

CUCKOO SONG.

Grandfather sat in the chimney
nook,
With his big-bowed spectacles on
his nose,
And the firelight played on his open
book,
And over his old-fashioned Sunday
clothes,
And twinkled and winked from
the China shelf,
And the little maid dancing all by
herself
With the shadows that danced on
the wains-cotted wall;
Singer and dancer and piper and all,
As she merrily caroled and danced
away,
"The Cuckoo comes to the fields
in May;
She feeds on the lilies to keep her
voice clear,
And she never sings Cuckoo till
spring of the year."

Grandfather nodded and dozed in
his chair,
The firelight shone on his silvery
hair,
And the grandmother's flax-wheel
buzzed and sung,
Like a blithe brown bee as the
spindle flew,
While the little maid balanced and
gaily swung
Her shadow partners as waltzers do.
The crickets chirped on the kitchen
hearth,
And the very fire dogs twinkled
with mirth,
And still she sung as she danced
away,
"The Cuckoo comes to the fields
in May;
She feeds on the lilies to keep her
voice clear,
And she never sings Cuckoo till
spring of the year."

CROW BLACKBIRD.

This Bird is sometimes called the
Grackle. It is black in color, and
when in full plumage its neck glis-
tens like a pigeon's. In size it is a
little larger than a robin, and about
Rockwood is very common.

It generally goes in flocks, and
where you find one nest you may
look for others.

The nests are not carefully built,
and are made of mud and grass. I
have generally found four or five
eggs in each nest, and one would
almost think that the eggs belong
to birds of different kinds, as scarce-
ly any two are alike. The color
varies greatly, although the ground
color is generally blue or green.
These eggs may be marked with
cloudy blotches of brown, or irregu-
lar markings like snakes or lizards.
Specimens of eggs in my collection
vary in length from an inch and a
quarter to an inch and a third, and
in width from three-quarters to
seven-eighths of an inch.

WOOD PEWEE.

This is a little dark grey-bird,
with a brownish back and lighter
breast, and is smaller than a Phoebe,
although very similar in shape.
We have it at Rockwood every
summer, where it builds in the
hickory trees. Its nest is very shal-
low, and built on the upper side of
a limb, out of moss and shreds of
bark. The nest is the prettiest I
have ever seen, and you can
scarcely tell it from the limb on
which it is placed. The eggs are
as beautiful as eggs can be; they
are three or four in number, a
kind of pinkish yellow, with reddish
spots on them. This bird flirts its
tail up and down, and says pee-
a-wee.

C. M. C.