

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

for the Blue Warbler a few rods away, and we seated ourselves about fifteen feet from the tree, determined to see everything that happened. The nest was in a small beech, about thirty feet from the ground, in a crotch made by a short, dead branch with the trunk. It seemed to be a compact, typical Redstart nest, though placed higher than usual—it certainly had nothing to suggest a Chestnut-sided Warbler's nest. It was in such plain view from where we sat that, through our glasses, we could see the fuzz on the heads of the little ones, and see the larger of the two scratch his bill, stroke his feathers, stand up in the nest, and stretch his wing over the edge. When the sun lit up the leaves and the nest in their midst, we could see into the throats of the hungry babies. When the old birds fed them, I saw the yellow patches on the tail of the Redstart as she darted around the nest, and the white breast and yellow crown of the Chestnut-sided Warbler. And in hunting, the Chestnut came within six feet of us, so that we could see the deep chestnut of his sides and the heavy black markings of his cheeks. We watched the birds closely for an hour or more in the morning, two hours in the afternoon, and for a short time just before dark; and each time saw the same singular performance.

The birds fed the young at dangerously short intervals—we feared they would leave the nest dyspeptics for life! And they would have been crammed still more, if it had not been for the time it took the Redstart to drive off the Chestnut, and the delay her attacks caused him; for she had no wish for his kind offices and, as Mrs. Miller remarked, like some other philanthropists that made no difference to him! When she saw him coming with food, before he was anywhere near the tree, she dashed at him with spread tail and resentment in every feather. His long-suffering meekness was philosophical. He flew before her, waited till she had spent her anger and gone off or down in the bushes for an insect, when he slipped up to the nest and fed his charges. It seemed as if she could not bear the sight of him. Again and again she drove him out of the tree, and sometimes she almost tumbled her babies out of the nest, flouncing at him over their heads when he was in the act of feeding them. Once or twice he came to a twig behind the nest, leaned over, and stretched the food across to the birds, as if to make sure of getting off before she caught him. But he was no coward, and took a good claw-to-claw tumble with her when she had snapped her bill at him once too often. Except for this, he seemed calm and self-possessed through all her persecution, hopping from twig to twig, running along the branches, clambering up the stalks of the bushes, and occasionally giving a thin low call; while she flashed around madly, under leaves and over branches, flying up against one tree-trunk only to dart off to another. At first she made no noise, except when she snapped her bill, but later on she sang a few notes now and then while at her work.

On the morning of the fifth, we found that one of the young had flown, and the other one was out on a branch by the side of the nest. Mrs. Miller watched the family while I went to look up some noisy Ovenbirds,

and she thought the Chestnut lost track of the bird when it flew to another branch, for he watched where the Redstart went and tried to follow her. After he had been driven back a number of times, he apparently gave up, and disappeared. I came back in time to see the little one go to the ground and caught it and held it, though its poor mother trailed pitifully, while Mrs. Miller took notes on its plumage. She found that it was ashy on the back and darker on the head; that its throat and breast were ashy, turning to white below. The sides of its breast were slightly washed with yellow, and there were two yellow wing-bars. The beak was light colored, a little darker above than below. The tail was too short to show any color.

Whether the Chestnut succeeded in following the family after they left the nest, or gave up, discouraged in well doing, we did not determine. We saw the Redstart hunting about in the vicinity of the dead treetop where she took her young, the day after it left the nest, but saw no more of the Chestnut with her. A thousand theories suggest themselves in explanation of this domestic comedy, but of course it is too late to prove any of them. The only thing we felt justified in concluding from the position and character of the nest and the actions of the birds, is that the Redstart rather than the Chestnut-sided Warbler was the original owner of the nest.

On July 23 Mrs. Miller and I were near the dead treetop watching the family of Black-throated Blue Warblers whose nest we had been looking for when we came on the scene of coöperative housekeeping nearly three weeks before. As we were going on, I caught sight of a Chestnut-sided Warbler, and, as it was the first time I had seen one there since the nest had been left, I stopped involuntarily, half conscious of a hope that I might see more strange sights. The Chestnut went to the ground and following him with my glass, under the jewel weed, I saw a big grayish bird looking for food. In a moment it fluttered its wings and opened its bill and — was fed by the Chestnut! I was dumbfounded. Surely, wonders never cease!

It flew up into the trees after him and chirped as peremptorily as if the Chestnut had always got its meals for it. It was an odd sight to see the little Warbler chasing round for the big baby! He seemed very hard-worked, for besides having a larger capacity than the poor Chestnut was used to, the young bird had full use of its wings and was rarely found twice on the same branch, so that the little old gentleman had to whisk round for flies and for his adopted son too.

The young bird kept so high and clambered over the branches so nimbly, that we had much ado to make out its markings, but found enough to show that it was neither Chestnut-sided Warbler nor Redstart. When on the ground under the weeds its gray back seemed to have an olivaceous tinge; and when it flew up we could see that its light breast was somewhat streaked, the lines extending back to the flanks, where they were stronger. Its chin was white, and there was a dark line on its cheek. It had a finch bill, two wing-bars, and a long emarginate tail.

Who were the pair, and what did it all mean? Was this the same kind-hearted Chestnut Warbler that we had watched before, or is there a peculiar strain of human kindness in the blood of the Chestnut family? If he was the same bird, he certainly deserves a position at the head of an orphanage, for perhaps his combination with 'fresh air' work is a bit of Warbler wisdom that might be imitated.—FLORENCE A. MERRIAM, *Locust Grove, Lewis County, New York.*

**Capture of a Second Specimen of the Hooded Warbler in Massachusetts.**—Some time ago my friend, Mr. Wilmot W. Brown, Jr., of this city, showed me, among other interesting birds in his collection, a specimen of the Hooded Warbler (*Sylvania mitrata*) taken at Provincetown, Mass., by Mr. Harry C. Whorf of Winthrop. I have since obtained full particulars of the capture from Mr. Whorf, who kindly permits me to write this note. The bird was an adult male in high plumage, and was shot June 25, 1888, while busily catching insects in a thicket of scrub oaks and bushes. From the date of capture it would seem probable that the Warbler was breeding in the vicinity; but Mr. Whorf, who watched it for some time before shooting, saw nothing in its behavior to indicate that such was the case, the bird showing no signs of anxiety at his presence, nor any of the actions characteristic of a bird having a nest or young near by. There is, I believe, but one previous record of the occurrence of *Sylvania mitrata* in Massachusetts, that of a specimen taken in Brookline, June 25, 1879, as noted by Mr. Ruthven Deane (Bull. Nutt. Orn. Club, Vol. V, 1880, p. 117).—FRANK H. HITCHCOCK, *Somerville, Mass.*

**Interesting Nesting Site of a Winter Wren (*Troglodytes hiemalis*)**—Instead of being in "thick, coniferous woods," I found this nest in an upturned beech root in an open part of our deciduous woods. The tree had lodged after falling to an angle of about forty-five degrees, and the nest was stowed away in the earth among the rootlets. The beech was just off from an unused wood road that had grown up to jewel-weed (*Impatiens pallida*); and ferns filled the space up to the very edge of the gap from which the tree turned back, and formed a pretty fringe on top of the root. The May rains had turned the cavity beneath into a clear pool of water, and filled the swampy land back of the tree with similar pools where Red-eyed Vireos and Scarlet Tanagers came to bathe.—FLORENCE A. MERRIAM, *Locust Grove, Lewis County, New York.*

**The Hudsonian Chickadee (*Parus hudsonicus*) in Vermont and Massachusetts.**—While passing through a large larch swamp in Sutton, Vt., Aug. 16, 1889, I saw three or four Hudsonian Chickadees in company with a number of common Chickadees. A specimen shot proved to be a bird of the year. I do not remember to have seen any previous record of this species in the State of Vermont. From the date and from the nature of the locality it is probable that the birds bred there.

On October 18, 1889, I found two individuals of this species in a white