

come from some nearby large willows or houses and utter some queer rattling or clucking notes of alarm or protest. In the evenings, when the air was full of bullbats performing their marvellous aerial evolutions and incidentally catching their insect prey, this male bird would sometimes dart down right near to me, producing the loud booming for which these birds are known, the female even then sitting at my feet.

The female was faithfully brooding her solitary egg, rain or shine, early in the morning and late in the evening until the morning of June 11th, when, before my eyes, out of the shell a young tiny bullbat emerged into the world. It was covered with grayish down, some black being sprinkled over all, and this combination of neutral tints made it again difficult to detect in the gravel. It was able to wobble about immediately. The mother now lost some of her former good nature, she hissed with wide open mouth—which in these birds is really cavernous—in the most startling manner. During the next three days she always brooded her offspring whenever I looked at them; as late as 10 o'clock in the evening the mother was there. The feeding must have taken place later in the night. The youngster grew fast and gave every promise of becoming a valiant boomer amongst his kind, when, alas, a stroke of bad fortune blasted my and, I suppose, more so the faithful mother's hopes—if night-hawks ever have any. As the lives of Ernest Thompson Seton's animals end in tragedy, so did this one. When I looked up on the morning of June 14th, the mother was there, appearing different than before, however; disconsolate it seemed; but the young one was gone. The lower bar of the balustrade being several inches above the platform, the young bird had fallen from it onto the steep roof, and I found its lifeless little body in the grass below. The old bird stayed about the roof for a few days longer, as though still hoping for the appearance of her offspring, and then she disappeared.

A week or so after this I again noticed a night-hawk prowling around my roof. On June 29th I looked on the platform above and found another female bullbat sitting on her eggs. These were greener and more densely spotted than the former one, and, like this one, laid on the bare roof between the gravel without any nesting material whatever. It was not the same bird as before, as