

some little songster suddenly ceased to sing. Saw flicker in maple at edge of orchard; also another on ant hill eating a medium-sized ant with brownish head and thorax, and black abdomen. Think of the storm last night and the hot sun today. When the ant hill is bare of snow the inmates sally out, the hungry flicker comes, and the great question is who is to live. How eagerly the ants were working to clear away debris! How pretty the flicker's plumage in the light of the western sun!

April 7. Watched pileated woodpecker digging its nest in a high stub at 10 A.M. Noticed the bird at the same hole on March 17; nest was well dug out at that time. Now, last year, I saw a hole in the winter which was afterwards used by the pileated for an nest. Does this bird use the winter roosting place as a nest for the ensuing season, and are their nests occupied for more than one season? The yellow-shafted flicker does this.

April 8. Visited Gough's in the evening. Many signs of spring, the more notable being blossoms of *Erigenia bulbosa*, *Claytonia* and *Hepatica*. What delicate odors and most exquisite tints these early nurslings of April show! Near the spot where the Harbinger of Spring starred the gray knolls, a male chewink cheerfully sang; another answered him from a neighboring copse. Heard a W. R. shrike singing a feeble song on top of a high elm.

April 9. Captured a specimen of the butterfly *Grapta j-album*. Saw three individuals at different places and followed one a long distance but owing to its very rapid flight it escaped. How perfectly the under side of its wing assimilates with the grey of decayed leaves and wood. When the wings are closed it is very difficult to make it out among dead leaves, and no doubt by this means it often escapes the notice of sharper eyes than mine, viz.:—those of the keen and hungry birds.

April 10. I walked one and half miles along the river from Model to Plover Mills. It was very pleasant, the bright sun was setting at the head of a long ravine, the moon overhead was slowly gathering light, and on the opposite side of the singing river, half way up a wooded slope, a bright fire was burning in a sugar