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*Bird Notes.*

Florieton Notes. By N. Hiles Pearse, 18th September, 1935.

Banded Plover, *Zonifer tricolor*. I nearly drove the motor-car over a nest half-a-mile from the house the other morning. It was a very cold morning, and the hen-bird sat close. I had to get out and drive her off; just a shallow indentation in the ground for a nest with one greenish-brown heavily-spotted egg. By the way, I have known these birds to nest in the dry manure contained in the inside of a dead sheep, long dead, of course. Wedge-tailed Eagle, *Uroaetus audax*. I saw a fine pair in a nest last week whilst mustering sheep. The male bird flew away from the nest as we arrived. The nest was built in a low sandalwood tree, about fifteen feet to the top of the structure from the ground, and, owing to its immense size, which the small tree of course accentuated, was probably a nest of several generations. It was five feet in depth, and about three feet across, and contained a large dray load of wood in all sizes, quite flat on top. There were two freshly-killed full-grown rabbits in it. The young birds were really beautiful, about half-grown, snow white, except for black beaks and talons, piercing black eyes, and a black tracery of wing-feathers. The talons and beaks were as if polished, and the delicate skin of the feet appeared like chamois-leather. The whole appearance was one of cleanliness. They came at me with wings outstretched and voracious beaks wide open. Lamb-killers, as they are, I had not the heart to destroy them.

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