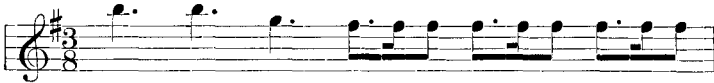


This song, unusually sweet and plaintive, was constantly repeated, and was occasionally answered from the neighborhood woods by the song which I have indicated as the normal White-throat song in that locality.

There are two rather unusual features in this song: first, its descending character, and, secondly, the fact that its last notes are in groups of 4 instead of 3. Both of these features have been noted by Mr. Oldys, but never combined in precisely the same form as that which I secured. For example, he notes the following song which has the same descending character as mine, but differs from it in having triplets instead of quadruplets at the end:



Again, he secured a song containing 4-note groups at the end, but differing from mine at the beginning, thus:



From these and other similar examples, the diversity of form which the White-throated Sparrow's song assumes is apparent, and the melody which I chanced to secure is merely one of a great variety of songs with which the woods are doubtless constantly echoing, but which pass unnoticed until some trampler happens to catch the air and preserve it.—ALFRED M. DAME, *Worcester Academy, Worcester, Mass.*

Scarlet Tanager (*Piranga erythromelas*) at **Ottawa, Canada**.—This handsome bird is becoming decidedly more abundant here than formerly. This was plainly noticeable the last spring. There were about ten around a house at Blueberry Point, a few miles from here, early in May, and at Bushwood, at the city limits — a place where a few were seen every spring, if nowhere else — their unusual abundance was noted by the most casual observer. I was told that one poor specimen of the human kind had about ten of these beauties in a trap cage. They even invaded the tree-lined streets of our city. On May 26 I noticed a female in a large willow tree next to my house, and on the 29th a fine male put a streak of color into the scene. This specimen condescended so low as to drink out of a common mudpuddle on the street, together with the English Sparrows, who, for once, stood back, awestruck and wondering as it seemed, at this great beauty. Farmers also from many points to the north, east, and west of here asked me about these birds, some saying they had seen them this spring for the first time.—G. EFRIG, *Ottawa, Canada.*

The Nesting of *Stelgidopteryx serripennis* in Norwich, Vt.—May 6, 1905, I was walking along the bank of the Connecticut River in Nor-