

as a winter's supply, and it has very generally been supposed that they remained active during the cold and stormy season, consuming the food previously gathered. In a book entitled "A Naturalist's Rambles about Home," by Charles C. Abbott, we learn from his personal observations that they become quite trepid in cold weather. Speaking of a pair which he watched, he says: "Until the weather became fairly settled and really spring-like in character, these little Chipmunks did not often show themselves, and when they did it was only in the middle of the day. They appeared to foresee the occurrence of a cold rain storm twenty-four hours in advance and resumed their hibernating slumbers, becoming lethargic and very difficult to arouse. A pair that I had dug out in March, having two days before re-entered their winter quarters and become quite torpid, were apparently lifeless when first taken into the hands, and it was not until after several hours' warming that they became lively and altogether like themselves. This seemed to me the more curious, in that they can respond to a favorable change in the weather in a short time, even when the thermometric change is really but a few degrees." In another place he says: "The food gathered, usually nuts and corn, is, I believe partly consumed when they go into winter quarters, and before they begin their hibernating sleep, which may not be for some time. This impression is based on the result of digging out a nest as late as the 3rd of November, I found four Chipmunks very cozily fixed for winter in a roomy compartment and all of them thoroughly wide awake. Their store of provisions was in a smaller room or storehouse immediately adjoining. How long this underground life lasts before hibernation really commences it is difficult to determine; but as the torpid state does not continue until their food supply is again obtainable outdoors, the Chipmunks, no doubt, store away sufficient food for their needs throughout the early spring."

I well remember my first sight of a Chipmunk. I had then reached the inquisitive age of five years. Our family had just arrived at Smith's Falls direct from Scotland, and were on their way to the house of a relative who had come to this country some years before. The little animal was seen running along a fence, and some of my brothers who were older than myself immediately gave chase with the intention of capturing it, being under the impression that it was an