

Quail (*Synæcus australis*) is always to be flushed; it rises suddenly, and flies quickly or strongly away. It often makes its nest under a rush clump. Its flight is rather a contrast to that of the Painted Quail (*Turnix varia*), which does not rise so easily, but runs swiftly along the ground. Its call or "coo" could easily be mistaken for that of the Bronze-wing Pigeon.

Sometimes a Pectoral Rail (*Hypotaenidia philippinensis*) is to be seen on the flats, but they are rather scarce in this hilly district. A pair of Native-Hens (*Tribonyx mortieri*) have their home along a creek. They hide their nests so well that they are rarely found. Pretty little things the young ones are, and how swiftly they run! I have had great pleasure in watching them. The little ones would stay feeding with their mother, while the male bird always remained on guard if the situation was at all open. Perhaps they would be picking and running about, when he would give a warning "grunt." Immediately the little chicks would squat, and if the warning were repeated would disappear like magic; if not, they would go on feeding. When grown they seem to move further down the creek and not remain in the same locality with their parents. One pair of old birds used to follow the furrows of a newly-ploughed field after the uncovered worms. The same pair occasionally ventured amongst the domestic fowls, but would run at top speed if a human being came too near. I have seen young ones about in the months of October and May.

For a few months of the year, from end of September to March, the Small-billed Cuckoo-Shrike (*Graucalus parvirostris*) visits us. Its local name is "Summer-Bird," but as this name is often applied to the Wood-Swallows it leads to confusion. The Cuckoo-Shrike does not appreciate the severity of our mountain winters, and generally arrives later than the Cuckoos.

The Wood-Swallow (*Artamus sordidus*) is often the first of our migratory birds to return. Its arrival makes a very welcome addition to our outdoor life, as the bird is so full of life and energy and not afraid of man. This species nests about here, having splendid places to build its homes amongst the many dead trees and hollow stumps. I have also found its nests on the top of a piece of hanging bark, and have observed both birds assisting to select the nesting site. Together they build the nest, and are quick little workers.

(To be continued.)

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A LATE CLUTCH OF DOTTRELS.—Mr. Charles French, jun., received a clutch of Black-fronted Dottrels' (*Æ. melanops*) eggs taken by his friend Mr. B. Goudie, at Birchip, Victoria, on the 20th May. The eggs were found on a swampy bit of ground that had a fortnight previously been under water from the result of abundant rain succeeding a drought.