

buffy brown; the other two are distinctly flecked with reddish brown or cinnamon-color, these markings most numerous, and in one egg most distinct, on the larger end."

The nest was built in canes, six and a half feet from the ground, and over running water, and is typical of a Swainson's nest.

After taking the nest and eggs I would not shoot the birds as I hoped I could get another set of eggs from them. I accordingly visited the same swamp again on May 26, and after an hour's careful search I found the nest, with the bird sitting. I actually had my hand on her before she left the nest. The eggs — three, as in the first nest — are all spotted, much more so than the first set. They are all marked with reddish brown, upon a buffy white ground, though in one egg the ground color seems to be a little lighter than in the others, and it is not as heavily marked. The nest was built in canes, but was placed only three feet from the ground and in a comparatively dry situation.

Mr. Brewster has described a set of three eggs of this Warbler which were taken by me. (See *Auk*, Vol. II, No. 4, 1885.) He says: "One is perfectly plain; another, like the larger egg of the first set, has two or three minute specks which may be genuine shell markings; while the third is unmistakably spotted and blotched with pale lilac."—ARTHUR T. WAYNE, *Yemassee, S. C.*

Helminthophila chrysoptera in Manitoba.—By the kindness of Mr. William Hine of Winnipeg, Manitoba, I am enabled to record the capture of a Golden-winged Warbler taken by him near Winnipeg on or about May 24, 1887. Two years ago in Winnipeg Mr. Hine showed me the specimen, which he had mounted. It was an adult male in full plumage. This capture is an interesting one, for although the Golden-winged Warbler is well known to breed in some parts of Wisconsin and Minnesota, Winnipeg is some three or four hundred miles beyond its known range.—C. F. BATCHELDER, *Cambridge, Mass.*

Was He a Philanthropist?—On the fourth of July, when in the woods looking for the nest of a Black-throated Blue Warbler, my attention was diverted by a Chestnut-sided Warbler. He came hunting over the bushes near me, once flying so low that I caught his image among the waving reflections of the sunlit saplings in the pool at my feet. I traced him to a nest, and was rejoicing over the discovery when, on walking nearer, I was thrown into perplexity by seeing a female Redstart come to feed the young. What could it mean? I dared not believe my eyes. Perhaps, in moving to a better position, I had lost my Chestnut's nest and come upon a Redstart's. Or—could such strange things be? Before I had time to get over my bewilderment, back flew the Chestnut again, feeding the babies as calmly as if to assure me that such things were, whether from precedent or the premises of ornithologists they could be or could not be.

I signalled excitedly to Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller, who was watching