

ity, though I am told it is seen at rare intervals in the woods sixty miles farther south. — WM. ALANSON BRYAN, *Chicago, Ill.*

A Bahaman Bird (*Centurus nyeanus*) Apparently Extinct.—The only known specimen of this Woodpecker, I shot on Watling's Island, Bahamas, March 5, 1886. He may have been the last of his kind, for although a week was spent on said island, and a great many holes made by Woodpeckers were seen in the dead trees, still all looked old. None seen were fresh. The one this bird flew out of was made in a dead stump, about fifteen feet high and eighteen inches in diameter; the hole was well up towards the top; the location was about a quarter of a mile from the lighthouse then being erected. During the week spent in collecting, not a Woodpecker of any kind was seen or heard on the island.—WILLARD NYE, JR., *New Bedford, Mass.*

The Chuck-will's-widow on Shipboard.—On a steamer from Savanna, Georgia, to New York, in April, 1898, my father and I made some very interesting observations on the Chuck-will's-widow (*Antrostomus carolinensis*). We left Savanna on the 18th of April, and early in the morning of the 19th, when we were about fifty miles from the coast of southern South Carolina, a bird of this species came aboard. My father caught sight of it sailing along a short distance behind the ship, and the next instant it had alighted on the railing of the upper deck not far from where he stood. After sitting there about thirty seconds, it darted downward and disappeared amidst the cargo on the lower deck, and a careful search failed to reveal it.

Several Warblers (*Dendroica striata* and *D. palmarum*), made their appearance during the morning, but the Chuck-will's-widow remained concealed. At two o'clock in the afternoon, however, while we were looking at a beautiful Hooded Warbler (*Wilsonia mitrata*) which had just come aboard, the long sought *Antrostomus* suddenly darted out from the lower deck and flew swiftly away in an easterly direction. We were amazed that it had not started toward land, but thought we had the key to the mystery, when, as the bird began to fade in the distance, it sank closer and closer to the water and at last settled on a wave-top for an instant. The bird seemed to have completely lost its bearings, and found itself too exhausted to fly, and we, thinking that this was the end, returned to our study of the Warbler, which had grown completely tame, and was catching flies at the feet of the passengers. A minute later our eyes lighted on a dark speck in the air off to the eastward, and we soon recognized the Chuck-will's-widow, flying lightly and strongly, and heading toward the ship. In a short time it had reached us, but instead of alighting, it swept over the top deck and kept on over the sea to the westward, and soon disappeared in the distance. This time, however, we expected it back, and sure enough, within three minutes we saw it sailing along over the ocean west of us far ahead of the ship, and flying in a