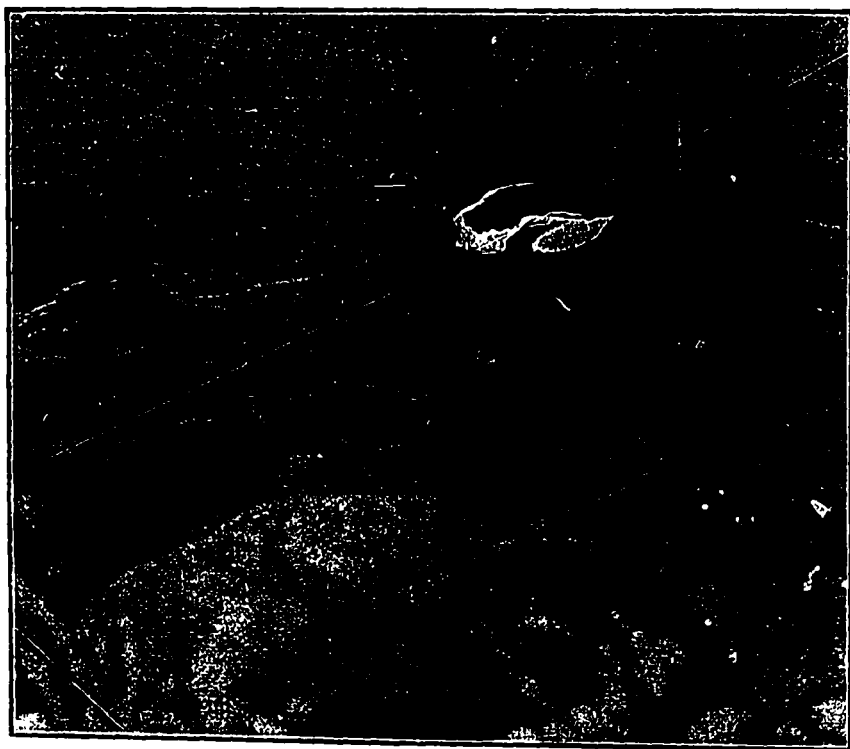


spatter-dock of the marshes and myriads of snails. Here the ducks linger and feed. Hitherto, as the isotherm of thirty-five degrees has moved north, they have closely followed, but now they wait, sure of food, until the breeding-grounds far over the Height of Land, far up—almost to the Arctic Circle—are ready to receive them. One great bay held a flock numbering many thousands; in the evening, when the movement northward is most pronounced, we calculated that there were about ten

concealed our canoe and the platform we had erected on piles to hold our camera. We anchored a flock of decoys nearby and placed the camera so that its bright lens could peer out at them from its straw covering. From our hiding-place we could watch the wonderful ways of our webb-footed friends. The golden-eyed drakes swam past proudly with their necks arched and their glossy green feathers and brilliant yellow eyes glistening in the sunlight. They were following, several



Golden-Eye Duck Fishing.

thousand of them, but in the morning, augmented by great flocks of hungry birds from the South, there were at least twenty-five thousand. We counted twenty-two varieties of wild ducks, the eider-duck and harlequin only, being missing. There were small flocks of Canada geese and brant, solitary specimens of pelicans and comorants, pairs of loons and many varieties of grieve. As the birds dotted the calm surface of the lake we built out "hides." The rice beds lie sunken beneath the water, the grain growing from a black liquid mud. Into this mud we drove our poles. Then we placed cross-poles in the crotches and hung over them a great quantity of wild rice straw. The straw

drakes to each more soberly-clad female. They dived as she dived; they rose from beneath the water and with flying wings speeded after her as she leaped into the air. They followed her every movement, settled where she settled, swimming around her as she rested, uttering the spring love note, which sounds like nothing in the world but the grating of a rusty hinge. "Creek, creek!" they called to her. This cry is to be heard only in the spring time and is utterly unlike the "quacks" and "myamphs" of the regular note. At last the female hearkened to one of the drakes, and she and her mate drove off the rejected lovers.

Hawk built us "bough-houses" on the