

is running, the wings hang down as if injured, but usually one wing is raised and held up like a great sail, for what reason it is impossible to say. When hard pressed, the Rhea doubles frequently and rapidly at right angles to its course; and if the pursuer's horse is not well trained to follow the bird in all its sudden turns without losing ground he is quickly left far behind.

In the month of July the love-season begins, and it is then that the curious ventriloquial bellowing, booming, and wind-like sounds are emitted by the male. The young males in the flock are attacked and driven off by the old cock-bird; and when there are two old males they fight for the hens. Their battles are conducted in a rather curious manner, the combatants twisting their long necks together like a couple of serpents, and then viciously biting at each other's heads with their beaks; meanwhile they turn round and round in a circle, pounding the earth with their feet, so that where the soil is wet or soft they make a circular trench where they tread. The females of a flock all lay together in a natural depression in the ground, with nothing to shelter it from sight, each hen laying a dozen or more eggs. It is common to find thirty to sixty eggs in a nest, but sometimes a larger number, and I have heard of a nest being found containing one hundred and twenty eggs. If the females are many the cock usually becomes broody before they finish laying, and he then drives them with great fury away and begins to incubate. The hens then drop their eggs