

Procuring a long piece of white string they carried one end well into the body of the nest and twined it around several sticks. Thence it was carried out like a guy rope to a nail that chanced to have been only half driven home, about six inches beyond the outer rim. Two turns were taken about the nail and the string then passed back to the nest and firmly interlaced with the twigs. The nest was then completed.

The string thus attached protected the nest from pitching forward—though the wind rocked it continually—while the wall protected it behind.

The work was not so deftly done as not to betray the novice in the weaving art, and a yearling Oriole might have smiled at the crude effort to steal its trade by its thick-billed relative. However, the evident purpose of *Carpodacus* was to tie down its nest so that it would stay, and appearances were but a secondary consideration. That the nest was securely anchored was evidenced by the fact that it contained five eggs upon which the female was peacefully setting quite regardless of the fact that it was within three feet of the head of every passer by.—H. W. HENSHAW, *Witch Creek, San Diego Co., Cal.*

Leconte's Sparrow (*Ammodramus leconteii*) in large numbers near Charleston, South Carolina.—Since the capture of this bird on January 26, 1886, and again on February 9, 1888, I have failed to detect the presence of this erratic Sparrow until December 6, 1893, when I shot an example in fall moult near Mount Pleasant. The next day I secured six specimens which were all in different stages of moulting. The moult was a slow one and it was not completed until January 15.

From December 6, 1893, to January 24, 1894, I secured forty individuals and could have obtained many more if I had had more time. They were to be found directly on the coast in 'broom grass' fields, which were quite boggy owing to long spells of rainy weather. The majority were shot on wing, but several were shot from the tops of live oak trees where they sought refuge after being repeatedly flushed from the ground. From the whole series only seven males were taken, the remainder being females.—ARTHUR T. WAYNE, *Mount Pleasant, S. C.*

Taming a Chipping Sparrow (*Spizella socialis*).—In the spring of 1891 a Chipping Sparrow built its nest in a honeysuckle vine which covers a stairway and balcony to my studio. It was begun while I was absent from home for a few days, and was on the railing just at the head of the stairs. I therefore avoided the balcony as much as possible until one egg was laid, using an inside entrance from the house.

I then began the experiment of taming the birds, standing for long periods in the doorway until the mother bird would at last go back and forth quite freely to the nest, and would sit upon it while I was there, at a distance of perhaps four feet.

Soon I tried sitting upon the top steps of the narrow stairs, which brought my head on a level with the nest, and it was not long before she also tolerated my presence there. I was so near that we sat and looked into each other's eyes.

I kept crumbs scattered about the balcony, which both birds ate, and then put them on my outstretched hand, and accustomed her to seeing that, held first from the doorway, and daily nearer to the nest, till at last I could hold it close beside her, and she would venture to take a crumb or two. And then one day, out came the tiny creature on to my hand! She did so frequently after that, and was also quite ready to take the crumbs from between my lips, while she sat upon the nest, and would let me stroke and cover her with my hand. But after the eggs were hatched, of which there were only two, she was not so tame.

During all this time the male bird never became very familiar, only hovering occasionally about the nest while I was near, and eating the crumbs from the balcony.

I anticipated when the young birds flew having the whole family return daily to at least breakfast there, but a week passed without my being able to identify one of them, though I made advances to every 'Chipping-bird' I came upon, hoping to receive some sign of recognition.

At the end of that time we had a succession of rainy days, and in one of them hearing a chattering going on outside my door, I looked out, and in the balcony, in the pouring rain, sat side by side two fat ragged young Chippies, while the mother bird went busily from one to the other, feeding them with dry crumbs, which were not three feet away in the shelter of the door, where they could easily have helped themselves.

That was the last I ever saw of them. But the nest remained and was still there the following February. There had been warm days which brought a few Bluebirds, but then followed a snow and ice storm which kept the trees and shrubs coated with ice for several days. We had watched a small flock of Bluebirds, in apparent distress, hovering about the house on one of the coldest of these days, and as night came on a number of them tried to find shelter under the eaves of my studio door, but flew away again. Just at sunset, however, one of them came back, and flew straight into the deserted nest! I watched until dark and he was still there, and I concluded that he spent the night.

Last spring we noted an interesting instance of devotion in a mother bird to her young. A Least Flycatcher built its nest in a half dead apple tree in our dooryard. We had a very hot day when the birds were only a few days old, and there being no leaves to shelter them, they evidently suffered from the heat, their heads hanging from the nest. We noticed later that the mother bird had taken a position just above them, and with outstretched wings was trying to shield them from the sun. She remained there for fully two hours, not even leaving them to bring food. When we saw that she also was panting with the heat, we decided to come to the rescue, and hoisted with a rake a grain bag over the nest for an awning. Immediately the male bird appeared, and both of them seemed to understand that all was well, and went busily to work catching insects for the young birds, who rapidly revived.—AMELIA M. WATSON, *East Windsor Hill, Ct.*