

sure, aroused the indignation of the peewees, found their little grey nest attached to one of the sleepers of the bridge, and four newly-hatched birds in it.

They might have been another pair, but for various reasons I am inclined to think they were our friends of former years, that had deserted their old home for one, that they perhaps thought more congenial, or where they would be less liable to intrusion. The bridge was not very far from the old house, and besides no peewee had built there before, at least not in the time that had come within the range of my memory. No doubt, in the previous summer—probably while enjoying their short holiday—the pair had seen the old bridge, and thought that it would be an excellent place for a home. So on the following spring it was there they had decided to build their nest instead of in the old house.

The move however proved to be a very very disastrous one for them. After my first visit, I often looked to see how the little birds were getting along. In just a few days they had become fully feathered and had grown so big that they quite filled the nest. One morning I made another call, and as I had fully expected, the nest was empty; the birds were gone. I was thinking how happy the old birds would be to have their family, able to fly around with them, when by some chance or other, I looked down into the small stream that flowed underneath the bridge, and there in a little bay, formed by the end of a log jutting out into the creek, the four little peewees were floating, quite motionless, on the surface of the water.

I could give no reason why such an unfortunate accident had happened, for birds very seldom make mistakes, when it is a matter of getting their young away from their nests. I thought that perhaps the little peewees had grown restless, and just a little too soon, before their feeble wings were capable of the task, had tried to reach that outside world, that seemed so bright to them, as they looked out on it from under the gloomy old bridge.

The parent birds, who were, I am sure, broken-hearted by their misfortune, disappeared, nor did they return to the place where formerly ill-luck had never fallen to their lot. I never saw them again. True, a pair returned to the old house the following spring, but I knew by their cheerful ways and the sprightly manner with which they went about their work, that it could not have been the pair that ill fortune had treated so unkindly the summer before.

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