

cat appeared to be puzzled, on the one hand, by the whirling of the captive bird, and somewhat intimidated, on the other hand, by the frantic appeals and plucky showing of the male robin.

All this I saw in the twinkling of an eye

Jumping over the fence, I took hold of the captive bird with my right hand and of the rather cumbersome branch with the left, and tried to cut the twine with my teeth, as I had no knife with me at the time ; but in this I was unsuccessful. So, retracing my steps over the fence with bird, branch and all, I reached my shed, where I knew there was a pair of scissors, with which, on second thought, I severed, not the twine, but the mere shred of skin that still held together the dislocated leg of the bird, and so released the latter.

After a few gentle strokes of the hand upon its back, I let the now crippled robin take its flight. It alighted first on the ground in the garden, and remained there for a few minutes, regaining its wind and strength. Then it perched itself on one of the plum-trees

After relating the above facts to my people at the breakfast table, my sister and I repaired to the garden, where to our utter amazement and delight we beheld the crippled robin bathing its stump in a pail (which I had previously filled with water) by *sitting* on the brim of the pail and lowering itself so as to reach the refreshing liquid. And that it did repeatedly in our presence, when we were but a few feet away from it

Finally my sister wanted to capture the poor thing, so as to nurse its amputated limb, and she made a move in that direction, but the wounded robin flew away with its male companion who had been around all the time, giving vent to its fear by repeated notes of anguish, and it was not seen any more.

---