

area, where I first heard the Wren, and where he stayed most of the time for several weeks. Every day I could hear his *pickin' cherries*, *pickin' cherries*, *pickin' cherries*, *pickin'*, or *teàkettle*, *teàkettle*, *teàkettle*, or *whee-ha*, *whee-ha*, *whee-ha*, but the bird was very shy for a long time; in fact, till the nest was built. Starting from the swamp, he would make a complete circuit of the village every day, but apparently never left the valley.

Early in June I noticed that he seemed to stick to one locality most of the time, so I did a little exploring on his account, but could find no signs of a nest or a mate. The property on which the bird seemed to be located being occupied by people with whom I was not acquainted, I felt a little delicate about asking to go over the place more than once, so I asked Mr. Lewis H. West, who owns the place, to ask his tenants if they would not watch the Wren and try to find the nest. "Why, yes," they told him, "the birds have their nest in the roof of the well." This was about the 25th of June.

We found the nest in one corner of the roof of the well, about ten feet from the ground. The well is less than forty feet from the house, and is used daily. One of the birds left the nest when we went to see it, but stayed close by on a hemlock till we left.

I did not have a chance to visit the nest again till the 10th of July, when I found three young birds in the nest, well feathered. The mother bird was feeding them at the time, and was not at all shy, alighting on the lattice work around the well, with a small green worm in her bill, and waiting till we withdrew.

I did not keep track of the young birds after that, but heard the old ones nearly every day for a long time. On Nov. 3, I heard two calling to each other, one on the hill, one in the swamp. The last time I heard anything of them was Nov. 22.

There can be no possible doubt as to the identification of the bird, for Mr. West and I both were within six feet of them twice, and I have often watched them at short distances with a field-glass, while the song itself is a pretty safe guide with that bird.

I have good reason to believe that this is the first record of the actual breeding of the Carolina Wren on Long Island.—CHAS. E. CONKLIN, *Roslyn, Queen's Co., N. Y.*

**A Remarkable Nest of the Tufted Titmouse (*Parus bicolor*).**—On April 23, 1896, I noticed a Tufted Titmouse with its mouth full of building materials, and upon following it closely saw it fly into a very large mass of Spanish moss (*Tillandsia usneoides*). When it appeared again after depositing the nesting materials I was very much surprised to find that there was no hollow whatever where the moss was growing. It was followed by its mate, and made ten trips to the tree in less than fifteen minutes. Having had a good deal of experience with this species when nesting I knew it was characteristic of this bird to carry building materials to the nest even *after* the eggs were laid. I resolved to climb the tree

with assistance later in the day, but a violent rain storm prevented my doing so.

The next day, however, to my sorrow, I counted five eggs upon the ground and the nest completely blown out. Undismayed, she began work again in the same bunch of moss, but she was not encouraged at all by her mate, who would fly into a hollow near at hand and whistle for her, but she paid no attention to the hollow—just looked in and left. She worked rapidly and carried huge mouthfuls at every trip. Upon climbing to the nest on May 3 I found that it contained three eggs, and I left it for a full set. I was doomed to disappointment again, however, for the next day was very stormy, and upon visiting the tree I saw all the eggs on the ground and the nest, which was composed of dry leaves, hair, sedge, feathers and snake skins, was blown down in a mass. The fact of the Tufted Titmouse breeding in the Spanish moss is certainly a surprising departure for this bird.—ARTHUR T. WAYNE, *Mount Pleasant, South Carolina*.

**The Whistled Call of *Parus atricapillus* common to both Sexes.**—The well-known spring and summer call of the Chickadee, consisting of three clear whistles, is uttered by both sexes. I am not aware that record has ever been made of this fact, which I determined some time ago by the judicious use of firearms.—JONATHAN DWIGHT, JR., M. D., *New York City*.

***Passer domesticus* at Archer, Fla., and other Florida Notes.**—While collecting in Florida the past summer I killed a male *P. domesticus* at Archer on July 1. I can find no record of it having been recorded from this section before, and a number of persons to whom I showed the specimen said they had never seen one there before.

In sections of the State traveled over, where I have collected in previous years, I noticed a very perceptible falling off in the number of many of the large Waders. In Tampa Bay, however, I found the Roseate Spoonbill not uncommon, flocks of forty or fifty individuals being seen on two or three occasions, besides stragglers. I found them feeding in the boggy interiors of some of the mangrove islands and with a little caution was able to secure specimens.—T. GILBERT PEARSON, *Guilford College, N. C.*

**Records of Two Birds rare on Long Island, N. Y.**—*Contopus borealis*.—Giraud in his 'Birds of Long Island' makes no record of this species. Mr. William Dutcher in 'The Auk' (Vol. VI, p. 137), records the capture of the third specimen taken on Long Island (Aug. 11, 1888), two previous records having been made: one by Mr. N. T. Lawrence in 'Forest and Stream,' Vol. X, p. 235, and the other by Mr. DeL. Berier in 'Bull. Nutt. Orn. Club,' Vol. V, p. 46. A single specimen of *C. borealis* from Long Island is contained in the collection of the Long Island Historical Society.