

ped and were destroyed. I examined the broken eggs and found that they contained well developed embryos.

Late in the afternoon I took a train for Tobyhanna Mills, a village on top of Mt. Pocono, thirty miles northwest of the Water Gap. The elevation at this point is 2,200 feet, and during the two days that I remained there, I saw at least two species belonging to the Canadian fauna—the Slate-colored Junco and the Canadian Warbler. A pair of the latter evidently had a nest near where I passed, in a small swampy wood. In passing through this wood, I had to step from one fallen tree to another, there being several inches of water over all. The numerous roots of fallen trees are doubtless used as nesting places by this Warbler.

The Chestnut-sided Warbler, is also quite common here, and was met with in low undergrowth, which here covers the whole country. Two Cedar Waxwings nests on young pine trees, held one and four eggs respectively. Two nests of Field Sparrow on low bushes a few inches above the ground, held eggs; one, four fresh ones, the other three just hatching.

My collection is none the richer for that mountain visit; the tin collecting box, containing the set of Waxwings and Field Sparrow, having dropped unnoticed from my coat pocket as I was passing through the thick undergrowth.

THE KILLDEER.

(*Aegialites vociferus*.)

WALTER A. LYNN, GLADBROOK, IOWA.

These birds usually arrive in Iowa during the last week in March or the first week of April. Their arrival is heralded by their clear piercing cry of "killdee," "killdee," often followed by the last syllable repeated many times rapidly.

The nest is on low ground, consists merely of a hollow, lined with dry grasses; eggs four, greyish speckled. The eggs are arranged in the nest in accordance with the usual custom of the snipe family—the small ends pointing to the centre of the nest.

On a close-cropped hill near my home, many pairs reside every Summer. They seem to like the hot southern slope of

the hill, where hours are spent sunning and dusting themselves and more hours in splashing and bathing themselves in the warm water at the base of the hill and in seeking insects, and drying their pretty plumage along the bank.

The young leave the nest when a day old and follow the parents—the male and female seeming to take equal shares in the care of them. The young are very swift of foot and when pursued, run and double on their track with exceeding dexterity, making their capture quite a difficult undertaking.

In beauty young Killdeers can scarcely be excelled; the contrasting colors and bold markings of the black, white and grey, giving them a striking as well as pretty appearance.

When caught, their soft mild expression and tremulous voice is of such a nature, that few can resist their appeals for liberty. They look so pretty and so innocently helpless, that it would be a hardened person who could harm them.

The parent birds are very suspicious, uttering their shrill cries and feigning to be wing-broken and leg-broken, on even a distant approach to their nests or young. Cattle or sheep they do not fear.

I once saw a striped ground squirrel attempt to seize a young Killdeer, but the old birds dashed at the squirrel, drew his attention to themselves, while the little one made good use of its ungainly legs and was soon out of danger.
