

vicinity of the hole, but rush into it when either parent gives the alarm.

My son and I noticed one adult bird keeping to one locality, so we walked towards her. She immediately became anxious, calling out, and shuffling along the ground quite near to us. We made an exhaustive search and narrowed the area down to a few square yards. We then retired to a distance, and watched through our field glasses. The bird was seen to go over to a bare patch, on which was a goanna burrow. On our pretending to walk towards her, she immediately ran away. We went back and waited for some time. She returned to the burrow, and was seen to have a young one running with her. My son moved towards her, whilst I kept watch. He had not gone more than a few yards when the young one ran towards its mother as though called, and then disappeared into the burrow. We examined the hole and took a photograph. The entrance measured  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches horizontally by  $2\frac{1}{2}$  vertically, and the burrow slanted in for about a foot, then turned at right angles and ran in for another foot. The young bird was crouching at the end of it. His footprints and excreta were seen on the soft earth at the entrance. About ten days old, he could run well, outspreading his little wings when pressed. When a little distance away, he would squat amongst the grass or stones, and was then difficult to find.

He was still in down, now a greyish fawn with brownish longitudinal vermiculations. The wing and tail quills and the feathers of the body were sprouting. The bill was brown, the gape being pale flesh color, and the legs and feet were leaden. Even at this age he had, when standing, the bobbing movements of his parents.

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**Wild Lyrebirds in Sydney Suburbs.**—Sydney is fortunate in having several parks containing virgin bush, and in these residents can hear and observe many of the native birds. It is pleasing to note that some comparatively rare species are glad to remain in the precincts of habitation if given protection. Whip Birds are to be found on the harbour foreshores, while a pair of Pheasant Coucals have lately made themselves at home in Mosman, about 20 minutes' run from the G.P.O. In the suburb of Gordon, Lyrebirds are still to the fore. Mr. B. E. Minns states "that he not only hears them almost daily, but occasionally sees the male bird performing his peculiar gyrations, with vocal accompaniment, in some sunlit bush glade. In the early morning he has watched him turning over the litter placed under an orange tree, in search of food, within a few yards of the house. A favourite imitation is the sound of numbers of children in the playground of a nearby school." The bird also takes delight in copying the clicking of a typewriter, which is worked on the verandah of a house facing the scrub.—A. S. LE SOUFF, C.M.Z.S.