

better of a Turk. This seems to have been a bad neighbourhood to live in, for, a month or so later, when the downies had moved out and rented their cottage to that trim little housewife Jenny Wren, she, too, got into trouble with a couple of marauding English Sparrows, who forced an entrance and destroyed everything eatable in the house. The neighbours all gathered round and chirped their sympathy in loud and distressed voices. There were the gaily dressed Yellow Warblers, and Goldfinches, the Cedar Waxwings in their olive-brown silks with the yellow trimmings, a lone Catbird in his sober slate-coloured coat, and even a tiny Ruby-throat came buzzing along and perched on a dead twig to see what was the matter. All agreed that it was dreadful, but that it really could not be helped, and besides it was none of their business. Even landlord Downy when he arrived could not make up his mind that he would be strictly within his legal rights in using that murderous looking dagger, which he always carries round with him, for the protection of his tenants, or the punishment of their assailants. Turning now to a pleasanter phase of this unconscious imitation of human traits, one of the most striking instances of affection between birds that have come under my notice was that displayed by a pair of Cedar Waxwings, or as they are sometimes called, Cherry-birds. It was at the time when the fruit was beginning to form on the trees, and one of them had picked up an apple about the size of a large pea and perching close beside his mate in an old apple tree, he passed it with a great display of politeness and affection to her, and she with an equally courtly and loving air returned it to him. This operation they repeated several times, till at last they caught sight of two interlopers who had been watching them, and being too bashful to continue their billing in public, they flew away. Burroughs I think cites a similar case with reference to the same bird.

Curiosity is another characteristic, many of the birds have in common with the human race. I remember being interviewed by a Water Thrush, while standing quite still in a swampy piece of woods, watching for another bird. This shy little warbler came hopping along from branch to branch till it was within two feet of my face, looked me full in the eyes, took a careful survey of me from head to foot and then, as if satisfied with the inspection, flew away.