THE FLIGHT SONG OF THE KENTUCKY WARBLER.—The following letter entitled "A Woodland Mystery" was clipped from a Chester County, (Pennsylvania) newspaper last fall:

"Editor News:—For three Summers a little bird that sings on the wing has concealed its identity from me.

Its favorite time seems to be just at twilight, when it will swing out from the side of the wood which is close by our door, and after a short semi-circular flight, accompanied by a brief song, will dive among the trees and remain perfectly quiet.

I have heard it early in the morning and again by 3 p. m., but it sings chiefly at about dark, and this, with its manner of doing so, makes it very difficult to indentify.

Only a small percentage of our birds sing in flight, among them the Ovenbird, and as we have a number of these near, and I was not familiar with their air song, I was inclined to put the responsibility on them, but I thought I once caught a gleam of yellow as the singer slid among the trees, and twice I fancied the air song began and changed into the common song of the Kentucky Warbler.

At last, and probably nearly the last time it sang this season, as it closes its programme about the middle of July, I got a sufficiently near and clear view to satisfy me that it was the Kentucky.

The bird is not very common here, or rather, it seems to be quite rare for a series of years and then more plentiful for a while. It is about the size of our Vireos, with bright yellow breast and black markings on the sides of its head, in fact it looks very much like an enlarged copy of the Maryland Yellow throat.

It has nested and raised its young near us for several years, and a part of the time its common day song, sounding like pretty, pretty, is, perhaps, the most noticeable and constant one to be heard. But so shy is it with its air song that it has taken me three seasons to make sure of it.

EDWARD SWAYNE.

FOOD AND GRAVEL.—In collecting a series of skins of the Song Sparrow, I was struck with the large amount of gravel