

thus proving himself a good judge of stringed instruments.

The most interesting tattoo I know of remains to be told. A rather new frame house near Plover Mills some five years ago was occupied by its owner, a young bachelor—that is, occupied at meal times and some evenings—it was, in short, his domicile. One morning he was awakened by a rat, tat, tap, at the front door. On his opening the door to receive company, his visitor, after one good look, immediately took to the woods. The bachelor examines the door and the sequel rapidly develops. The demand for vengeance—the loaded shot gun—patient hiding—furtive peeps around corners—return of visitor—renewal of tattoo—unerring aim—loud report—and a male Yellow-bellied Sapsucker lies dead in the very heyday of his ambitious hopes.

A little later I was given a chance to examine the handiwork of my friends, the birds, and truly I had not a word to throw at a dog. A circle two or three inches in width around the door knob was battered and dented to the depth of an inch or more. This loosened the screws which held the door plate, and no doubt the Woodpecker at each rally raised considerable of a jingle. Yes, and he had drummed up a mate, too, and she, to show her appreciation of the musical abilities of the master, had made a nest in the adjoining casing of the door. This was the easier done, for by simply cutting through an inch of pine a cavity was reached that had for bottom the door sill, four feet below. It was clearly the intention of the birds to have nested there, but, as I have shown, love's young dream was suddenly ended, and an incipient race of door-rapping Woodpeckers was thus prevented from disturbing the peace and quietness of our rural homes.