

about five miles back in the county in a North East direction, is a favorite locality for them and they can be found at different places along the swamp. None of the places are further than four miles in a straight line while one pair breeds in a swampy thicket on the outskirts of the town, a most unfavorable locality as it is bordered by a large Woolen Mill and the Railroad. The other four places are further in the country and are very secluded.

With a pair of Field Glasses the Cardinal can be seen at a great distance in winter, and recognized at once by his brilliant plumage and crest. If he thinks he is unobserved he will sing his melodious whistle with some notes not unlike the Carolina Wren and Crested Tit, a strange coincidence of three birds being so similar in range, voice and habits.

Although no nests have been found of the Cardinal around here, I am certain that it does breed.

In spring and summer when the birds are abundant, the Cardinal while noted on a walk is apt to be slighted for the other birds which are around in such profusion. Whereas in winter when the other birds are few and far between, the Cardinal has to be seen to be appreciated, when his brilliant color against the white background makes a picture not easily forgotten.

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THREE DAYS WITH THE WARBLER.

Ever since I became acquainted with the nesting habits of our local Warblers, an almost irresistible impulse annually leads me to familiar woods, swamps and old pastures, if only for a few hours stolen from more important duties, to ascertain if our representatives of this interesting family have once more returned to their old breeding grounds. If by chance the ground has been burned over or cleared by means of the knife or ax, I am much cast down and again correspondingly elated if a hitherto vacant fence corner or bit of wooded hillside be tenanted. Late in the morning of the 27th of May, in a reconnoitering mood, I took a walk to the nearest wooded hill-

side. Failing to locate the nesting place of a pair of Worm-eating Warblers in the Oak Bottom, although they were chipping about an excellent place for a nest, I next searched the Black Swan Patch for the Blue-wing Warbler without success. Just back of this half acre on a wooded hillside facing east, I located a Worm-eater's completed nest. It was under huckleberry sprouts close to path. A pair of birds have nested within a radius of less than fifty yards on this hillside ever since 1895 to my knowledge. This nest contained five eggs of the owner and one of the Cowbird by June 3rd. At the foot of the same hill, between the creek and public road, I heard a slight rustle in the leaves and observed a Kentucky Warbler steal away from her nest at the foot of a spicewood sprout, some yards away. Although in a comparatively clear and open spot, the nest was well hidden. Here again the Cowbird had imposed upon the owner and she had but two eggs.

In the afternoon I watched two or three pairs of Kentucky Warblers for awhile. The ravines above the Iron Ore Hole appeared uninhabited by the Worm-eater, which is not at all surprising. In former years I have known three separate nests to have been built and destroyed in a fortnight. Red squirrels or mice were the probable disturbers. Further down to another small ravine, I almost stepped upon the nest which was under a huckleberry spray. I was looking along the bank which is scarcely four feet high, when I heard a rustle at my left in time to note the Worm-eater trailing up the opposite bank. The location was a puzzle for a moment when I found it at my feet on level ground. It contained five eggs. The Maryland Yellow-throat had her nest in a clump of wild plants at the edge of an oozy bog in the midst of Latch's Swamp. The two eggs were subsequently increased to four. The three pairs of Blue-winged Warblers inhabiting this place eluded me. I doubt not but that many more fledglings are raised in this swamp since I shot the head off of an immense black snake which disputed with me the right to a narrow path. Why is it that almost all creatures destructive to injurious rodents are equally hard on nestlings ?

May 29th seen me in the woods at 6.30 A. M. An appar-

ently thorough search of strips of woods near home failed to reveal Worm-eater's nest, although the male was singing close to hand. Another fruitless search on the steep hillside opposite Laurel Lodge where male was heard singing, took up much of my time. In this overgrown pasture hillside of Beaumont Farm I heard three male Blue-wings singing. While I was ascending path a male hovered over some saplings, some twenty feet below nest as afterwards learned, but flew away on seeing me. Female chipped in a desultary fashion from low bushes immediately surrounding nest which was but ten feet above path. The male pursued another male, and after all was quiet, I flushed the female from her nest and five eggs at the foot of some cherry sprouts and surrounded by blackberry sprouts and grass. The entrance was up hill and away from the path. The female kept within three or four feet of me, and with elevated head feathers, spread tail and drooped wings, chipped loudly. The male kept six or eight feet away. After I had retired a quick chattering series of chips followed. I failed to locate any more here, likewise Kentucky at edge of woods and Worm-eating on hillside opposite, where I had hoped to find the Black and White Warbler nesting.

On down the new road to the Higg's Hollow where I heard another Blue-wing singing away back beyond a field. The roadside looked so near the ideal resting site that I was tempted to investigate. The male came over and sang from a treetop above my head. I soon flushed the plump little female from her four eggs in clump of wild astors, within a foot of the wheel track of the much frequented public thoroughfare. A very close approach on the roadside did not disturb her as she had probably schooled herself to put up with some annoyance on that side. However when startled she proved wild and the mate at once retired to first position. This nest as the first, was made outwardly, of sedgegrass. My movements evidently excited the suspicions of a colored woman residing in a tumbled down log house across the creek, for after a series of halloos which only a full-blooded negro can utter to perfection, and an answering halloo from unseen female drifted down from some little stump lot in the chestnut timber; she whooped "Come

dow-own ! It's *aw-ful* lonely he-re !''

A Yellow-breasted Chat's nest in clump of blackberry bushes, contained a punctured egg, This species will tolerate no interference; to look at the nest often means its desertion after the destruction of the contents. I was fortunate in discovering a completed nest of the Kentucky Warbler in middle of abandoned cartroad in the woods overlooking the Valley Baptist Farm. The nest was betrayed by birds, in five minutes watching. It was placed at foot of blackberry bush in bunch of growing Spanish needles. Contained four eggs a few days later.

Early in the afternoon I found Ovenbird's nest and four eggs near the top of the Lithia Spring Hillside. It was under a huckleberry sprout. Near the Birch Woods I found a rather deep cupped black rootlet and hair lined nest between oak sprouts at the top of the hill. It looked more liked the work of the Black and White Warbler than that of any other bird I am acquainted with. However it was never occupied, though the Black and White remained in the vicinity. Kentucky's and Blue-wings galore but no more nests this afternoon.

May 30th, Decoration Day ! Not many ornithologists miss this as a field day. I made a long search, for the nest of the Black and White Warbler heard singing on Laurel Hill, but without success. A nest of Chat found in cedar with single egg of Cowbird, evidence of a broken egg also. Nothing of note until I struck abandoned field beyond Cedar Woods. The Blue-wing singing from a small tree at a most inviting corner next to Prissy's Hollow. It was overgrown with clumpsof golden rod, raspberry bushes, and grass. Female flushed and kept at a distance. This species is a hard setter. Five eggs of a very interesting type in a frail nest very unlike yesterday substantial structure.

A hard hillside tramp of several hours followed, but no Worm-eaters located, although many heard singing, as well as several Black and White Warblers. The wild song of the Louisiana Water Thrush missed from it last years haunts. A brier surrounded dogwood cratch supported the nest and three eggs of a Chat.

My most remarkable experience was not in the oological line,

I had stopped a moment to look at the remains of an old cellar, lightly tapping the sill with a cane. The bottom was heaped up with small stones, brush, stumps, and tin. Suddenly a head popped up followed by the body of an almost full grown Weasel; then another and another until four of these graceful animals were passing in, out, and around the rubbish, frequently sniffing with erect heads in my direction. Evidently they scented warm blood. Presently one of the largest ran up a large stump and into the poison ivy at my rear, only to reappear, boldly sniff my heel and nip me in the ankle. A slight movement on my part sent it scampering under the bushes for a moment before returning to circle my feet.

Doubtless they would prove formidable enemies if a person was asleep or disabled, and in company with their parents they must kill a great many rodents, birds, and domestic fowls; still I enjoyed witnessing the graceful movements of their sleek bodies.

On my holiday drawing to a close, I find that my three days wanderings were confined to a section a quarter of a mile wide by a mile and half long. Such is the exacting labor of any one who follows the Warblers to their homes.

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GENERAL NOTES.

A NEW BIRD FOR LORAIN COUNTY, OHIO.—On the 9th of May, during our 'All Day with the Birds,' Rev. W. L. Dawson and the writer happened upon a fine individual of Hooded Warbler (*Sylvania mitrata*.) The song attracted our attention at once upon entering the edge of the woods, and soon the bird was described perched upon a small tree some twenty feet from the ground, where it remained until long after we had recorded its song and gone on. Later we heard the song again, apparently from another individual, since there was an intonation not observed in the song first heard. The bird was in full plumage, the black hood showing in marked contrast to the yellow of the forehead. To my ear the song was different from that of any recorded