

in its way or stands within thirty feet of the line of fire. It is not, however, the skunk that carries the odor thereafter. To show how sparingly such a defence is resorted to we may relate that the junior writer has on various occasions trapped skunks and that in no instance did they make use of it. While more than once he actually liberated them and permitted them to run off without even an indication of unpleasantness, which is more than can be said of most mammals. But, kill one, no matter how suddenly, and the scent glands seem to be at once released, causing the yellow fluid to be scattered broadcast, accompanied by that never-to-be-forgotten odor.

Like the badger and the bear, skunks appear to sleep fairly constantly during the winter months and only emerge from their burrows occasionally; there is seldom a week, however, that they do not show signs of activity, though long journeys are seldom indulged in before March.

The males do not seem to take any part in the family welfare and on this account are seldom met with, in fact, there is even reason to suspect that they are undesirable visitors near the home and that they might perchance make a meal of a newly born young if opportunity offered, though we have no direct evidence in favor of such a supposition.

On June 10th, 1912, a family of skunks was located beneath the foundations of an old building and as we wished to study their habits the junior writer set to work in the endeavor to catch them. He commenced operations by placing a shallow tin of bread and milk close to the burrow, to which the skunks proved very partial, and ate readily. It was but a short time before they appeared in his presence, and within ten days they had become sufficiently tame to readily partake of the milk while under observation. Did he get too close however, the mother angrily demonstrated her displeasure, and with hair erect and tail well over her back made short jumps towards him hitting the ground a sounding blow with her fore feet.

On June 23rd a trap was devised consisting of an apple barrel sunken in the ground, with a collapsible top, this latter being level with the surface and covered sufficiently to look natural. At dark some bread and milk was placed on the opposite side from the burrow, while the trapper waited events close at hand. As was their nightly custom, the young skunks soon appeared, and with that instinctiveness for which all wild mammals are celebrated, made a careful inspection of the trap. They would move carefully a little way on and then back off again, repeating the manoeuvre a number of times, until finally they went round and soon had their noses in the milk. It was not long, however, before one, getting a little alarmed,