

scratched. On one occasion he carried a chip to her, which of course she took and used for the purpose indicated.

As a bird student, I will not say what can be taken out of these two episodes. Evidently, my pet was delighted to see me back after a month's absence, though what he said to me, crows alone could tell. The bird which carried the chip, might have done so with the intention of getting his head scratched with it, and he might not. We cannot get at what the birds know and what they think.

There is one objection to keeping pets, it is that they nearly always meet with an accidental, and often a tragic death. One morning in winter I called my bird to his breakfast, and he failed to respond. I never saw him after. He used to roost in the trees by the house, and I blamed the big brown owl for robbing me of the most lovable pet I ever had, and thus adding another to his long list of murders.

John Burroughs, in the "Atlantic Monthly" for March, 1903, in a paper on "Real and Sham Natural History," handles Seton Thompson and Rev. William J. Long without gloves. He ridicules some of the stories in Thompson's "Wild Animals I have known," and calls the writer of "School of the Woods" "Our Natural History Munchausen." I am not prepared to take sides. I think there are stories in "Wild Animals I have Known" which had better have been omitted or written differently. Long says a partridge can count eleven; Burroughs scouts the assertion. Who is to decide?

I might have drawn on my imagination, and said much more about my pet crows than I have done.

There is a mystery surrounding animal life which we cannot read, cannot interpret and cannot understand. I think, though, that one can get a little nearer the soul of a wild animal by making a pet of it.

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