

I didn't know a robin!" muttered the exasperated observer ; and sure enough, as I stood at the window, still thinking, "it was just a robin," suddenly there lighted on the willow bough almost within touch, "the reddest bird I ever seen."

"Do I look like a robin?" he asked.

"No, not in the least," I answered. "You beautiful scarlet tanager!"

All these birds have at various times perched on the willow-tree, but until this year I had never thought to feed as well as shelter the winter guests.

The first venture was in suet ; cutting pieces as large as my fist and tying them to a long string I threw them from my bedroom window over the nearest willow bough fastening the string to the window-sill so that the suet was quite under control. At the end of a week the chickadees were literally in full swing.

I next bought a peck of sun-flower seeds and scattering them on a drawing-board I put the board on the window-ledge shutting down the sash to steady the board. In three days the chickadees were on the board. I then bought a plaster-cast of a hand and arm, filled the hand with seeds and put it on the window-ledge. The birds came to the hand. Finally I put out my own hand with seeds and in two minutes a chickadee was on my hand. No one who has not tried it can know the pleasure of feeling the little feet of a wild bird clinging to one's finger. Since then the chickadees have come to me every day, even flying about the room,—this, however, is accidental and not always agreeable to them ; one however made himself quite at home, flew from one spot to another without dismay, and at last perched on the top of the door, and when I reached up my hand he hopped upon my finger and let me carry him to the window. A basket full of sun-flower seeds and chopped raw peanuts stands on the window-ledge and to this come the nuthatches as well as the chickadees ; but they are not so tame and although one comes to me and flutters over my hand, its courage fails it at the last and it darts back to the willow bough and cries "yank, yank," until I draw back my hand, and then it flies to the basket and looks up in my face quite at its ease. A woodpecker has been at the basket ; the kinglets poise under the suet, and once I saw a goldfinch hanging on it.