

On my approaching the scene of operations the Babblers and one pair of *Acanthizas* "moved on," the other pair remaining. I then noticed that the apparently "old" nest was the "new" one of the remaining pair of *Acanthizas* (*A. apicalis*), and that the side and bottom of it had been pulled out by the Babblers, the freshly-broken eggs (3) lying on the ground beneath. Is this a usual custom of the Babblers? I have never noted it before.—CHAS. G. GIBSON. Perth (W.A.)

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KESTREL MIMICKING ROOT.—Whilst walking along the Namoi River, unfortunately without my usual companion, the camera, I saw what at first sight appeared to be a gnarled root projecting from the bank. But, being uncertain, and to convince myself, I walked towards it, and found it to be a Nankeen Kestrel (*Cerchneis cenchroides*). It was sitting almost erect, with its head turned slightly to one side, resembling broken roots in the vicinity. It allowed me to approach within 10 feet of it before it flew away. In flying I noticed that one of its legs was missing—possibly it had been shot off, and apparently for some considerable time. I am of opinion that the Kestrel, through this deficiency, found it rather difficult to perch on the trees, so took to roosting on ledges of the river banks, where it has acquired the art of root-mimicking.—HARRY BURRELL. Manilla (N.S.W.), 7/8/08.

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MALURUS FIGHTING ITS SHADOW.—On several occasions last month I noticed a female Blue Wren (*Malurus cyaneus*) fluttering like a moth at the window leading into our garden. She would then fly to a rose-bush close by, where the male bird was sitting watching her. After she had rested awhile she would fly straight back and repeat the performance. I stood inside the room close to the window watching her. But apparently in her excitement she could not see me, as she did not stop her strange antics. On another occasion I heard fluttering, so I quietly drew the curtains aside and watched her again. A Persian cat jumped on to the table in front of the window and watched her also, but even that had no effect. After sending the cat outside, I waited for the bird to return to her mate, who was then hopping about excitedly. I then pulled the top sash down silently. After a few minutes I closed the window again, when she evidently caught sight of it, for she came back and hammered away at the glass until she fell, almost exhausted, with outspread wings, on the window-sill below, where she stopped for a few seconds before returning to her mate, who seemed greatly excited all the while. At first I thought the bird had mistaken the glass for space; but, if she was so anxious to come in, why not try when the window was pulled down? I have come to the conclusion that it was nothing but pure jealousy that caused her to fight so hard her own reflection in the window.—HARRY BURRELL. Manilla (N.S.W.), 11/8/08.



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