

Curlew, as they labelled it 'Long-billed Curlew.' If they had been acquainted with its identity, it is fair to assume they would have labelled it correctly, from the greater interest that would have been attached. We can also assume with certainty that Mr. Gebhard, in whose handwriting the label is, when the specimen was purchased, asked the taxidermist, Mr. Hurst, the locality the bird came from, and at the time when the fact was fresh in the mind of Mr. Hurst the locality 'Long Island' was added to the record. Mr. Hurst could have had no object in substituting a specimen of the European Curlew for our own form in the New York State collection, as a specimen of the Long-billed Curlew would be much easier to obtain, and further, the cost of a specimen of the European form would have been much greater. That he could have made the substitution knowingly is out of the question, as he was a man of the utmost probity of character and one whose statements could be depended upon implicitly. To further substantiate the fact that this specimen was taken in America it was submitted to Mr. William Palmer, taxidermist of the National Museum, Washington, D. C., and Mr. Jenness Richardson, taxidermist of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, who were present at the Congress, and they without hesitation, after examination, pronounced the specimen to have been mounted from a bird freshly killed and not from a dried skin. —WM. DUTCHER, *New York City*.

Notes on *Syrnium occidentale*. — Some fifty miles N. N. E. of San Diego Bay is a mountain known locally as Smith Mountain, or sometimes as Mt Palomar. It is the culmination of a broken, mountainous region, rising to an altitude of perhaps 6,000 feet, though some distance to the north and southeast are higher peaks. On the mountain are a number of small valleys which are often partially bordered by heavy forests of fir, cedar and oak, especially on the northern slopes.

Last June a small party of us spent a few days on Smith Mountain, selecting one of the smaller uninhabited valleys as our camp ground. The first night there two ladies of the party who, unaccustomed to camping out, were kept awake by sounds that they thought were made by a fox or an Owl, they could not tell which. I had heard the note of an Owl during the night, but sleepily decided that it was the Great Horned Owl. The next night I did not sleep so soundly, and heard the sounds distinctly and knew that I was listening to a bird note new to me. From the sounds made I thought that there was a pair of the birds as one set of notes was deeper than the other. We were camped at the base of a very steep slope at the mouth of a little gulch. The Owls appeared to be up toward the head of the gulch. In the morning I explored the locality from which the sounds came, and found among the large trees a dense growth of small firs and cedars of a quarter of an acre or so in extent which I thought was where the Owls probably were. Before dark I took my stand at the lower edge of the thicket and soon heard the hissing note of a young Owl, apparently calling for food. I was cautiously working my way up the steep

mountainside, when the young bird flew out toward me and lit on the dead branch of a cedar in short range. I fired and it fell, catching a branch below and hanging suspended by one foot just out of my reach. While hunting a stick to pull it down with, a *hoo* sounded close at hand, and one of the parents, carrying something in its claws, passed over my head and lit on the same branch from which I had just dropped the young bird. It was awfully short range, but a rare bird badly shot up is better than no specimen. Fortunately my shot did not damage it as badly as I had feared. There was light enough yet for me to see that I held in my hand my first Spotted Owl (*Syrnium occidentale*). By feeling around in the twigs and leaves I found the object it had carried in its claws; this proved to be a wood rat (*Neotoma fuscipes*) with head wanting, and cold, so it evidently had been caught the previous night and kept for later use.

Toward morning I heard the other Owl, and early the next evening I started for my post again, but before reaching it I heard the call of the Owl. I soon found and shot him. During the remainder of our stay we heard no more sounds of either young or adult of this species.

The ordinary notes heard were a succession of three syllables, alike in tone and volume, the first followed quickly by the second and then a pause of considerable length before the third—*hoo, hoo, —hoo*. The other series of notes is different and has a curious canine quality of tone; they were usually four, uttered rather rapidly, becoming emphatic toward the end, and may be represented by the formula: *oh, oo, ou, ov*.

The altitude of the place where I shot the Owls is about 5,000 feet, and the heavily timbered mountainside faces the north, so it is cool and shady. From my brief experience with the species I should think that the Spotted Owl, like its eastern congener the Barred Owl, is abroad earlier in the evening and later in the morning than the Great Horned Owl. How similar the notes are to the Barred Owl's I cannot say, as it is so many years since I heard the Barred Owl that I have forgotten its note. — F. STEPHENS, *Santa Ysabel, Cal.*

Coccyzus americanus occidentalis in Washington. — On July 8, 1892, I saw and positively identified a California Cuckoo (*Coccyzus americanus occidentalis*) at Ridgefield, Clarke County, Washington. The bird, an adult, and probably a female, flew out from a strip of small firs, and took a low perch on the edge of the woods, about twenty-five feet from where I was standing. It stayed some time, preening its feathers. The night of July 9—a bright moonlit one—I heard the *kuck, kuck* of a Cuckoo coming from the treetops of this grove of small firs. The note was rapidly given four or five times in succession; and the call several times repeated. The call was not rolled out to such length as that of the bird given in my Gray's Harbor List (Auk, Jan., 1892).

On July 18, my cousin, Mr. Harold L. Gilbert of Portland, Oregon, was attracted to this same spot by the birds' calls, and discovered a family of five—two adults and three youngsters. He shot the adults and one young