

the hole on the outside was partly eaten away by (I believe) some larger mammal; probably to get at the little white-foot. It was quite tame but would bite a little at a twig inserted and once struck at it with its front feet.

March 25. At Model. \*Skunk cabbage in full bloom. The spathe is shell-like and very pretty, being variously streaked with purple and yellow. The whole plant has a strong skunk-like odor, no doubt a defense to the large tender plant in the struggle for life in places overrun by herbivorous animals. The blossom precedes the leaves—and is very early—the only available time the plant has found to catch the eye of the fertilizing bees.

March 28. Froze hard last night. Slight snow fall, quite cold A. M. Birds hard put. P.M. sun out, snow melted.

April 1. Five or six inches of snow. Winter once more. Birds are surely hard put.

April 3. Cloudy and mild. Snow disappearing. Saw four or five killdeer running at a creek edge querulously calling.

April 4. Froze hard last night, rather mild today. Saw at edge of muddy road what I took to be a Wilson snipe, although apparently rather small. It lit on a rail fence and allowed me to approach within thirty-five yards, then flew with the irregular snipe-flight, and at the moment of rising uttered a characteristic bleat.

April 5. Fine, A. M. Vesper sparrow singing for first time, Saw phoebe at Crozier's Creek. P.M. Snowing heavily, and high wind from north. As I rode fifteen miles in the teeth of the storm I had a clearer view of the struggle for existence.

April 6. Snow 6 inches deep on the level and high drifts beside. All this snow fell since yesterday noon. This morning is calm and mild with a strong sun shining, and no doubt, the snow will rapidly pass away, surely none too soon for the poor birds. Saw part of the skin with a few feathers, of a small bird on thorn at edge of side road. A shrike had dined well and

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\*NOTE.—“The Model” to which Mr. Elliott refers so frequently in his Diary was an abandoned farm with swampy woods and an old neglected orchard which furnished the best possible ground for the botanist and ornithologist. With his gentle satire he christened it the “Model Farm.”