

attracted by a loud and entirely unfamiliar song, the cause of which was found to be a rather plain Warbler among the lower branches of a large oak. The actions of the bird were slow, for a Warbler, reminding me more of those of the Red-eyed Vireo. It moved by hops, seldom moving along the branches, but usually sat still and turned its head in all directions in search of insects. At rather short intervals it gave out its loud, passionate song, almost like an Oriole's in the depth of its tone,—a contrast to the high notes of many Warblers. Only once or twice did I see it dart after insects in the air, and it wagged its tail but slightly. Unlike most Warblers it stayed for a long time in one tree and always in the lower half. It did not, however, resort to the bushes or in any way act like a terrestrial species, as Mr. Widmann's specimen did. This particular individual was very tame.

The next morning I heard the song again and went immediately to shoot the bird, lest I might be mistaken as to its identity. This time, however, it was shy and flew at once to another yard. Later it returned to the apple trees in the garden, and, without waiting for any more observations I shot it. This specimen proved to be a male.—ELIOT BLACKWELDER, *Morgan Park, Chicago, Ill.*

**The Hooded Warbler at Montville, Conn.**—On June 18, 1899, I took a Hooded Warbler (*Wilsonia mitrata*) that was singing in some mountain laurel bushes in an oak wood near the town of Montville, Conn., on the southern bank of the Thames River. It was the first time I have ever heard this species sing, and as I could not get within forty yards of it or see it plainly I was obliged to take the bird. I am not aware that the species has been recorded from the region of this river.—REGINALD HEBER HOWE, JR., *Longwood, Mass.*

**Odd Nesting of Maryland Yellow-throat.**—On June 15 of the present year a friend of mine sent for me to come to his house and look at a nest which was built in a shoe, and also to identify the birds. Upon arriving there I was surprised to see *Geothlypis trichas* nesting in a shoe. The locality chosen was near a back entrance to a house situated on the main street of our town. A pair of shoes, which were the property of my friend, were placed outside of the door on the under pinning which projected out from the side of the house about two feet. One day he had occasion to wear them and went out and brought them into the house; as he was about to put them on, he discovered something in one of them, and upon examination found it to be a nest.

The other shoe contained a few dry grasses and other fine material, but for some reason the bird gave up the idea of building in that, and took up housekeeping in shoe No. 2. My friend immediately put the pair of shoes back, thinking that she would return, and upon glancing into the shoe the next day was surprised to see that it contained an egg. She continued laying until she had deposited five. The next day after