

This was the most anxious time of all for the parent birds. The little ones still quite helpless, had to be guarded from the many dangers that beset them and besides had to be fed. How restless the old birds were; fluttering here and there, always keeping an eye on their innocent young, but at the same time giving no indication of their whereabouts. If by chance a person were to go near the place where one of them was hidden, the distressed parents would become greatly excited and forgetting their natural shyness, would warn the intruder, by flapping across in front of him, that he was treading on forbidden ground. But in a short time the young birds were able to fly well and could even obtain the most of their food.

Then the parent birds would desert the scene of so much work and anxiety and leave for other parts with their family. I do not know what they did while away; whether they went to give their young a few lessons to fit them for their place in the bird kingdom, or whether they thought a few days of rest would be of benefit to themselves after their somewhat arduous labours.

The holiday generally was a pretty short one. I suppose they found idleness too tiresome, so returned to the old house, and quite cheerfully, but more quietly this time, undertook the task of rearing another family of healthy young peewees. After this second brood had been well prepared for the battle of life the faithful pair again disappeared, but this time their term of absence was a very prolonged one; they would not be seen until the following spring.

Every year, this was the course which they pursued. But one spring the peewees did not return at the usual time to the old house. During the latter part of the month of April, when, if they had come back we would have been sure to hear them, the cheerful note "pee-wee" was not heard. We felt sure that something had happened them, that some enemy of theirs had killed them while they were flying from their summer to their winter home, or perhaps while they were at work around their southern dwelling-place. The warm days of May came and still our friends had not arrived. All hope of their return was given up; we were forced to resign ourselves to the thought that we would not have their pleasant company during the summer.

Imagine my surprise when one morning later in May, in crossing a dilapidated and unused wooden bridge in the neighborhood, my old friend the peewee flew out in a rather excited manner underneath it. I knew by its somewhat guilty appearance that it had not casually flown from there, and upon investigation, which to be