

rule and flourished upon weed seeds, consisting chiefly of wild buckwheat, green foxtail and lamb's-quarters, but was also given many other seeds, including wheat, oats, barley and rye. Among the weeds a decided preference was shown for foxtails (*Setaria* sp.) When all were present at once, including the grains, several of the different kinds would be eaten in rotation, though a slight preference seemed to be shown for wheat. All were readily pulled from the heads when offered in that form, and with oats the husk was removed and the kernel alone devoured. Barley and rye proved far less palatable and were, as a rule, discarded, but several grasses and seeds of other wild plants such as *Aster*, *Solidago*, *Taraxacum* and *Liatris* were readily consumed. This bird would also occasionally pull a few sprouts from a pot of newly growing wheat, breaking them off near the ground, but as the plants got stronger they were ignored.

Among all the food eaten, however, none was so much relished as insects. The greatest luxury probably being mealworms, though flies were also eagerly looked for and expected when any one entered the room. Spiders, bugs and beetles also occupied a place in its diet, the latter, however, in small numbers only, and potato beetles not at all. Grasshoppers were taken readily, so were cutworms, indeed the latter proved quite an attractive dish, even the moths being partaken of after the wings had been bitten off with its beak.

This little bird still continues to live, to all appearances, happily and contentedly. He does not like strangers but calls out at one on the approach of his own people, puffing out his feathers and twisting continuously as they draw near, with, as he hopes, a choice example of his favourite food, a nice stout fly or juicy mealworm. Like all wild birds in captivity, however, he retains his winter plumage, the only outward indication that he is not truly free.

*Addendum.*—I had already completed this little history when I received word from home that poor little "Snowie" was no more. He had shown signs of sickness a few days previously, then seemed to have recovered, but on being visited one morning was found dead. Thus the moral comes back to us, that no matter what our intentions may be—no matter how kind we are—a wild bird enclosed within a cage is but a captive, and though it may be happy for some time, lack of exercise and insufficient knowledge of food habits are sure to tell at last, just as they would with us. Birds were made to be free, to roam the woods or prairies as their instincts indicated, and the only excuse for taking them in, is, as was the case with poor "Snowie," when they are unable to take care of themselves.