

made a short cut for its home, forgetting the trap in its haste, and promptly fell in. The watcher then deliberately pushed in another with his foot. Meanwhile the mother, observing that all was not well, remained at the entrance of her burrow thumping the ground continuously with her feet. It being now dark, however, operations were suspended until next morning, when the mother and another baby were found secured, the parent having evidently been trying over night to release her children and fallen in in the attempt. The old one was not, however, a desirable acquisition, so she was helped out by means of a board and at once made her way to the remaining young, and finding them safe brought them out in broad daylight to eat the freshly placed bread and milk, the night exertions having evidently made her hungry as well as fearless, as she showed no regard for the observer within reach, who taking advantage of his nearness picked up another small one and placed it with its captive companions, thus making four and leaving two for the mother.

To those not familiar with skunks and having regard only to the story-book tales, these proceedings will be thought somewhat risky, but as a matter of fact they were amply justified by the results, the captures and all connected with them being accomplished with no more fuss than if the captives had been kittens and as if the celebrated odor had formed no part of them.

While the mother continued for a time to reside beneath the building, the young were placed in a box within which they remained until the end of August when, becoming pugnacious, or too rough in their play, they were transferred to a room some twelve feet square, in which they were able to romp with impunity. They soon became extremely tame, and apart from always being at the door at meal-times, would race round and round the visitors feet in their eagerness to get at the food. Nor did they hesitate to rear and set their front feet upon an outstretched hand to secure the titbit offered. They would also permit being taken up without protest, though this practice was never to their liking. In the morning they were often in a playful mood and would jump and thump the floor in pretended anger, but it was at night when they were seen to full advantage. Then, quite regardless of a lantern, they would run about, frisk and climb eagerly up to shove their noses greedily into the bread and milk-pail before we had even time to place it upon the floor. There was a resemblance to a pig in these actions, particularly in the habit of shoving each other with their shoulders to retain the dish for themselves, but otherwise they lapped up milk much as a cat does. With bread they either grabbed it with their teeth, or putting both feet in the pail made quick jerks backwards,