

when I was scouring the opposite side of a canyon with my glass a fine adult Golden Eagle settled on a level with my eyes 30 yds. away ; I tried to raise my rifle slowly, but he spotted me at once and away he went ; a few minutes after when I saw my sheep 600 yds. away and opened fire, another flew out from under me, but far down the side of the canyon. Is is a fearfully rough country, deep canyons, rock slides, and precipices. The old ram that I shot was the only good chance I had, and it was over 150 yds., running, when I fired my first shot. Most of my shots were across deep canyons at 500 yds. or so, or else straight, up over head. In either case it was almost impossible to estimate the distance. If I had only had my .30 I should have had a gun that would shoot up to 300 yds. without moving a sight and with far more killing power than my Remington, which in future I shall keep for target practice.

In the last three months I have bagged 5 deer, 2 goats, 3 sheep and 2 prairie wolves. I could have killed far more deer if I had wanted to, also goats and ewes, for that matter. The ewes have much smaller horns than the rams.

I have taken no less than 4 species of *Arvicola* here, which with the 4 taken in the Chilliwack District makes 8 species of *Arvicola* (or *Microtus*, as it is now called), and if the close allied genera of *Evotomys* and *Phenacomys* are included, it brings the total up to 10 or 11 species of Voles taken in the two localities.

Lots of prairie chickens here now ; they go in big packs and are wild, getting up at long range with a great cackling and sailing away a mile or more before settling again.

We are having cold, snowy, windy weather here now, but I have a garment that defies cold, viz. a Hudson Bay shirt, made of heavy felt with knitted collar and cuffs like a jersey, and it is put on in the same way.

Vernon, B. C., Jan. 2, 1898, I am just back from another trip to the "Big-horn" Mountain. My companion was a man called Wilson, a very good fellow and the best guide for sheep around here ; but, for all this, neither of us got a shot at sheep, as they were on the steepest parts of the hillsides where our snow shoes would not work. One splendid old ram seemed to