

The Nest of the Saw-whet Owl.—In April, 1881, I was camped near the base of Mt. Katahdin, while on a trip in that section in search of the eggs of our Birds of Prey. The weather at that time being quite cold, it was necessary to frequently replenish the fire. About 3 o'clock in the morning I arose for that purpose, and noticed a small object moving around amongst the remains of our last meal. Further investigation proved it to be some kind of small Owl, gleaning among the bones for stray morsels of meat. On my near approach it flew into a tall fir, and was hid from sight. During breakfast I again saw it, coming down to within a few feet of us, when, apparently seeing us for the first time, it again retreated to the fir. I then saw it was a Saw-whet Owl, and it seemed to be in no wise affected by the light. At night one of my companions informed me he had seen a pair of small Owls sitting together in an immense birch, but no nest could be found.

The next morning we struck camp, and moved toward the summit of the mountain. In about a week we returned over the same route and again camped at the place just mentioned. On the second night I was surprised to see the little Owl come as before. We concluded he must have a nest near, and the next day, April 30, we commenced to search for the nest. In the afternoon one of my guides was so fortunate as to discover the Owl going into a hole made by a Woodpecker, in a large birch. He looked in but could see nothing, and had stopped up the entrance with moss, so that I might see it just as he found it. On going to it and removing the moss I found the entrance quite large, having been slit by some animal trying to effect an entrance. Carefully cutting away the bark below the hole exposed the nest, which was merely a mixture of fine chips and small feathers of the Grouse. It contained the old Owl and three young ones.

I was disappointed at not securing any eggs, but felt amply repaid in viewing one page in the life-history of this little Owl, who sometimes visits me in my more southern home.

The young Owls were wonderfully droll-looking little fellows, and as they gazed at me with upturned eyes from down in the heart of that canoe birch, in the middle of that immense forest, stretching away for miles, remote from any human habitation, I thought that single look was worth hours of gazing at prepared specimens, inclosed in mahogany cases, in our scientific museums. The formation of a collection does not constitute all there is in the study of ornithology; and around the memory of the scene in that old Maine forest are clustered affections which time cannot destroy.—F. H. CARPENTER, *Rehoboth, Mass.*

Another Gyrfalcon in Rhode Island.—A specimen of the variety *sacer* was killed at Point Judith, R. I., Oct. 11, 1883, by E. S. Hopkins, Esq., of this city. He also killed an adult Duck Hawk the same day, which is the second I have examined from the same locality this month, Mr. R. G. Hazard possessing the first one, a beautiful bird of the year. Gunners on the seaboard report Hawks as being unusually plentiful this autumn.—FRED. T. JENCKS, *Providence, R. I.*