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 collec-
tion 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 \textit{(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 work-
shop, 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 morn-
ing. 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 \textit{Nests}
and \textit{Eggs}, gives two or three instances of pet Magpies nest-
ing 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 build-
ing, 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.