

The great, dark, shining leaves of the Clintonia arrest our attention everywhere in the cool, moist woods. A slender scape rises from the midst of the three leaves, bearing on its summit an umbel of yellowish, bell-shaped flowers.

If this shy woodland flower had not been named *Clintonia* by Gray, the great American botanist, we should have long ago forgotten that De Witt Clinton, the practical governor of New York, was a devoted naturalist. The weary, overworked man of affairs often fled from care and worry to the woods and fields, pursuing in the open air the study which above all others delighted and refreshed him.

If we take a walk in these same rich woods in August, we shall see the glow of the red spikes of Jack-in-the-pulpit, and the tight little bunches of cornel berries. There, too, we will find the rich crimson fruit of the trillium, and the purple berries of the pokeweed. But not the least attractive will be the blue bullets of Clintonia, held aloft on their tall stalks, between the orchid-like leaves. And a pleasant sight it is, to sit and watch the busy birds gathering to the full of these luscious fruits.