis* of the List I published, as is the "Black-tailed Deer" (*Cervus columbianus*) of the first named authority, the *Cariacus columbianus* of the U. S. National Museum. Again the "Common Deer" of Caton (*Cervus virginianus*) is the "Virginia Deer" of my "List" or *Cariacus virginianus*. *Rangifer groenlandicus*, the "Barren-ground Caribou" of Caton, is the *R. tarandus groenlandicus* of the U. S. National Museum "List," but the former author describes the *Cervus acapulcensis*, the Acapulco deer, which I take to be the *Cariacus toltecus* or Yucatan deer of the U. S. Museum "List," and if it be not this species I am at a loss to make an agreement in the case. Judge Caton describes no species which corresponds with the "Black-faced Brocket" (*Cariacus rufinus*) of the above named List, a species ranging from Mexico to Ecuador. This then appears to be the difference between the two authorities in question, for Judge Caton does not take into consideration the *C. rufinus*, and believes the reindeer and woodland caribou to be identical species, thus reducing his list of deer to eight, while ten species are enumerated by Mr. True in his "List" of the U. S. National Museum; and, as I have already remarked, it does not lie within my power to decide upon this difference at the present writing.

In order to secure fitting illustrative figures of the *Cervide* for the contribution in hand, I overhauled all my sketches, cuts, engravings and pictures, but have failed to find anything better, nay, nothing so good for my purpose as the unpretentious yet truthful representations of these highly interesting animals in Caton's work upon their natural history. The elk alone formed an exception to my choice, and its figure was chosen from a woodcut in my possession, the author being unknown to me. I copied all of Judge Caton's figures, and present them herewith, grouped in one plate, and a handsome representation they are for us of the family in the United States.

Restricted as the space of necessity must be in an article like the present, I can, of course, do little more than notice some of the leading characters and habits of these species now under consideration, and to such an essay I must limit myself. No American naturalist, sportsman, lover of the forests, and the manly pursuits of the chase, will be without a copy in his library of Caton's "Antelope and Deer of America;" while the back numbers of FOREST AND STREAM offer a perfect mine of information upon the natural history of our *Cervide*, chapters which one never wearies of reading.

Seven or eight years ago, at a time when I hunted a good deal through central Wyoming, and in the mountain ranges there found and killed deer, as well as saw many, many others shot by my companions, every one spoke of killing "black-tail," and I never heard the name "mule deer" applied to any variety in that region. Yet that is the very heart of the range of the true type of the mule deer (*C. macrotis*), and the black-tail is not to be found there. These two forms seem to have been originally confused by those veteran explorers, Lewis and Clarke, and in the minds of many I am satisfied that the matter is as yet by no means cleared up. Even old hunters have often asked me, whether I would know a mule deer if I shot one, speaking of the animal in a somewhat doubtful way, as were it some rare hybrid, while perhaps they may have just slain one.

Speaking of the mule deer, Caton tells us that "west of the Rocky Mountains this deer is met with almost everywhere, though much more abundantly in some places than others. In the Coast Range of northern California they are almost entirely replaced by the Columbian black-tailed deer, while in the Coast Range of southern California scarcely any other deer is met with. Here, however, a very distinct variety of this deer occurs, differing in important particulars from those found east of the Sierras, as will be more particularly explained hereafter. In all of Oregon, in Washington Territory, and in British Columbia, this deer is met with, though much less abundant than the true black-tailed deer, or even the Virginia deer. This deer occupies about thirty degrees of latitude, from Cape St. Lucas on the south into British Columbia on the north." By comparing Figures 1 and 4 of the present paper it will at once be seen how different appearing animals these two deer are; and there is no mistaking the huge ears of *C. macrotis*, and the large, pencil-like tassel which finishes off its tail, as compared with the very different form of these appendages as they are found to exist in the true black-tail.

We often hear the mule deer spoken of as a clumsy, uncouth creature, or even a homely brute, but the writer, who has as yet failed to find an ugly object in the entire realm of living nature, from a swan to a snapping turtle, must declare that such sentiments are entirely lost upon him, for of the thousand and one lovely scenes the forests of my country have yielded me, none for the moment appeared more charming than when my eyes were first feasted by the sight of nine mule deer, bucks, does and kids, that I suddenly aroused from their siesta in a sunny, rocky gorge in the heart of the Big Horn Mountains. A few bounds and the entire big-eared party turn and face the intruder, standing sidewise, but heads turned so as to look directly at you; what could be more tempting to one bent upon their destruction, for there are their foreheads and shoulders, both deliberately exposed. Your wicked rifle speaks out its sharp report; down goes the biggest buck in the bunch, while all the others by a series of bounds soon reach the hill-crest beyond you, where, apparently somewhat fatigued by the sudden exercise, they again offer another shot. This deer is not much of a runner, and as in other members of its tribe, its eyesight is not of the keenest, though hearing and smell are both acute.

Strange to say the true black-tail deer (*C. columbianus*) is restricted to a very limited range, lying within the temperate zone and confined to a narrow strip of country on the Pacific slope of the Rockies; and, so far as I know, the species does not occur beyond this. It has never been my good fortune to see this deer in its native haunts, but we are told that "the bifurcated antler and the bounding gait observed in the mule deer are found also to be characteristics of this deer, but they are strictly confined to these two species; nor is it easy to conceive why this

laborious and fatiguing gait has not in the course of time given place to the more easy and enduring running pace of the Virginia deer, which inhabits the same country." (Caton.)

Passing next to the common or Virginia deer we meet with a species that enjoys a wider geographical range than any other representative of the family in the entire world. It is found in every State and Territory of the Union and may be taken north and south from Canada to Panama. No kind of country seems to come amiss to it; I have shot them in the dense pines that clothe the sides of the Rocky Mountains; and again on the level prairie, fifty miles from the nearest butte; and finally, when standing up to my knees in a waste of marsh land and my game in its very midst. Wonderfully beautiful in form and graceful in action, this species is by far the most engaging of its kind, and in countries where it has been much hunted, requires the best talent of the sportsman to successfully hunt it down. Owing to its wide range and the varying influences of the climate, conditions and food to which it is submitted, fairly well marked varieties may be picked out coming from the extreme limits of its domain; but naturalists have failed thus far to draw constant characters to distinguish these apart, and in reality they are seen to intergrade in all directions. Further study, however, and careful comparison of a sufficient series of specimens will undoubtedly reveal the fact that at least two, or perhaps three, "good species" are now in existence.

One who has carefully examined the antlers of the three above mentioned deer would have no difficulty in distinguishing them, and their most evident individual peculiarities are by no means badly shown in the figures illustrating this paper. The males alone of these species possess normally these appendages, and they all have their seasonal shed for them, the parts passing through the well-known metamorphoses in being reproduced afterward. All three of the species have both the tarsal and metatarsal glands, and in all the lacrymal sinus is present in front of the eyes. Space will not admit of my dwelling upon the description of these last two named and interesting structures here. The black-tail and Virginia deer are of about the same size for both sexes, while the mule deer is larger than either of these species; the does of any of the three, I believe, can have as many as three fawns at a birth. This, however, is rare, and one or twins is the rule in by far the vast majority of cases.

At one time in the history of this country the elk or wapiti (*C. canadensis*) had a range of habitat which extended from ocean to ocean across the continent, and from the Canadas, where they were abundant, down into old Mexico and southern California. It will be seen from the "List" which was published in my Peccary paper, that the U. S. National Museum still quotes "Virginia" as its habitat. I am not familiar with the exact authority for this report, and am unable to say in what part of Virginia elk may yet be successfully hunted. They are still quite abundant along the crest of the Rockies and the outlying ranges, as well as in California. I have seen them in the Laramie range of hills in Wyoming all the way from a single old buck leisurely browsing along through the pine forests of those mountains in August to a herd composed of seven or eight hundred head spread out on the freezing snow in a park in the same range. It has been my fortune, too, to have killed a grand old buck of this species and a doe which stood beside him at one shot. Moreover, on another instance, when mounted on rather a vicious Sioux pony, it was my fortune to become "tangled up" in a herd of some one hundred and fifty head, when I was obliged to kill seven of them with my revolver and rifle before I could again successfully extricate myself and horse from such a forest of horns and great crowding and plunging brutes. Never have I slain, however, a single animal that was not afterward utilized, and my disgust has known no bounds when I have seen the bodies of these elegant creatures rotting in a September sun on the mountain sides of the Big Horns, wantonly shot down by a party of "tourists." Our wapiti are upon a rapid road that leads to complete extinction, and the sight of a big herd of these animals, powerful in build, grand in proportions and carriage, plowing through the snow over their range in their wilderness home, is ere long to be a thing of the past. During the rutting season the fearful whistle-like scream of an old buck of this species may be plainly heard for over a mile, and when sounded near to one, the roar of an African lion could not be more appalling, especially if either be uttered in the stillness of night as one hugs his small camp-fire in the very heart of the wilderness. There is but one scream that I know anything about that can compare with it. I refer to the voices of a troop of howling monkeys as I have heard them in the vast forests of southern Mexico.

Elk and their habits are best studied when the animals are kept confined in a state of semi-domestication in large private parks, and in this respect no one in this country has enjoyed the opportunities of Judge Caton, who has owned as many as fifty and more of these animals at one time. This author writes that "during the rutting season the monarch of the herd drives off the other bucks and gathers the does into a band, which he appropriates to himself as much as possible. The other bucks hover around in his vicinity, generally keeping together, and annoying the chief by their unwelcome presence, and occasionally stealing away a part of his harem, for the does will slip away from his tyrannical rule whenever they get a chance. He is grossly ungallant in his selfishness, driving a doe from any choice bit she may find, with as little ceremony or affection as he would a buck. He has evidently no idea of love or affection, and is only pleased to act the tyrant and seek his own gratification, perfectly regardless of the feelings of others. Still there are degrees in this regard among different individuals." Elk will subsist upon almost any kind of vegetation and keep in good condition, and the does are seen to be very fond of their fawns, vigorously defending them in times of threatened danger. In this species only the males grow antlers, which are of huge proportions; the lacrymal sinus is present and naked; there are no tarsal glands, and the metatarsal ones are well up on the limbs, while the interdigital glands seem to be absent in the feet.

In common with our wapiti the moose (*A. machlis*) is now rapidly becoming extinct, and not many generations can go by before this species, the largest of all our *Cervide*, will be known as one of the huge, curious forms of the past. From a wide range extending across the



AMERICAN CERVIDÆ.—DRAWN BY THE AUTHOR.

Fig. 1.—Black-tailed Deer (*Cariacus columbianus*), ♂.

Fig. 2.—Head of Moose (*Alces machilis*) ♀.

Fig. 3.—Virginia or Common Deer (*Cariacus virginianus*) ♂.

Fig. 4.—Mule Deer (*Cariacus macrotis*) ♂.

Fig. 5.—Head of Female "Elk" (*Cervus canadensis*).

Fig. 6.—Head of Barren-ground Caribou (*Rangifer tarandus greenlandicus*) ♀.

Fig. 7.—Barren-ground Caribou (*R. t. greenlandicus*) ♂.

Fig. 8.—Moose (*Alces machilis*), adult ♂.

Fig. 9.—"Elk" (*Cariacus canadensis*), adult ♂.

Fig. 10.—Reindeer (*Rangifer tarandus*), adult ♂.

[All but Fig. 9 are copied from Caton.]

United States from the Carolinas northward to the sub-arctic regions, this animal has been driven by the advancing civilization of the white men to a restricted habitat in certain mountainous districts north of the Territories, in Maine, portions of the Dominion of Canada and elsewhere.

The forms of the male and female moose are so well known in these days to the general reader, that I will not attempt to describe them here; an old buck usually stands higher at the withers than a full grown horse, and may weigh as much as 1,200 lbs. In Montana they say the animal attains a greater size than it does in Maine and the Northeast, but this statement still demands authoritative confirmation. The moose will eat almost any kind of vegetation he may come across in his haunts, from dry moss to all kinds of leaves of trees, weeds, and many other plants.

Able pens of both sportsmen and naturalists of this country and the continent of Europe have preserved to us many a tempting picture of the charms of a good moose hunt; and indeed there are few or no sports afield that can compare with it, as it demands all the talent and endurance which the hunter may command for its successful pursuit. During the breeding season, which occurs some time in October, the moose pair off, somewhat after the manner of the roe deer of Europe, although in the moose the arrangement is entered into only for the season, while in the roe deer it is a life-long contract. Usually the female bears but one fawn, but may deliver triplets; she carries about nine months, and is very solicitous of her young after their birth. How different are these sexual relations with the unbridled passions of the insatiable elk, that ponderous old cervine Turk of the tribe, described above.

Often in the summer these animals come to the solitary lakes in the forests and stand sometimes neck-deep in the water, and thus escape the insect pests, as gnats and mosquitoes, which worry them to an exasperating degree at this season. Only the males possess the great palmated antlers, and have "the bell," that peculiar glandular and hair-covered appendage, hanging beneath the lower jaw back of the chin. Caton says that the females may also possess one of these curious structures, and he believes them to be the more vigorous individuals of that sex. The moose lives to a great age, and does not attain its growth until fourteen or fifteen years of age. Its peculiar gait when pursued, and its habit of occasionally falling are well known to us all. As to this latter trait another writer tells me that "It is probably owing to this occurrence that the elk [moose] was believed by the ancient and the vulgar to have frequent attacks of epilepsy, and to be obliged to smell its hoof before it could recover; hence the Teutonic name of *Elend*—miserable—and the reputation, especially of the forehoofs, as a specific against the disease." In Sweden the moose, or the elk as it is called throughout its European range, has been domesticated with some measure of success, and made to draw the sledge, much in the same way as the reindeer does. *Alces* is without the metatarsal gland, and the tarsal glands, although present, are very small. There is a small area between the nostrils devoid of hair, and the muzzle is broad and flabby. The animal is higher at the withers than at the hips, but this is due to long scapulae, and is well seen in its most exaggerated instance in the giraffe.

Taking all authorities into consideration it seems to be pretty well decided by the majority, that we have in our fauna two caribous, viz., the barren-ground caribou (*R. t. grænlændicus*) and the woodland caribou (*R. t. caribou*); these species are shown in Figures 6, 7 and 10, of the illustrations to this paper.

Rangifer tarandus is the true reindeer common to the boreal regions of both hemispheres. The accounts of the two species of caribou seem to be very insufficient, and in many cases not a little mixed up. My friend Mr. L. M. Turner, of the U. S. National Museum, has spent a couple of years upon the range of these animals, and I look for his report of their natural history with great interest. I have for dissection two foetal woodland caribou sent me by this distinguished observer and naturalist, and I only await certain necessary facilities to complete my observations upon them.

The barren-ground caribou has a range, so far as I can learn, from the Atlantic Ocean to the Makenzie River on the west, while northward it passes to the Arctic regions and southward sometimes to the borders of the Great Lakes. On the other hand, the woodland caribou seems at present to be restricted to New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, northern Maine (?), and as far north as the southern regions of the Hudson Bay districts. So the ranges of these two species overlap at certain times, the barren-ground caribou being migratory, yet the species seem to have kept absolutely distinct. Both of these species shed their antlers as do other deer, but they differ in that the females also possess small antlers, while the greatest amount of variation in form of these cornute appendages is observable in both species, though never to an extent sufficient to deceive the observing naturalist. The barren-ground caribou is not more than half the size of the woodland variety, yet the antlers of the former are much the larger of the two species. It is known that the vision in both caribous is very poor, while the animals appear, too, to be stupid in many particulars, and easily captured and killed by their hunters. In traveling over the snow the woodland caribou spreads out its functional toes, and even the lateral rudimentary digits come into play, the "spread" form as a whole a very efficient cervine snowshoe. Did the ancestors of these animals in early geologic ages possess five toes on each foot? Science stands surely in need of exhaustive accounts upon the entire natural history and morphology of both of these interesting species of American reindeer, accounts which it is earnestly to be hoped will soon be forthcoming.

Indeed, these remarks apply equally well to all of our species of *Cervidae*, and science will be very grateful for any accurate observations upon the habits in a state of nature of any of them. Careful comparisons of the Virginia deer from widely separate areas of its wide range, are much to be desired; the habits of the mule deer and black-tail have been by no means exhausted, while above all a careful revision of much of the anatomy of any of these types will by no means come amiss. My object and my pains in compiling the present contribution will be fully met and repaid should it prove to be the means of giving to science another single fact of any character heretofore unknown, from any competent observer. Our

deer have many interesting congeners in various quarters of the world, as the Musk Deer; the *Hydropotes inermis*, a deer without antlers, and long upper canine teeth; the more remotely connected Chevrotains, forms standing between the true deers and the pigs; and finally, a host of typical deer with forms and histories most interesting. Fossil deer go to show that in the earliest types these animals had no antlers, but as we pass through the forms found in the Middle Miocene, the Upper Miocene, the Upper Pliocene, they pass successively from the Lower Miocene, where the species were all without antlers, to those which had simple ones, to those with two branches, and then to those which had three branches, and finally, in the Upper Pliocene, where they occur with perfect growths of this kind as in modern types. The fossil Irish Elk (*Cervus megaloceros*), an enormous cervine form from the lake deposits of Ireland, is one of the most interesting extinct species which has rewarded the explorations of the paleontologists.

BIRDS AND BONNETS IN MICHIGAN.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the report of the Michigan Association, in No. 2 of the current volume, Mr. T. E. Shepherd is represented as saying that "the association should turn its attention to the protection of song birds, which are nearly exterminated, owing to the demands of fashion." I can account for the appearance of this sweeping assertion only on the supposition that Mr. Shepherd was incorrectly reported. There is no truth in the statement. I have been a constant resident of Michigan for forty-five years, have traveled extensively in the State, and am well acquainted with the situation in many widely separated localities, and I know from personal observation that in and around some of the interior villages there has been a large increase of song birds, both in the number of species and the number of individuals. I have never known a bird killed in obedience to the demands of fashion, nor have I ever known of a person buying, or offering to buy, bird skins for ornamentation of milliners' work. Boys, and sometimes older persons, shoot song birds from pure wantonness, or for the sake of shooting something, and need to be restrained by the application of law.—M. L. LEACH (Traverse City, Mich.).

DOVER, Del., Feb. 15.—The thermometer registered 60° here yesterday. Bluebirds and robins left their retreats and the town resounded with their carols.—DEL. A. WARE.

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Antelope and Deer of America. By J. D. Caton. Price \$2.50. *Wing and Glass Ball Shooting with the Rifle.* By W. C. Bliss. Price 50 cents. *Rifle, Rod and Gun in California.* By T. S. Van Dyke. Price \$1.50. *Shore Birds.* Price 15 cents. *Woodcraft.* By "Nessmuk." Price \$1. *Trajectories of Hunting Rifles.* Price 50 cents. *The Still-Hunter.* By T. S. Van Dyke. Price \$2.

PILGRIMAGE OF THE SAGINAW CROWD.

I.

IT IS usually expected that some member of a party which takes two or three weeks' outing shall be the scribe and chronicler, and report to the FOREST AND STREAM the doings and incidents of the trip. Now, this time, I propose to make the other boys turn in and do their share; in other words, kind of act as an editor of the case, which will give readers an opportunity to compare the styles of the different authors, and they will be at liberty in the future to call upon which ever one they consider slings the rouiest pen and puts the most hairbreadth escapes and blood-curdling scenes with a realistic effect into his part of the narrative.

It is the old Dakota goose party that I am about to stir up. The readers of the FOREST AND STREAM will remember that it has been the custom of a certain eight boon companions to each year take the good car City of Saginaw, which belongs to the Saginaw Hunting Club, and make a pilgrimage to some far off land, for the sole and only purpose of having a thoroughly good time. This good time, of course, consisted of as much shooting as we could get, breathing in the pure air of the western prairies to the end that our doctor's bills might be less, and last but not the least of the enjoyment was the planning for months beforehand what we should take and where we should go, what we would do after we got there, and when we would start, and the getting together every few nights in the last weeks just before going to make our plans, and talk over the good times we had the year before and were going to have this year. And it did not end here, for after our return there was the same old enthusiasm manifested when any two of the party got together, and one would recall an extra long shot that so-and-so made, or what a delightful time we had the day we went down to the McGuire farm, or the time the undersigned left his gun at the car and did not discover it until the decoys were all placed and the geese coming up through the fog of the early morning, and how the team was despatched to the station near by to telegraph back to the car to one of the lazy ones who failed to get up in the morning to go with us, to hire some one to bring the gun with all speed, as it promised to be a great day and he did not want to get left, and how at last the gun did arrive; how the other boys had had their big shoot, and finally the day was ended up with a score of 165 geese, all we could carry in the wagon, and we drove back to the good old car in the dusk of evening, wet, cold and shivering, but happy, and how good the hot lemonade tasted that the City Official had brewed for our coming, knowing by the storm that had raged all the afternoon that we would need something of the kind to cheer up our spirits. Oh, well, I say this part of the trip is not to be despised. Then the comparing of notes and I don't know, after all, but that anticipation is half of the enjoyment of a sportsman's life.

But this time, instead of to Dakota, the trip was to the Indian Territory. We wanted to go to Dakota and were homesick for the spot that for four successive years had been our paradise, but the new game laws prohibited bringing home to our friends any of the game we might kill, and as there were very few inhabitants in the local-

ity where we did most of our shooting, it was impossible to give our birds away or make proper use of them, and of course we did not want to kill anything we could not use. Therefore when Ed proposed that we go to the Territory and visit their cattle ranch we acquiesced. The Saginaw Cattle Company have 200,000 acres of land fenced in in the Sac and Fox Reservation, and we were very glad to go and see how the cattle looked, and besides, we had reports of plenty of birds. In looking over the old crowd two or three faces were missing. There was the General, whom we had not heard from since we were salmon fishing in the summer, and Bob wrote us that rheumatism prevented his going. "Whisky Bill," of Dakota fame, was somewhere in Kentucky buying fast horses, so they had narrowed down to Ed, the City Official, "Genial George" and Brooks or "Section 37," as he is familiarly called, and the Doctor, together with the writer of this chronicle, whom the boys nicknamed "Buzzard Bill," and undoubtedly the cause of the name will come out later on. So it came to pass that the F. & P. M. train, leaving Saginaw at 8:30 the evening of Oct. 11 bore us toward Chicago. All were present and accounted for with the exception of the Doctor, who was to meet us in Chicago in the morning. Our connection with the Wabash was very close, and the Grand Trunk is noted for being late. We had arranged, however, with the traveling passenger agent to hold his train for us if necessary, but somehow or other this did not pan out. It is always thus. You arrange for your transportation with the traveling passenger agent, and he of course guarantees everything, and is to be on hand to see about your transfer, provided you are going in a private car, or is going to hold the train for you if you are not and it should be necessary to do this in order to make connections, but in all my trips I have never yet had a thing come out just as they agreed. This was no exception, and when we reached the outskirts of Chicago and began crossing the numerous tracks going into the city, waiting for trains here and there, we saw that we were hopelessly late and something must be done. Telegraphing in we found that the Wabash train had not waited for us, but that we could possibly catch it by getting off at some junction outside of the city. This we did and our heavy baggage was unloaded, but we were in a peck of trouble to know what we were to do about our transportation, as we merely had orders for tourists' tickets, which would be issued us at Chicago. We were going to check it through some way as we were not to blame and did not want to be delayed an entire twenty-four hours. Soon the train came rumbling into the station. Somehow the conductor knew about us and was expecting us. The Doctor's cheery face was seen from one of the windows, the dogs were hastily put on board and away we went.

Nothing of importance occurred that day. The dogs were given their exercise at Decatur while the baggage was being transferred from one car to another, and we were there provided with the proper tickets. We had taken precaution to telegraph ahead for our sleeping berths at St. Louis, and it proved to be a very wise one, as it was the day of the Harvest excursion, besides St. Louis always has some kind of convention and the town was full of strangers, and when we reached the Union Depot, such a hurrying, scurrying and crowding was never seen. Bells were clanging, women rushing to and fro, dragging helpless children by arms that seemed ready to pull out of the sockets; porters bustled around, stowing away the passengers in the different sleeping cars, and all making ready for the far West. Or those who had been to the land of the setting sun were once more leaving for the cultured East. Around the window of the sleeping car agent was a solid jam of people, twenty deep. There is no rule nor system about the different ones taking turns, merely a crush, so that the strongest man rushed in and stood a better show than the poor helpless females with two or three children, who really needed a comfortable lower berth, but nine times out of ten had to take the leavings. Our three sections were waiting for us, and George and Ed had to transfer the dogs and put them to bed for the night, and we were all aboard for the Indian Territory and the West. Here comes in a little something about the peculiarities of baggagemen in making their charges for dogs' transportation. With most railroads there is no charge made for dogs, but it is expected that a gratuity be given the baggageman. Some demand it as a right, while others with more gentlemanly instincts are perfectly willing to "leave it to you, sir," and almost always get a better fee by so doing. The Grand Trunk baggageman roared us unmercifully, and when we struck the Frisco line they tried to make us believe that dogs were charged half a cent per mile, and began figuring up quite an expense bill on our three. We profited by former experience, however, and got through without much of a robbing. Our sleeper was a new one of the latest pattern, and the night was most comfortably passed.

On awakening the next morning we made the acquaintance of a fellow traveler, who was a thorough old Southern gentleman in the first place, but had acquired the active instincts of the Western land speculator and boomer as well. Slightly helpless from some accident or deformity, he was going accompanied by his servant to the new town of Monet, as he expressed it, to "sell out the town." In other words, with the usual enthusiasm created by a brass band and lots of "hoorah," an auction was to be held there that day to dispose of village lots. In the course of time the train pulled into the future metropolis. The brass bands were there and so were the village lots, and about as far as the eye could reach there seemed to be lots more lots of the same kind as those that were marked with stakes at each corner, with the exception of price. Those without the mystic talisman of the boundary stakes could undoubtedly be secured at the rate of about \$5 or \$6 per acre. But the staked ones, right where the city building was to be, and here where the court house was sure to go up, and there where a dry goods store larger than Field's was to be erected, in those places, of course, land was bound to boom and must be worth several hundred dollars per foot. The depot was new and the surroundings neat and clean, and after getting a good substantial breakfast we exercised the dogs a little by letting them run across some of the city property (and we had a faint suspicion that they started up a rabbit on one of the lots laid out for a public square). As we gave a shrill whistle, and they obediently came in to be tied up, a long, lank individual of the thoroughly Missourian type, witnessing their obedience, rammed his hands down into his pockets a little further, if such a