

for at least two years, so this seems to establish beyond a doubt that these birds have a strong love of home.—O. W. KNIGHT, *Bangor, Me.*

NOTES FROM MICHIGAN.—Do some individuals of the Golden-crowned Kinglet usually linger in northern climates until overcome and destroyed by autumn cold? On two different occasions, at places widely separated, I have known specimens to be found on the steps by doors of school buildings, apparently benumbed with cold. On being brought inside they became active again. I have no notes at hand on these observations, but think both incidents occurred in October. My observations indicate that the bird that suffers most here from the destructive propensities of boys is the little Brown Creeper, *Certhia familiaris americana*. Its fearlessness and the habit of working low on bodies of trees makes it an easy victim of the sling-shot. The Yellow-bellied Woodpecker, *Sphyrapicus varius*, is also a frequent victim. During the past two winters I have seen or heard at frequent intervals individuals of species *Melanerpes erythrocephalus*. Their haunts seemed to be among oak trees, near large buildings in which they may have found shelter.—C. D. MCLOUTH, *Muskegon, Mich.*

CASSIN'S VIREO IN SANTA CLARA CO., CALIFORNIA.—Last season was the first occasion upon which I had the pleasure of meeting Cassin's Vireo in its native haunts. It would seem that this Western form of the Blue-headed Vireo is more common in summer than many imagine. On May 19, 1895, I was out for a ramble along a creek in the low foot hills, the creek-bed being well covered with sycamores. Several young Anna's Hummingbirds were observed being fed by the parents, though the young birds could fly quite well. While watching a Hummingbird near a sycamore in the creek-bed I turned my head, and there, not more than a foot away was a nest of a Vireo suspended at the end of a thin, drooping branch of a sycamore. The bird was on and was easily recognized as Cassin's Vireo by the markings. I took hold of the branch and drew it towards me, but not until I had raised my hand above the nest did the bird leave. She flew to a limb near by and at once commenced to sing, the note being new to me. The male appeared instantly. I was surprised to find *five* young in the nest, apparently not more than two days old. This number I regard as quite unusual, for three or four eggs seem to be the number laid by our Vireos. The nest was composed of a little fine light grass, shredded sycamore leaves and a few small pieces of an old newspaper, doubtless gathered from the drift along the creek banks.