

A friend of mine at Norwich has two birds in a cage, that were captured in his barn two months ago, among a flock of English Sparrows. Some say they are instances of melanism, but I must go to see them, as I think they are Grackles of some species. They are quite content in their cage, and eat and associate with the Sparrows.

Yours truly,
W. YATES.

OUR PET PIGEON.

Although virtue is its own reward, there are cases where the reward comes in a very marked way, as in the return one gets for showing a little kindness, even sometimes from the lower animals, as the subject of this little story will illustrate. Our Pet Pigeon is one of the fancy kind known as Owls; two of them were hatched Oct. 14th, 1890. On Oct. 16, they were doing well. On Oct. 19, trouble began to show itself in the little family; the weather was gradually growing colder, however, by warming them in my hands, they improved during the day. Oct. 20, young Owls nearly dead, I found them in the middle of our loft floor, the old birds had deserted the nest, as they will do if the young do not thrive. Although there was signs of life in them, they were like a cold piece of putty, while later in the day they grew worse. I was about leaving them to their fate, when I described the state of affairs to a gentleman interested in bipeds, and also in Anatomy, Physiology and Hygiene. He suggested as a "dénier resort," to remove them to some warm place, and heat them up, and if I persevered enough, might add another feather to my cap by saving the life of two valuable birds. I undertook the job with zeal, and

resolved to give my whole time and attention to their salvation. I procured a suitable vessel to make a nest in, of cotton wool, and gradually warmed the little squeakers, (as the very young Pigeons are called,) over a radiator, and managed to resuscitate them; then, leaving the cage in a warm place for the night, hoped for the best in the morning. On visiting them at 6 o'clock, found them still living. This inspired me with hope. Oct. 22nd, young Owls still alive, (as per my diary), but not doing well. I thought this was caused by gas coming from coal, burning in a boiler room adjoining. I put them there for heat, but I afterward kept the cage in my bed-room at night, and in as warm a place as I could during the day. Oct. 26th, I had been feeding them by hand, and even by my mouth, as is done to imitate the way the parent birds feed their young, and succeeded so well that I brought the old birds down, and although confined to a small cage, in a strange place, they recognized their offspring, and seeing their renewed vitality, proceeded to feed them. But as is often the case, the weaker bird keeps failing, and the stronger one improving, so in this—our future pet bird thrived, the other succumbed. However, I claimed that I had won success in saving the best bird, and watched its gradual growth into a fully developed Pigeon, independent of any special care, for it takes great care of itself, picking and pluming itself, and performing its ablutions in a large bath, scattering the water in all directions. After this, I gradually lost sight of it among the multitude of other Pigeons we have. But not so my former patient with

[to be continued]