

Quoting from my notes, made immediately afterwards, "I again reached down closer to her to pull some of the growing bushes aside, and could almost have stroked her beautiful head, had I dared. She made a few hesitating movements with her wings, as if trying to make up her mind whether to 'beat it' or not, and then when I put my hand a trifle too close to her, let out a blood curdling yell and a second or two afterwards cannon-balled by my legs, down the bank, over two boulders, and into the pool beyond. First she tried to jump the dead tree that lay there, but finally went out through the narrow outlet, and dove under the rear end of our canoe.

"In the meantime I had run along the tree and clambered onto a large boulder and was in a position immediately above her, where I could see her every movement in the clear water beneath.

"She used her wings when above the water, but upon diving, swam out into the lake, beneath the water and in plain sight for fifty feet or more, using only her feet as a means of propulsion, her wings being held close to her side."

I have given the above details at length, in order to show that that bird certainly was frightened, and supposedly would have used every possible means, including her wings, to accelerate her escape.—FREDERIC H. KENNARD, *Newton Centre, Mass.*

King Eider in Maine.—I find on looking over my notes, an unrecorded occurrence of the King Eider (*Somateria spectabilis*), in Maine.

On June 13, 1918, while paddling across Duck Lake in Penobscot County, I saw four ducks, apparently a male and three females, swimming ahead of me, which without glasses, and in poor light, I was unable to identify. I kept watch on the ducks, while my guide made a hurried trip to a farmhouse about a half mile away, and borrowed a gun, with which I was able to collect one of them. It proved to be an immature male of the year before. The three females stayed about the lake during the afternoon but were lost track of at supper time. The next day we saw one lone female swimming about. Duck Lake is perhaps seventy miles from the seacoast.—FREDERIC H. KENNARD, *Newton Centre, Mass.*

"The Replete Angler."—On June 13, 1922, at high water mark, on Wingersheek beach just north of Gloucester, Mass., I found partly imbedded in the sand, a very much inflated and badly decomposed body of an Angler or Goose Fish (*Lophius piscatorius*). Investigation discovered the fact that an adult female White-winged Scoter (*Oidemia deglandi*) had fallen a victim to the fish's voracious appetite. The bird was intact and fully feathered but decomposition had advanced too far to ascertain whether it had been shot previously to being swallowed. As no bones appeared to be broken I am inclined to think that it had been swallowed alive and furthermore a flock of these ducks had been observed feeding off the shore for a fortnight before I found the fish. Aside from the Angler's head, which is wholly disproportionate to the size of its body, the duck and the fish compare favorably in weight and size.

It has always aroused my wonder that the ever present danger of being seized from below by some predatory fish or other animal, has not developed in ducks and other sea birds a nervous apprehension which would be passed on to future generations. In point of fact, however, such nervousness seems to be entirely lacking. In this case the duck had paid with its life the price of negligence, the fish that of gluttony.—LANGDON GIBSON, *Schenectady, N. Y.*

Whooping Crane in Nebraska.—I recently received a letter from Mr. F. G. Caldwell of Lincoln, Neb., who says: "I have just returned from a hunting trip in the sand hills. Saw a Whooping Crane on Red Deer Lake, in fact it stayed there all the time I was there. I was within 50 feet of it one day. It still had its brown feathers." Mr. Caldwell is sending me an adult in the flesh which was killed five years ago and which has been frozen up in his ice cream plant ever since. He knows the bird well and this, in the face of the fancied extermination of the species, seems to make the occurrence worth recording.—LOUIS AGASSIZ FUERTES, *Ithaca, N. Y.*

Yellow-crowned Night Heron in Pennsylvania.—Early in the morning on the 23rd of April 1922, while rambling through the woods along a quiet creek near my home in Delaware County, Pa, a good-sized bird flew up in front of me and after flying a short distance lit in the branches of a large beech. At first glance I took it for a Green Heron, but upon closer scrutiny I saw that it was quite different and was about the size and shape of the Black-crowned Night Heron, though not so sturdy. It was grayish blue in color with the head and part of the neck black, the crown and cheek patches white. Rather short plumes were also in evidence. It was evidently the Yellow-crowned Night Heron, a species which has occurred in Pennsylvania on one or two previous occasions but always in August so far as I can ascertain. This bird was not breeding, as it was always alone on all of the occasions on which I saw it up to May 28, when it was seen for the last time.

At my request Mr. Julian K. Potter, secretary of the Delaware Valley Ornithological Club, came out to Glenolden to see the bird, but as luck would have it, it could not be found on that day. On a later visit, however, the bird appeared and Mr. Potter confirmed my identification.

It spent the month or more that it was with us feeding on small fish along the stream and never resented my presence, simply flying to a nearby tree if I approached too closely.—JOHN A. GILLESPIE, *Glenolden, Delaware Co., Pa.*

An Interesting Adaptation.—During the first week of October, 1922, a lady, coming into the Boston Society of Natural History, stated that she had just seen a bird of snipe-like character standing on the stone rim of the Boston Public Garden pond, from which it would occasionally *div*e for fish.