

roots; the tongue grass is a bird food. Sometimes I go gleaning with Lucille in the harvest fields. We cut wheat, rye, oats, buckwheat and millet heads to cure.

'In the late Autumn grandma and Lucille planted mammoth Russian sunflower seeds, covering the seed deep. The plants come up early in the Spring. The sunflower heads grow large and seedy.

'But English sparrows are fond of sunflower seeds. To save the tomtits' breakfast for the bitter cold days, when food supplies are scanty, we tie a cheese-cloth cover about each selected head when green. Squares of old red lawn, or any thin, light goods, tied over a sunflower head, protects the seeds.

'The window sills on the south side, the rooms our family occupy in Winter, are all birds' dining-tables. Our Winter birds know just the best places, and are so friendly and entertaining we are well paid for the hospitality given.

'On extremely cold mornings we remove the cover from a sunflower head. The tomtits are saucy, nimble, hungry birds, and favorites of Lucille's, and often every member in our family watches the tomtits attack a sunflower head, their feet, head and tail all in motion.

'Lucille cures or dries the weed and grain heads, gleaned for bird food, in a sunny corner in the coal-house, and sometimes she bakes a cake, one part each of coarse cornmeal and wheat bran. The cake, crumbled fine on the window ledge, attracts birds that are usually shy.

'Our farmhouse is in rather a lonely place, yet we are never lonely. The skies may be dark, and rain or snow fall. Our little girl and her bird friends brighten even a dismal day.

'I will tell you a little secret. Lucille's aunt in New York sent as a birthday present a beautiful hat, trimmed with bird plumage.

'Rip the feathers off, mother. I cannot bear to wear them,' Lucille urged.

'The hat, after the feathers were removed, was plain. It pleased my little bird lover to wear it plain, and Aunt Fanny, when learning her favorite niece was so loyal to the birds, joined a bird-protecting society. My little girl is a true friend to the birds.'

### How Pennies Pile Up.

Uncle Harris was a carpenter, and had a shop in the country. One day he went into the barn where Dick and Joe were playing with two tame pigeons.

'Boys,' he said, 'my workshop ought to be swept up every evening. Which of you will undertake to do it? I am willing to pay a cent for each sweeping.'

'Only a cent?' said Dick. 'Who would work for a cent?'

'I will,' said Joe.

So every day, when Uncle Harris was done working in the shop, Joe would take an old broom and sweep it.

### A Morning Visitor.

(By Mary A. Wood, in Zion's 'Herald'.)

A large trumpet-vine covered the trellis that stood near the door that opened into the dining-room at the Allen home. Every day and nearly all day long while the vine was in bloom, the humming-birds came and nearly buried themselves in the flowers.

One morning when the family was at

at the exquisite little creature. A dash of ruby color was at the throat; the feathers were a shimmery green and gold. It was like a beautiful little jewel.

Very softly Florence touched the tiny head with the tip of her finger. 'What made you die, you little fairy bird?' she asked.

For a long time it lay motionless on the kind hand; then Mrs. Allen went to the open door and held it out. For a moment it did not stir, then it darted



breakfast something flew in at the open door and went circling about the room.

'It's a great moth,' said Mr. Allen.

'I hear it hum,' said Florence. 'O mother dear, can it be a humming-bird?'

It flew to the bay-window and beat its wings against the glass in a vain endeavor to get free. Mrs. Allen was able after a time to put her hand over it very gently. It struggled and quivered, but at last she held it in one hand, covering it with the other. When she dared look, it lay quite still on its side, with closed eyes, apparently dead.

'Do let me take it!' begged Florence.

'You can see it quite as well if I hold it,' said her mother. They all looked

away too swiftly for the eye to follow its flight.

A few days later the nest of a humming-bird was found on a small branch of an apple tree in the orchard. The nest was covered on the outside with bits of moss and lichens so like the color of the wood that only a keen eye could have discovered it. Three eggs the size and shape and color of small white beans were in the nest. After the little birds were gone the nest was secured by cutting off a piece of the branch around which the nest was built. The inside was soft as velvet with about as much room as is in a lady's thimble.

Florence considers it one of her most precious curiosities.

One day Uncle Harris took Dick and Joe to town. While he went to buy some lumber, they went to a toy store. 'What fine kites!' said Dick. 'I wish that I could buy one.'

'Only ten cents,' said the man.

'I haven't a cent,' said Dick.

'I have fifty cents,' said Joe.

'How did you get fifty cents?' asked Dick.

'By sweeping the shop,' answered Joe.—'Herald.'