

of the ranch-house is an area of about an acre in extent where the ground is almost devoid of vegetation. Sage-hens have used this area as a strutting-ground in the spring for many generations. The entire country round about is well covered with sagebrush, with here and there a lone juniper tree.

On May 11, 1917, I found a nest of this species not over half a mile from the strutting-ground on a gentle, sagebrush slope. Scattered about the nest were the broken fragments of several eggs, while only one perfect egg remained in the nest. The tell-tale tracks of a coyote leading to and from the nest told the oft-repeated story of the hunger of these animals for young birds and eggs.—STANLEY G. JEWETT, *Portland, Oregon, January 30, 1925.*

**Polygamy Practiced by the House Finch.**—The article "Communism in the California Woodpecker" by Frank A. Leach in the January, 1925, CONDOR, recalled to me a polygamous family of House Finches (*Carpodacus mexicanus frontalis*) which made its home with us in the hills near Eagle Rock, California. On April 22, 1912, one male and two females began building a nest on top of one of the beams supporting the roof of the front porch. This position was sheltered by a wisteria vine. All three birds worked together in building the nest. Two eggs were in the nest on April 28. Ten eggs were laid, one being crowded out of the nest. After the first part of the incubation period, during which there were frequent contests between the females for the privilege of sitting on the eggs, one of the females apparently disappeared and was seen no more. The eggs had begun to hatch on May 12, but only six of them hatched. My notes do not so state, but it is my recollection that all the young prospered to the time of flying from the nest, after which I could not identify them.—HAROLD MICHENER, *Pasadena, California, March 16, 1925.*

**Two Ducks of the High Sierras.**—While on a camping trip in the Sierras during the late summer of 1918, I had the good fortune to meet with a family of Harlequin Ducks (*Histrionicus histrionicus*). On August 10, I was camped on the upper reaches of the Cherry River, at Lord's Meadows. These Meadows are at about 7500 feet altitude and are located at the junction of Cherry River and Huckleberry Fork. Cherry River and its tributaries drain the northern section of the Tuolumne basin, just outside the Yosemite National Park.

While fishing along a stretch of quiet water below the meadows, I noticed eight ducks sunning themselves on a large, smooth boulder that sloped gradually down to the water's edge. I crept up behind another boulder about thirty feet distant and watched them for some time. Finally they slipped into the water, one after another, and worked up-stream into some rapids near the junction of the two streams. The young led the way while the female followed along behind. The young were adept in swimming, and were able to climb up through the water that rushed and boiled down over the boulders. They soon started feeding and would plunge down into the swirls time and again. The food taken, as evidenced by the stomachs of the two young collected, seemed to consist of dragon-fly larvae.

After they finished feeding, they started down-stream in a scattered group. I shot two of the young to determine their species for certainty. They are both in the Museum of Vertebrate Zoology, one as no. 29549 in the museum collection, the other as no. 5 in my own collection.

The male was not in evidence at any time, probably having departed earlier in the season. The young were nearly full-grown but yet unable to fly. They would dive at the report of the gun, disappearing as easily and rapidly as grebes. The female took wing and dashed rapidly up and down the river uttering a series of gabbling notes. She gave another call that sounded something like a female Golden-eye's call.

I caught one of the youngsters in the water, whereupon it feigned death. However, when I laid it upon the ground on its back, it suddenly "came to life" and struck out for the water, using wings, bill and feet with apparently equal facility. I disturbed them no further.

At a small lake, high on the top of Kibbie Ridge and only five miles by trail (2½ miles air line) from the home of the Harlequin Ducks, I collected on June 30, 1922, a female Barrow Golden-eye (*Clangula islandica*), now no. 43997 in the Museum of Vertebrate Zoology. The whole situation, and the condition of the female duck, gave promise of a nest in the near vicinity. The lake, however, was cut up along one side