

Auk' of April, 1891 (Vol. VIII, p. 238), Mr. F. C. Brown records the capture of a specimen by Chas. H. Marsh in Telegraph Cañon, ten miles east of San Diego, and gives it as the first for California. It has been known for some time that the species is of regular and common occurrence through the eastern part of San Diego County as far as the western edge of the Colorado Desert, but the region just north of the boundary and to the west of the mountains has been explored but little heretofore.

Mr. F. Stephens once told me that he felt sure that it was the song of this species that he once heard at Campo, and expressed the belief that the bird would be met with in time nearer the coast.

In January, 1894, I found this Oriole wintering in the foothills just east of San Quintin, Lower California, and feeding extensively, if not altogether on the ripe fruit of the 'pitahaya' cactus (*Cereus gunnosus*). This fruit is about the size and shape of a small orange, bright scarlet when ripe. The flesh is similar to that of a ripe watermelon but much darker with an abundance of very small dark seeds. In flavor it is not unlike raspberries, but rather acid. Unless the fruit is abundant it is almost impossible to find any that has not been torn open and the inside eaten by the birds,—Thrashers, Mockingbirds, Orioles, Sapsuckers and all of the Sparrows joining in the feast. All, except the Sparrows, were frequently badly stained about the head and breast from the purple juice, which also stains the entire alimentary canal.—A. W. ANTHONY, *San Diego, California*.

**Taming Chipping Sparrows.**—I noticed in the last number of 'The Auk' (Vol. XI, p. 256) a reference to the taming of a Chipping Sparrow (*Spizella socialis*). My father has always had a great fondness for birds and has devoted a great deal of time to ornithology. Some four or five years ago, at my home in Nelson County, Virginia, there were several pairs of Chipping Sparrows building in the rose bushes around the porch along the front of the house. It was the custom of my father upon leaving the breakfast table every morning to put several pieces of bread in his pocket with which he fed the dogs who always were waiting his appearance. He generally threw a few crumbs on the floor of the porch for the Chipping Sparrows and they soon learned to expect his coming. Setting to work in a methodical way he soon had one of the little birds so tame that it would perch on his hand and pick crumbs from his palm, and in a short while it became so familiar as to go to any one of the household in the same way. (I send with this three photographs which show the bird perched on and feeding from the hand of different members of the family.)

In the fall the bird left with the other migrants, but, to our surprise, returned in the spring without any symptoms of shyness, evidently remembering us all. It returned for three successive years, and each time raised two broods of young. Last year it failed to appear, so I suppose has lived out its little life.—WIRT ROBINSON, *1st. Lt. 4th U. S. Art., Washington Barracks, Washington, D. C.*