

The Barn Owl (*Strix pratincola*) in Northern Vermont.—A male Barn Owl was killed in a barn in Lyndon, Vt., June 4, 1894, and bought by a gentleman in St. Johnsbury. The measurements of the bird were as follows: Length, 16.50; extent, 45.00; wing, 14.00; tail, 5.50; bill, 1.00; tarsus, 3.75. Its plumage was light in color and upon skinning, it was found to be very thin and muscular as though it had led a hard life.

The first known occurrence of a Whip-poor-will (*Antrostomus vociferus*) in this town was noted on May 5. They are frequent ten miles south but have not been known here before.—MARTHA G. TYLER, *Curator of the Fairbanks Museum, St. Johnsbury, Vt.*

Observations on the Ruby-throated Hummingbird.—One 27th of May my son discovered a Hummingbird at work upon her nest, and drew for me a map of the locality by which I had no difficulty in finding the spot. It was well in the depths of an eighty acre forest. I watched my opportunity and while the bird was away for material succeeded in obtaining a desirable seat for observation. The saddle was already formed and the nest evened up to a platform level with the upper surface of the limb. It was placed beyond the middle of a long, slender maple branch about fifteen feet above the ground. The bird always followed the same direction whenever she went for material. Oftener than otherwise she returned laden to her nest in thirty-nine seconds after she left it—now and then more; once ninety seconds. I also spent much time there the 28th and 29th, and find the history of those days very similar to that of the 27th. Occasionally she took a vacation for food and rest; but those vacations were short. On May 30, at two P. M., the cup was complete and the bird was carrying silk and lining it. For this material she would be gone about as long again as for that of the outside. The next day, May 31, she was sitting. During incubation she sat lightly on her nest a few minutes, then off as many, and looked brightly about her while on her eggs.

On June 8 I found my bird in trouble; another female Hummingbird was trespassing. The aggressor would hover over the nest, swoop back and forth above it like a pendulum, alight with a tantalizing gesture on a twig close beside it, or, with a squeal, dart under it, and each time she came near would get driven away by the sitting bird. Twice I saw her rob the nest, once of lichens from the outside and once a good bill-full of silk from the lining. The poor mother came back to her eggs as often as she was disturbed. After watching the constant conflict for more than two hours, I left them still battling. The next day the nest was unoccupied. During all these thirteen days—I had spent much time in close observation—I did not once see a male Hummingbird in the vicinity of the nest. It was the female who did all the labor of nest-making and of incubation and who, as long as she could, valiantly defended her eggs and property. In my chosen seat I was not more than twenty feet from