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GIFT OF

March 24, 1909.
a nice pair of horns we followed it; saw the body, but not the head. As we were certain from the size of the track that it was a buck we shot, and got an immense doe. We had now killed all the deer and caribou that the law of Maine allows, and all we could now legally get was a moose.

The next to the last morning before leaving the woods the snow was crusty and gave us poor hope, but we soon discovered tracks, following them we saw where a moose had broken branches with his horns. As it was impossible to step without making a noise, owing to the crisp snow, we returned to the camp to wait until the weather improved. At eleven o’clock we followed out our trail back to where we had left his tracks. Slowly but surely we drew nearer, but he was leading us toward a swamp thicket. Hark! a twig broke not far ahead. The rifle of the guide was covering something. He had his orders, "I must have the first shot, but do not let that moose get away." I could see nothing, hear nothing but my beating heart, but kept my eye on the point covered by the guide’s rifle. Were the trees moving? No, it was the antlers of a monster moose and I could see the brown spot at the top of his forehead. Taking quick aim I fired. As the rifle spoke it was echoed by that of the guide. One shot through the brain and one near the heart, the noble beast dropped dead in his tracks less than one hundred feet from where we stood. He had heard or seen us and had run off; had his danger disappeared? At half past two in the afternoon we started off toward the camp, and returned the next morning to get the hide and one hind quarter, and carried them to the nearest point, where a sled from the Oxbow met us and we were soon on our way from cold and snow back to dear old Wilkes-Barre with sunshine and comfort. Now as I sit in my little private den in an easy armchair, my slipped feet resting near the skin mat of old “Swift,” now long back in the woods and leaning back with eyes fixed on many trophies of the chase, I can in fancy see through the curling smoke all the stormy times, the excitement of each particular hunt, and each dear friend who was with us. Many now are gone to the “happy hunting grounds,” but on this eve they all come back in memory to live and tell the same old stories over and over.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

**RUFCED GROUSE SHOOTING.**

BY FRED SAXE.

When the Summer, with its intense heat, has passed, and the first frost of Fall has changed the foliage to many golden hues; when the warblers, orioles and other, insectivorous birds have migrated to their Winter homes, then enters, with its cool, invigorating air, the month of October.

As the open season for grouse shooting commences this month, two friends and myself left here on the morning of the last day in September with the intention of enjoying a few days of that sport in Monroe County. We arrived at our destination by six o’clock, and after eating supper retired early, as we were tired after our long walk from the railroad station to the boarding-house.

When we arose next morning most unpromising weather greeted us. We could see by the wet ground and the dark clouds that hovered up to ward that it had been raining heavily, and from appearances it might rain again before long. Regardless of these indications we set out, accompanied by guide and dog, to roam the pathless woods in search of the gregarious grouse, but in less than an hour we were soaked with water up to our hips from tramping through the wet brush. Towards noon a strong wind arose and the clouds passed away. We proceeded up a ridge, but with not so much success that we were debating the advisibility of trying new grounds. Just then we heard the report of the young lawyer’s gun, and knew he must have bagged a bird.

As he came up to us the guide called: “Look out; ‘Tell’ is trailing. We will soon see some birds.” As he spoke four birds arose. I shot them, but missed. We followed them up, and the dog soon pointed, when the guide scored three. The dog found another not ten yards away, and that I killed. We hunted there awhile, but did not raise any more, so we left for a large swamp lying about two miles distant in a northerly distant.

While strolling through the picturesque woodlands and enjoying the bracing air, we came upon an old underground house or cave, now in ruins, which we stopped to examine. Our guide told us that this house had been for several years inhabited—some twenty years ago—by a family by the name of Parks, consisting of a man and his two children, son and daughter. The father could carry on a slight conversation, but the children could not talk. They wore no clothing, and with their unkempt hair and tough brown skins, they presented a most uncouth appearance, and were generally known as the wild people of Monroe County.

Shortly afterwards we reached the large swamp, and it was not long before “Tell” had pointed a brace of woodcock. As these fell to our guns, we heard the report of two guns in the forest. We found plenty of birds, but as the foliage was rather thick it was impossible for us to see them when twenty or thirty feet away, so we had to risk snap shots when we heard the buzz.

This evening the party who had strayed away from the others, while sitting near a fallen tree enjoying a rest, and contemplating nature, was suddenly startled by hearing shouts of: “Help, help! Lost, lost!”

His first thought was that the wild people of Monroe were haunting the place, but he quickly responded to the cry, and upon investigating found that it was only a young man who had been out running and had wandered into the thicket and had become so bewildered that he did not know which way to turn. He soon recovered from his panic when in our company, and after the proper direction to reach his home had been given him, left us, having thanked us and expressed his determination never to get in such a fix again. It was evening when we returned to our boarding-house, hungry and tired.

We spent one more day hunting grouse, but, although the day was fair and good luck, the day was not so full of incident as our first day afield. We bagged six woodcocks and a couple of grouse and occasionally dropped a squirrel as they scampered among the trees while collecting their Winter stores.

That night we left for the city, and when at the station we found we had six grouse, nine woodcock, six gray and one black squirrel to take home with us. We arrived safely, much benefited by our outing and feeling ready to start again on the ordinary rounds of business life.

West Pittston, Pa.

**GAME BIRDS ARE REPORTED VERY SCARCE IN CERTAIN SECTIONS OF MAINE.** There will, however, be a perfect glut of deer meat in Maine markets, and it is stated that it will be cheaper than beef.

**BEARS ARE REPORTED VERY NUMEROUS IN THE VICINITY OF BINGHAM, ME.**

W. S. Emery, of Eustis, Me., states that during the present deer-hunting season he will have a buck for all who come to his camp. That is, provided they shoot straight. Deer are so plentiful that everyone will have a good opportunity to get his share.

Dr. Heber Bishop, of Boston, Mass., states that there are plenty of moose in the lower provinces of Canada, but that sportsmen going there this season will be at a great disadvantage owing to their being unable to secure the service of competent guides. All the good guides are already engaged by their former patrons.
THE NORTHERN FOX SQUIRREL.

BY THAD. SURBÉ.

The Northern fox squirrel (Sciurus ludovicianus victi-
nus Bangs), like others of our small mammals, is fast
being exterminated, and I venture to say that in the
course of a few years will be wholly extirpated. At one
time this fine squirrel ranged from northern Virginia
north to central New York and Southern New England,
and west through Pennsylvania and a part, if not nearly,
all of West Virginia, but it is now restricted to a few
localities in Pennsylvania, Virginia and the Alleghanies
of West Virginia.

In a paper recently published, Outram Bangs thus
describes this handsome and interesting subspecies:

"Size somewhat larger than S. ladovicianus typicalis
(Western fox squirrel). Ears never white; nose some-
times white; usual color of upper parts a mixed black
and rusty, the hairs banded with black and pale ferru-
ginous; under parts pale ferruginous to rusty white;
under surface of tail ferruginous, the hairs with often a
subapical bend. Ears ferruginous, and in Winter well
tufted. Some specimens are much lighter in color, being
yellowish gray above, with the black bandings of the
hairs reduced to a minimum; the belly white, and the
under surface of the tail pale ferruginous. Some others
have a good deal of black on the head, belly and legs, but
I have never seen a wholly black individual." (Squirrels

Five specimens taken in this vicinity during September,
1897, give the following average measurements:
Length (end of nose to end of tail vertebrae), 577.6; Tail
(vertebrae), 274; hind foot, 77 millimeters. The largest
specimen, a fine old male, measures: Length, 600; tail,
302; hind foot, 77 millimeters.

I have handled a few of these squirrels in the past few
years, and have secured a few nice ones this year, but,
what is far better, I have been enabled to learn some-
thing of its habits by actual observation.

However, I have not yet been able to learn the num-
ber of young produced a litter by this species, but they
must breed very slowly, otherwise we might expect them
to be more plentiful. Two adult females collected by me
during this fall have each had eight well-developed
mammes.

In this part of their range, at least, they are found in-
habiting the large groves of oak, chestnut and hickory,
where there are very large trees and no undergrowth,
and they seem to prefer the edges of such bodies of tim-
ber. They are very wild, and as difficult to hunt as the
deer or wild turkey, and even when seen are about as
tenacious of life as either of these two. Quite recently I
found a grove frequented by a few of these wily fellows,
and spent some time trying to learn something of their
habits and secure a few good specimens.

A cornfield stood within about two hundred yards of
this grove, and I began by watching it; the first evening
and following morning without success; but the follow-
ing afternoon about two o’clock I saw a fine old fellow
make his appearance headed for the corn, and I was here
shown how they progress when on the ground, as I had
a plain open view of his progress for fully a hundred
yards. In moving he stepped along very much like a
skunk, though a little more rapidly, with his tail slightly
bent and at an angle of about thirty degrees, stopping
every ten or fifteen feet to look and listen and then mov-
ing on again, but with no variation in his manner of
walking. On reaching the rail fence surrounding the
cornfield, he did not, as the gray squirrels always do,
jump upon a rail and stop, but crawled through an opening
between the two lower rails and quickly disappeared in
the corn. Afterwards I went to the place where it went
through the fence, and found a well-worn runway with a

The Northern Fox Squirrel. A gray squirrel, two Northern fox squirrels and a
ground squirrel.

good many corn shucks scattered near, which led me to
believe that this was a regular passway for it to and
from the field. This is not the only fox squirrel that I
have seen moving around on the ground in feeding, but
I yet have to see one that moves along in the jerky, jump-
ing manner of the gray squirrel.

Later this same afternoon I saw another fox squirrel
building its nest. When I first saw it it was so far away
in the top of an immense white oak that I took it for a
gray squirrel, but, noticing how peculiarly it acted, and,
the sun striking all at once on the under side of its tail, I
saw at once that it was what I was after. By crawling
cautiously and keeping well out of its sight, I was at last
able to get within about eighty yards of it. It was work-
ing very industriously, running out along the larger limbs
and breaking or gnawing off a leafy branch; but very
seldom securing a single leaf; and then rapidly returning
to where it was building in the upright forks of a large

limb about eighty feet from the ground. After placing
the leafy twig on the pile it had already built, it would
lie down, but was up again quickly and away after more,
but I noticed particularly that, though it was fully as
active as the gray squirrel on the large branches, it kept
to them in preference to the smaller ones; this was
further shown the next morning as I stood watching
one of this species cutting hickory nuts. He didn’t jump
out on the small, slender branches containing the nuts
with the reckless rapidity of his smaller kin, but went
cautiously, grasping two or more twigs at a time and
holding with feet as well as hands. However, they are
quite as quick and active as their smaller brethren on the
larger, firmer branches. In cutting the hickory nuts
they are held as in all the squirrels, but it is perfectly
astonishing with what rapidity they cut off chunks of
the shell covering the nut, till it simply rains pieces of
nuts on the leaves and earth below. In doing this they
work almost as rapidly again as the smaller squirrels.

I have never yet heard one of these squirrels make
any sound louder than a growl, but I have been told by
an old negro who has hunted them a great deal in years
past that he has often heard them barking like the
grays. I was riding along one day and came up with an
old fox squirrel sitting on the rail fence by the side of
the road. He didn't seem the least bit frightened, but sat
still and gave a low growl, and this growling he kept up
till I threw a stick at him, when he ran along the fence
a short way and up a tree about ten feet, where he
perched on a limb, and I then rode on and left it there,
still growling and making a low chattering noise, seem-
ingly with its teeth.

The illustration presented herewith shows two North-
ern fox squirrels, with the skin of a gray and ground
squirrel to show comparative sizes. Largest fox squirrel
is 750 millimeters (30.75 inches), total length from tip to
tip.

I will now close this with a request to my friends of
the sporting fraternity, that, if any of you happen to
shoot specimens of this species, by all means preserve it,
and by sending it to some museum in which you take an
interest, or to the United States National Museum, earn
the gratitude of future generations, when the Northern
fox squirrel shall be the only one (not so many years ago, either,) ranged the Allegheny Mountains, will
be forever swept off the face of the earth.

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, VA.

DO ANTELOPES SHED THEIR HORMS?

In the September issue of the Sportsman Thad Sur-
ber makes the statement that prong-horn antelope do
shed their horns annually. Now I believe Mr. Surber is
mistaken on this point, as, in a ten years' acquaintance
with the antelope, I never saw a shed horn, neither have
I ever seen an immature horn on a full-grown animal.
Besides, I think that the construction of the horn is
such as to preclude the possibility of shedding. If I am
mistaken in this, however, I would like to have Mr. Sur-
ber or some of his learned authority explain in what
manner the pith of the horn is protected until a new horn
is grown.

J. C. REILLY.

PROVISIONS FOR CAMPING OUT.

If I were starting out with one other to make a two-
weeks' hunting trip, says a writer in Harper's Round
Table, my outfit of provisions would consist of the fol-
lowing: 50 pounds of flour, 5 pounds of sugar, 5 pounds
of coffee (ground and roasted), 2 pounds of tea, 2 pounds
of salt, 3 pounds of prunes (dried) or apples, 20 pounds
of bacon, 2 pounds of baking powder, 8 pounds of beans,
8 pounds of rice, 3 pounds of tobacco, 2 pounds of powdered
alum for curing skins, and if I were taking any dried
vegetables, about 2 pounds.

Of course, if you are traveling by wagon so much care
is not needful for the protection of your provisions,
although it is always desirable to have them well put up
and occupying as little space as possible. But if you
are going in a canoe or are packing, then everything
must be carefully and stoutly done up, both for protec-
tion from rain as from frequent handling. Everything
should be in heavy canvas sacks, and if in the rainy season,
you ought to carry along a plentiful supply of rubber
blankets, certainly one for each pack animal. If in a
wagon or canoe, rubber sheets, though not so many, are
quite as necessary. The sugar, baking powder, salt,
tobacco and alum should be in tin boxes, and the small
packages put into sack to avoid having so many little
bundles to handle. You should also have little bags for
your salt, sugar, tea and coffee for daily consumption,
that you need not go to the main supply more than once
in every four, five or six days. This you would find of
very great convenience if you are camping every night,
because you need unpack only the bags you are daily
using, and can leave the main supply of provisions
undisturbed.

The sleeping-bags which the Milford Shoe Co., of Mil-
ford, Mass., are making for the Alaska trade are about
seven feet in length by a foot and a half in width, tapering
at the bottom. There is a flap that closes over the top
which makes the bag wind and snow proof.

The sleeping-bag, so called, really consists of three
bags, i.e., the outer being made from heavy duck, which
is waterproof, by the paraffin process. The next bag
inside of this is made from heavy sheep pelt or shearings,
as they are termed. It is the hide with wool on. Inside
of this is the inner bag or sheet, which is made from a
heavy drill. The bag is large enough for a man to crawl
inside and sleep at full length.

The bags are arranged with loops around the edges
for rope to be strung through, so that they can be hung
upon trees at night, like a hammock. Also arranged so
they may be rolled up and carried on the back when
not in use.

In addition to the sleeping-bags, this firm are making
Esquimaux suits from sheep pelt, as well as other warm
garments suitable for Klondike emigrants and sports-
men.

The annual meeting of the Rosedale Gun Club, of Tor-
onto, Canada, was held at the Granite Club, October
1st, when the appointment of officers for the ensuing
season took place, resulting in the unanimous re-election
of the following gentlemen:

H. M. Pellett, president; D. S. Barclay, vice-presi-
dent; D. L. Van Vlack, captain; A. R. Stell, secret.
ary.

Mr. J. B. Miller having resigned the position of treas-
urer, Mr. W. H. Gooderham was elected to fill that
office.

The meeting was very largely attended, all members
present feeling that in the establishment of the Rosedale
Gun Club an opportunity is at last afforded gentlemen
who are adherents of this class of sport an oppor-
tunity of shooting for cash prizes, sweepstakes and other
unsportsmanlike methods, for enjoying a Saturday after-
noon's recreation in a sociable and agreeable manner.

The ensuing season is looked forward to with pleasant
anticipation by the members, the captain having ar-
 ranged for a number of friendly matches with outside
clubs in Canada and the United States. There will also
be club handicap matches for gold medals, three medals
to be presented to each class.

The new Magautrap for artificial bird shooting, which
the club has just purchased, is the only one of the kind
in Canada, and serves to indicate that the equipment of
the club will at all times be of the most modern style obtain-
able. This trap performs the work of five ordinary
artificial traps, throwing, as it does, singles, doubles and
in fact, the whole flock of birds in the air at a time if
desired. The machine is worked by one man, the birds
being released by the touch of an electric button.

WILLIAM READ & SONS, 107 Washington street, Bos-
ton, Mass., sell all the prominent English and American
makes of guns, but make a specialty of the Scott. This
gun took nine of the principal prizes at the Monte Carlo
1887 meeting for the International pigeon shooting. A
catalogue and list of second-hand guns will be sent to
any reader of this paper upon application. A beautifully
illustrated art catalogue of fishing tackle is also issued
by this firm.
FORTY-FIRST ANNUAL HUNT OF THE ARMSTEAD DEER HUNTING CLUB OF VIRGINIA.

BY THE SECRETARY.

The club assembled, as usual, in Staunton, Va. After providing the necessary commissary supplies, horses and vehicles for a week's sojourn, we moved out by way of the Jennings Gap road for our camp, twenty-two miles west.

We arrived in camp time enough to feed and comfortably house twenty men, thirty six horses and twenty-two hounds before dark. The following club members answered roll call:

Peyton S. Coles, Albemarle County, Va., president; C. L. Fowler, Charlottesville, Va., first vice-president; F. B. Moran, Charlottesville, Va., second vice-president; J. Thompson Brown, Richmond, Va., secretary and treasurer; F. W. Robertson, Charlottesville, Va., commissary; Edward Coles, Albemarle County, Va.; Hon. James Lyon, Richmond, Va.; George W. Goodyear, Charlottesville, Va.; F. T. Lerch, Baltimore, Md.

These reported their invited guests as follows:


The first day in camp was spent in a general fixing up and in planning hunts, testing guns, preparing ammunition, etc. Here is a class of new hunters being instructed by old ones how, what and when to shoot, which instruction acts as a kind of antidote for the "buck fever," and at the same time determines the best shot among them.

A dummy deer is used as a target; but although this and every other precaution is taken to prevent the new hunters from catching the "buck fever," there is never a hunt without the loss of game on account of this epidemic among the "tenderfeet" with us. Several on this hunt had it to the extent of allowing deer to come within twenty paces of them without being dropped.

The full penalty for this, however, was promptly and forcibly exacted on return to camp, to wit: a permanent deprivation of a large portion of the rear pendant of the nether garment, and this nailed in a conspicuous place on the house front among the hides and heads of deer as a future preventive against the contagion.

The convalescent buck fever victim at the window in the picture, just after paying the penalty, is from Richmond, Va., but on condition that he will not be taken with a relapse on the next hunt his name is mercifully withheld.

While another picture shows only the saddles of live deer (the other portion having been devoured by the hungry hunters) and two undressed deer, yet the truth is that only three of these deer were killed by our camp. Unfortunately a party of deer hunters was encamped over the divide, and not knowing we were in camp extended their standers into our hunting ground. The result was that they and not we killed all except three deer; but it was all satisfactorily explained and amicably adjusted, save in the instance of a certain Richmond lawyer from our camp who found his stand occupied by the aforesaid hunters. They met alone in the mountains, and the question of right of possession was immediately raised. Judging from the reports of the lawyer at camp that night they must have had a lively debate. The lawyer, positively declining to be made defendant in the case by the would-be plaintiff, gained his point and held the stand by the authority of the high code of "bluff."

The two unbutchered deer in the picture are trophies of a new member of the club, who on account of deafness was thought to be wholly incapacitated for the pleasures of the hunt, and unable to detect or secure the stealthy and sagacious deer. In fact, it was considered inadvisable to take him in the mountains among the bear and other ferocious animals, as his deafness might prevent him from properly protecting himself, or, at least, from detecting and securing game. For these reasons