“Hear also “,” squeaking notes of an advancing flock of red-wings “,” somewhere high in the sky. At length detect them high overhead “,” advancing northeast in loose array “,” with a broad extended front “,” competing with each other “,” winging their way to some northern meadow which they remember. The note of some is like the squeaking of many sign “,” while other accompany them with a steady dry *tchuck “,” tchuck*.”

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