

to frighten it back into the woods. It ran to the end of the field and then crossed the road and went down over the hill side. Two of the gunners came up and asked me where it had gone but I merely said that it had crossed the road, upon which they went down through the thick scrub some distance from where the deer went in, and having no dogs I knew there was little fear of them finding the quarry. Near Chelsea, in the cone-laden pines, squirrels were feasting upon the seeds, which they deftly extracted from the long cones held upright like tapers before them. The road here winds through a rich piece of woods, offering a welcome shade to the way-farer in midsummer. Unfortunately the axe of the woodman has already made considerable ravages among the maples, beech and oaks. Some ledges of rock, faced with various mosses and lichens and crested with a luxuriant growth of polypody, suggested that a new locality might be found for the dainty walking-fern. My quest extended some distance from the road, but in vain. A large hawk was working among and over the trees beyond and apparently made a kill, as it settled on a limb and evidently tore its prey to pieces. The bird was so hidden by intervening trees that the species could not be made out, but it appeared to be dark above and very pale beneath. The squirrels here were feasting on the fallen beech nuts, and bluejays with brilliant plumage and ugly voices fluttered from place to place. There were numerous juncos and occasional sparrows creeping about among the fallen leaves, but the bluebirds, so abundant a fortnight before had evidently departed. A partridge next flew up from the roadside and sailed off with a noisy whirr of wings, and while I strolled on slowly looking carefully around for any others, I saw standing in a little glade about thirty yards from the roadside a fine large doe, much larger than those previously seen. It was standing broadside to me in full view, the trees being scattered and leafless, and was calmly contemplating me. After looking at it for some minutes I decided to frighten it back into the bush as I knew if the hunters came along and saw it in such an exposed position its health might suffer. Waving my arms did not disturb it and it viewed the waving of a coat with no more sign of alarm. When I started to go nearer through the rustling leaves it soon cocked up its tail and bounded back over the ridge