

This ebook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this ebook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you'll have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: Birds Illustrated by Color Photography, Vol. 3, No. 6, June 1898

Author: Various

Release date: December 12, 2014 [EBook #47649]

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Chris Curnow, Joseph Cooper, Keith Edkins,
some images courtesy of The Internet Archive and the Online
Distributed Proofreading Team at <http://www.pgdp.net>

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK BIRDS ILLUSTRATED BY COLOR
PHOTOGRAPHY, VOL. 3, NO. 6, JUNE 1898 ***

BIRDS.

ILLUSTRATED BY COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY.

VOL. III.

JUNE, 1898.

No. 6.

JUNE.

"What is so rare as a day in
June?
Then, if ever, come perfect
days."

YES, Lowell, in a few words, describes the month of June, or, at least, he indicates something of it. But, still, what are perfect days? We look for them in April, when the birds, many of them, certainly the most attractive of them, return from the south, and we find ourselves, when we visit the woods and parks, disappointed that the sun does not shine, that the air is not soft and balmy, and that the grass and leaves and buds do not show themselves in spring attire, for, on the contrary, we find winter lingering distressingly near, that the merry Warblers are silent, and that the "greenery of young Nature" is very slow to indicate her presence or even her early coming. We pull our wrappings about us and go home. April past, we then fancy that her older sister, May, beautiful in literary imagery—for do we not recall descriptive visions of May days of long ago, when the human blossoms danced about the May pole, lolled luxuriantly in the soft, tender grass, hid themselves in the deep-leaved trees, and at last gratified our imaginations with the belief that she is altogether perfect? Unfortunately a chill takes possession of us and we return home disconsolate. May also has disappointed us. We have had an experience which we shall not forget. We have seen and recognized many birds, but they have not sung for us. They have been, as they almost always are, influenced by the elements. And why should they not be? They have but one suit of clothes. Have you observed the Robin in the early spring? He is worth watching. We watched a fine specimen in south Washington Park in March last. It was a comparatively mild day for the windy month. He perched on a lateral limb of a leafless tree a few yards from Sixtieth street. Whether he saw us or not we could not be sure, as he took little notice beyond saying *Toot-tut, toot-tut!* He ruffled his suit and seemed as fat as feathers could make him. They seemed as important to him as were buffalo robes to the sleighing parties of a few days before. Still he was observant and seemed to be looking for stray food that would warm him up. We had some fresh crackers in our pocket, which we broke into fine fragments, and scattered, withdrawing several yards away. To our surprise, not only the Robin but several Nuthatches, some Brown Creepers, a number of English Sparrows, three or four Bluejays, and a gray Squirrel, (from whence he came I could not conceive, there being no large tree near in which he might have had a winter home) came with great promptitude to feed on the unexpected offering. Others, no doubt, have had this experience. Does it not suggest that

the birds which remain with us the whole year round—finding, of course, during the spring, summer, and fall, sufficient for their wants,—should be looked after a little bit, if only that they may be permitted to escape from the sometime unusually severe storms of winter? Nature has provided them with ample feathery protection from her ordinary moods, but when she breaks out in icy blasts and snow that covers the very face of her they suffer and they perish.

But April, with its weather uncertainties—although it has long been said and believed that its showers bring May flowers—with its disappointments to all those who wish that the balm of mild breezes would come—longed for by the invalid and the convalescent, the lover of nature who would go forth to visit her and to court her, April seems a sort of humbug. And is May much better? How many days, "so calm, so sweet, so bright, the bridal of the earth and sky," come in May? A few do come, and we remember them. But, as Lowell says, perfect days are rare, even in June, when, if ever, come "perfect days." We think that Lowell nevertheless lived a little too far north to entitle him to state, even poetically, that perfect days are only to be enjoyed in June. Had he, with the writer, lived in southern Ohio, on the Little Miami river, and gone fishing in the month of May, he would, we think, have changed his mind. Or had he read the little less than perfect poem of W. H. Venable, which, it may be, however, was written later than the verses of our, many think, greatest poet, "June on the Miami," he might have put aside his books and his criticisms and his philosophy, and sought out the beautiful river of western history—then the sweetest stream that flowed in America, and even now, notwithstanding the giant sycamores have largely disappeared and the waters of the river have greatly diminished in volume, leaving only holes and ripples,—and modified his views of days perfect only in June. There were perfect days in May on the Miami. There were perfect days on all the streams that made it. The birds were multitudinous; they sang in chorus; they were, indeed, almost infinite in number—for the naturalist and the collector were unknown—the birds were *natural* residents, without fear of man, building their nests close to his habitations. A year or two ago we stopped off the cars in May in order to recall, if possible, in the shadow of a few remaining trees at a familiar place on the vanishing river, in the expected voices of the well known native birds, the delightful far-gone years. Verily we had our reward, but it was not satisfactory. It seems to us we should do our best, through legislation and personal influence to protect and multiply the birds.

—C. C. MARBLE.

{203}

OUR NEIGHBOR.

We've a charming new neighbor moved in the
next door;
He is hardly new either, he's lived there
before;
I should think he had come here two summers
or more;
His winters he spends far away.

He is handsome and stylish, most fine to
behold,
In his glossy black coat and his vest of bright
gold;
He is "proud of his feathers," so I have been
told,
And I half believe what people say.

His wife is a beauty, he's fond of her, too;
He calls her his "Judy;" I like it, don't you?
And he sings every day all the long summer
through,
Yet he is not a bit of a bore.

For he's a musician of wonderful power;
I could list to his beautiful voice by the hour,
As he sings to his wife in their green, shady
bower
In the elm tree that shadows my door.

He's a sociable neighbor, we like him full well,
Although we've not called yet, and cannot
quite tell
All he says, tho' his voice is as clear as a bell,

And as sweet as the notes of a psalm.

Do you ask what his name is? Our dear little
Sue
Was anxious to know it, and asked him it,
too,
And this was his answer, I'll tell it to you—
"My name is Sir Oriole, ma'am."
—*L. A. P., in Our Dumb Animals.*

{204}

BIRDS' NESTS.

THE nest of the mourning dove.—The nest of the Carolina or Mourning Dove, which authorities place on the horizontal limb of a tree, is not always found in this situation, as I can testify. Last year, while wandering in early May through a piece of low woodland in Amherst, Mass., my eye was caught by a pair of well-grown youngsters covered with bluish pin feathers. The nest containing them—a loose affair of small sticks and leaves—was placed on the ground, or rather on the decayed base of a stump, surrounded by a ring of second-growth birches. Immediately suspecting their identity, I merged myself in the landscape after the manner of bird-lovers, and was soon rewarded by a sight of the parent Doves, who came sweeping down from a neighboring tree, uttering their pensive call-note. The pair had been frequent visitors about the lawn and drive-way for a few weeks previous.

I have heard of another similar instance of ground-nesting on the part of Wild Doves.

—DORA READ GOODALE.

Wrens—That clumsy little bunch of animated feathers, the Wren, is undoubtedly the most contented of dwellers on the face of the earth. In country or city he is never homeless. Anything hollow, with an aperture large enough to admit his jaunty little self is sufficient, and so long as it remains undisturbed he is a happy tenant. The variety of sites selected by this agile little creature, is greater than that of any other bird.

It has been said that "a Wren will build in anything from a bootleg to a bomb-shell." And this seems to be so. Many an urchin can testify to having found the neat nest of the Wren in his cast-off shoe or a tin can, and nests filled with Wren eggs are frequent finds in odd places around the battle fields of the South.

The home of a Wren, a few miles from Petersburg, Va., furnishes the strangest case in the matter of queer habitations yet discovered. This country is the site of one of the most dramatic epochs of the civil war, and frequently the bones of unburied soldiers are picked up. Recently a rusty old skull was found in which one of these Wrens chose a shelter. The skull, when found, was hidden in a patch of shrubbery. The interior of the one-time pate was carefully cleaned out, and nestled in the basin of the bony structure was the birth-place of many a baby Wren. The skull made a perfect domicile. A bullet hole in the rear formed a window. An eyeless socket was the exit and entrance to the grim home. It is easy to imagine that many a family feud had its origin in the desire of others to possess so secure a home.

"I have myself," says A. W. Anthony, of San Diego, Cal., "watched Cactus Wrens in New Mexico carrying grass and thickening the walls of their old nests in October, for winter use, and have found them hidden in their nests during a snowstorm in November. But there is another trait in bird nature that I have seen very little of in print—that of building nests before or after the proper season, seemingly for the sole purpose of practice or pastime, the out-cropping of an instinct that prompts ambitious birds to build out of season even though they know that their work will be lost."

{206}



From col. Chi. Acad. Sciences. BRÜNNICH'S MURRE. $\frac{3}{8}$ Life-size. Copyright by Nature Study Pub. Co., 1898. Chicago.

{207}

BRÜNNICH'S MURRE.

THIS species, which inhabits the coasts and islands of the north Atlantic and eastern Arctic ocean, and the Atlantic coast south to New Jersey, has the same general habits as the common Murre, which, like all the Auks, Murres and, Puffins, is eminently gregarious, especially in the breeding season. Davie says that tens of thousands of these birds congregate to make their nests on the rocky islands, laying single eggs near one another on the shelves of the cliffs. The birds sit side by side, and although crowded together never make the least attempt to quarrel. Clouds of birds may be seen circling in the air over some huge, rugged bastion, "forming a picture which would seem to belong to the imaginary rather than the realistic." They utter a syllable which sounds exactly like *murre*. The eggs are so numerous as to have commercial value, and they are noted for their great variation in markings and ground color. On the Farallones islands, where the eggs were until recently collected for market purposes, the Murres nest chiefly in colonies, the largest rookery covering a hillside and surrounding cliffs at West End, and being known as the Great Rookery. To observe the egg-gatherers, says an eyewitness, is most interesting. "As an egger climbs his familiar trail toward the birds a commotion becomes apparent among the Murres. They jostle their neighbors about the uneven rocks and now and then with open bills utter a vain protest and crowd as far as possible from the intruder without deserting their eggs. But they do not stay his progress and soon a pair, then a group, and finally, as the fright spreads, the whole vast rookery take wing toward the ocean. In the distance, perhaps, we see, suspended over a cliff by a slender rope, an egger gathering the eggs from along the narrow shelves of rock, seeming indifferent to the danger of the work." All this is now changed, the authorities having intervened to prevent the wholesale destruction of the eggs. The Western Gull, however, is another enemy of the Murre (the California species;) it carries off and devours both eggs and young. Mr. Bryant says the Gull picks up a Murre's egg bodily and carries it away in his capacious mouth, but does not stick his bill into it to get hold, as is stated by some writers, whose observations must have referred to the eggs already broken by the Gulls or eggers.

The eggs of Brunnich's Murre cannot be distinguished from those of the common species. They show a wonderful diversity of color, varying from white to bluish or dark emerald-green. Occasionally unmarked specimens are found, but they are usually handsomely spotted, blotched, and lined in patterns of lilac, brown, and black over the surface.

{208}

THE CANADA GOOSE.

Just a common Wild Goose of North America. In the spring and fall you will see great flocks of us flying overhead, an old Gander in the lead, crying *honk, honk* as loud as he can. Our nests are only simple hollows in the sand, on the shores of lakes and rivers, around which are placed a few sticks and twigs, the five eggs laid on a layer of grass down.

"You're a Goose."

That's a polite way some people have of calling another stupid, but there are Geese and Geese as well as men and men. I am going to tell you about one Goose that dearly loved her master, and considering the way he treated her you may conclude she *was* a stupid Goose after all.

Well, this particular Goose took such a fancy to her owner that she would follow him about like a dog, even to the village, where she would wait outside the barber's or other shop which he might enter.

People noticed this, and instead of calling the farmer by his proper name began to speak of him as "Mr. Goosey." This angered the man and he ordered the poor loving Goose to be locked up in the poultry-yard. Shortly after he went to an adjoining town to attend a meeting; in the midst of the business he felt something warm and soft rubbing against his legs; he looked down and there stood his Goose, with protruding neck and quivering wings, gazing up at him with pleasure and fondness unutterable.

The people about shouted with laughter, which so enraged her master, that seizing his whip, he twisted the thong of it about the poor bird's neck, swung her round and round, and supposing her dead, angrily threw her body out of the window.

A few days after Mr. Goosey was seized with a severe illness, which brought him to the verge of the grave. He recovered, however, and was able at length to sit beside the open window. There on the grass sat the Goose gazing up at him with the same old look of affection in her eyes.

"Am I never to be rid of that stupid thing?" he cried, but when he was told that through all his illness the faithful bird had sat there opposite his window, scarcely touching food, his hard heart melted, and from thenceforth Mr. Goosey treated his feathered friend with the greatest kindness.



From col. Chi. Acad. Sciences.

CANADA GOOSE.
¼ Life-size.

Copyright by Nature Study
Pub. Co., 1898. Chicago.

{210}

THE CANADA GOOSE.

{211}

"Steering north, with raucous cry,
Through tracts and provinces of
sky,
Every night alighting down
In new landscapes of romance,
Where darkling feed the clamorous

RORTH America at large is the range of this magnificent bird. Common Wild Goose and Grey Goose are its other names, and by which it is generally known. The Canada Goose is by far the most abundant and universally distributed of all North American Geese, and in one or other of its varieties is found in all the states and territories of our country except perhaps Florida and the Gulf States. In Texas, however, it is plentiful during the winter months. According to Hallock, although by far the greater portion of Wild Geese which pass the winter with us, go north to breed, still in suitable localities young are reared all over the United States from North Carolina to Canada. They nest in the wilder parts of Maine, and are especially numerous in Newfoundland near the secluded pools and streams so abundant throughout that island. There, remote from man, they breed undisturbed on the edges and islands of the ponds and lakes. The Geese moult soon after their arrival in the spring, and, says Hallock, owing to the loss of their pinion feathers are unable to fly during the summer or breeding seasons, but they can run faster than a man on the marshes, or if surprised at or near a pond, they will plunge in and remain under water with their bills only above the surface to permit breathing, until the enemy has passed by. They feed on berries and the seeds of grasses. Both the old and young become enabled to fly in September, and as soon after that as the frost affects the berries, and causes the seeds of the grasses on the marshes and savannas to fall to the earth, or otherwise when the snow falls and covers the ground, they collect in flocks and fly off to the southern shores of the island, and from thence to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, where they remain until December, and then assembled, take flight in immense flocks to the southern parts of America, to return in the spring.

The Canada Goose also breeds in great numbers on the Mississippi river, in which region it often places its nest in trees, choosing generally a cottonwood stub not more than thirty feet in height. The young are said to be carried from the nest to the water in the mother's bill, as are the young of the Wood Duck. (See *BIRDS*, vol. ii, p. 21).

The Wild Goose is often domesticated, and in many portions of the country they are bred in considerable numbers. When these birds return south at the commencement of winter they are generally very thin and poor, being quite worn out by their long journey. They soon recuperate, however, and in a short time become fat and are delicious eating. A full and excellent account of the method of capturing the Canada Goose may be found in Hallock's "Gazetteer."

{212}

THE BROWN CREEPER.

I'm not a showy looking bird like my friend the Woodpecker, but my habits are something like his—and so is my tail. He uses his, you know, to aid him in climbing trees, and so do I. They call me the *Creeper* because I am always creeping over the timber in search of insects. If you ever see a brown-streaked little fellow, resembling a Wren, traveling up a tree in short stages, now stopping to pick out an insect lurking in the crevices of the bark, or returning head downwards to pounce on an unwary fly, that is your humble servant the *Brown Creeper*. Up again, you will then see me creep, just like a little mouse, uttering now and then a low plaintive note; clear to the top I go, exploring every nook and cranny, never using my wings once.

Last summer a little boy in the park wanted to get a good look at me, so he very slyly crept up to the tree which I was exploring, thinking, perhaps, that I was too busy to notice that he was there. But I did see him, for we little birds have to be always on the watch against our human, as well as feathered enemies, so I just stood still and peeked out at him from the other side of the tree. Very slyly then he moved around to that side, and very slyly did I move around to the other, keeping the tree trunk all the time between me and his bright blue eyes.

"He's playing hide and seek with me, Mama," he shouted, and so pleased was the little fellow that it was quite a while before I flew away.

Like the Woodpecker, I prefer a hole in a tree in which to build my nest, but instead of boring I look for a tree that has some of its bark loose enough for me to squeeze in. I line it with dry grass, moss, and feathers and see to it that the overhanging bark shelters me and my four, or six, white, red-speckled eggs.



From col. Chi. Acad.
Sciences.

BROWN CREEPER.
Life-size.

Copyright by Nature
Study
Pub. Co., 1898.
Chicago.

THE BROWN CREEPER.

{215}

ALITTLE mite of a bird is this pretty creature, which many observers claim is seldom seen, or, indeed, is known to few besides the special student of ornithology and the collector. We venture to assert that any one with fairly good eyes can see it almost any day creeping over the timber in search of its insect food. Besides seeing it in the deepest woods, we often notice it in the open places in parks, and in gardens and orchards it is quite common. It commences operations at the foot of a tree, and travels upwards in short stages, "now stopping to pick out an insect lurking in the crevices of the bark with its long, slender bill, or returning head downwards to pounce on an unwary fly. Up again it creeps, more like a mouse than a bird, occasionally uttering a low and plaintive note; right to the top of the tree it mounts, exploring every nook and cranny likely to reward its search as it goes. Now it creeps on the under side of a projecting limb, then again on the top, and although it will explore an entire tree, still it but rarely uses its wings to convey it from one part to another. You will also find that it, like the Woodpecker, endeavors to be on the opposite side to you, and carry on its explorations unseen." Curiosity, however, often seems to get the better of the Creeper, and you will see its light colored breast and sharp little head peep trustfully at you and again vanish from sight.

The Creeper is admirably adapted to its ways of life. Its bill is formed for obtaining its insect food, and its tail supports it while climbing.

The Brown Creeper nests in early summer, when insect life is most abundant, and, like the Woodpecker, prefers a hole for the purpose. This it lines with dry grass, moss and feathers, and makes a very warm and comfortable home. The eggs are from five to eight, white, spotted and speckled with red. The Creeper is not migratory, and we see it in the woods throughout the year. It is hardy and lives sumptuously the winter through. One who was very fond of the little creatures said: "If the Swallow were to visit us at this time, it would undoubtedly perish, for the air in winter is almost clear of insect life; but the little Creeper can live in ease when the sun is at Capricorn, just because he can climb so dexterously, for the bark of trees abounds with insects, and more particularly their eggs and larvae, which lie there torpid until called into life by the genial presence of the vernal sun."

{216}

THE DOWNY WOODPECKER.

Another Woodpecker? Yes, there are such a tribe of us, you know; more than you can count

on your fingers and toes, as my cousin the Red-Bellied Woodpecker said in the February number of BIRDS.

The word toes reminds me that I am not one of the three-toed fellows he was so anxious to tell about. I have four, as you see, two before and two behind. So have most of the Woodpeckers. Should you be looking out for me this summer you will recognize me by my four toes, the white band down my back, and the two white stripes on the side of my head.

My tongue you can't see, but it is small, flat, short, and horny, armed along the edges with hooks. When I catch an insect I do it by throwing my tongue forward, out of my mouth. I have an idea the insects consider my treatment of them rather rough. If I didn't eat them, the wood-boring ones, would destroy all the trees. My bill isn't strong enough to bore in the hard wood; I only injure the bark, no matter what some people may say. The wood-eating beetles, caterpillars, spiders, daddy longlegs, grass-hoppers, and flies, are all grist for my mill—or bill, rather. I like beechnuts, too, when I can find them.

I'm the smallest of all the Woodpecker family, quiet and unobtrusive they say, in my manners. I am sociable, however, and go about a great deal in the company of other birds. Mr. Nuthatch, Mr. Brown Creeper, Mr. Titmouse, and Mr. and Mrs. Wren are my especial friends.

Can I drum?

Indeed, yes. I wouldn't belong to the Woodpecker family if I couldn't. All I need is the stub of a dead limb whose center is hollow and whose shell is hard and resonant. I will drum on that with my bill for an hour at a time, stopping now and then to listen for a response from my mate or a rival.

Early in the spring we "Downies" pick a hole in a dead tree, or in a post or rail of a fence, in which we lay four, five, or six glossy white eggs. Sometimes it takes us a whole week to chisel out that hole, and we are so busy that a little boy or little girl can get very near without our minding it.



{218}

From col. Chi. Acad. Sciences. DOWNY WOODPECKER. Life-size. Copyright by Nature Study Pub. Co., 1898. Chicago.

THE DOWNY WOODPECKER

{219}

Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a
sound,
Save a Wood-drummer tapping on a hollow
beech tree.

THIS little Woodpecker is the smallest of all those inhabiting the United States. In the shade trees about houses and parks, and especially in orchards, he may be frequently seen tapping or scratching on the limb of a tree within two or three yards' distance, where he has discovered a decayed spot inhabited by wood-boring larvae or a colony of ants, his food consisting of ants, beetles, bugs, flies, caterpillars, spiders, and grasshoppers. The late Dr. Glover of the Department of Agriculture, states that on one occasion a Downy Woodpecker was observed by him making a number of small, rough-edged perforations in the bark of a young ash tree, and upon examination of the tree when the bird had flown, it was found that wherever the bark had been injured, the young larvae of a wood-eating beetle had been snugly coiled underneath and had been destroyed by the bird. Beechnuts also constitute a considerable portion of the food of this bird. Dr. Merriam says that in northern New York they feed extensively on this nut, particularly in fall, winter, and early spring.

This miniature Woodpecker is very social in its habits, far more so than other species, and is often found associated with other birds, in the woods, the orchards, along fence rows, and not infrequently in the cities. He is often seen in company with the White-breasted Nuthatch (See Vol. II, p. 118) and the Brown Creeper (Vol. III, p. 214).

Early in the spring the "Downies" retire to the woods to make their nests, preferring the vicinity of running water. The nest is begun about the second or third week in May, and consumes from two days to a week in building. The holes are usually excavated in dead willow, poplar, or oak trees, and the height varies from four to thirty feet, generally about fifteen feet. The entrance to the nest is about two inches in diameter, and the depth of the nest hole varies from eight to eighteen inches. The eggs are four or five, rarely six, and are pure glossy-white.

We know of no more interesting occupation than to observe this bird. It is fond of drumming on the stub of a dead limb whose center is hollow, and whose shell is hard and resonant. Upon such places it will drum for an hour at a time, now and then stopping to listen for a response from its mate or of some rival. At all times it is unsuspecting of man, and when engaged in excavating the receptacle for its nest it continues its busy chiseling, unheeding his near approach.

The Woodpecker is wrongfully accused of boring into the sound timber, and, by letting in the water, hastening its decay. As Dixon says: "Alas! poor harmless, unoffending Woodpecker, I fear that by thy visits to the trees thou art set down as the cause of their premature decay. Full well I know thy beak, strong as it is, is totally incapable of boring into the sound timber—full well do I know that, even if thou wert guilty of such offense, nothing would reward thy labors, for thy prey does not lurk under the bark of a healthy tree. Insects innumerable bore through its bark and hasten its doom, and it is thy duty in Nature's economy to check them in their disastrous progress."

{220}

THE NEW TENANTS.

BY ELANORA KINSLEY MARBLE.

And now the little Wrens are
fledged
And strong enough to fly;
Wide their tiny wings they
spread,
And bid the nest "good-bye."

Such a chattering as greeted Mrs. Wren when she returned with a fine black spider in her bill. All the children talked at once. Bobbie alone never uttered a word.

"You naughty boy," exclaimed Mrs. Wren, turning to the crest-fallen Pierre, "did I not tell you to take care of your brothers and little sister? The idea of trying to fly before you have had a lesson! I have a good mind to whip every one of you," and the irate Mrs. Wren very unjustly did indeed peck every little head sharply with her bill.

Bobbie cowered in the nest much too frightened to whimper or even mention the injury to one of his legs which he had sustained in his fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Wren the next day proceeded to give the children a lesson or two in flying.

"My tail is so stubby," wailed Emmett at the first trial, "it brings me right down to the ground."

"Tho doth mine," lisped little Dorothy, "dess wish I had no tail at all, so I do," at which the others laughed very heartily.

Bobbie made a heroic effort to do as did the rest, but at the first movement sank back into the nest with a cry of pain.

"Such fortitude!" exclaimed Mrs. Wren when it was found one of his legs was broken, "not a whimper has the little fellow made since his fall. How heroic! How like my dear, dear papa!" and Mrs. Wren laughed, and then cried, from mingled pity and joy.

"H'm," commented Mr. Wren, "if Bobbie had remembered the motto I gave them before I left yesterday morning, this accident wouldn't have happened. Can you repeat it?" turning to the eldest of the brood.

"Be sure you're right, then go ahead," shouted Pierre, totally forgetting he had not heeded the rule any more than Bobbie.

"Yes, a safe rule to go by," said Mr. Wren, gravely stroking his chin with one claw. "Dear, dear," ruefully examining the injured limb, "now the the child will go stumping through life like his grandpa. I only hope," with a dry cough, "that he'll not turn out a rowdy and lose one eye, too."

"He jests at scars who never felt a wound," loftily replied Mrs. Wren, who seemed never to forget a quotation. "For my part I am proud that one of my boys should turn out to be such a spirited little fellow. But there, Mr. Wren, the children are calling you from that bunch of weeds over yonder. Go down to them, while I fetch a nice canker-worm for Bobbie."

After a few days the lame Bobbie was able to leave the nest and go hopping around with the other children, adding his feeble *chur chur* to theirs. Mr. and Mrs. Wren led them from one place to another, always among the weeds and shrubbery where they were soon taught to earn their own livelihood.

"Moths, butterflies, gnats, flies, ants, beetles, and bugs constitute our bill of fare," said Mrs. Wren as they went whisking along, "together with thousand-legs, spiders, and worms. If we didn't eat them they would destroy the fruits in their seasons, so you see, my children, what valuable citizens we are in the world."

At nightfall Mr. and Mrs. Wren, with their brood, flew to the crotch of a tree, and in ten {221} seconds every little head was under a wing, and every little Wren sound asleep.

"Well," said Mr. Wren one day, "the children are old enough now to take care of themselves, and we must begin, my dear, to build a nest in which once more to begin housekeeping."

"It will not be in an old tin pot this time," replied Mrs. Wren, with a toss of her head, "and furthermore, Mr. Wren, I intend to have entirely new furniture."

"Of course, of course," assented her mate, "whoever heard of a Wren raising a second brood in the same nest? We are much too neat and nice for that, my dear."

"We," sniffed Mrs. Wren, ever ready for quarrel. "I'd like to know, Mr. Wren, what you had to do with building the nest, I would, really! Humph!" and Mrs. Wren flirted her tail over her head and laughed shrilly.

"I brought the first sticks, my dear," he answered mildly, "and didn't I do all the house hunting? Besides, I forgot to tell you, that when looking about in April, I found two other apartments which, if the tin-pot had not appeared suitable, I intended to offer you. In order to secure them I partly furnished each, so that other house hunters would know they were not 'to let.'"

"Humph!" returned Mrs. Wren, though exceedingly well pleased, "I'll wager we'll find a Sparrow family in each one of them."

"No we won't," chuckled Mr. Wren "for the houses I selected were much too small for Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow to squeeze in."

"You clever fellow," exclaimed Mrs. Wren, pecking him gleefully with her bill. "I am proud of my hubby, I am, indeed," and Mr. Wren laughed, and hopped about, never hinting to his innocent spouse that all the gentlemen Wrens did the same thing every year.

The next day, while preening their feathers, and getting ready for a visit to the apartments Mr. Wren had spoken of, a cry of distress smote upon their ears.

"That sounds like our Dorothy's voice," said Mrs. Wren, her little knees knocking together in fright.

"It *is* Dorothy calling for help," assented Mr. Wren. "I left the children in the orchard. Come, let us fly over there as quickly as we can."

On the ground, under some bushes, they found huddled their frightened group of little ones, while above, on a limb of a tree, perched Mr. and Mrs. Jay, uttering at intervals their harsh cry of *jay, jay, jay*.

"Its our Bobbie," cried Mrs. Wren, aghast, after she had counted her brood and found one of them missing, "look at him fighting over there with that young Jay."

"That's it, give it to him," screamed the delighted Mr. Jay to his young son, "hit him in the eye, my boy, hit him in the eye."

Mr. and Mrs. Wren flew about Bobbie uttering cries of distress.

"Fair play, fair play," cried papa Jay, flying down almost upon Mr. Wren's back. "Give the young ones a chance, or——"

A loud, sharp twitter from the tree top caused Mr. Jay to glance up.

"My old enemy," he exclaimed, his crest falling at once, as a low crown encircling a pompon of orange-red showed itself among the green branches. "That tyrant, Mr. Kingbird. He's always meddling in other people's affairs, he is. I'd like to wring his neck. Come, Mrs. Jay; come, my son," he screamed, and off they flew to boast of the victory among their neighbors.

"I hope your little boy is not much hurt," said Mr. Kingbird rather pompously, "I arrived just in the nick of time, I think."

"Oh, my Bobby," wailed Mrs. Wren, wiping the blood from his face, "that dreadful Jay has {222} scratched out one of his eyes."

"How did it happen?" sternly inquired Mr. Wren, "tell me the truth or——"

Dorothy interrupted her father with loud sobbing.

"I—I was flirting," she stammered "just a *little*, with young Mr. Jay, papa—you know how handsome he is, and bold—when Bobby steps up, and he says—he says—"

"Well, go on, my little miss," said Mr. Kingbird, deeply interested, "what did your brother say?"

"He said," wiping her eyes with a corner of her wing, "that 'birds of a feather flock together,' and a girl with such a grandpa as I had should be ashamed to associate with the son of a robber and coward like Mr. Bluejay, and so——"

"And so young Mr. Jay pitched into me," interrupted Bobbie, "and I pitched into him. I'd a licked him, too, Pop," he added, flourishing his crippled leg, "if his old pa and ma hadn't come up when they did and told him to hit me in the eye."

"A chip off the old block, ma'am," said Mr. Kingbird, who had heard of Mrs. Wren's fighting papa, "a chip off the old block, I see. Well, good-day all, good-day. As your son wisely says 'birds of a feather flock together,' and it wouldn't look well, you know, for a person of my

aristocratic appearance to be seen in such humble company. So good-day, good-day," and off the pompous fellow flew leaving Mr. and Mrs. Wren decidedly angry though grateful.

Another week found the pair building a nest in the cavity of a maple tree near the study window. To the sticks and straws which Mr. Wren had placed therein early in the season, Mrs. Wren added spider webs and cocoons, lining the nest, or furnishing it as she called it, with horsehair and the downiest goose and duck feathers she could procure.

"There!" said she, when all was completed and the first egg laid, "Mrs. John can't sneer at our home now. No coarse chicken feathers, or stable straw this time, Mr. Wren. We will use the other apartment you chose for the third brood, for three we are to have this summer as well as Mrs. John. When we go south in November, our family I intend shall be as large as hers."

Mr. Wren made no answer, but, possibly being such an uncommonly wise bird, inwardly marveled over that imperious force, that wonderful instinct which made it necessary for them and all the feathered tribe to reproduce their kind.

Very carefully, one winter's day, Bridget removed the nest from the tin-pot and wreathing it in ribbons, hung it above her chest of drawers in the the attic.

"It do same," said she to the children, who prided themselves upon their knowledge of the looks and habits of the House Wren, "that in sthudo in the birds this summer I do be afther learnin' a lesson I wasn't expectin' meself at all."

"A lesson?" said they curiously.

"Indade! Its young ye's aire, me darlint's, to be thinkin' of the same, but sure its not meself that'll ever be forgotten the patience, ingenuity, industry, and conjoogal love of the wee pair. Faith but it was a purty sight. Dumb animals indade! Niver sphake to me of *dumb* animals, for be St. Patrick, if them two blessed little crathers didn't talk, schold, make love, and sing in a langwidge all their own, then me grandfather's name wasn't Dinnis, and I'm not Bridget O'Flaherty, at all, at all."

[THE END.]



{223}

From col. Chi. Acad.
Sciences.

OLD SQUAW DUCK.
¼ Life-size.

Copyright by Nature
Study
Pub. Co., 1898.
Chicago.

THE OLD SQUAW DUCK.

{225}

FL

ERE is an instance where the female is the head of the family indeed, for by common consent the name includes the male of this species. It has numerous other names, however, as Old Wife, South-Southerly, Long-tailed Duck, Swallow-tailed Duck, Old Injun (Massachusetts and Connecticut;) Old Molly, Old Billy, Scolder, (New Hampshire and Massachusetts.)

The habitat of the Old Squaw is the northern hemisphere; in America, south in winter to nearly the southern border of the United States. It is distributed throughout the northern portions of the globe, but makes its summer home in Arctic regions. George Harlow Clarke, Naturalist, Peary Polar Expedition, in a recent article mentioned that, "in June the Old Squaw's clanging call resounded everywhere along shore, and the birds themselves were often perceived gliding to and fro amid the ice cakes drifting with the tide between the main ice-floe and the land." It is a resident in Greenland and breeds in various places in Iceland. The nests are made on the margins of lakes or ponds, among low bushes or tall grass, are constructed of grasses, and generally, but not always, warmly lined with down and feathers. The eggs are from six to twelve in number. In the United States the Long-tail is found only in winter. Mr. Nelson found it to be an abundant winter resident on Lake Michigan, where the first stragglers arrived about the last of October, the main body arriving about a month later and departing about the the first of April, a few lingering until about the last of the month.

The words *south—south—southerly*, which some have fancied to resemble its cry, and which have accordingly been used as one of its local names, did not, to the ear of Dr. Brewer, in the least resemble the sounds which the bird makes; but he adds that the names "Old Wives" and "Old Squaws" as applied to the species are not inappropriate, since when many are assembled their notes resemble a confused gabble. Hallock says that most of the common names of this Duck are taken from its noisy habits, for it is almost continually calling.

Mr. E. P. Jaques, asks, in *Field and Stream*, "What has become of our Waterfowl?" assuming that their numbers have greatly diminished. "The answer is a simple one," he goes on to say; "they have followed conditions. Take away their breeding and feeding grounds and the birds follow. Bring back their breeding and feeding grounds and lo! the birds reappear. For the past five years waterfowl have been about as scarce in the Dakotas as in Illinois or Indiana. The lakes were dry and conditions were unfavorable for them. In the spring of 1897 the lakes filled up once more. For the most part the bottoms of the lakes were wheat stubbles. This furnished food for the spring flight and thousands of birds nested there. When the wheat was gone the aquatic growth took its place and for every thousand Ducks that tarried there in the spring, ten thousand appeared in the fall."

{226}

THE WHITE-FACED GLOSSY IBIS.

Ibises, of which there are about thirty species, are distributed throughout the warmer parts of the globe. Four species occur in North America. According to Chapman, they are silent birds, and live in flocks during the entire year. They feed along the shores of lakes, bays, and salt-water lagoons, and on mud flats over which the tide rises and falls.

The beautiful, lustrous White-faced Glossy Ibis inhabits the south-western United States and tropical America. It is found as far north as Kansas, and west through New Mexico and Arizona to California. In southern Texas it is very abundant, and in some localities along the banks of the Rio Grande swarms by thousands. Dr. J. C. Merrill in May, visited a large patch of tule reeds, growing in a shallow lagoon about ten miles from Fort Brown, in which large numbers of this Ibis and several kinds of Herons were breeding. The reeds grew about six feet above the surface of the water, and were either beaten down to form a support for the nests, or dead and partly floating stalks of the previous year were used for that purpose. Dr. Merrill states that it was impossible to estimate the number of Ibises and different Herons nesting here. "Both nests and eggs of the Ibises were quite unlike those of any of the Herons, and could be distinguished at a glance. The nests were made of broken bits of dead tules, supported by and attached to broken and upright stalks of living ones. They were rather well and compactly built, quite unlike the clumsy platforms of the Herons. The eggs were nearly always three in number, and at this date were far advanced toward hatching; many of the nests contained young of all sizes."

The walk of the Ibis is quiet and deliberate, though it can move over the ground with considerable speed whenever it chooses. Its flight is lofty and strong, and the bird has a habit of uttering a loud and peculiar cry as it passes through the air.

The Ibis was formerly invested with sacerdotal honors by the ancient Egyptians, and embalmed and honored after death with a consecrated tomb, in common with the bull and the cat. The bird probably owes its sacred character to the fact that its appearance denotes

the rising of the Nile, an annual phenomenon on which depends the prosperity of the whole country.

The food of the Ibis consists mostly of mollusks, both terrestrial and aquatic, but it will eat worms, insects, and probably the smaller reptiles.

The sexes have similar plumage, but the female is smaller than her mate.



{227}

From col. Chi. Acad. Sciences. WHITE-FACED GLOSSY IBIS. Copyright by Nature Study Pub. Co., 1898. Chicago.
 $\frac{3}{7}$ Life-size.

SOME LOVERS OF NATURE.

{229}

Our Music's in the Hills.
—EMERSON.

The groves were God's first temples.
—BRYANT.

Nature, the vicar of the Almighty Lord.
—CHAUCER.

The liquid notes that close the eye of day, (the
Nightingale).—MILTON.

When spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil.
—BISHOP HEBER.

O, for a seat in some poetic nook,
Just hid with trees and sparkling with a brook.
—LEIGH HUNT.

By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.—CHRISTOPHER
MARLOWE.

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.
—WORDSWORTH.

To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she
speaks
A various language.—BRYANT.

And this one life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running
brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
—SHAKESPEARE.


And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.
—COLERIDGE.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture in the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
I love not Man the less, but Nature more.
—BYRON.

In June 'tis good to be beneath a tree
While the blithe season comforts every sense;
Steeps all the brain in rest, and heals the heart,
Brimming it o'er with sweetness unawares,
Fragrant and silent as that rosy snow
Wherewith the pitying apple-tree fills up
And tenderly lines some last-year's Robin's nest.
—LOWELL.

{230}

THE ARKANSAS KINGBIRD.

NE of the difficulties of the scientific ornithologist is to differentiate species. This bird is often confounded with the Flycatchers, and for a very good reason, its habits being similar to those of that family. It is almost a counterpart of the Kingbird, (See BIRDS, vol. ii, p. 157) possessing a harsher voice, a stronger flight, and, if possible, a more combative, pugnacious spirit. It is a summer resident, is common in the western United States, and occasionally a straggler far eastward, migrating southward in winter to Guatemala.

Col. Goss, in his history of the birds of Kansas, one of the most comprehensive and valuable books ever published on ornithology, says that the nesting places and eggs of this species are essentially the same as those of the Kingbird. They are brave and audacious in their attacks upon the birds of prey and others intruding upon their nesting grounds. Their combative spirit, however, does not continue beyond the breeding season. They arrive about the first of May, begin laying about the middle of that month, and return south in September. The female is smaller than the male and her plumage is much plainer.

Mr. Keyser "In Birdland" tells an interesting story which illustrates one of the well known characteristics of the Kingbird. "One day in spring," he says, "I was witness to a curious incident. A Red-headed Woodpecker had been flying several times in and out of a hole in a tree where he (or she) had a nest. At length, when he remained within the cavity for some minutes, I stepped to the tree and rapped on the trunk with my cane. The bird bolted like a small cannon ball from the orifice, wheeled around the tree with a swiftness that the eye could scarcely follow, and then dashed up the lane to an orchard a short distance away. But he had only leaped out of the frying-pan into the fire. In the orchard he had unconsciously got too near a Kingbird's nest. The Kingbird swooped toward him and alighted on his back. The next moment the two birds, the Kingbird on the Woodpecker's back, went racing across the meadow like a streak of zigzag lightning, making a clatter that frightened every echo from its hiding place. That gamy Flycatcher actually clung to the Woodpecker's back until he reached the other end of the meadow. I cannot be sure, but he seemed to be holding to the Woodpecker's dorsal feathers with his bill. Then, bantam fellow that he was, he dashed back to the orchard with a loud chipping of exultation. 'Ah, ha!' he flung across to the blushing Woodpecker, 'stay away the next time, if you don't fancy being converted into a beast of burden?'"

Eggs three to six, usually four, white to creamy white, thinly spotted with purple to dark reddish brown, varying greatly in size.



From col. Chi. Acad. Sciences. ARKANSAS KING-BIRD. Copyright by Nature Study Pub. Co., 1898. Chicago. 3/4 Life-size.

{231}

QUEER RELATIONS.

{233}

AN English terrier, despoiled of her litter of puppies, wandered around quite inconsolable. A brood of ducklings one day attracted her attention. Notwithstanding their quacks of protest, she seized them in her mouth, bore them to her kennel, and with the most affectionate anxiety followed them about, giving them, in her own fashion, a mother's care.

When the ducklings at length took to water, her alarm knew no bounds. "You dreadful children," her sharp barks seemed to say when they returned to land, and taking them in her mouth bore them one by one back to safety, as she thought, to the kennel.

The year following, when again deprived of her puppies, she adopted two cock-chickens, rearing them with the same care she had bestowed upon the ducklings. Their voices, however, when they grew older, greatly annoyed her, and by various means their foster-mother endeavored to stifle their crowing.

A hen that had selected an unused manger in which to lay her eggs, and rear her brood, found that the barn cat had also selected the same place in which to pass her hours of repose. The hen made no objection to the presence of Mrs. Tabby, and *vice-versa*, so that a strong friendship in time grew up between the two.

Things went on very smoothly, the hen placidly sitting on her eggs, while Mrs. Tabby came and went at will, spending at least half her time beside her companion as friendly as though she were a sister cat.

Vainly did the hen sit, vainly did she turn her eggs. All the warmth in the world would not have hatched a chick from the stale eggs beneath her.

Mrs. Tabby, however, had better luck. To the hen's amazement she found beneath her very nose one morning five squirming furry little creatures which might have been chicks but were not. Certainly they were young of some sort, she reflected, and with true motherly instinct she lent her aid to their proper bringing up.

The kittens thrived, but unfortunately, when still of tender age were deprived, by death of their mother. All but one of her offspring found comfortable homes elsewhere, and that one received the devoted attention of the hen during the whole of that summer.

"To see it going between the house and barn clucking for the kitten," says Dr. Beadner in *Our Animal Friends*, "was indeed a funny sight, and quite as remarkable to see the kitten run to her when she made the peculiar call that chickens understand means something to eat. At night and during the resting hours of the daytime, kittie would crawl under the warm wings of her foster mother; and the brooding hen and her nestling kitten were happy and contented, little dreaming and caring less that they were so far from being related to each other."

{234}

ONE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

FIVE hundred invitations were sent out for a novel reception by the Wisconsin Audubon Society a while ago. One of the directors lent a large, handsome house, and six milliners were invited to send hats unadorned with aigrettes or birds. Ostrich plumes, quills and cock's-tails were not disbarred. Twenty-five other milliners applied for space, "everybody" went, and a great many tastefully trimmed hats were sold. People who had never before heard of the Audubon Society became, through the newspaper reports of the affair, greatly interested in its object, and the society itself greatly encouraged through the fact that by their hats and bonnets many of the "best" people of Milwaukee were ready to proclaim it no longer good form to wear the plumes or bodies of wild birds.

"Certificates of heartlessness," a writer in *Our Dumb Animals* calls them and we know of no better appellation to apply. Women of fashion, says the same writer, have been urged to use the power which they possess—and it is a power greater than that of law—to bring this inhumanity to an instant stop. The appeals for the most part were in vain. Birds continue to be slaughtered by millions upon millions, simply for the gratification of a silly vanity of which intelligent women should be ashamed. Whole species of the most beautiful denizens of field and forest, woodland and shore, have been almost or quite exterminated. Song birds have been driven further and further from the dwellings of men; our country is stripped of one of its least costly and most charming delights and all that women may deck themselves in conformity with a fad.

A bill for the protection of birds was passed on March 24, by the Senate of the United States, introduced into the House of Representatives on March 25, and referred to the Committee on Agriculture. It is entitled "An Act for the Protection of Song Birds."

We confess, says the same writer, to a feeling of humiliation when reading this bill, because it seems a just indictment of the women of America on a charge of willful, wanton, reckless inhumanity. That such legislation should be made necessary, through vanity alone, ought in our estimation, to bring the blush of shame to every good woman's cheek.

"I didn't think," is the usual reply of the fair sex, when approached on the subject. "I didn't think." Aye you didn't think, but that plea can no longer avail when press and pulpit, in the name of humanity, so earnestly and eloquently plead with you to spare the birds.

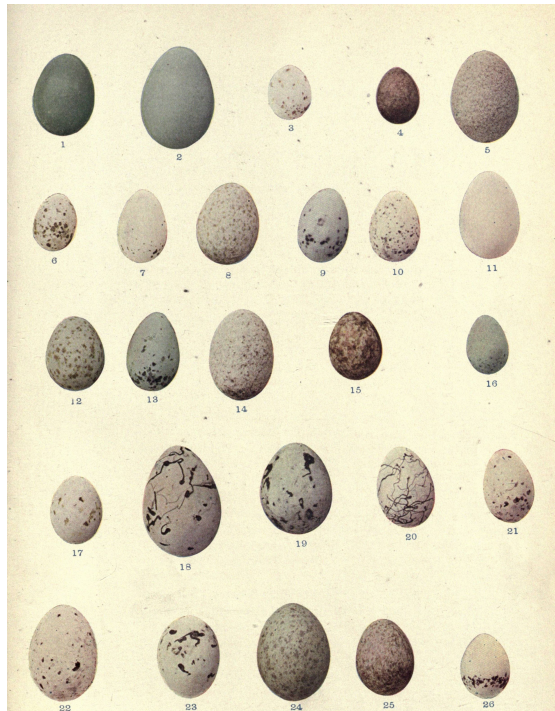
If compassion for the little creature whose life went out in agony, to supply that ornament above your brow does not move you to abstain from wearing such in the future, then the knowledge that some of the "best" people in the country consider it "bad form," perhaps will.

—E. K. M.

The lady has surely a beautiful face,
 She has surely a queenly air;
 The bonnet had flowers and ribbon and
 lace;
 But the bird has added the crowning
 grace—
 It is really a charming affair.

Is the love of a bonnet supreme over all,
 In a lady so faultlessly fair?
 The Father takes heed when the
 Sparrows fall,
 He hears when the starving nestlings
 call—
 Can a tender woman *not care*?
 —SUSAN E. GAMMONS, *Our Dumb
 Animals*.

{235}



From col. Chi. Acad.
 Sciences.

EGGS.
 Life-size.

Copyright by Nature
 Study
 Pub. Co., 1898.
 Chicago.

1. Cat Bird.
2. Robin.
3. Chickadee.
4. Long-billed Marsh
 Wren.
5. Brown Thrasher.
6. Yellow Warbler.
7. Red-eyed Vireo.
8. Loggerhead Shrike.
9. Cedar Waxwing.
10. Cliff Swallow.
11. Martin.
12. Rose-breasted
 Grosbeak.
13. Scarlet Tanager.
14. Towhee.
15. Song Sparrow.
16. Chipping Sparrow.
17. Vesper Sparrow.
18. Great-tailed Grackle.
19. Bronzed Grackle.
20. Baltimore Oriole.
21. Orchard Oriole.
22. Meadow Lark.
23. Red-winged
 Blackbird.
24. Blue Jay.
25. Prairie Horned Lark.

 THE YOUTH OF BUDDHA.

 From "THE LIGHT OF ASIA."

... In mid-play the boy would oft-times
 pause,
 Letting the deer pass free; would oft-times
 yield
 His half-won race because the laboring
 steeds
 Fetched painful breath; or if his princely
 mates
 Saddened to lose, or if some wistful dream
 Swept o'er his thoughts. And ever with the
 years
 Waxed this compassionateness of our
 Lord,
 Even as a great tree grows from two soft
 leaves
 To spread its shades afar; but hardly yet
 Knew the young child of sorrow, pain, or
 tears,
 Save as strange names for things not felt
 by kings,
 Nor ever to be felt. But it befell
 In the royal garden on a day of spring,
 A flock of wild Swans passed, voyaging
 north
 To their nest-places on Himâla's breast.
 Calling in love-notes down their snowy line
 The bright birds flew, by fond love piloted;
 And Devadatta, cousin of the prince,
 Pointed his bow, and loosed a willful shaft
 Which found the wide wing of the foremost
 Swan
 Broad-spread to glide upon the free blue
 road,
 So that it fell, the bitter arrow fixed,
 Bright scarlet blood-gouts staining the
 pure plumes.
 Which seeing, Prince Siddârtha took the
 bird
 Tenderly up, rested it in his lap—
 Sitting with knees crossed, as Lord
 Buddha sits—
 And, soothing with a touch the wild thing's
 fright,
 Composed its ruffled vans, calmed its
 quick heart,
 Caressed it into peace with light kind
 palms
 As soft as plantain leaves an hour unrolled;
 And while the left hand held, the right
 hand drew
 The cruel steel forth from the wound, and
 laid
 Cool leaves and healing honey on the
 smart.

 SUMMARY.

RANGE—Coasts and islands of the north Atlantic and eastern Arctic oceans, south on the Atlantic coast of North America to New Jersey.

NEST—On the bare rock, often on the narrow shelves of cliffs.

EGGS—One.

Page [210](#).

CANADA GOOSE.—*Branta canadensis*. Other names: "Common Wild Goose," "Grey Goose," "Honker."

RANGE—North America at large.

NEST—Of dried grasses, raised about twelve inches from the ground; has been found in trees.

EGGS—Generally five, of a pale dull greenish color.

Page [214](#).

BROWN CREEPER.—*Certhia familiaris americana*.

RANGE—Eastern North America, breeding from northern border of United States northward.

NEST—In holes of trees lined with dry grass, moss, and feathers.

EGGS—Five to eight.

Page [218](#).

DOWNY WOODPECKER.—*Dryobates pubescens*. Other name: "Little or Lesser Sapsucker." This, however, is a misnomer.

RANGE—Northern and eastern North America, and sporadically the western portions—Colorado, Utah, Nevada, California, etc.

NEST—In an excavation in a tree.

EGGS—Four or five, rarely six, pure glossy white.

Page [223](#).

OLD SQUAW DUCK.—*Clangula hyemalis*. Other names: South Southerly; Long-tailed Duck; Swallow-tailed Duck; Old Injun (Mass. and Conn.) Old Molly; Old Billy; Scolder (New Hampshire and Massachusetts.)

RANGE—Northern hemisphere; south in winter to nearly the southern border of the United States.

NEST—On the margins of lakes and ponds, among low bushes or low grass, warmly lined with down and feathers.

EGGS—From six to twelve, of pale, dull grayish pea-green.

Page [227](#).

WHITE-FACED GLOSSY IBIS.—*Plegadis autumnalis*.

RANGE—Tropical and sub-tropical regions generally; rare and of local distribution in the southeastern United States and West Indies.

NEST—Of rushes, plant stems, etc., in reedy swamps on low bushes.

EGGS—Three, rather deep, dull blue.

Page [231](#).

ARKANSAS KINGBIRD.—*Tyrannus verticalis*. Other name: Arkansas Flycatcher.

RANGE—Western United States from the plains to the Pacific, and from British Columbia south through Lower California and western Mexico to Guatemala.

NEST—On branches of trees, in open and exposed situations, six to twenty feet from the ground; built of stems of weeds and grasses.

EGGS—Three to six, white, thinly spotted with purple to dark redish-brown.

{239}

VOLUME III. JANUARY TO JUNE, 1898.

INDEX.

Apple Blossom Time	pages	153
Audubon Society, One	"	234
Aviaries	"	121-2
Birds, Foreign Song Birds in Oregon	"	123
Birds, in the Schools	"	20
Birds, Hints on the Study of Winter	"	109
Birds, Interesting Facts About	"	100
Birds' Answer, The	"	83
Bird Study, The Fascinations of	"	164
Birds, Let Us All Protect the Eggs of the	"	154
Birds, Pairing in Spring	"	189
Bird, Only a	"	73
Bird Superstitions and Winged Portents	"	172
Bird Day	"	82
Birds, a Friend of	"	43
Bird, The Mound	"	114
Bird Lovers, Some	"	81
Bittern, Least, <i>Botaurus exilis</i>	"	46-47
Bob White, <i>Colinus virginianus</i>	"	16-18-19-34
Buddha, The Youth of	"	237
Christmas, Where Missouri Birds Spend	"	84
Cockatoo, Rose, <i>Cacatua leadbeateri</i>	"	29-30-31
Coot, American, <i>Fulica americana</i>	"	96-98-99
Contentment	"	163
Crane, Queer doings of a	"	44
Creeper, Brown, <i>Certhia familiaris americana</i>	"	212-214-215
Dickcissel, <i>Spiza americana</i>	"	146-147-149
Duck, Bald Pate, <i>Anas americana</i>	"	48-50-51
Duck, Black, <i>Anas obscura</i>	"	86-87
Duck, Pintail, <i>Dafila acuta</i>	"	176-8-9
Duck, Old Squaw, <i>Clangula hyemalis</i>	"	223-5
Duck Farms, Eider	"	113
Egg, What is An	"	60
Eggs	"	155-195-235
Feathers or Flowers?	"	180
Finch, Purple, <i>Carpodacus purpureus</i>	"	54-55

Flycatcher, Arkansas, <i>Tyrannus verticalis</i>	"	230-231	
Gnat-catcher, Blue-gray, <i>Polioptila caerulea</i>	"	94-95	
Goose, Canada, <i>Branta canadensis</i>	"	208-210-211	
Goose That Takes a Hen Sailing	"	194	
Grouse, Dusky, <i>Dendragapus obscurus</i>	"	150-151	
Hawk, Sparrow, <i>Falco sparverius</i>	"	105-6-7	
Heron, Great Blue, <i>Ardea herodias</i>	"	190-1-3	
Ibis, White-Faced Glossy, <i>Plegadis guarauna</i>	"	226-7	
I Can but Sing	"	186	
June	"	201-202	
Kindness, a Foster Brother's	"	194	{240}
Kingbird, Arkansas, <i>Tyrannus verticalis</i>	"	230	
March	"	82	
Memory, Bird Songs of	"	124	
Murre, Brunnich's, <i>Uria lomvia</i>	"	206-7	
Music, Color in	"	161-2	
Nature, Some Lovers of	"	229	
Neighbor, Our	"	203	
Nests, Birds'	"	204	
Nest, Life in the	"	69	
Nightingale, <i>Motacilla lusciniæ</i>	"	136-8-9	
Nightingale, To a	"	141	
Ovenbird, <i>Seiurus aurocapillus</i>	"	126-7	
Owl, The Early	"	12	
Owl, Saw-Whet, <i>Nyctala acadica</i>	"	61-2-3	
Owl, Short-eared, <i>Asio accipitrinus</i>	"	25-6-7	
Paradise, Birds of	"	140	
Partridge, Mountain, <i>Oreortyx pictus</i>	"	34-35	
Parrot, Double Yellow Headed, <i>Conurus mexicanus</i>	"	181-2-3	
Partnership, a Forced	"	60	
Partridge, Scaled, <i>Callipepla squamata</i>	"	114-115	
Petrel, The Stormy, <i>Oceanites oceanicus</i>	"	88-90-91-92	
Pheasant, Silver, <i>Phasianus nycthemerus</i>	"	110-111	
Pigeons, The	"	4	
Pigeon, Crowned, <i>Columbidæ goura</i>	"	6-7	
Pigeon, Passenger, <i>Ectopistes migratorius</i>	"	21-22-23	
Pleas for the Speechless	"	33	
Plover, Snowy, <i>Aegialitis nivosæ</i>	"	70-71	
Prairie Hen, Lesser, <i>Tympanuchus pallidicinctus</i>	"	74-75	
Queer Relations	"	233	
Rhea, South American, <i>Rhea americana</i>	"	166-7-8	
Sandpiper, Bartramian, <i>Bartramia longicauda</i>	"	134-5	
Sparrow, English	"	175	
Sparrow, Fox, <i>Passerella iliaca</i>	"	14-15	
Spoonbill, Roseate, <i>Ajaja ajaja</i>	"	142-3-5	
Spring Thoughts	"	185	
Stilt, Black-necked, <i>Himantopus mexicanus</i>	"	174-5	
Summary	"	40-80-120-160-200-238	
Superstitions, Irish Bird	"	132	
Swan, Black, <i>Cygnus</i>	"	65-66-67	
Tenants, The New	"	37-77-117-157-197-220	
Thoughts	"	146	
Vireo, Red-Eyed, <i>Vireo olivaceus</i>	"	8-10-11	
Warbler, Bay-breasted, <i>Dendroica castanea</i>	"	170-171	
Warbler, Magnolia, <i>Dendroica maculosa</i>	"	186-187	
Woodpecker, Arctic Three-toed, <i>Picoides arcticus</i>	"	128-130-131	
Woodpecker, Downy, <i>Dryobates pubescens</i>	"	216-218-219	
Woodpecker, Ivory-billed, <i>Campephilus principalis</i>	"	101-102-103	
Woodpecker, Red-bellied, <i>Melanerpes carolinus</i>	"	56-58-59	
White, Gilbert, and "Selbourne"	"	41	
Woing Birds' Odd Ways	"	52	

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE
THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE
PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg™ License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg™ website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that:

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.
- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you ‘AS-IS’, WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™’s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.