

Milkweed, Blatchley's description may be erroneous; on the dogwood, again, both leaves and blossom, a fifth genus of this tribe (*Colaspis*) is often found.

Returning to the road just east of Robinson's we face east. South of us lie two upland meadows of rough grass, somewhat rocky and covered with hummocks and watery hollows, a favorite place for the Kill-deer plover; here, too, sometimes in the fall is heard the peculiar cry of the Yellowlegs. As I was walking along here, at the end of last April, I heard a strange bird-note—a long, loud whistle, melodious and with something of the plover's plaintiveness about it. After some time I discovered a bird with long narrow wings circling at some height over the meadows, and several times the strange cry was repeated. I brought a friend out with me next week and, with the aid of a field glass, we watched as many as three pairs of the birds feeding, running and flying about these meadows. On alighting, they would raise their wings over their backs till the tips met and then slowly fold them down at the sides, at the same time uttering this long-drawn whistle. The bird I had first heard, however, was certainly calling as it hovered and circled high over the field, and as I stood under it I distinctly saw its neck and wings grow rigid for a moment as it forced the cry out on to the air; it was the Bartramian Sand-piper, and this was its mating call. I had the luck to startle a hen bird off her nest of eggs early in May quite near the fence that we are going along. Once the eggs are laid the birds become very shy and can rarely be approached. But in the mating season they seem fairly tame and we watched one settle twice on the top of a fence-post just north of where we are now, within stone's throw of a farmhouse. I was standing in the roadway at the time and my friend was at the snake-fence, his foot on the bottom rail and his field glasses resting on the top, when I noticed a weasel running along the bottom rail in our direction; it showed not the slightest fear and never hesitated, but, advancing steadily, stepped right over my friend's foot; in its teeth it held by the nape of the neck, limp and lifeless, a large field-mouse, doubtless the family dinner. These creatures are very bold and show the utmost unconcern of human beings. I remember being stopped some years ago by a section boss on the railway, who asked to show me a nest under a culvert that his gang had been cleaning out.