

My first excursion into the "Sand Hills," where the hawks reside, was in early June, when in company with two of my brothers, I was fortunate enough to run across three nests. The first of these, which I shall call No. 1, was situated in a dwarf oak (*Quercus macrocarpa*), the tree being some 14 feet in height, and the nest about 8 feet from the ground in its bushy limbs. In the nest were five eggs of the usual blotched type, and sitting upon them was a bird which was very loath to leave. It, however, rose on our close approach and rapidly soared skywards. When well out of reach it was joined by a companion and uttered shrill shrieks of defiance. The second nest was located about three miles from the first, and some five miles from home. This, unlike the first, was situated upon the point of a hill which rose some 20 feet above the surrounding level. This hill, however, was by no means isolated, there being numerous others round about, some of them actually higher, its only advantage in comparison being that it reached more of a point at one end where the nest was placed. The nest itself was of a decidedly bulky nature, being built of large sticks, with smaller ones and some bark as a lining. In this were seven eggs, the greatest number I have ever observed in one nest, the usual number being four, and not infrequently one finds only three. The third nest, like No. 1, was situated in a dwarf oak growing this time at the bottom of a hill. It contained no eggs, though a few green leafy boughs in it showed that its builders had recently been at work. This nest was about two and a half miles from No. 2, and on account of its distance from home was not again visited.

On June 27th I visited the first two nests for the second time. No. 1 now had some downy young in it, two striped gophers (*Citellus triidecemlineata*) and one gray gopher (*C. Richardsonii*). No. 2 harboured five young and one egg, the young being half grown, though of different ages as usual. They were curious fluffy fellows, having a mixture of down and feathers, the latter being chiefly confined to the wings. They all opened their beaks as I approached, and the largest, as if guardian over the rest, did his best to defend them and frighten me away. In this nest half a gray gopher was the only available food.

On July 4th I was again in the vicinity, and found No. 1 nest with the young still present, and that their hunger had been recently appeased was evident from the presence of two untouched striped gophers in the nest. In nest No. 2 the young were still unable to fly, though three had made their way some distance along the hill. I returned these for the sake of a photograph, and they made very little effort to prevent my handling them. Curiously enough, there was still but one of a pugnacious nature, and he, as previously, seemed to consider himself