

In a day or so a little green-backed hummingbird with all gray throat and breast, and tail feathers tipped with white (a female Black-chinned, I judged by the size) was feeding there frequently, going directly to this nectar-filled flower and seldom visiting the other blossoms on the bush. She evidently decided to take possession by right of discovery, and could nearly always be found sitting on one of several favorite perches commanding a clear view of this sweet "bonanza," and when other hummers came into the vicinity, would dart for them like a little fury giving a squeaking call, her tiny wings humming like a big bumble bee. At times, her fighting spirit well aroused, she would shuttle back and forth before a sparrow or linnet who happened to perch near by, until in fear of her long darting bill the interloper would fly away.

Two other hummers with dingy gray breasts and the green of their backs tinged with yellowish, would often succeed in cleverly eluding the little "guardian" and have many a sweet meal when she was off guard. All became so tame that any of them would come and eat while I stood near enough to touch the flower, and would nearly always buzz around my head when I renewed the flower or refilled the bottle which I had to do twice a day.

From about July 10 to August 25 the three hummers could be found feeding from this choice flower, or chasing each other around almost any hour of the day. Several times when I have been sitting in the yard one of them would come and swing back and forth about three feet from my face, whether with the idea of making my acquaintance or driving me away, I could never determine.

On August 9 I observed that the little yellowish-green-backed ones were showing a partial stripe of violet across the throat and a few black feathers were showing on the chin. These increased until, on August 22, the two birds were in full plumage with velvety black chins and violet gorget. About the same date the little "guardian" failed to appear on her usual perches and was seen no more. The two young black-chins were seen until on the morning of August 26. I went out to find a mere drop of honey left and both birds presumably departed for their winter home farther south.

Not having these birds banded, I can only assume that they were always the same three, but under the circumstances I feel justified in doing so. The bottle of sweets is still in place with the hope of enticing some wandering "Anna" to make its home in my garden.—JESSICA A. POTTER, *Los Angeles, September 24, 1923.*

A Correction.—Obviously, from the collecting stations given in the context of the description of *Dendragapus obscurus howardi*, the Sierra Nevada range of this bird should have read "north to about the 37th parallel of latitude," instead of the "31st parallel," as unfortunately given by us in THE CONDOR, xxv, 1923, p. 169, line 3.—DONALD R. DICKEY and A. J. VAN ROSSEM, *Pasadena, California, October 11, 1923.*

The Pectoral Sandpiper in Southern California.—The rarity of the Pectoral Sandpiper (*Pisobia maculata*) in this region gives special interest to the following record, which, if I am not mistaken, is the first in ten years or more.

On September 16, 1923, Mr. Ralph Hoffmann and the writer located two of these birds at the Del Rey marshes near Los Angeles. They were deliberate in action and showed none of the wariness attributed by some writers to the species, allowing us to study them at 25 to 30 yards as long as we pleased. Neither was taken, but close inspection with binoculars, and long familiarity with the species in the East, make mistake in identification to our minds, impossible.—L. E. WYMAN, *Los Angeles Museum, Los Angeles, October 13, 1923.*

Some Weights of Eggs.—A couple of large sets of eggs taken by me during the past few years are worthy of note. I am positive that neither of these sets could have been tampered with by anybody.

California Cuckoo (*Coccyzus americanus occidentalis*); Colton, California, June 17, 1919. The nest, 16 feet from ground, in top of willow sapling, and supported by wild grape vine, was a mere platform of coarse sticks which fell to pieces