

ises, not that of the observer hidden away in the woods or swamps in search of queer things.

J. H. LANGILLE.

A CHICAGO PARK HORIZON.

April 11, with field-glass and Chapman's Handbook carried in the hope of seeing a stranger, I reached Washington Park a little before 6 A. M., and took an hour for crossing it, on the lookout for birds. The morning was cloudy, cold and windy. This is my list: Before reaching the park one Red-headed Woodpecker, four Juncos and a flock of Canada Geese flying west-north-west (to go straight north would be to cross the business part of the city). In the park: Robins calling and singing, too numerous to count; three Blue Jays; three flocks of Fox Sparrows of ten, twelve and five respectively; ten Flickers; three Downy Woodpeckers; two Song Sparrows, one with a straw in his beak which he continued to hold while we surveyed each other; one Hermit Thrush. Not much of a list, but we are thankful for small favors in the bird line in a city of this size.

Three miles further on, in the stock yards district, I saw one more Downy Woodpecker being mercilessly "pegged" by half a dozen young hoodlums. I scraped a hasty acquaintance with them, telling them what the bird was, something about woodpeckers, and showing them pictures in Chapman's, meanwhile anxiously hoping the bird would have sense enough to fly, but he did not. While I was talking one little villain edged off and threw a clod into the tree. "Aw, quit yer peggin'," called the biggest boy, in virtuous indignation, unconscious of the piece of brick in his own dirty fist which he had just picked up when I made his acquaintance. Whether his change of heart was permanent or not I don't know. I had to hurry on to my work and leave the poor bird to their tender mercies. But they did not "peg 'im" until I turned the corner anyway. Has any ornithologist discovered why a bird will stay and be tormented, perhaps killed, when he could spread his wings and rise out of danger? This bird only flew from one branch to another of the same tree.

The hoped for stranger I saw this morning in the park was a Solitary Vireo. Two of them in fact. I could hardly believe my eyes and Chapman, but Ridgway gives this bird as passing thru Illinois, so I am happy to add this little beauty to my list of acquaintances.

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