

as the pink skirt was prominent he would not come into my lap. As soon as I folded that back he came up onto the blue skirt.

Throughout the summer we showed the bird to many of our friends. In the fall, father talked of taking him home; but I, thinking that he might be unhappy if confined, urged that he be left in his natural surroundings. Late in the fall some workmen who did not know the story of the tame Partridge were driving through the woods and the bird flew on the horse's back and then down into the road. One of the workmen seized a tool from his kit and threw it, striking the bird and killing him."—RUTH M. TORREY AND MARTHA G. KNIGHT, *Deer Isle, Maine*.

**Unusual Contents of a Mourning Dove's Nest.**—On May 5, 1917 while passing a clump of thorns, a Mourning Dove flushed from her nest therein, and was almost immediately followed by a young bird, nearly full grown and able to fly fairly well, which awkwardly alighted near by. As it was rainy and cold, and had been so for a week past, I would have passed on without further disturbing them had I not noticed that another young bird remained in the nest and seemed to be very wet and apparently dead with head hanging over the rim. I determined to remove it, as the other bird might wish to return.

The bush was very thorny and I had trouble in forcing my head and shoulders up through the tangle for the few feet necessary. I found that the bird was alive but very wet and weak as though the old bird had not been able to protect both young through such a long stretch of bad weather. My surprise came, however, when I discovered that the nest also contained three eggs, which, held to the light, seemed well along in incubation. They could not have been placed there by boys as the nest situation was such that had it been tampered with, broken twigs would have told the story, for I had to break and force a passage through to the base of the tree as well as to break one for my head as I climbed up a few feet. Returning on May 8 I found the nest deserted, the young bird dead and one of the eggs broken. I have heard before of sets of three of the Mourning Dove, but never heard of them being laid before the first brood had left the nest.

This clump of thorn was on a river flat, several acres of which is thickly grown up with several varieties of haws, wild crab, and wild apples and is used by Robins, Cowbirds, Grackles and Mourning Doves as a roost. Some 2000 Robins use this roost, the males and non-breeders even resorting to it nightly during the nesting season. During the migrations and after the Blackbirds flock it is also used by about 1000 Bronzed Grackles and several hundred Cowbirds. The Mourning Doves use it not only as a roost, but also as a nesting place. Their numbers, however, are comparatively small; probably not over 150 after the breeding season is over. About ten days after finding the nest described in this note, I made a survey of the thicket and found twenty-two occupied nests of the Mourning Dove,—and one of them contained three eggs.—E. A. DOOLITTLE, *Painesville, Ohio*.