

the river we passed a large flock of male canvas backs flying high as though emigrating, also several flocks of Bonaparte's gulls from which I secured specimens. Dinner at the dam, we returned to the river and during the afternoon saw many ducks, whistlers, pintails, mallards, shovellers, blue and green winged teal, and blue bills, all in mixed flocks of males and females, save mallards, which were nearly all males and were in flocks of from four to seven. It has been said that these birds leave the females to look after the eggs and young while they flock together and have a good time. Whether from choice of the female or indolence and inconstancy of the male, the mallard drakes certainly do not frequent the nesting sites very much. None of the other ducks seemed to be breeding as yet.

Another red tailed hawk's nest was discovered containing two eggs. The continuous wooded country was now broken by strips of prairie for the first time and here, south of Marquette, we camped beside a small wooded creek. On Saturday morning I went up the creek and found numbers of water thrushes, warblers and other songsters mentioned above and discovered a mallard's nest with nine fresh eggs in the bush, 30 feet from the water and up a 10-foot bank. The nest was loosely constructed of small twigs, bark strippings and leaves, lightly lined with small feathers and breast down. The bird on leaving endeavored to cover the eggs by throwing leaves over them. Among the new arrivals I noted black-throated green Tennessee and palm warblers, blue-headed, warbling and Philadelphia vireos. Here I flushed a bittern and subsequently came upon him perched among the upper branches of a tall, slender poplar tree on the side of the ravine, with

his head erect in the hiding attitude. If ever a ridiculous picture presented itself this was one. I watched him for some time and eventually approached close enough to hit him with a stick from the bank when he flew.

The open prairie extending for miles north, east and west seemed barren and uninviting, and as the morning was hot we again took to the river, paddling southward nearly all day into the wooded and scrub country, in some places as uninviting as the prairie. In these places the monotony was continually broken by the appearance of the mud huts of the French settlers. These and their occupants were in many cases marvels of wretched contentment, and save in one or two cases our calls were hailed with smiles as p'asant as could grace such faces, while our flag signals were waved back with hats, hands or rags, the latter preponderating. It has for many years been a conundrum to me how these people live, and no one has ever enlightened me. Many cultivate no land and the fishing in the river is never very extensive. They are invariably surrounded by dense bush, yet they seem to be contented in their lonesome filth, as some of them look as though a good wash might remove considerable real estate. To-day we heard orioles for the first time, and by night were surrounded by them, and these, with the pursuit of a wounded ruddy duck, were all the life we had to interest us outside of the ever present song-birds and the Frenchmen.

The French ferryman is sometimes cranky, and objects to being called lazy because he is in bed at nine in the morning. For this reason one of these worthy river navigators attempted to stone us and sink our boat, and only desisted