

too, and the Orioles paid us a brief visit ten or twelve days ago. We have the wood and barn Pewee, the Bitterns, the Plover, the Kingfisher, Robins and Bluebirds yet, but the bird silence is obvious, and the only singing almost is of the Grasshopper and Katydid.

The photo, whereon is the Ghost "Jigger-men," gives a view of perhaps the oldest log house now standing in Burford. (Said to have been built before the year 1837.) In our pioneer days, we used to visit the genial Yorkshire man who lived there, with his two comely daughters, (in their teens.) The path from our place, two and a half miles, was through dense woods, reputed to be the home of bears, wolves and lynxes, and rendering the pedestrians equipment of rifle and dog a necessity.

The picture No. One, is that of a friend of our early day, and is near to Burgessville, Oxford Co. The house, said to have been built in 1847 or 1848, the view on which is the White Horse Rig.

The changes in our summer meteorology, compel nomadism in the wild animal and feathered tribes, and these summer drouths cause wild life to congregate near the lakes streams and water courses, and damp weather diffuses them, and much semi aquatic food supply over the general surface of the country.

Only chiefly the more cosmopolitan birds are here now, such as the Corvidæ.

Picidae Falconidae and Fringillidae, etc., and the grasshopper tribe seem to be regarded as too coarse food for any but voracious ornithic appetite, such as the Skeak or Turkey gobbler.

W. YATES.

The late Ottowell Wood, one of the leading characters of New Eng-

land, was once summoned as a witness in court. When he was called and sworn, the judge, not catching his name, asked him to spell it. Whereupon Mr. Wood began: O, double t, o, double u, e, double l, double u, double o, d. The judge was too thick-headed to grasp the meaning of this string of words, and letters, and, throwing down his pen in despair, exclaimed: Most extraordinary name I ever heard; will you write for me, Mr. —Mr. —Mr. Witness.

A clergyman in the County of Dorset, in the parish of L—, was walking along the road, when he met a little boy who was a twin, and asked him what his name was. "I do not know, your reverence" was the reply. "Oh, you surely know your name." "Well, you see, your reverence, there were two of us, and one of us was baptised Pat, and the other Mickey, and the day we were baptised one of us died, and my mother says she does not know which of us died. If it was Pat that died I am Mickey, and if it was Mickey that died I am Pat."

A SUMMER SHOWER.

A sudden clouding of the summer sky,

A sudden breeze that rustles swiftly by,

A gloom as though the sun once more did wane,

And then with sudden rush the welcome rain.

The birds seek refuge neath the sheltering eaves,

And neath the chesnut's spreading, fan-like leaves,

The robin stops his sprightly "cheer-up" song,

And now his tones are wonderful and more long.

The grass its graceful head bends humbly down,