

A Curious Specimen of the Yellow-throated Warble (*Dendroica dominica*).—On August 29, 1889, I shot near Charleston an adult male Yellow-throated Warbler in full autumn plumage with the back nearly jet black. The whole back is black, but concealed partially. Every feather has a large black spot with only a very small portion of the end marked with the usual color, *i. e.*, bluish gray. This is not the first specimen I have taken marked in that way, for I shot one in 1885 which also has a blackish back, but not nearly as pronounced as the one I now record. I have both of these birds in my collection.—ARTHUR T. WAYNE, *Charleston, S. C.*

The Nest and Eggs of *Regulus calendula*.—About the 20th of May, 1888, while at one of our cattle ranches on the White Mountains, Apache Co., Arizona, I noticed a pair of Ruby-crowned Kinglets busily engaged in picking up feathers from in front of the door of the ranch. These feathers they carried to a clump of tall spruce-fir trees about sixty yards from the house, but for some time I could not be certain as to which tree they were building in. Finally I noticed that the Kinglets stayed longer in one particular tree than in any of the others, so I climbed it and at last discovered the nest in a clump of fir cones near the top of the tree. I did not touch the nest as I knew it could not then contain eggs. Next day I was unfortunately obliged to return to the home ranch, thirty-five miles northeast of this place, preparatory to a trip to New Mexico, as we had to start on June 3. On June 1, that being the last day I could spare, I rode the thirty-five miles in the morning to the tree where the nest was, tied my horse to another tree, and ascended to the nest. It was blowing furiously, and the nest was so near the top of the tree that taking it became a matter of considerable difficulty. The nest was completely hidden by the fir cones surrounding it, and was placed about four feet out from the stem of the tree, at the end of a branch, so I ultimately found it necessary to cut off the branch, nest and all. The nest contained five fresh eggs. Cutting off the extreme end of the branch with the cluster of cones and nest still attached, I descended the tree but unfortunately broke an egg on the way down. Even after I had the nest down upon the ground, it was no easy matter to get the eggs out without breaking them. This, however, I finally succeeded in doing, and packing the eggs in my hat, I started on my long ride home rejoicing.

The nest, as before stated, was placed in a bunch of cones at the end of a small branch, in a spruce-fir tree, at an altitude of about sixty or seventy feet from the ground. It was semi-pensile, being attached to the branch above and also to the cones all round. Fine moss, lichens, cobwebs, etc., were its chief components, the interior plentifully lined with feathers, chiefly those of the Wild Turkey and Dusky Grouse. The external width of the nest was about 4 inches, internal width about 1.5 inches, depth from 1.5 to 2 inches. On my return from New Mexico I was annoyed to