

Chipmunk and Red Squirrel.

Beneath the grassy lawn of our home in the country a chipmunk has made its abode for several years. It is quite tame, and seems to delight every time it goes into or comes out of the narrow hole to sit for some moments in a variety of pretty positions very interesting to watch. Every small fruit tree in the neighborhood is visited in turn by the industrious "chippy," and by the end of autumn its snug little winter home underground must be well provided with good things. In the bright warm days of June last the mother chipmunk brought her alert little family of two groundlings to sun themselves on the lawn and play a variety of cunning tricks—for our benefit, we might suppose, but really to make them acquainted with the ways of a naughty world. On the slightest hint of danger, the youngsters vanished into their holes like a flash. Always they were the first to go, obeying instantly the warning signal of the mother, whatever it was, while she stood guard over the hole, into which she, too, quickly retreated if we showed a desire to make a closer acquaintance.

After a week or so the little ones were no longer seen. They have now probably built homes of their own, and are storing them with food for the winter. They were beautiful little creatures, the image of the mother, dainty in form, and graceful in movement. Their sleek coats were softer in color than the mother's brownish-grey on the back, which warms into a reddish brown on the forehead and hind quarters. The black stripes on the sides formed a pretty contrast to the pure white of the throat and under parts.

A lady-visitor to the lawn the other day made a "snap-shot" of our little friend, the chipmunk, which is here re-produced. Its bright eyes stared



in timid wonder on the camera. It recoiled for a moment at the "click," but soon promptly returned to "position." This posture, which it assumes on coming out of its hole, is evidently one of reconnaissance, its keen little eyes scanning every nook

wherein an enemy may lurk, its delicate nostrils scenting every danger. When it is assured of safety, it scampers off by a succession of jumps to the tree from which it is obtaining its stores, and always by the one path, which it seems to have marked out for itself. For the past week or so its favorite hunting ground has been a red cherry tree, at the foot of which is an arm-chair. While we were all gathered round this a few days ago listening to the reading of Roberts' "Scourge of the Forest," in which is described the fleeing of terrified animals big and little—before the swift forest fire, the chipmunk went its usual way, climbing up the chair over the sleeve of the reader, and into the tree, not conscious of our presence, as long as we betrayed no consciousness. Filling its cheek pockets with cherries, it returns by a different way, but always the same for its homeward journey; it pauses at the mouth of the hole, assumes its upright posture, and then with its front paws proceeds to arrange the food in its distended cheeks as compactly as possible, so that it may not "stick" in passing through the narrow hole. For chipmunks have enemies who would like to follow the little storekeeper, if they could squeeze through the long narrow portal which leads to its treasures.

One wishes that other people were as tidy about lawns as the chipmunk. He never leaves any stray bits of food or refuse, like banana peels, about. Whatever he does with the earth that he digs out to form the tunnel-like home under ground, no one knows, for not a trace of it can be seen. He probably carries it away in his pocket-like cheeks, and hides it. He does his work secretly and effectively, like a Japanese soldier, and is very successful in concealing his whereabouts from an enemy.

He is an independent little chap, too. We have tried to help him in his work by placing peanuts near his hole; he refused to take any notice of them. Perhaps he found them not to his taste; but we would rather believe that he scorns to enjoy what he has not earned.

A little five-year-old son of our neighbor was observed to be very busy gathering fireflies during an evening walk. On his return to the lawn, he pushed these into the chipmunk's hole, saying with a satisfied air: "There! now you can see to go to bed."

THE RED SQUIRREL.

Some time ago—a tall spruce tree interrupted our view of the St. John river. It was decided one day about mid-summer to cut off the top; but the young