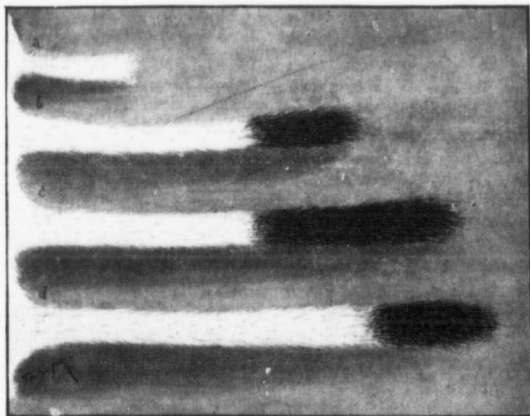


Rockwood. Since, I have taken numbers of the Lesser Weasel, but only, I think, two or three of the large kind. The capture of the one mentioned was purely accidental and happened in November. The seasonal change to white is not always affected by this time. Some specimens taken near Christmas time when snow was on the ground still had a few belated brown hairs over the back. Contrary to this, individuals of spotless white are occasionally taken when no snow exists. The moult from brown to white or the reverse does not seem to depend on any particular seasonal change or condition.

I recall a story told me years ago by a farmer which portrays nicely the intrepid nature of this

An interesting note by John F. Carleton, East Sandwich, Mass., entitled "Bold Mother Weasel Rescues Young" (January, 1919, *Field and Stream*) illustrates again the venturesome spirit. He says: "Some years since I was at work with my man on the edge of a dry swamp, on high land, one-eighth of a mile from Bay Shore, when I found a weasel's nest with four half-grown young in a brush heap. I regret that I cannot recall the composition of the nest. I sat down 'side-saddle,' took up the four young and placed them in the outside left breast-pocket of my coat, my man standing near. Soon the mother appeared hunting for her young. I placed one on my knee; the mother soon scented it, jumped on my knee, grabbed the little



TAILS OF WEASELS (WINTER FUR)—ONE-HALF NATURAL SIZE.

a—*Putorius rixosus*.

b—*Putorius cicognani*.

c—*Putorius noveboracensis*.

d—*Putorius longicauda*.

animal. While working in the fields he heard high overhead the strident calls of a hawk. Their unusual quality attracted his attention as well as the peculiarity of the actions accompanying them. Watching, he noticed the bird pass through some unusual gyrations, steady itself a moment and then come pitching to the earth, tumbling and turning. The man ran rapidly to the spot where the hawk fell and was just in time to see a brown weasel leap from the feathers and disappear in a near-by fence. From some concealed position it had doubtless leaped upon the feeding hawk and being lighter was instantly borne high into the air. In bull-dog fashion once having a grip it continued to work deeper and deeper until a fatal spot was reached.

one, and was off like a flash. I remained quiet and she soon returned to my knee, worked slowly along my leg and up my coat till she reached the pocket, pulled out another little one, and dashed away with it. As I was not willing to give up the others, I did not experiment further. I took them home, but the folks objected so to the odor that I was obliged to kill them. I have several times seen weasels very bold, but nothing to equal this experience."

Mr. E. T. Seton<sup>7</sup> cites an instance of an old weasel (*noveboracensis*) accompanied by five young ones about half-grown on June 28 near his home in Connecticut. These were evidently older than the other ones, which were still in the nest. On

<sup>7</sup>Seton, E. T., *Life Hist. of Northern Animals*, Vol. II, p. 848, 1909.