The Empty Nest

There was a time in years gone by,
Wee ones played at my feet, while I,
Held one upon my knee;
The house was filled all day with noise,
The floor was scattered o'er with toys,
My head ached wearily.

There came a time my house was still,
No mud-stained footprints on the sill,
My longed-for time of rest,
My boys had climbed youth's topmost stair,
My girl, a maiden tall and fair,
Another's home now blest.

A last year's nest hangs on the bough,
'Twas filled with singing birds, but now
It empty is and bare.
The buds and bees have come, but still
Those birds come not again, to fill
With song the silent air.

I gaze upon that empty nest,
I know God's ways are always best,
But I am sad and lone;
I long so for life's vanished joys,
My wee girl and my bonny boys,
My nestlings that have flown.

A1 Egotist and a Woman

BY JESSIE LLEWELLYN.

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"It was a sad affair," he said.

"Yes?" She regarded him curiously. So this young man, known to his limited circle of friends as "The Egotist," possessed sympathy.

They sat on opposite sides of the long table in her father's library. At the farther end of the room the grate fire had gone out, but she did not ring, it might encourage him to stay after he had told the story. Perhaps he was not the egotist that people thought him to be. He seemed to feel the tragedy in what he told—else why should he be telling it?

And you knew him very well?" she asked.

"Oh, very well—in a business way. The governor used to rely on him. Afterwards when I took on the business, I kept him—out of kindness, you know. I'm a soft-hearted chap—"

"Yes, I know," she interrupted. "He was incompetent? You felt sorry?"

"Not that exactly, oh, no. He was a good man—student and digger—a great chemist. I appreciate a digger. I even took him over to the club for lunch once or twice. He was a natural gentleman. Then, anyway, I'm a humane chap at heart—regular democrat, you know."

"You say he was a very gifted scientist?" she asked quietly.

"He was that. We paid him a bigger salary than any extract house in the world ever paid a chemist. The governor and I always looked out for good men—and paid for them. I can tell a man of brains the minute I lay eyes on him. It's just natural for me to know one on sight—funny isn't it?"

"Very," she replied.

"I'm a queer contradiction," he ruminated, absently crushing some rose petals on the floor with his wide foot. "I was never before so shocked to hear of a suicide. He had often spoken to me about himself when he had one of those melancholy attacks. I encouraged him, for I'm an easy sort. Fellow can move me to tears and not half try. You see he had married a girl—well—the good fellow type. Said he owed it to her after pronounced attentions had made people talk. She told him that. He felt sorry for her—acted the fool as those studious chaps always do, and married her. Now, I—"

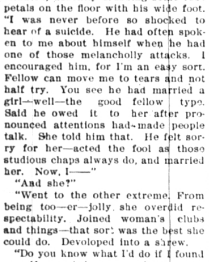
"And she?"

"Went to the other extreme. From being too—er—jolly she overdid respectability. Joined woman's clubs and things—that sort was the best she could do. Developed into a shrew.

"Do you know what I'd do if I found myself married to a shrew? Oh, I'm—"

"What did he do?"

"Oh, he!" A grave expression came over the young man's round face. He turned his profile toward her—he had a good profile—and passed his fingers through his front hair, careful not to disarrange it. "As I said before, he was one of those fine, super-sensitive souls; the kind that quivers at a rough word. I always know how to deal with that kind of a man. Now most people do not—but—well—you wouldn't think it—I'm naturally of the artistic temperament myself—funny with my business ability, isn't it? I could see, you know, that the woman was driving him to the edge of his nerves—that she was killing him. Never saw such a picture of misery as he grew to be. Always looking off somewhere and not hearing anything that went on around him. We grew intimate—I may say very intimate. He was a gentleman, you know, always without a cent, but a gentleman, and although he was only a salaried man in the house I actually grew fond



"It was a sad affair," he said.

of him. We would tell college yarns and I—"

"You were in college together?"

"Not exactly. He had gone in for the German and Russian universities after ages of cramming on this side. Of course I—with the governor's money—"

"Yes, I know." She swiftly replied and a dark red overspread her face and neck. "You became intimate friends, and—how very sad—he—it was only last week, wasn't it?"

"Committed suicide last week. Took five grains of morphine and was as dead as—er quite dead in no time. I was with him that afternoon. He was down-hearted and I just thought of some such thing at the time. I'm pretty good reader of human nature, you know—pretty good. I—"

"You and he were associated daily, and were very close friends for several years, were you not?" Her voice was beginning to sound as if it came from a remote corner of the long room and she shivered as he spoke again.

"For fifteen years—ever since I became manager in my own right. His was as fond of me as a—awfully fond of me, but I didn't discourage it—it pleased him. When I'd come down in the morning after a—well, after having been detained late the night before, I'd feel his eyes on my face. Then he would slip up behind my chair and lay his hand on my shoulder, for all the world like the governor used to do. And he'd say: 'Take care of yourself, old man; you're working too hard. I couldn't bear to see another name at the head of our stationery. It would break me all up, old man.' That's the way he would talk. The way that man loved

"I will tell you something funnier even than yourself!"

me was wonderful. Funny, isn't it?"

"Very," she replied, still more quietly.

"But I started out to tell you about the suicide. Saddest thing I ever knew. That afternoon I had told him in plain words that I'd promised another man his place—fellow I met on the other side last summer. Her brother you know. You'll not feel—er—jealous when you get the cards? I gave you two opportunities—I want you to—well you know people and I—"

"And the man," she reminded.

"Oh, he. He took it all right. Business is business, you know. He never said a word. Just got a little whiter—it was a little sudden—and walked straight out of the building. What I didn't just like was the way he went—not even waiting until four o'clock, but I'm naturally a soft-hearted chap, and I didn't say much.

"He must have gone straight home then. They say he stepped into the house and asked for his wife. She had left word that she had gone out and would not be home for dinner. As he went out again, they told me, he met his little girl playing in the yard with some children. He asked her to go with him for a walk, but naturally enough, she said she would rather stay and play with the children. She never was much for her father, anyway. He was quiet, you know. Nobody ever knew him—except myself—I knew him like a book, I—"

"And he died alone without anybody?"

"Well, that was the last anyone ever saw of him, alive. The next morning they found him in his bed. And his face—"

She got up suddenly. "Please!" was all she said.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Your eyes look so peculiar."

"The details. It is the details that I cannot—"

"Oh, certainly!" Curiously his face relaxed in a broad smile. He raised his hand in a grand gesture and stroked his small black mustache.

"I just told you the story," he began. "We were speaking earlier in the evening of literary ability. Well, I wrote a friend of his a complete account of the suicide, and—do you know, it was the most graphic thing I ever did? The way it impressed me and all makes me believe that I have real literary ability. Funny, isn't it?"

"Very." Her voice sounded strange to both of them. Her arms were held close to her sides and her hands were clenched.

"What's the matter?" he asked again.

Her face was very pale. He wondered stupidly.

"And now," she said in a repressed, monotonous tone, "I will tell you something funnier, even than yourself. I've got to tell!"

Her voice had risen, but she care fully modulated it again.

"For fifteen years you knew him intimately. For fifteen years, I knew him, too. I loved him—always—before his marriage—long before—and afterwards. I love him—now. You see he didn't need you—or anybody. I—he—we—good-night! Oh, good-night!"

STORY OF A LUNCHEON.

Amusing Account of the Way Elizabeth Jordan Was Outwitted.

The following story is told about Miss Elizabeth G. Jordan, whose new book, "Tales of Destiny," has just been published by the Harpers. When Miss Jordan was working on the staff of one of the chief newspapers in New York she had an assistant whom we will call Miss Q. One day Miss Q ordered a modest luncheon brought to her desk, when Miss Jordan observed it temptingly displayed during Miss Q's absence from the room. Miss Q failing to return, Miss Jordan raised a cover of one of the dishes, which proved very attractive to a hungry woman whose absorption in work had caused her to forget her own luncheon. The tasting of one dish led to the eating of it. Still Miss Q did not arrive. Miss Jordan seated herself and throwing care to the winds, ate the entire luncheon, carefully replaced the covers, and returned to her desk. Presently Miss Q arrived and sat down with an air of pleasant satisfaction. Removing the covers one by one she discovered her loss, and without remark left the room. It was not long before a waiter appeared at Miss Q's desk bearing a tray loaded down with all the delicacies of the season, including quail on toast. To this sumptuous repast Miss Q now sat down. Meanwhile the waiter had approached Miss Jordan and presented her bill. She looked at the amount. It was $4.50.

"This was to be charged to you, m'm said the waiter.

"Certainly," said Miss Jordan, continuing her work without the slightest change of countenance.

WOES OF GERMAN OFFICERS.

Matrimonial Snags in the Path of Kaiser's Soldiers.

As censor of military marriages, German Emperor William has defined what manner of wedlock is permissible to Prussian officers and what marriages are "strengthily understaid." His new order states that an officer with $1,125 a year must have a private income of $375 in order to marry. A district officer of gendarmes must add private means of $525 a year to a salary of $900 to win the privilege. Officers who haven't $750 pay mustn't marry at all.

The kaiser's is the busiest matrimonial bureau in the world. Each officer who desires to "double his duties and halve his rights" must state his prospective father-in-law's business and tell whether the lady is maid, widow or divorcee, and in the latter case why. Proofs must be inclosed of her income, education and repute. If there is no obstacle, social or military, the wedding bells may then peal out their merry note.

Interest rates upon such German investments as the "kingly and kaiserly" bureau will accept are low. A young fellow practically must have $10,000 to $15,000 in his own name before he can think of matrimony. If the lovelorn one has not the cash—well, in that case he can give up his commission and come to a country where he may marry on nothing a year if he likes.

One Sure Sign.

A story illustrating the hard-headedness and sheer common sense of the late Dr. McCosh, the noted dean of the faculty of Princeton University, was told recently. He made the acquaintance of a couple of Scotsmen who worked as farm hands on an estate near Princeton, and, learning that they did not go to church, hauled them over the coals for backsliding and induced them to attend Sunday services regularly. They were simple-minded men, with immense respect for the venerable instructor, and they invariably ran to him to settle disputes or to advise them in matters of business. One morning they appeared before him as he was going to chapel, and told him they had had a quarrel as to the sign of hearing the first cuckoo of the season. Jamie had said that it was a sign that the one who heard it would speedily marry; Sandy declared it was a sign that the hearer would get speedily rich.

"It's a sure sign of somethin', doctor. What may it be? Can ye tell us?"

"Yes," said the doctor. "To hear the first cuckoo of the season is a sure sign you're not deaf."

And he solemnly turned on his heel and left them staring after him.

Wanted Too Much.

The late E. M. Reed was vice-president of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad in the palmy days when that road was paying 10 per cent dividends. Reed was a close buyer and used all the arts and subtleties necessary to hammer prices down to their lowest figure. One day he was negotiating for an improvement in the way of a locomotive appliance, and after wrangling for some time over the price said to the sales agent:

"How much will your concern make on this transaction?" To which the reply came, "Ten per cent."

"Great Scott!" said Reed, "you want to get 10 per cent profit on this one sale, do you? Why, bless your soul, it takes our road a whole year to make 10 per cent."

Senator Hoar's New House.

Senator Hoar has bought a house on Connecticut avenue, Washington, a three-story brick structure of 16 rooms. He borrowed the $18,000 which it cost, but hopes to make a profit by selling before long. He and Mrs. Hoar have boarded for thirty-three years in Washington hotels. Much disappointment is felt in the capital because Senator Clark does not intend to build a residence on the site of the old Stewart castle which he purchased some time ago. Finishing touches are being put to his splendid home in New York, and it is said the senator will not build again outside Montana.

The summer girl who falls in love thinks she is having a warm time.

Glorious Old Spain

(Special Letter.)

IN recrossing the frontier from Portugal into Spain, via Frinte, San Esteban, the first thing one notices the countryside changes is that the bright green of all at once to a half-desert, where agriculture can only be pursued with much pains and difficulty. After a few hours in a train which has assumed the Spanish rate of speed, the fields grow greener, and by the time Salamanca is reached the crops look worth gathering.

An all night ride in the train brought me to Escurial, and the next day I reached Madrid. Neither there nor elsewhere in any part of the country is seen evidence that the people have so recently passed through a humiliating war. Madrid, the third most engaging capital in the world—I only place Paris and Vienna before it—is as gay to-day as it was ten years ago, the streets pulsating with happy life, the spacious parks filled with chattering and laughing crowds.

"A sight of the "Boy King" was, of course, one of the things to be obtained, for since his coronation, only a few weeks previously, the 16-year-old monarch has become one of the most interesting of contemporary sovereigns. I had learned that he was to attend the "Salve" at one of the smaller churches on the afternoon of my arrival, and made haste to reach the place.

The sight inside the edifice was most interesting. Lighted candles so numerous as to give the effect of a great blaze covered the high altar. Music by orchestral instruments was accompanied by only one fine tenor voice, the strain seeming at times lively enough for a dance. Gorgeously clad priests of various grades, attended by boys in red, repeated the service. Below a large image of the Holy Virgin was a most enchanting little figure of Christ, at the apparent age of three years, with tightly curled blonde hair and gold-bralded garments.

In a sort of private box on the level of the gallery Alphonso and his mother could be seen, leaning over the windowsill and watching the proceedings. Pleased with his new honors, as any other lad would be, the young king is still a boy. His dignity is that of youth, not the aping of mature manners.

As he re-entered his carriage, sitting with his back to the horses, to give his mother and sister the best places, he bowed smilingly to the onlookers, and was driven back to his home, perhaps the stateliest royal residence in Europe.

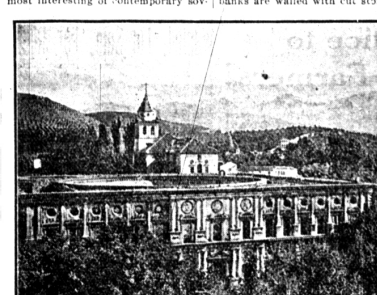
Little space need be given in this letter to Segovia, where I went next, except to recall the marvelous aqueduct that supplies the city—built in the time of Trajan, of massive stone blocks, unfastened by either rivers or cement, and with double arches 90 feet high in some places.

How imperishable those Roman works seem! Water still comes to Seville on arches built soon after the time of Christ, and at Cordova and other places Roman bridges defy the passage of time. La Granja, seven miles by carriage from Segovia, is a royal palace and park, which is considered to rival Versailles, especially in the elaborate fountains. Alphonso is expected to reside here this summer for the first time in his life, and the residents of the village are suitably excited over the prospect. No king or queen has been among them since the death of Alphonos XII, more than sixteen years ago.

The cathedral at Burgos delayed me two nights, though I confess to being disappointed in everything but the octagonal dome, which is certainly unique.

Just a word should be said about Bilboa, the one town in all Spain that gives the idea of Yankee push and energy. It is situated on the Nervion, about eight miles from the open sea, and contains perhaps 70,000 inhabitants, nine-tenths of whom are Basques. This remarkable race is as fond of work as the Andalusian, for instance, is fond of rest. As soon as the train enters the Basque province the difference is perceptible.

From Bilboa to Portugalette, at the mouth of the Nervon, I counted more than 100 seagoing steamers, and yet these far-seeing people have reserved nearly all of one bank of the river for a promenade and parkway. Both banks are walled with cut stone, mak-



PALACE OF CHARLES V.

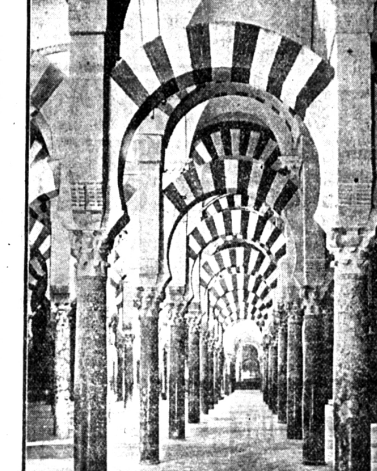
ing at least fifteen miles of wall that has been built; and at Portugalette a "flying ferry" conveys passengers and teams across the river, so that a bridge may not interfere with navigation.

I want to speak just once more, before I finish with Spain of the universal courtesy of the people, high and low, toward Americans. Especially do I dwell upon this because to other lands among those so accessible and little traveled offers so much of interest to our people, and some, no doubt, have hesitated to make the journey since the late war.

"The question is often asked, 'Why do people travel abroad who have not seen all of their own country?' One might as well inquire, 'Why do people go to a concert or an opera who have a parlor organ at home?'

A new country like America cannot have as many places of interest as old ones like those of Europe or Asia. Within the distance between Boston and Chicago the European traveler can compass the wonders of ten nations, each with its own language, customs, architecture, historical monuments and natural scenery.

In a dozen Spanish towns of the fifth rang there are mediaeval churches of surpassing beauty. Among the pleasant hills are picturesque palaces and monasteries across the valleys run aqueducts that seem built by a race of Titans, while rivers are crossed by bridges on which St. Paul may have set his feet. And Spain does not exceed in interest, does not even equal several other lands that may be traversed in the time it takes to go from New York to Galveston.



CATHEDRAL INTERIOR.

Curzon Has Brilliant Future.

Not a few observers of things in British public life are of opinion that Lord Curzon will yet be premier of the empire. He has devoted himself almost wholly to politics from his early youth, and was writing books on big problems when most young men of his age are on pleasure bent.

TRAMP LOST A GOOD THING.

Unfeeling Sheriff Drove Him Away From Piece of Luck.

"I had a good thing of it once in Texas," said the tramp as he hunted through his pockets for a cigar stub, "and it was a sheriff who dished me out of it.

"Down there they have the most severe laws in any state, and when I was arrested one day I was charged with bein' a tramp, a vagrant, a boodler, a person and a suspicious character. On top of that I had built a roadside fire, asked for food and thrown stones at a dog.

"I was convicted on every charge, and after figurin' for a minit the judge called out:

"'I find the prisoner guilty on all counts, and he is sentenced to jail for seventy years.'

"I was lookin' for a long rest when the sheriff took me over to the jail, but I hadn't been in the place fifteen minutes when he handed me a crowbar and pointed to the wall and said:

"'Dig out of this as soon as you can.'

"'But I'm here for seventy years,' says I.

"'You ain't here for seventy minits. If you ain't out before supper time I'll come in with a club and break your neck. D'ye 'spose I'm going to have you hangin' around here for any seventy years? Git to work.'

"I wouldn't do it," said the tramp, "not with a gun myself out of a long job, and when that sheriff saw I wouldn't ne jest hitched up his hoss and buggy, run me out on a prairie fifteen miles from anywhere and dumped me out.

"It took me two days to git back to jail again, and I hadn't scarcely kicked on the door when he put two bullets through my hat and flung me out fifty cents, and I had to let go and head for Dallas.

"That seventy years in jail would have been a pat hand for me, but back was ag'in my sittin' in the game and I don't expect to ever tumble over another good thing while I live."

CHANCES OF A BURGLAR.

He Is Not the One Usually Who Is in Danger.

A man who was arrested by local detectives a few weeks ago and afterward sent to the penitentiary on a charge of burglary, talked freely to the officer concerning his manner of living:

"Will you tell me why you prefer a life of crime to that of an honest, upright man?" the detective asked him. "I have often wondered," added the officer, "why burglars will take such desperate chances, when so frequently there is but little to be gained."

"But we don't take the chances," said the burglar. "The man who comes after us takes the chances. He takes his life in his own hands when he leaves his bed-chamber and goes in pursuit of an unwelcome caller. The odds are all against him and in favor of us. We know where we are and have an idea from where the occupant of the house will come. Of course, we only go to rob and, when necessary, to fight. No burglar is going to get caught if he can help it, even if he has to resort to murder."

"Still," the detective reasoned, "you are bound to be in danger some time, and that some time I should think, would deter you from taking the chances."

"There are remote chances," the burglar said, "but they are so remote that they are never considered. If you will consult the records you will see that not one burglar in a hundred cases ever gets caught. Until there is a great change in the results you may depend upon it that burglaries will not cease."—Washington Star.

Squandered Three Fortunes.

While Baron Shibuwasa, the multimillionaire from Japan, was being shown the sights at Girard college in Philadelphia, some one remarked to Gen. Louis Wagner, who was one of the guides, that it seemed just a little strange to think that so diminutive and even insignificant looking a man as is the Baron should be the possessor of something like $150,000,000.

"It's all in the point of view," replied the general. "Once when I was attending a Grand Army reunion up at Reading a man was pointed out to me as having squandered three fortunes."

"When I asked for particulars I was told:

"'Yes, sir; three fortunes. His grandfather, his father, and his brother have all died, and each one left him $250; and he hasn't a cent to his name to-day.'"

Pugilists at Coronation.

A week before the coronation of George IV., in 1821, a famous pugilist, known as "Gentleman" Jackson, acting under instructions from the earl marshal's office, was busily engaged in beating up fighting men for a peculiar purpose. That was to keep in check the supporters of Queen Caroline, who was threatening to create a disturbance outside of Westminster abbey. Jackson's auxiliaries, twenty in number, were attired as king's pages, and were stuck about the abbey gate. Their appearance was quite sufficient; not one of the aggrieved queen's sympathizers ventured to go near them. One was John Gully, who was in turn prize fighter, racing man, colliery proprietor and member of parliament.

Training German Soldiers.

The German soldier is trained to maneuver in all weather and at all seasons. Extreme cold, is of course, a great obstacle to the mobilization of troops.

Billeting is not always possible and the alternative of sleeping in tents with the snow lying deep on the ground and the thermometer below zero seems at first sight impracticable. Nevertheless, it has been found that, with a little precaution, the men suffer no ill effects from the exposure. The tents used for this purpose are very small, as these are found to be warmer than the large ones. Indeed, the temperature inside the canvas is generally twelve degrees higher than outside to begin with, and of course, rises when the tent is occupied. Hot coffee is served to the men at intervals of two hours throughout the night.

Horticulture

Asparagus.

From Farmers' Review: In answer to your inquiry as to how to renew or move an old asparagus bed, I would say do neither of these, but plant a new bed. This is easy to do, either with plants or seed. The plants are as easy to raise from seed as onions and should be planted and cared for the first year the same as onions. The plants should be set out in the spring, when one year old, and they should not be set so closely together as was formerly thought best, 2x4 feet being about right. A horse can be used in cultivation, and the bed be easily cared for. The plants should be set in good garden soil, which should have been plowed or spaded a foot deep or more.

The depth to put in the plants depends on whether you grow for home use or market and on the character of your soil. On ordinary garden soil three or four inches is best, covering only an inch or two first, leveling the soil in after cultivation. There are several ways of manuring asparagus beds, but for home use I would manure with barn manure in November, after cutting the tops off close to the ground and removing and burning them. This mulching should be light while plants are small, but when they get large and strong three or four inches of manure will not hurt them. An asparagus bed may be cut for use the third year after setting plants, and should remain in good condition for twenty-five years, especially if plants are set a good distance apart. I will only add that the plants should be set only on well drained soil, wet ground where water stands in winter, or any time, not being suitable. From 500 to 1,500 plants can be raised from ten cents worth of seed.—Frank Aikin.

To the Farmers' Review: If "Mrs. O. A." will proceed as follows I think she will have no cause to find fault with the result. If rows are far enough apart, cultivate often. Mow off, remove and burn the tops to destroy insect and fungus pests. Get rid of weeds, grass and volunteer seedlings even if it takes harrowing or light disking. If the bed is small hand raking will answer. Apply nitrate of soda, mostly among the roots, about 200 pounds per acre. After cultivating dress heavily with good stable manure. If well rotted it will do still better. Later in the fall mulch liberally with stable manure, and at the same time add wood ashes or bone meal, at the rate of 300 pounds to the acre. This mulch will hold all snow over the roots and in the spring should be worked into the soil. Try this and report result next season.—Emma Clearwater, Edgar Co., Ill.

Legumes in Orchards.

A. A. Hinkley: For fertilizing orchards the value of some of the leguminous plants is admitted, though they are not yet in general use. The details of their growth, cultivation and utility are subjects for study and consideration that we may learn how and when to use the different varieties to the best advantage. Their roots penetrate deep into the soil, making it more porous and decompose more or less of the hardest substances with which they come in contact. The roots also support bacteria, which have the power to change the free nitrogen of the air into plant food. The thick epidermis of the leaves prevent rapid evaporation from their surfaces, the heavy foliage shades the ground, checking the loss of moisture by the direct action of the sun and wind, at the same time keeping the temperature of the soil at a lower point through the hot months, than if clean cultivation was used.

The cow pea is the more generally known, and different methods of cultivation are practiced. The common plan in my locality is to plow the land, harrow it once or twice and plant the seed with a wheat drill or double row with a corn planter, then leave the crop to take care of itself. Some times the seed is sown broadcast on freshly plowed land and harrowed in, there is always some of the seed lost by this method in a dry time. After the plants are strong enough to resist the teeth of the implement in use, they might be harrowed or gone over with a weeder to advantage.

I claim better results are obtained by thorough preparation of the seed bed, than planting in rows, about thirty inches apart and cultivating shallow, keeping the surface level, until they shade the ground. I think the difference in yield is more marked on poor land than on land well supplied with humus, even then the seed saved and the benefit to the soil of good cultivation is worth considering. Planting this way one bushel of seed will be sufficient for four to six acres. The seed should not be planted until the ground is in condition to germinate it without delay, as the pea is from a warm climate and the seed will rot sooner than corn in a cool, damp soil.

Fruit that the farmer picks from his own vines, bushes or trees, is far superior for home use to that that is purchased in the market. Market fruit must be picked before it is at its best, while the fruit for the farmer's table can be picked at its best as it is needed.

A good orchard on a farm will do more to sell the farm than any other thing of like cost.

Draining a Cow Pasture.

A correspondent of the Farmers' Review wishes some of our readers to give him their experiences in the draining of land intended for a cow pasture. The land is low, but there is sufficient fall to take off the water. If possible he wishes to avoid the use of drain tile. A response is requested.

Birds That Sing as They Fly.

Besides the skylark, a number of other birds sing as they fly. Among these are the titlark, woodlark, water peppet, sedge warbler, willow warbler and win chat.