

light upon your outstretched hand, notably if they can see bread crumbs upon it. For a while old "Big Dan," the fox squirrel that lives in the big maple by the lawn, would take his "bite" from the nut, but much preferred hickory nuts, which he and his faithful spouse will dig for in the deepest snow, and in the bitterest storm, and eat on the big limb of the lawn hickory, and then go into the deep snow for more, and seemingly always find them, evidently some of their shallow buried stores of last fall. To-day I saw "Big Dan" coming out of the cow barn, where he had been seeking corn, which I think he found, and will continue to and possibly a few ears of it nearer home.

A day or two later I put some ears of corn by the roots of the big maple for them and I had hardly gone ten rods before the four squirrels were at them, and a great feast they seemed to have, despite the bitter wind and snow bluster about them. One would take a fair sized ear of corn and scamper up the tree with it, when another squirrel would take chase and force the other to drop it, and then race to the ground for it, seemingly getting there about as soon as did the ear. After their appetites were satisfied they engaged in a sort of tag game that lasted for some time and took them to every part of the tree, and in their jumps from one slender twig-like branch to the other they often only succeeded in maintaining their precarious hold by the most active efforts of tooth and toenail.

The smaller birds, like the juncos, snow birds, and that class, seem to like the smaller seeds, and patches of snow are brushed away and a quart or so of millet scattered and bushels of the hay, oats, are thrown upon the snow, where a score of birds may be seen at a time digging and scratching as industriously as hens, although accompanied with many a short flight and wing gratiation in the air.

The big red-headed woodpeckers occasionally appear in quest of food, and seem very deliberate in their ways, except that the male will drive away the female, even chase her away, and then come back to enjoy his food in solitude, or until some other bird gives him the grand bounce. While he is utterly selfish now, how things will change in the warm days of spring, when he commences his love-making proposals, and his brutality now, will be changed into the most sentimental gush; and he will be all politeness and attention. Flocks of snowbuntings and juncos come now and then and look over the assortment of seeds. The juncos seem to prefer to have the food scattered on the snow, and will leave the cleared places to pick up the food in the loose snow, and then when they have satisfied their hunger, fly up to the most exposed, wind swept tree branch, to—well, come back and take another free lunch.

A couple of winters ago a fine flock of twenty-five quails wintered about the barn and granary, making their home in the thickets near the river, some 50 rods away. They would come about a certain time of day, walking across the snow piping their low, musical q-u-i-t, q-u-i-t, and seemed always glad to see the fellow that fed them. They preferred broken up corn to any other food and conducted themselves very much like a flock of hantams would have done. Then they would walk about, and soon would return the way they came, talking in a most sociable way among themselves. Soon the warmer days will come, and then it will be the blue birds, robins, and the sober phoebes that will be our guests at luncheon, and then the April days will close our bird restaurant for the summer.

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J. STRATFORD, GENERAL MANAGER.