

speak, without our locating the nest. She was undoubtedly the same bird which visited us at camp so often, and for whose nest we had spent many hours looking.

The nest at the waterfall was in such an exposed position that it was surprising that it was not detected by foxes, which are numerous in the ranges. I expected to find each time I reached there that the egg or the young one had fallen a victim. But fortune was with me, and my collection of pictures was made the richer by the run of good luck at the end of the season, combined with very strenuous and persistent efforts for nearly five months.

A Remarkable Nest.—A very peculiar nest, built by a tame White-backed Magpie (*Gymnorhina hypoleuca*) was shown to me a few weeks ago by a Devonport resident in his large garden. An ordinary kerosene tin laid on its side and with the top removed, had been partly filled with earth and used as a flower-pot. It rested on a wooden stand about three feet high. The Magpie had carried clippings of galvanised iron and pieces of wire from a nearby workshop, and had formed, with a quantity of plant-trimmings from the garden, a very substantial foundation. On this base she had woven a very snug lining of horsehair, feathers and scraps of paper, so that the kerosene-tin was occupied right to the top, and from end to end. Wild Magpies visit the garden and flute away early in the morning. The pet bird had evidently established relations with one of these, for she laid two eggs and hatched them. Evil fortune, however, attended the family, for one of the youngsters expired three days afterwards, and the other disappeared, taken probably by a cat.

Maggie is not to be outdone, however, for she is building again, with the same foundation of iron-clippings and wire, in a box on a high shelf in the coach-house, to which she gains access by crossing a phaeton and hopping off the back of it to the shelf.

Mr. A. J. Campbell, in his monumental work on *Nests and Eggs*, gives two or three instances of pet Magpies nesting in Victoria: one amusing instance was at St. Kilda, where the bird nested on the corner of a washstand in her owner's bedroom and laid a clutch of eggs. She seemed doubtful about the result of the experiment, however, for while sitting she frequently whistled in a mournful way—

"There's nae luck about the hoose,

When the gudeman's awa!"

Another tame bird nested on the roof of an outhouse in Gippsland, and made herself a great nuisance while building, pulling fibre from door-mats and unravelling the edges of oil-cloth; on one occasion, after a bush hair-cut, she seized mouthfuls of hair to use as lining.—H. STUART DOVE, Devonport, Tas.