

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.