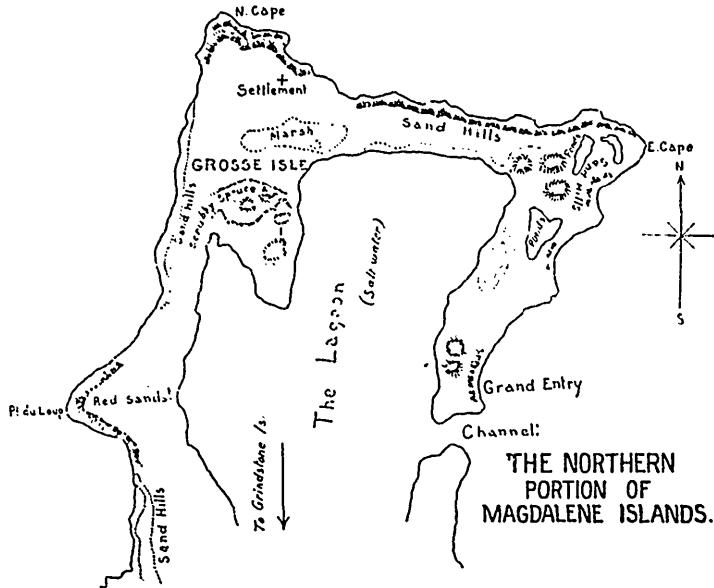


“American stilt,” with four somewhat incubated eggs. The bird rose from a grassy spot on the inside of the sand-hills, near the lagoon. Only the female showed herself; she was very uneasy:



and by her constant chirrup, and by flying over the place, soon convinced me she had a nest. After watching behind a sand-hill for some time I located the position of it, and going quickly to the spot where she disappeared, was rewarded for my patience by seeing her flutter along the grass as though wounded. I soon found the nest, placed among short grass in a dry part of the salt marsh; it was lined with a little withered grass. Only a few of these birds now appear to breed among the Magdalens, in all probability a few years ago they were common. Proceeding eastward we drove among the sandhills, which are interspersed with boggy pools and fresh water ponds, where quantities of the large American cranberry grow. There is also here