

"Almost as tame as the robins are the Falldon tits. They fly fearlessly into the house, and have recently become quite a nuisance, for they peck the tops of the lamp shades, apparently finding the glue to their liking. The lamp shades have had to be treated specially to prevent further damage being done to them.

"The evening feed at Falldon is a remarkable experience for a lover of birds. Many of the ducks are on the lawn, and when they see Lord Grey leave the house they hurry eagerly to him, and follow him down the path to the feeding place below the larch at the lower of the two ponds. The evening feed consists of grain and bread. It is remarkable to see a flight of tufted duck fly at great speed, alight with a splash on the water, hurry out of it on to the land, and come up to Lord Grey's feet, to take bread from his kindly hand. Should he withhold the food the ducks pull his shoe-laces or his stockings, and are aggrieved if they are not attended to promptly.

"The widgeon, flying whistling overhead, are equally tame, and many of them feed from the hand also. But perhaps the tamest of all are the mandarins. The mandarin drake is an extraordinarily handsome bird, and not only feeds from the hand, but actually flies up and perches on one's head. One night I had two mandarins on my head at the same moment!

"Birds and man are here in perfect harmony, but a thing which happened the other evening showed me that the vigilance of the waterfowl was by no means lessened from their close contact with man. Lord Grey and I were sitting together on the seat at an evening feed. The waterfowl were all around us, many of them feeding from the hand. Suddenly a blackbird flew overhead and uttered his warning chuckle. On the instant every duck took wing, and flew into the water in alarm. Again, during the hard frost at the early part of this year I was feeding the ducks. A sudden alarm seized them, and they flew over the ice and settled on the circular zone of water which they had kept free of ice by dint of much hard work. I had not moved, and so I knew that I was not the cause of their alarm. I looked up, and saw an old heron planing down towards the pond. When he saw me he swerved off, but the birds had noticed his approach, and perhaps they had mistaken him for a large hawk, hence their alarm.

"I was the witness of a scene at Falldon which will remain long in my memory. It was a fine spring morning of sunshine, and Lord Grey had seated himself on the white seat beside the upper pond, and had begun to feed the ducks. I saw a mandarin drake a little distance away watching him intently and even as I looked, measuring his distance carefully, flew up and