

and species of birds, with extralimital forms (Old World and Neotropical). This broad treatment makes of the Key more than the merely faunal work which its title would imply— i.e., while it is still emphatically a Key to North American Birds, it contains more than ever in the past, much general information in regard to birds.

7. An invaluable feature of preceding editions—the scholarly explanation of the etymology of scientific names—is retained, and will continue to make the key unique among works of its class.

Throughout the Key—in all departments, life histories, descriptions, etc.,—Dr. Coues' famous descriptive powers are fully displayed as in the past.

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#### A BIRD RESTAURANT AND OTHER NOTES.

As usual I've been running a daily lunch counter just outside my west windows on an elm tree. Every day there come to it many times Brown Creepers, White-breasted Nuthatches, Red-bellied, Hairy and Downy Woodpeckers, Cardinals (I am feeding in the chicken yard four pairs of Cardinals, while over the fence in the corn field 9 Bob-whites are my guests), Carolina Wrens, Tufted Tits, and Chickadees, while at intervals Juncos and Song Sparrows gather up the crumbs. I find that the Red-bellied Woodpecker likes walnuts and butternuts best of all, the other two eat nothing but the suet. The Nuthatch, Tufted Tit and Chickadee probably like the nuts best, but they are almost equally fond of broken oyster crackers. Suet seems to suit the Brown Creepers. I have had eleven birds at once waiting their turn. December 14th a Yellow-bellied Sapsucker was close by for a half hour..

January 7th the first Robin. January 25th we saw a Crow and a Flicker. But our crowning triumph on last Sunday was a *Mimus polyglottos*! A sure enough Mockingbird. We were three miles north of town, ground covered with snow, temperature about 40°. Arrick first saw it in a tangled thicket through which ran a stream of water, and as it flew, we both took it to be a strike. We actually killed it for fear our veracity might be questioned, and ever since we have regretted it. I'm awfully sorry that bird isn't alive and well, for what untold pleasure we might have had, as spring opened, with its song among the blossoming hawthorns. I won't do it any more.

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