too slow! Fly! I'm after you!" and away they go, round and round the room. The female bird is so swift in her movements that she seems to be in three places at once. Her excessive independence is painful to Dick's chivalrous character. He tries to condescendingly provide for her, and she, belonging to the order of advanced females, resents this.

Formerly the foundling objected to bathing in water, but this being Loulou's greatest luxury, she has trained her admirer into it.

Miss Loulou is quite a fire worshiper. During the cool weather she acquired the habit of warming herself before the grate, standing on the fender—particularly after bathing in cold water. With her feathers standing out and her wings spread, she first dries herself on one side, then turns to dry the other, bending her small body to and fro in the most graceful manner, so that the heat may reach every part of her skin. This very day—April 27—she is on the fender warming herself for the third time within one hour.

Every evening at dusk there is a contest for a particular spot on one perch. Unless Dick yields to Loulou she sulks and makes him miserable, so that in the end she always has her own way.

Although our bachelor bird is grown up he still insists, when free, upon his friend who rescued him from the cat giving him bread from between his own lips. This he persistently demands, alighting on the broad shoulder, hopping round on the long beard, and taking some moustache in his beak, repeating a cry that distinctly sounds like "pretty Dick!"

The sparrows are not aristocrats, but they are so bright and clever that any one who loves nature must take a delight in studying them.

Since fair spring commenced to smile upon us we have provided our feathered friends with a large family mansion, two stories high and containing a nesting chamber. But present appearances indicate that Loulou is in love with another fellow on the outer side of the netting which is fastened before the open window. She warbles her sweetest lay to him. We shall watch the progress of a tangled love affair.

ALICE D. LE PLONGEON.

NOTES ON THE EVENING GROSBEAKS.

BY DR. R. W. SHUFELDT.

AMONG the finest representatives of the big-billed finches we have in this country are the evening grosbeaks. My first experience with these birds was in northwestern New Mexico some ten or eleven years ago. There I collected, with my sons, a good many fine specimens of them, together with skeletons, and made notes of habits, which were subsequently published in the *Auk*, as was also my account of a male and a female of this genus that were captured alive by me and for upward of two years kept in a cage. These were all specimens of the Western evening grosbeak (*Coccothraustes vespertinus montanus*), a now recognized subspecies, although I reported them as evening grosbeaks simply, which was then the only species described for this country (*C. vespertinus*). The Western evening grosbeak, however, had been recognized by Ridgway in 1874 (Hist. N. Am. Birds, Land Birds, I., 449), and it was finally revived by Mearns in 1890 (*Auk*, VII., 246). So all that I then said about the evening grosbeak must now be taken as referring to the above-mentioned Western subspecies.

My two cage birds died eventually, and the taxidermist at the U. S. National Museum mounted them, and they are now in the exhibition cases in the ornithological department of that institution. I have two other fine mounted Western evening grosbeaks in my own private collection that I shot and brought with me from New Mexico; they are especially dark ones selected from a large series. Of these I once made a life-size colored drawing, representing the birds on the partly dead limbs of the red cedar, of the berries of which tree they are very fond. Subsequently this colored drawing had quite a history, for after it was framed it fell into the hands of the Goths and Vandals—children who knew just enough of the value of ornithological plates to be dangerous, but who knew not an evening grosbeak when they saw it, or for the matter of that not five and twenty other American birds—and mutilation was the natural consequence. It escaped final destruction, however, and what unthinking hands can easily accomplish in the way of vandalism an artist can often restore, and this is what I had to do. My picture is now not only restored, but has an account of the aforesaid vandalism appended to it in addition and as a matter of historical interest. A few days ago I photographed this colored drawing of mine, considerably reducing it in size, and the half-tone that illustrates the present contribution was made from this photograph.

There are a number of birds in our avifauna of whose nesting habits we know little or nothing, and in this category stand the evening grosbeaks. I have written to a few of my friends about this matter to gain some idea of our present knowledge in the premises, for personally I have never seen either the nest or the eggs of this species. Mr. L. M. Loomis, who is now doing so much for us with the Pacific Coast seafowl, wrote me back that he had not even seen the species alive, and so knew personally nothing of its nidology. In the meantime comes a letter from Major Bendire, than whom there is no better authority in the country on this subject, and he writes me: "As far as I know there are no fully identified eggs of the evening grosbeak in collections, and in fact there appears to be little if anything known about the breeding range of this species. Somewhat more is known about the Western evening grosbeak's nesting habits, and both Mr. John Swinburn, formerly of Holbrock, Apache county, Ariz., as well as Mr. E. H. Fiske, of Yolo county, Cal., published by Walter Bryant, claim to have taken their nest and eggs. The last record you can find in *Bull. California Academy of Sciences*, II., 8, published in 1887; the former in one of the early numbers of the *Nuttall Bulletin* or the *Auk*. You can hunt this up yourself. As far as my observations go, I question both of these records and take little or no stock in them. I have shot young birds of *C. v. montanus*, but a few days out of the nest, near Fort Klamath in the late summer of 1883, which is as near as I ever came to finding the nest. The Eastern species probably breeds entirely north of the United States, in the mountainous regions, where little or no collecting has as yet been done."

A few days after receiving this valuable letter there came another to me from Mr. A. W. Anthony, an authority who has contributed much to your knowledge of Western ornithology. In his very interesting letter Mr. Anthony says: "I am afraid that the information that I can't give regarding *C. vespertina* would prove far more interesting. However, you are welcome to what little I can furnish. As for eggs, I cannot tell of a single set that I would like to indorse—but they may have a few for all that. Several years ago Mr. Bryant, of Oakland, published an account of a set of the Western race, and afterward told me more of the details; the eggs were shaken from the nest and broken so that none of the fragments were saved. The boy who found them afterward described them to B. from memory, and they were from that data put on record. Bryant, I think, had no doubt as to their being true evening grosbeak, and as I do not at this time recall who it was that found the set, I would not like to discredit the discovery. In Oregon I found the species very abundant about the streets of Portland, making a very agreeable substitute for the English sparrow of most cities; they were remarkably tame, and especially about the streets where maples were used for shade trees were to be found all winter. They were less common outside of the city, but often seen throughout the country until March or April; they then left the city and were rare everywhere, though small flocks and pairs were seen until June or later. The last season spent at Beaverton, eight miles west of Portland, I saw a few until July; they were, as they always are, in the fir growth, very high up in the tops of the largest trees, and would have been overlooked had it not been for their clear, ringing call notes. I did not see a single bird near enough to the ground to shoot. If they bred there, and I think they did, they must have built fully 200ft. or more from the ground in thick firs. This may account for the lack of eggs in collections. If the species was found

EVENING GROSBEAKS.

after July they must have been silent, for I do not recall any after that month.

"There may be even a number of authenic sets among the small collections on this coast, for the species breeds from central California north, and is so common that it would be strange if some one has not found them; but I have not seen much of the species, and know but little regarding it, and nothing regarding any sets that may possibly be in collections.

"Mr. A. M. Ingersoll is much better posted on what is to be found in the collections of this coast and I will question him regarding them. I am sorry that I am unable to furnish so little data personally.

"P. S.—Mr. Ingersoll says he does not know of a set of grosbeak's eggs on the coast. He is personally acquainted with the person who found the set mentioned by Bryant and thinks it is all right."

Now here is an opportunity for work on the part of some young enterprising nidologist, and there is no question but that good, reliable accounts of the nesting habits of our species of *Coccothraustes* stand among other needed desiderata to fill in the gaps existing in the life histories of our North American birds.

A Texas Deer Head.

LANSING, Mich., April 18.—A few weeks ago I wrote you about the antlers of a buck which had thirty-six points. This was called out by a note in FOREST AND STREAM, calling attention to a pair of antlers with twenty-six points. Mr. C. J. Davis, of Lansing, has just returned from a somewhat extended trip through Texas and the Southwest, and to-day he has left at my office a photograph taken by Barr, Main Plaza, San Antonio, of the head and antlers of a common Virginia buck, which is way ahead of anything that I have ever heard of. The head seems to be of about an average size, it is mounted on a long neck, on a shield, representing a huge star, I suppose an emblem of the Lone Star State. The antlers are quite large, and on the shield the number of points is stated to be seventy-eight. I can count seventy on the photograph. It is really a remarkable head. Such a head and such antlers deserve a place among the record breakers of America.

JULIAN.

[We have already illustrated this head.]

Soaring Birds.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If Mr. O. H. Hampton will procure a copy of "Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge," No. 884—"The Internal Work of the Mind," by Prof. S. P. Langley—he will find therein a scientific discussion of the soaring of birds.

SEXTANT.

PARTRIDGE DIVING AND BUDDING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Why is it that none of the numerous writers in the FOREST AND STREAM, who are generally able and interesting, whether sportsmen or men who have made birds and their habits a study, has ever mentioned the habit of the partridge (*Bonasa umbellus*) as to diving and budding?

Perhaps the birds are so nearly exterminated that these have become "lost arts;" but hardly.

The diving is done after a fall of light or dry snow, not less than 10 or 12in. in depth. They fly in on a slant, leaving a mark about the size of a man's boot. Their object seems to be protection from the cold, also from the sight of the owl or hunter. But this protection sometimes becomes their tomb, as when the snowstorm is followed by rain and severe cold a crust is formed that all the captive's efforts to escape will be unavailing, unless, as sometimes happens, they burrow or tunnel to a more protected spot, where the crust is thinner, as under the branches of a conifer or mass of clustering vines. But should reynard happen near, the poor bird's fate is soon sealed.

They usually dive in a small clear space near a thicket, and should the hunter approach, the bird, hearing his footsteps, bursts out with a whir, scattering the snow in all directions, and is out of sight before the surprised hunter thinks of his gun, and if he does what will it avail? For we boys of sixty years ago had only Queen Anne's arm with flint locks, and never heard nor thought of wing shooting; in fact, generally shot from a rest alongside of a tree, if nothing better offered. But don't think we got less game than at present, with our double-barreled hammerless, pistol grip, top action, patent fore end and Damascus steel breechloaders; for the game was there and we shot to kill—not for sport.

Another thing that is seldom or never spoken of is partridge budding. This occurs in late winter or early springtime. But objection is made that it is in the close season. Very true; and if that is the reason budding time is not known to sportsmen of the present day, so much the better; for it should be strictly observed for all kinds of game and fish, and more than that, all spring shooting should be abolished by law and in practice.

Having recently returned from Atlantic City, where every morning (except Sundays) the bang! bang! of ducking guns were heard, it became very annoying; but when an examination of the birds killed showed that there were nothing but coots in the lot—a bird unfit to eat—indignation somewhat abated. But still spring shooting is wrong in principle.

When we were boys, some fifty or sixty years ago—more or less, rather more than less—in the days of company and general training, when every one subject to military duty had to meet at a named rendezvous twice each year armed and equipped according to law, which meant musket with iron or steel ramrod and two flints, and knapsack, or be fined, it was not difficult for the boys to obtain a gun from some one to hunt partridges with in the budding time.

The usual time for the birds to appear in the apple trees was about an hour before sunset, and if they were not disturbed they would fill their crops with the swelling apple blossom buds, and be back at their roosting places before dark.

When we had learned of their visiting an orchard, and usually some particular tree or trees in the orchard—for they seemed to like the buds on some of the trees better than others—and the old flintlock having been previously loaded with 4in. of powder, wads and shot, or bits of lead, and secretly taken from the wooden hooks where it was usually kept, we would begin the silent tramp, hoping that no other boy had our knowledge of the situation and had stolen a march on us. If too early and no birds were there, and there was no other party in sight, a hiding place was sought and the coming of the birds was waited for with bated breath and watchful eyes. Sometimes the birds came singly, thus giving time to reload after the first fire. But generally two, three or more came at once, and only one was killed; but it has been said that when several come together, shoot the one on the lowest branch and the others would not fly.

Certainly this manner of killing game was very unsportsmanlike and quite contrary to our present game laws and close season, which have been so tinkered as to be almost unintelligible; but at the time referred to game laws and close seasons were not known nor thought of.

It is encouraging to think our best and truest sportsmen are quite generally opposed to spring shooting and have abandoned it. Would that the head man in our Government was of like opinion, or rather practice, for certainly every man's honest opinion must be, no spring shooting.

POUGHKEEPSIE, May. J. H. D.

A Few Animal Notes.

READING in FOREST AND STREAM of April 18 Mr. N. D. Elting's account of a cat opening the door made me think of one that I saw in New Jersey in an old colonial house, where most of the doors had the old-fashioned thumb-latch. The cat was a tailless Angora and she used to open the doors whenever they pushed the right way.

To-day I saw a peculiar looking squirrel; it was gray except for a streak of red down the back. He had lost 2in. of his tail and what was left was gray. In all respects but color he was an ordinary red squirrel or hemlock squirrel, as some call them.

I believe the red squirrels often lose a part or the whole of their tails in fighting. Probably in being chased by an antagonist, they often get away with their life, but not their tail. I have seen them absolutely tailless, and do not know how else to account for it.

I have repeatedly found chipmunks with a large grub-worm living in their navel, and conspicuous from the outside.

Speaking of intelligence and instinct, I would like to mention the remarkable instinct of our old horse, who always knows when Sunday comes, and on that day turns up the street to the church. All other days he trots along by to the post office. He either hears the church bell ring or else notices we have on our best Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes.

Living as I do on Lake Champlain, there is no doubt in my mind that the smelt lives in those waters the year through, and in that I bear out my friend Mr. B. Bishop.

C. D. B.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the a test by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.