

NOTES.

BLUE EGGS OF THE CROW.

BY W. L. DAWSON, OBERLIN, O.

One day last April, on my return from a trip after crow's eggs, I showed my finds, two sets having the ordinary olive-green and spotted coloration, to a friend of mine. He exclaimed in great surprise: "Why, I thought crows' eggs were light blue; those that I have seen were." In my supreme oological conceit I chaffed him unmercifully for making such a wild statement; but I only succeeded in arousing his Canadian blood, and he stuck to it most positively that he had seen blue crow's eggs in Ontario, and that he had watched them till young crows had been hatched from them.

A few days later, April 30th it was, I started out with my climbers and gun, and was accompanied by a fellow student of marked botanical instincts.

In the course of the afternoon we came to a crow's nest placed about fifty feet high in a beech tree; and the first thing that attracted my notice as we approached, was the head of the crow as she peered anxiously over the edge of the nest. I walked slowly past the tree so as to size it up from another side; and not till then did I point out the bird's head to my companion. At the sight of my threatening finger, knowing that she was detected, the old crow flew off with loud "caws". I soon had on my climbers and made the ascent. Judge of my feelings when I peered into the nest and beheld, not the set of conventional crows' eggs, but a single pale blue one. I grasped the egg, still warm, and hastened down. Nothing but the possession of such a treasure would have made up for my humiliation at the "I told you so" of my Canadian friend, delivered with a very self satisfied chuckle.

Nine days later I revisited the nest, this time taking

great pains in my approach, meaning to secure a shot if possible. It was no use; the male discovered me and set up an outcry, and the female was off like a flash. Both birds were well seen however, and their continuous clamor in an adjacent part of the woods assured me of their interest if not of their sympathies. I ascended the tree with some trepidation, fearing lest the old bird should have gone back on her reputation as a freak. But I was not to be disappointed; there lay three eggs as destitute of markings as any woodpecker's, and having the same delicate blue tint as my first one. The nest was in every respect a crow's, though indifferently well lined. Although unable to secure the parent birds on account of their extreme wariness, I am thoroughly satisfied that the evidence for these *crows'* eggs is the best.

The eggs measure as follows: 1.83 x 1.41 inches; 1.82 x 1.38 inches; 1.78 x 1.39 inches; 1.72 x 1.39 inches; as compared to 1.70 x 1.20 for the average crow's egg.

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On the 28th of May, 1892, while out collecting, I shot a male Olive-sided Flycatcher. This bird had a shining white brown; the bill, which was slightly larger than ordinary, was flesh colored with the exception of a black spot on the upper mandible. The back was spotted here and there with white feathers.

WM. ROLFE.

[A case of partial albinism.—ED.]

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While exploring a deep, thickly wooded ravine leading into Vermilion River, Lorain County, Ohio, with a party of botanists, June 4, 1892, the publisher found a nest which he had sought without success for some years.

Following the bed of the clear, cold stream at the bottom of the ravine, we flushed a bird from its nest in the side of a clay bank. The bird flew quickly away, "chipping" sharply, and giving us little chance for observation.

A few minutes later, on the return back to the river we obtained an excellent view of the bird and easily recognized it as the Oven Bird, *Seiurus aurocapillus*.

The nest was placed in a little hollow, in a recess of the

bank, with the sod at the top overhanging it a few inches above. It was not roofed over, and contained the exceptional number of six eggs of the usual color and size; incubation well advanced. The nest was made of dry rootlets, grass, and leaves, with finer rootlets and grasses for the lining.

When we were within four or five feet of the nest, the bird left it, and joining its mate, flew nervously about at a distance, uttering quick, sharp notes of alarm.

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