

other things from the pigstye, and stable etc. which are carefully avoided by all but Esquimaux dogs and Bushy-tailed Wood-rats. Wood-rats object to being caught in the common spring traps, but I don't think it hurts them very much from the way in which they will drag a trap about with a ten pound weight attached to it and by another sign of their apparent insensibility to pain which has come under my notice.

I camped one stormy night forty miles from the nearest inhabited house, in a trapper's old deserted cabin; of course there was the inevitable rat to be considered and the first thing he did was to take my soap off the table and carry it off to his nest. I found it there and next day took it to the stream 100 yards away left it there for safety, but next day sure enough, there it was back again in the nest.

Well, this Bush-rat gave us no rest at all. He was like a devil turned loose all night, and I sat on my blanket in the middle of the floor trying to shoot him by the light of a flickering candle with a Lee-Metford rifle. A friend was trying to sleep in a bunk in the hut. At last I got a shot and made sure that I had hit him, but I could not find his body, as he seemed to fall down a hole. Fifteen minutes later my friend cried out that he had him between his knees. As you may very well believe, I lost no time in squaring our account and was not surprised to find that my shot had cut off one front leg high up at the shoulder. Yet that rat for five minutes before his capture was racketing round over every thing just as though nothing was the matter with him.

Every trapper and prospector in the mountains has many and extraordinary stories to tell of the Bushy-tailed rats and I find no difficulty in believing all I am told but perhaps some of the stories would not go down in the east.

This year I had to leave my house for a few months and four Bush-rats got into it. The state of that house after a month with them for tenants was indescribable on my return.

There were six four-gallon coal oil cans full of cactus taken out of the dining room; there were remains of hundreds of specimens of my butterflies which had been left neatly packed away in paper envelopes scattered all over the floor, down in the cellar, up in the attic, in fact