

Bohemian Waxwing may be present at a place in one winter and then not be seen again there for years. This case is more mysterious than the others. The same holds good of the Canada Jay, the various redpolls and the Pine Siskin, though in a lesser degree. Then there are the herons, which before starting south in fall from their breeding places, seem to go on a little excursion northward first, and are sometimes taken far north of their range. The extraordinary route of the Golden Plover (*Charadrius dominicus*) and several more shore birds should here be noted. These birds breed in the bleak lands near and beyond the Arctic circle. In August, when the young are able to fly well, they proceed from north-central Canada to Labrador, thence by easy stages to Nova Scotia, etc., from there south over the Atlantic Ocean, to the Bahamas, to South America, through Brazil, still south through Argentine to Patagonia, 8,000 miles. After a short stay in that dreary place, they proceed northward again, but by a different route, further west in South America, through Central America, into the wide Mississippi valley, and in that north to their breeding place, near the Arctic circle, 16,000 miles in all.

There are several other birds which go from and back to their breeding range by different routes. Thus I found the rare Cape May Warbler common in fall in western Maryland, but none in the spring. Another curious fact brought to light by the data accumulating at Washington is the case of the Nashville Warbler. This breeds here and northward and proceeds in fall southward with other warblers, travelling by easy stages, feeding in day time along the way, like any other well-behaved warbler would. But south of the southern boundary of Virginia it is practically unknown, only turning up again in its winter range, Mexico, near Vera Cruz. The only inference left seems to be, that it rises up high into the air at about the latitude of Virginia and flies without alighting again over all the intervening land and the Gulf. Who knows? The well known and abundant Chimney Swift offers another mystery. It moves southward in fall, its flocks becoming enormously large when they reach the Gulf coast. Then they disappear as though the Gulf had swallowed them, until they turn up again next March bright and cheerful as ever. Where they spent the winter months is a complete mystery so far, and the world is