

(Continued from April No.)

me, for in some marked manner, it brought itself so much under my notice, that I gave special attention to it, which was acknowledged by it flying on me timidly at first, (for Owls are very timid birds), then gradually getting tamer and tamer, flying on my head and shoulders, and picking gently at my ears and around my face; and when I would enter the Pigeon house, would make the most loving coo's, and persuasive movements, to show its eagerness to get out of the enclosure and fly on me. It now became the pet of the loft, and would be specially charmed if I would sing to it at times. It would be quietly sitting on its perch, and on hearing me either play or sing, would go through the movements I have just described. It would fly up on my head, and pick and eat food as naturally as out of the hopper. Experience showed how attached it got to me, for when taken to a strange place, would perform just as at home, and even if thrown in the open air. One day I told a gentleman I would call a bird from the Pigeon house, and have it light on me. I did so to his surprise. He confessed he did not think it could be done. I could relate more about this bird, but will finish by saying, it had another almost fatal illness, which a little care again overcame. I was not feeling well myself one day, and laid down in the Pigeon house. It flew on me, and acted in the most loving way, kissing, and picking at my face to show its affection. One strange thing about it was, when mated, it would drop all attention to me; but when the breeding season was over, would make up to me as before. It is now over three years old and well, keeping up its friendly

associations, and any of our subscribers, or their friends, are invited to our Columbarium, when they can both see the subject of this account, and a number of other varieties of this feathered family.

COLUMBINE.

LETTERS.

HATCHLEY,

March 20, 1894.

Dear Editors:—

Since I mailed to you the P. Card of the 8th inst., the weather has been consistently and persistently genial, and I hear of some one in this neighborhood having started to plow, although there are specks of ice in the shady nooks yet. A host of the feathered migrants are here. Hawks sail and circle in the sky, "mewing" or screaming as is their wont, almost every day. The season is about three weeks earlier than the last one, and the dates of calendars seem to be rather unreliable as to the advent of spring temperatures, and there are variations of twenty or thirty degrees in a day. Since the display of brilliant Aurora, on the night of Feb. 25th, we have had abnormally bright, warm and calm weather, and there has been an abundance of maple syrup made in these parts. Frogs began piping in the swamps on the 9th, and have sung their song continuously. Pheasants began drumming on the same day. Blackbirds were seen on the 11th; Killdeer, two or three days later. Meadow Larks sang on the 4th, and are now numerous, as are also Shore Larks, which have been here all winter, in full song on fine days. The Phœbe came on Sunday, 18th, as well as a few Woodcocks, but the arrival of the Cranes has not yet been announced.