

then, keeping the head above the twigs, it drew the neck firmly into the base of the fork, at the same time stepping backwards and tugging at the head with all its strength, frequently beating its wings vigorously to add to the force of the pull. This task completed to its apparent satisfaction (the entire operation consumed at least three or four minutes), the bird began eating again but in a somewhat listless manner, making long pauses between the mouthfuls. Evidently its appetite was about sated. At length it flew into a neighboring tree where it sat for a long time dressing its feathers—a decidedly necessary attention, for, as I could plainly see through my glass (I now stood within fifteen or twenty feet), its plumage was in sad condition; the feathers of the forehead and throat were matted and soaked with blood, the breast was reddened perceptibly and the bill was almost wholly of a carmine tint. After getting itself into somewhat better trim it flew into some young pines.

I now examined the mouse. The Shrike had not touched any part of the body, but the skin had been torn away from the entire neck, and the muscles and other soft tissues were almost entirely gone from the shoulders and sternum to the base of the skull. The body was untouched and the skull showed no sign of injury, but the cheek muscles had been eaten pretty cleanly away, as had also the entire throat, with the tongue. Both eyes were whole and in their sockets. This examination confirmed the conviction which I formed while watching the Shrike and mouse struggling together, viz., that the bird killed the mouse partly by *throttling*—that is by choking and shaking it—and partly (perhaps chiefly) by cutting its neck open on one side. No attempt was made to stun the mouse by striking at its skull, such blows as I saw delivered being evidently intended to keep the mouse at bay until the Shrike could close with it and get it by the neck.

While I was examining the mouse the Shrike began uttering a mewing cry among the pines. This seemed to be a remonstrance directed at me. I went to the spot and found the bird sitting low down amid dense pine foliage looking rather dumpy and unhappy. About an hour later I returned to the alders and examined the mouse again. As far as I could detect it had not been touched in my absence. I did not see the Shrike again.

The next day at 10 A. M., I visited the alder thicket but the mouse was gone. As there were no tracks in the snow beneath where it had hung I concluded that the Shrike must have returned and removed it.—
WILLIAM BREWSTER, *Cambridge, Mass.*

The Carolina Wren in Winter in Mercer County, Pennsylvania.—On Jan. 1, 1891, I shot a male Carolina Wren (*Thryothorus ludovicianus*) and observed another of the same species. For several weeks previously the ground had been covered with snow, which, however, was rapidly melting at this time. The bird was in full song and appeared not at all

incommoded by the weather. So far as I know, this is the farthest north this species has been found in winter, at least in the Eastern States. Mr. Geo. B. Sennett informs me that he has never seen it or heard of its being seen in Crawford County, just north of Mercer, where he lived for a number of years.

This note was published in the 'Ornithologist and Oologist' several years ago, but through a blunder on my part, the name "Bewick's Wren" was substituted for Carolina Wren.—F. LEROY HOMER, *New Hamburg, Mercer Co., Pa.*

The Yellow-breasted Chat in Maine.—In the autumn of 1893,—she believes it was during the month of September,—Mrs. William Senter, of Portland, found upon her lawn the mangled remains of a small bird. It had apparently been mouthed by a cat. Mrs. Senter cut off its head, legs, wings and tail, and preserved them. A few days ago, the relics were shown me. They were those of a Yellow-breasted Chat (*Icteria virens*) in full autumn plumage. Thus is a bird added to the Maine list.—NATHAN CLIFFORD BROWN, *Portland, Maine.*

Nesting of the Red-bellied Nuthatch in Templeton, Mass.—On the morning of June 10, 1894, while walking through the woods with my nephew on the banks of Otter River in Templeton, and having for an object anything new or interesting, with an especial 'leaning' towards birds' nests, we came to an old stub about fifteen feet high. Following my usual custom in such cases I pounded vigorously to see if any one was "at home." I was surprised to see a Red-bellied Nuthatch (*Sitta canadensis*) fly from the stub and perch on a hemlock limb within six feet of my face and remain there for some minutes, giving me abundant opportunity to positively identify her.

I immediately climbed the stub and found a hole which, had I been as familiar with the breeding habits of the Nuthatch as I have since become, I would have recognized at once as belonging to this species. The lower half of the circumference of the hole was thickly smeared with pitch, which seemed such a strange circumstance that I tore that portion of the wood away whole and passed it carefully down to my nephew and we brought it home. I thought at first that the pitch must have dripped from some wounded limb overhead but there was none there, and the stub was perfectly dry and very much decayed; therefore it must have been brought there by the bird for some purpose doubtless well understood by her, but, so far as I can learn, to no one else.

The hole was about 12 feet from the ground, on the side towards the river (north), and directly over the water where the river widens out into a shallow, weedy lake of perhaps twenty acres in extent. It was about 1½ inches in diameter and 6 inches deep, running down just inside the hard shell of the stub. The nest was simply a handfull of what appears to be fine shreds of inner bark of the dead branch of some tree,