

Geographical Club was held on the evening of the 8th at the home of its president, Mr. Wm. Hornaday, when the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Wm. Hornaday, President; Mrs. F. E. Upton, Vice-President; Dr. Geo. A. Stout, Secretary; and Messrs. O. B. Brown, Charles Fairman and Mrs. F. Young, Entertainment Committee. This club comprises gentlemen as well as ladies.

Prof. Lester F. Ward lectured on the same evening before the Anthropological Society on "The Sociological Position of Protection and Free Trade." His views in favor of protection were ably combated by President J. C. Wellinr, and the subsequent discussion between members was carried on with manifest interest.

Dr. Wm. H. Gardner, post surgeon at the Washington Barracks, is delivering a series of lectures on "Accidents and Emergencies," with a view to instruct the men at arms. The first lecture, given last week, was on hemorrhages, and this will be followed by several others. This is part of a plan to provide each officer and enlisted man with a manual and outfit, after the vogue of the German army, containing in a compact form the quickest and simplest means of rendering surgical assistance in time of need. Such a *vade mecum* would be of almost equal value to gunners and other sportsmen who are alike exposed to sudden accidents. I remember that a manual of this kind was published in 1874 and distributed, to the number of 50,000 or more, by the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York. Perhaps they can be had now.

The new and beautifully illustrated catalogue of Field Books and Natural History, works just issued by the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, attracts attention here. It indicates how rapidly this field of literature is broadening, and also serves as a practical guide to students who are interested in the various specialties treated. As the bibliography includes no less than 823 titles, it is apparently comprehensive enough to serve the needs of all sportsmen who require a library of reference, especially as the authors selected are among the best informed and most reliable among us. It looks as if the Forest and Stream Publishing Company were destined to take the lead as promoters of standard sporting literature. Verily the work which Mr. Hallock, its founder, began fifteen years ago, is assuming enviable proportions.

Some of your readers will be interested to know through the *Century Magazine*, if they were not already informed, that U. S. Fisheries Commissioner Col. Marshall McDonald, who is Prof. Baird's valued successor, was military instructor at the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, during the war. Obviously he is equal to scaling fish as well as breastworks.

I notice through a French paper that a troop of Cossacks and Circassians are exhibiting at the Jardin d'Acclimatation in Paris, *à la Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show*. They have their tents, horses and accoutrements with them, and show off their well-known riding feats to the intense satisfaction of spectators.

The weather in Montreal seems to be cold enough to insure the building of the customary ice palace. The ice blocks are over a foot in thickness, and the construction of the edifice is already far advanced.

Mr. James Green, of Green & Cunningham, real estate brokers in this city, who recommends the Climax U. S. cartridge in FOREST AND STREAM, is, with his partner, Mr. Seymour Cunningham, a member of the Capital City Gun Club, and one of its best wing and saucer shots. He ran the Marlboro field trials for setters last month in Maryland. The club has a club house and ample shooting area on the flats at the foot of Twenty-second street.

EL MAHDI.

BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF WASHINGTON.—The annual meeting was held Jan. 12 in the assembly hall of the Cosmos Club, 70 members being present. The minutes of the secretary show that 54 papers were read during 1888 by 25 members, the highest number by any one person having been 6. Although the number of papers was smaller than in 1887, the discussion was much more general and thorough. The largest attendance during the year was 49, and the smallest 21. The society has 40 honorary members, 51 absent members and 118 active. The results of the balloting for officers for the current year were as follows: President, Lester F. Ward; Vice-Presidents, C. Hart Merriam, Richard Rathbun, Charles V. Riley, Frank Baker; Corresponding Secretary, F. A. Lucas; Recording Secretary, J. B. Smith; Treasurer, F. H. Knowlton; Additional Councilmen, Geo. Vasey, Tarleton H. Bean, R. E. C. Stearns, F. W. True, C. D. Walcott.

SOME RECENT PAPERS BY CHARLES GIRARD.—It may not be generally known to American zoologists that Dr. Charles Girard, the assistant of the elder Agassiz and the associate of Baird, in his reports upon reptiles and fishes obtained by Government expeditions several decades ago, is still living and writing at Neuilly sur Seine, France. In *Le Naturaliste*, Paris, May, 1888, he has a brief sketch of the blind fishes of the American caves, accompanied by a figure of the species found in Mammoth Cave, Kentucky. In the October number of the same journal he notices briefly the subterranean fishes of North America. He has also published, in English, a "Systematic Catalogue of the Scientific Labors of Dr. Charles Girard," containing ninety titles. Loyal to the memory of pleasant associations he signs himself "Dr. Ch. Girard (de Washington)."

CALIFORNIA ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—The officers elected for 1889 are: President, H. W. Harkness; First Vice-President, H. H. Behr; Second Vice-President, George Hewston; Corresponding Secretary, Frederick Gutzkow; Recording Secretary, J. R. Scupham; Treasurer, I. E. Thayer; Librarian, Carlos Troyer; Director of Museum, J. G. Cooper. Trustees, Chas. F. Crocker, D. E. Hayes, S. W. Holladay, Geo. C. Perkins, E. J. Molera, Irving M. Scott, John Taylor.

JACK SNIPE IN JANUARY.—Granville, O., Jan. 7.—I was out with my gun the 8d of this month, and crossed a wet piece of ground near a spring, and to my surprise, a jack snipe flew up. I then looked for more and found four. I write to know if it's not unusual and remarkable for them to be here at this season of the year?—G. C. P. [Yes, quite unusual, but it fits well with the summer weather of the present winter.]

AN ALBINO SWALLOW.—Toledo, O.—Mention in issue of Dec. 27 of a white teal duck reminds me that I have a snow white swallow which I killed.—G. H. W.

"THE SUPER-SENSE OF ANIMALS."

Editor Forest and Stream:

My reading of the article entitled "The Super-Sense of Animals," in your issue of Dec. 20, came pat on top of an anecdote that had just been told me by Mr. Jas. Cadman, a civil engineer, well known in the eastern provinces of the Dominion.

When engaged in locating a railway in New Brunswick, he was compelled one night by a very severe snow storm to take refuge in a small farmhouse. The farmer owned two dogs—one an old Newfoundland and the other a collie. In due time the farmer and his family went to bed, the Newfoundland stretched himself out by the chimney corner, and Mr. Cadman and the man with him rolled themselves in their blankets on the floor in front of the fire.

The door of the house was closed by a wooden latch and fastened by a bar placed across it. Mr. Cadman and his man were just falling asleep when they heard the latch of the door raised. They did not get up immediately, and in a short time the latch was tried again. They waited a few minutes and then Mr. Cadman rose, unfastened the door and looked out. Seeing nothing, he returned to his blankets, but did not replace the bar across the door. Two or three minutes later the latch was tried a third time. This time the door opened and the collie walked in. He pushed the door quite back, walked straight to the old Newfoundland and appeared to make some kind of a whispered communication to him. Mr. Cadman lay still and watched. The old dog rose and followed the other out of the house. Both presently returned, driving before them a valuable ram belonging to the farmer, that had become separated from the rest of the flock and was in danger of perishing in the storm. Now, how did the collie impart to the other dog a knowledge of the situation unless through some super-sense unknown to us?

I told Mr. Cadman of another instance of canine sagacity that had come to my own knowledge. Where I boarded many years ago was an old dog, quite too old to be of any service. This dog would never leave the house or yard with any person except my wife, but whenever she went out he was certain to follow her. One day she started to visit a friend living about a mile away. It was early spring and there had been a freshet, but the water had partially subsided and the stream had slightly frozen over again. My wife attempted to cross a little brook, the bridge across which was overflowed, on the thin ice. The old dog placed himself in front of her, and by vigorous barking, a thing very unusual with him, and even by taking hold of her dress, tried to prevent her from risking herself on the ice. He did indeed prevent her from crossing at that point, but she thought she might crawl along safely by holding on to a fence that crossed the brook a little further up. In consequence she broke through and got a good wetting, simply through disregard of the repeated warnings of her guardian, who really seemed to have a better appreciation of the strength of the ice than she had. He would go on himself without hesitation, but objected to letting her try it.

Some time afterward this dog's master remarked in his hearing that he was growing so feeble and helpless that it would really be necessary to kill him. The poor creature, altogether contrary to his usual habits, left the house and went away some distance into the woods, quite alone. A few days afterward he was found lying dead under the largest tree in the vicinity.

These are only dog stories, and the world is full of them, but they come in so *appropos* in connection with the article I have referred to, that I could not resist the temptation to mention them.

G. DE MONTAUBAN.

QUEBEC, Dec. 26.

DECEMBER ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Purchased—One wildcat (*Lynx rufus*), one prong-horned antelope (*Antilocapra americana*), one badger (*Taxidea americana*), one prairie wolf (*Canis latrans*), one song thrush (*Turdus musicus*), one starling (*Sturnus vulgaris*). Presented—One Indian elephant, *Bolivir* (*Elephas indicus*), one white-cheeked cebus (*Cebus lunatus*), one common quail (*Ortyx virginianus*), one great horned owl (*Bubo virginianus*), three manobranche (*Menobranche maculatus*), one horse snake (*Chilomeniscus ephippicus*), and eight Dekay's snakes (*Storeria dekayi*). Born—Twelve spotted salamanders (*Salamandra maculosa*).

Game Bag and Gun.

A WATER HAUL.

TOM thought, and I thought, a hunting trip to Arkansas (how do you pronounce that name?) would be about the proper thing. That most delightful part of every such expedition, the planning of it, was enjoyed to the full. There are no freezing mornings nor drizzling days in the outing as you look forward to it. The game is always plenty when you make out the programme for a trip through forest and along stream.

When we reached Cairo and had purchased our supplies, including a little sheet-iron stove, which looked exactly like an inverted wash boiler, with a sliding door at the end, with hole cut for skillet and with the pipe deftly packed inside, proving afterward a great treasure in the tent on a rainy day, we sallied out along the streets. Several deer hanging here and there before the markets were the most attractive things we saw, and we carefully inquired where they came from, studying where the fatal shots pierced them, for we wanted to know where to place our bullets when we found deer in the woods.

Meredith, a lumber station on the Cotton Belt route, and nearly due east of Little Rock, was our objective point. All night long the train crawled toward it, and when we looked at the track the next day we were glad it had not attempted to make more than twelve or fifteen miles an hour, for it would have gone into the ditch surely at a higher speed. The conductors we found accommodating, but the other trainmen were far from it. They all seem to be working the traveling public, especially hunters, for tips. We had to do our own baggage hustling and fight to keep from being charged extra on our baggage because it was in the shape of camp outfit. This road advertises for the patronage of hunters and ought to treat them better.

We reached Meredith Dec. 28, and that afternoon took our first plunge into the woods. We did good stalking. The novice, hunting game where stealthy approach is required, sometimes does as well as the older hunter in approaching the game because less confident of success. We did splendidly until a doe rose up before me about 40yds, distant and hurried away to the left. If I had not heard all my life so much about buck ague I would have killed that deer. I felt that I ought to be excited, but I was not. The deer improved the time to hustle some trees between us. Perhaps I had buck paralysis. Certainly I was a little too deliberate, but have a faint idea that when the loggers get one of those trees to the mill the big saw will snag itself on a chunk of lead intended for the doe that got away. It was by all odds the best shot, in fact the only decent shot I had during

the week. Going on a little further, cautiously peering through the brush, we sat down on an old log. Before long we heard a tremendous racket behind us, just beyond an old fallen treetop and caught a glimpse of a vanishing deer, his white flag waving. Too late for that deer, but not for a skunk crawling about among the leaves in another direction. Through him I sent a ball, hoping to be able to secure his beautiful skin. I never saw as finely marked a specimen, but soon abandoned the idea of taking his coat. The neighborhood was too odorous. Cannot some reader of FOREST AND STREAM tell me some way to destroy the horrible smell and render it possible to skin these truly beautiful animals? Some one suggests that by being careful the scent bag can be cut out. But this is usually emptied by the animal while dying and fumigation is necessary. To have brought home enough skunk skins for a floor rug would have been to have secured a handsome souvenir of the trip, for no skins are finer for the purpose.

Few dogs are used in that neighborhood for hounding deer, but one day a Mr. Edwards took his three and went with us for a drive. But he did not know where the runways of the deer were and the dogs hindered rather than helped us. They ran several deer into the dim distance and on one trail gave us some fine music. Tige, the old dog, struck it and went tearing away making the woods ring with his magnificent bass notes, closely followed by Fly with her alto and Spring with a fine tenor. It was a magnificent trio, such music as I had often wished to hear.

Hardly a day passed, as we roamed through the woods that we did not catch a fleeting glimpse of a deer or two. The only chance of shooting them was to let drive at moving bushes, or the place we guessed the game might have reached through the dense thicket. There is no sport in such shooting. It is all mere chance work. Tom carried a Winchester .38, and I had my new 3-barrel Daly, the shot barrels 12-bore and the rifle .38. This mongrel seems to me the ideal gun to carry through ordinary cover. It might not be just the thing for elk or grizzlies, but in a country where you may jump a deer, or start a mallard, or put up a turkey it just about fills the bill. No gun could perform better than mine has so far as I have been able to test it at a target and in the woods, and I am in love with it. However, Tom and I rather thought the best gun for Arkansas brush would be a gun that would shoot rope and enough of it to wrap around a ten acre brush patch and corral the game that is hustling through it somewhere, but you can't tell exactly where.

Big gray squirrels were in abundance. We stood one morning where at least a dozen were in sight. We killed only a few where we might have killed many. One big swamp rabbit, a monster, and a mallard duck, completed our bag of game. We saw some bear signs but not a single turkey. If we killed a deer we did not know it. We called the hunt a water haul.

Hoping to retrieve our fortunes a little on ducks and geese, we came north to Paw Paw Junction, and Dave Wilkerson took us four miles up Little River to an island about 40ft. square, just a dot of land, where we camped, surrounded by the boundless overflow, forming the finest duck range I ever saw. Here was abundant smart weed, wild rice and celery. The lotus was also very abundant. It was too late, of course, for the flower, but the huge leaves and big flat seed pods—the latter so attractive to the mallard's eye—were to be seen everywhere. It is the same as that I have seen growing in the little lakes all along both the Illinois and Mississippi rivers, and locally called "yawkernut." One day a Japanese student in my library picked up one of these seed pods, and, as he rattled the iron-hard nuts in their dry little beds, cried, "The lotus! the lotus! that is my people's emblem of immortality." The one who wrote about some locality in northern Illinois as the only American habitat of the lotus was writing about a widely distributed plant, very much the same here as in other countries.

The two days we spent on Little River were bright and very warm, and out of consideration for us, perhaps, the wildfowl were probably up about our old shooting grounds on the Illinois River, where we wished we were, too. Not a bird did we even get a chance to kill, and so we turned our faces homeward. I was rather sorry we had not camped and watched on the levee at Cairo, for a few days later a deer swam the Ohio River at that point, rushed up the levee, and in the confusion plunged through a plate glass window. We might have got that deer.

It was a water haul. However, if we secured little game we got plenty of ozone, tired muscles, improved digestion, and lived for a while, as men should now and then, the care-free life of the tent and the wilderness.

RICHARD GEAR HOBBS.

KEARNEY, Neb., January.—Having occasion last month to take a trip among the sandhills of the Loup River, I found pinnated grouse in small bunches, and large coveys of quail. The chickens frequent the draws that open upon the river, while quail are to be found in the thickets or upon upland timber claims. Back from the railroads the quail have not been hunted to any extent with dogs, and they run at a lively rate at sight of a pointer. Geese have almost entirely disappeared; but on the evening of Dec. 13, a large flock of snow geese (brant) and a few Canada geese passed over town. In the Wood River Valley quail shooting is better this season than for several years past. In the vicinity of Kearney, jack rabbit hunting is becoming a favorite pastime with young ladies and gentlemen who enjoy a good country chase. If the fad continues the "Wild West" will soon produce riders who will rival those of the Long Island and Essex county hunts.—SHOSHONE.

HONESDALE, Pa.—There have been quite a good many grouse shot and sometimes a stray duck has been shot. I saw a woodduck (male) bought of a farmer, that and two grouse for a dollar. The duck was a perfect beauty in full plumage and not a bit cut by the shot, he has been mounted and the owner is very proud of his investment.—A. P. T.

BEAVER, Pa., Jan. 7.—Weather very mild. Coldest day to date 6° above. Plenty of quail and ruffed grouse left for breeding. On Wednesday, Dec. 26, temperature 57°, in the garden saw five pairs of bluebirds, and on the evening of the 5th inst. saw a bat fitting around a natural gas lamp, temp. 47° F.—G. A. S.