

## Bits About Animals

“Bits About Animals” appeared regularly in *The Girl’s Own Paper*, and soon came to be written almost entirely by Ruth Lamb. This collection presents the column in very nearly chronological order (with some variations based on format constraints).

### 1880

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Memory and Sagacity of a  
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### 1887

A Sagacious Colt

### 1889

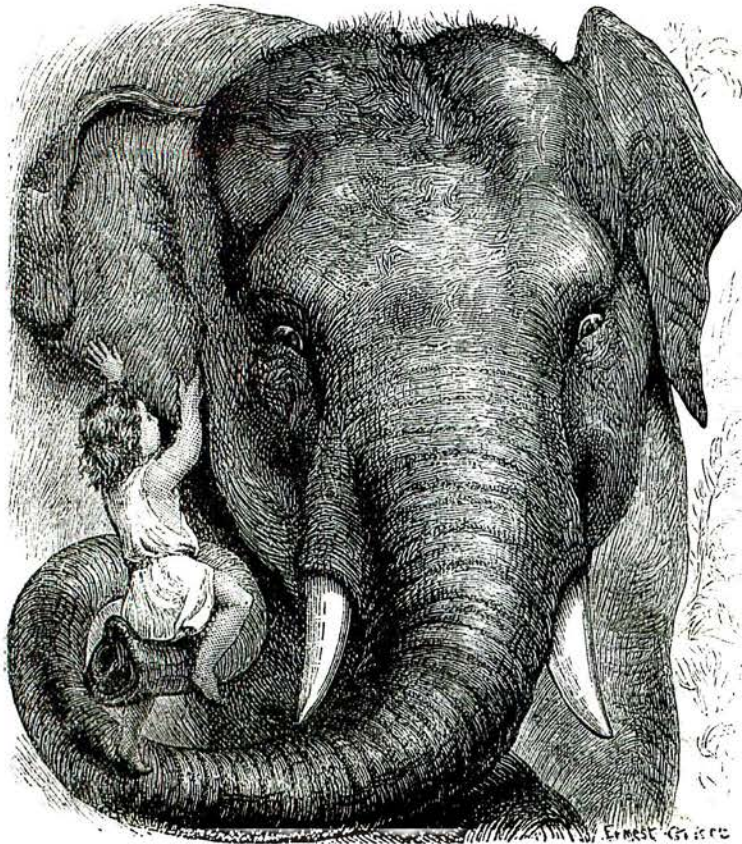
Pensioner Cats

### 1891

Messenger Pugs  
Blue-Cap, the Children’s  
Guide and Guardian  
A Happy [Lion] Family







**A CAREFUL ELEPHANT.**

YEARS ago I was driving round a beautiful lake in the interior of the Island of Ceylon when I saw a strange sight. A huge elephant, bearing two maked little children on its back, was carefully descending the sloping bank that led down to the water.

In my childish terror, I cried out, expecting to see the children thrown into the lake. But judge of my relief when I saw the huge creature stop at the foot of the bank. Relief gave way to amazement as I watched what followed. The elephant put out his right fore leg, and the children crept carefully down. When he had safely placed them on the ground, he tramped into the water and began to bathe his dark body, whilst the children played on the bank.

His bath over, he came out of the lake, shook himself and flapped his long ears, and, having shaken himself until he was dry, he went towards the children and, putting out his leg again, they climbed up his leg, and with his trunk he raised them on to his back, when the wise old creature climbed carefully up the bank and went on his way home with his burden.

**MEMORY AND SAGACITY OF A JACKDAW**

FOUR or five years ago a very young jackdaw made his way down the chimney of one of the bedrooms of a large house in West Brighton.



The servants caught him and offered him food, which he took greedily, as if half starved; and, as he afterwards showed an inclination to be friendly and to stay on in the kitchen, they asked for permission to keep and feed him.

The lady of the house, who usually resides in town, was very glad to let them have what might be an entertaining companion to them during their long hours of leisure. So the daw became an inmate of the establishment, and learnt to prattle in a very diverting way on the objects and incidents of the kitchen.

"Who are you?" he demanded of all strangers entering that sanctum, including its

mistress, who usually went down to order dinner during her short visits to Brighton.

"Poor Jacky! Dinner for Jacky!" he used clamorously to repeat, when his empty stomach reminded him that one o'clock was approaching. Sometimes the cook, tired of hearing him, would say, "Hold your tongue, or you shall have none. If you are quiet I will give you your dinner." Then Jacky would reply, "Will you? Will you?"

At length, one day, after he had attained his full size, and long after they had supposed him thoroughly homed to the house, Jacky disappeared. There was much lamentation among his friends, and much discussion as to what could have become of him. Sometimes it was feared he had met an untimely end, sometimes it was suspected he had been stolen, sometimes it was suggested that he might have returned to his native woods.

But, in process of time, as he failed to reappear, and nothing occurred to throw light on the subject, the servants gave him up for lost, and ceased to speak or think of him. But they had not really seen the last of him.

One very cold day last winter, a peculiar noise was heard at the outer kitchen-door. On its being opened, a daw flew in with ruffled feathers and looking woe-begone. Placing himself on the corner of the table, he said, "Poor Jacky! Dinner for Jacky," thus making it quite clear that he was their old pet, who, after the absence of several years, had known how to find them once more, in his season of need. He was supplied with food, of which he ate ravenously, and then he flew away with a bit of bread in his beak, apparently to minister to the wants of his family.

He returned for his dinner every day after that, till the sweet spring weather came, and his natural resources were available once more. And, after appeasing his hunger, he would often sit half-an-hour with his hostesses, chattering in the most joyous way.

How delighted Jacky's friends felt at these proofs of memory and confidence in their kindness, on his part, need not be told. Their only regret is that they were unable to express to him their earnest hope that he will apply to them for assistance again, whenever he finds it difficult to make the two ends meet in his sylvan home.

E. G.

**A CLEVER RAVEN.**



HAPPENING to spend a few weeks last summer at a picturesque village among the mountains of Northumberland, in company with a friend, I made a very interesting acquaintance in the shape of a tame raven.

The owner of this bird, a small farmer in the neighbourhood of the village, lives in a cottage by the highway; and during the day Ralph usually occupies a strong cage outside the cottage, whence from his perch he surveys all passers-by with an expression of composed scrutiny.

My friend and I were at first sight attracted to him by his unusually large size, and the beautiful hues of his rich plumage, the green on his back and the purple about his throat



relieving the deep black of the rest of the body charmingly. My friend happened to have some biscuits in her bag, one of which she offered him. He took it immediately, threw it on the bottom of the cage, and pounded it almost to powder with his bill before eating it. It is known that ravens cannot digest hard or tough substances, and nature had taught this one how to prepare such for his own use; for, as we were subsequently told, he had been taken from the parental nest when only four days old, and therefore could have learnt no lesson there.

Bread crusts or tough cakes he steeps in his water-dish till quite soft, before swallowing them.

We often afterwards amused ourselves by giving Ralph food when we walked that way. One day my friend took him a slice of plum pudding in paper that we might see whether he liked it. The pudding crumbled into very tiny bits in the paper, and my friend was rather at a loss how to lay it in the cage; for as Ralph's habit was to snatch, and his bill was a formidable one, handing the bits to him was out of the question. "I'm afraid you'll bite me," said she. "Throw it, throw it," said the bird, eying the dainty eagerly. She obeyed him, and he caught each morsel very cleverly, but as we had not known that he could speak, our amazement may be imagined.

We tried, but in vain, on succeeding days to make him say something else. We heard in the village that he was famed for his powers of speech, but seldom exhibited them to strangers, to whom he was inclined to be rather fierce. At length one afternoon, happening to pass him alone, I gave him a biscuit. I had only one in my pocket on that occasion, so when he had eaten that I wished him good day. But hardly had I left him when he called after me, "Come back! come back to poor Ralph," slowly, but with clear articulation, and in tones wonderfully like those of the human voice. I walked back and showed him empty hands. "Oh, poor Ralph," said the creature, with a most amusing air of chagrin.

The pertinence of Ralph's utterances, when he chose to make any, struck me as so remarkable that I called that evening on his master to make some inquiry regarding his training and acquirements.

He had been corrected with a light whip when young, the man said, for any mischievous tricks he showed. But as to talking, that he had taught himself by much patient practice, usually early of a morning; and by observing what the family said and did in certain circumstances he had learnt to understand human language to about the same extent as an intelligent dog.

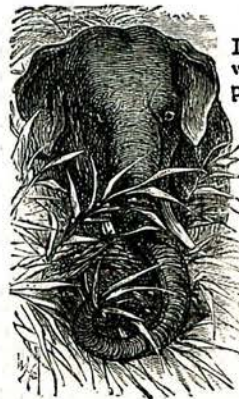
"He knew quite well that 'Come back' would make you turn, ma'am. When I am on my farm I let him fly about with me. He keeps pretty close to me, and seems frightened of being lost or taken away. Sometimes he perches on the telegraph post at the end of the cottage, and calls to people passing to come back, and then he laughs heartily, just as a person would do, when they turn. I have seen men very angry at this trick till I pointed to Ralph as the culprit. Then they were delighted; but, unluckily, he is always quiet when he is noticed. I have had him seven years, but I have never managed to teach him to speak when we want to hear him. But he comes to call like a dog."

So saying, the man opened the back kitchen door, and called out, "Here, Ralph!" Ralph had gone to roost, but he flew into the room immediately, disturbing all the drapery by the movements of his huge wings. He perched on his master's shoulder, looking very sleepy, answered some caressing expressions by rubbing his head against his master's cheek, and flew away again on being told to go to bed. F.G.

## TEACHING TRICKS TO CLEVER CATS.

To make a cat a good trickster you must love her, and take an interest in her little performances, and you will be surprised at the number of tricks she will learn. Without reference to the accomplishments of performing cats, who require a special education, we may enumerate just a few of the many simple tricks which you may teach any cat of ordinary brain calibre. A cat may be taught to beg like a dog; to embrace you; to pat your nose or your neighbour's nose when told (N.B.—It is perhaps as well it should always be your neighbour's nose); to down charge; to watch by a mouse's hole; to stand in a corner on her hind legs; to move rhythmically to music; to leap six or eight feet through a hoop, or over your head; to feign sleep; to feign death; to open or shut a door, and to ring the bell.

## BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.



**ELEPHANT ROPE DANCING.**—The ease with which the elephant is taught to perform the most agile and difficult feats forms a remarkable contrast to its huge unwieldiness of size. Aristotle tells us that in ancient times elephants were taught by their keepers to throw stones at a mark, to cast up arms in the air, and catch them again on their fall; and to dance not merely on the earth, but on the rope. The first, according to Suetonius, who exhibited elephant rope dancers, was Galba at Rome. The manner of teaching them to dance on the ground was simple enough (by the association of music and a hot floor); but we are not informed how they were taught to skip the rope, or whether it was the tight or the slack rope, or how high the rope might be. The silence of history on these points is fortunate for the figurantes of the present day; since, but for this, their fame might have been utterly eclipsed.

**CALCULATING CROW.**—A Scotch newspaper of the year 1816 states that a carrion crow, perceiving a brood of fourteen chickens under the care of a parent-hen, on a lawn, picked up one; but on a young lady opening the window and giving an alarm, the robber dropped his prey. In the course of the day, however, the plunderer returned, accompanied by thirteen other crows, when every one seized his bird, and carried off the whole brood at once.

**WATCH DOG.**—A thief, who had broke into the shop of Cellini, the Florentine artist, and was breaking open the caskets, in order to come at some jewels, was arrested in his progress by a dog, against whom he found it a difficult matter to defend himself with a sword. The faithful animal ran to the room where the journeymen slept; but as they did not seem to hear him barking, he drew away the bed clothes, and pulling them alternately by the arms, forcibly awaked them; then barking very loud, he showed the way to the thieves, and went on before; but the men would not follow him, and at last locked their door.

The dog having lost all hopes of the assistance of these men, undertook the task alone, and ran down stairs; he could not find the villain in the shop, but immediately rushing into the street, came up with him, and tearing off his cloak, would have treated him according to his deserts, if the fellow had not called to some tailors in the neighbourhood, and begged they would assist him against a mad dog; the tailors believing him, came to his assistance, and compelled the poor animal to retire.

**SINGULAR INTERPOSITION.**—A lady had a tame bird which she was in the habit of letting out of its cage every day. One morning, as it was picking crumbs of bread off the carpet, her cat, who always before showed great kindness for the bird, seized it on a sudden, and jumped with it in her mouth upon a table. The lady was much alarmed for the fate of her favourite, but on turning about, instantly discerned the cause. The door had been left open, and a strange cat had just come into the room! After turning it out, her own cat came down from her place of safety, and dropped the bird without having done it the slightest injury.

**DYING OF JOY.**—One of the strongest instances of affection in dogs is related in the *Memoires du Marquess Langallery*. The marquess had been two years in the army, when returning home, a favourite dog which had been left came to meet him in the court yard, and recognising him as if he had only been absent two days, leaped upon his neck, and died of joy at having found him again.

**SENSE OF RIDICULE.**—Persons who have the management of elephants have often observed that they know very well when any one is ridiculing them, and that they very often revenge themselves when they have an opportunity. A painter wished to draw an elephant in the menagerie at Paris in an extraordinary attitude, which was with his trunk lifted up, and his mouth open. An attendant on the painter, to make the elephant preserve the position, threw fruits into his mouth, and often pretended to throw them without doing so. The animal became irritated, and, as if knowing that the painter was to blame rather than his servant, turned to him, and dashed a quantity of water from his trunk over the paper on which the painter was sketching his distorted portrait.

**REVENGEFUL SWALLOW.**—A gentleman of Brencley having shot a hen-swallow which was skimming in the air, accompanied by her mate, the enraged partner immediately flew at the fowler, and, as if to revenge the loss it had sustained, struck him in the face with its wing, and continued flying around him with every appearance of determined anger. For several weeks after the fatal shot, the bird continued to annoy the gentleman whenever it met with him, except on Sundays, when it did not recognise him, in consequence of his change of dress.

**TORTOISE.**—It is a disputed point whether animals are fond of music or not. A lady writes from her country-house in France—"I have a little tortoise always inhabiting the garden. When I call 'Tortue, tortue,' he answers to his name, otherwise he never shows himself—he might be a hundred miles off, for all we ever see of him; excepting sometimes when my sister comes down from Paris to pay me a visit. When she plays on the piano, he at once responds, and finds his way up to her, traversing the lawn and the outer room; he then puts out his small head and appears to be intent on listening, and to enjoy the harmony of sweet sounds. When she accompanies the air with her voice, it seems to afford the mysterious little hard-coated creature still more pleasure. The music ended, he retires again to the garden.—K."



**ANIMALS AND MUSIC.**—Curious effects have been produced on animals by music. A dog is mentioned by Fétis which had such a dislike to the sound of a violin that he began to howl in anticipation as soon as he saw it touched. The same author gives an account of a lizard which would come out of an old wall, where he had established a domicile, on hearing the *adagio* to Mozart's Quartett in C, but would not pay the same compliment to any other piece. The pigeon that would fly from his dove-house and perch on the parlour-window to hear Handel's air of "Spera si, mio caro" is well known. Lenz, in his anecdotes of animals, relates one of an elephant who paid no attention to the performance of an orchestra in his vicinity until they played "Charmante Gabrielle," when he appeared much pleased, keeping time with his trunk, and was particularly attracted by the musician who played the horn.



**BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.**

LADDIE.



I THINK the calculating dogs I named in a previous number were excelled by a magnificent collie, called Laddie, with whom I became acquainted at a farm-house,

where we sometimes had rooms in the summer time. He was of a great size, and wonderfully clever, doing whatever his master bade him with unerring exactness. He would fetch the cows from the pastures, or any single cow out of a number, if the master mentioned its name. A mere sign sufficed for Laddie to know that he must fetch the mare and foal from the high pasture, or either of them, as the case might be. No other messenger could have done the work so quickly or so well.

Laddie and I became close friends, and, whenever the dining-room door was open, he was sure to stand in the doorway, begging with eager eyes for admission, but never absolutely entering without leave.

For some weeks we were obliged to go to the city on Tuesdays, and we returned to the farm on Thursday afternoons, when Laddie was the first to greet and welcome us. Once, however, we were compelled to stay over a week in town, and when we again reached the farm, were told of Laddie's excessive distress at our prolonged absence. He knew the day on which we were accustomed to arrive, and must have also calculated the hour; for he went to meet us at the railway-station. He was much excited by our non-arrival, and, for two days, made frequent journeys in the direction of the railway. The farmer and his family said it became quite distressing to see the dog after these repeated disappointments, and the expression used was, "We thought Laddie was going off his mind, he was in such trouble when you did not come."

I shall not soon forget his delight when, after our four-footed friend had given up hope, he once more welcomed us to country quarters.

When we began to pack up, preparatory to

our final departure for town, Laddie knew all about it. The sight of the cart laden with boxes told him that he need not go to the station again with the expectation of meeting us. But he would not see us depart, or give us a doggish farewell. It was too much for an honest, tender-hearted friend. He simply stole away and hid himself to avoid the pain of a final parting, and on these occasions alone—for we stayed at the farm several summers—Laddie was disobedient to his master's voice and whistle. He retreated to some solitary spot, and "had it out" by himself, and, when the struggle was over, returned, like a canine hero, to his work and his duty.



SAM.

Scotch shepherd's dogs invariably accompany their masters to the kirk on Sundays; but in England the sight of a dog in church causes a commotion, and the intruder is usually driven or coaxed out as rapidly as possible. I have, however, known one or two church-going doggies in this country; notably a fox-terrier called Sam, which belonged to the Squire in a Derbyshire village.

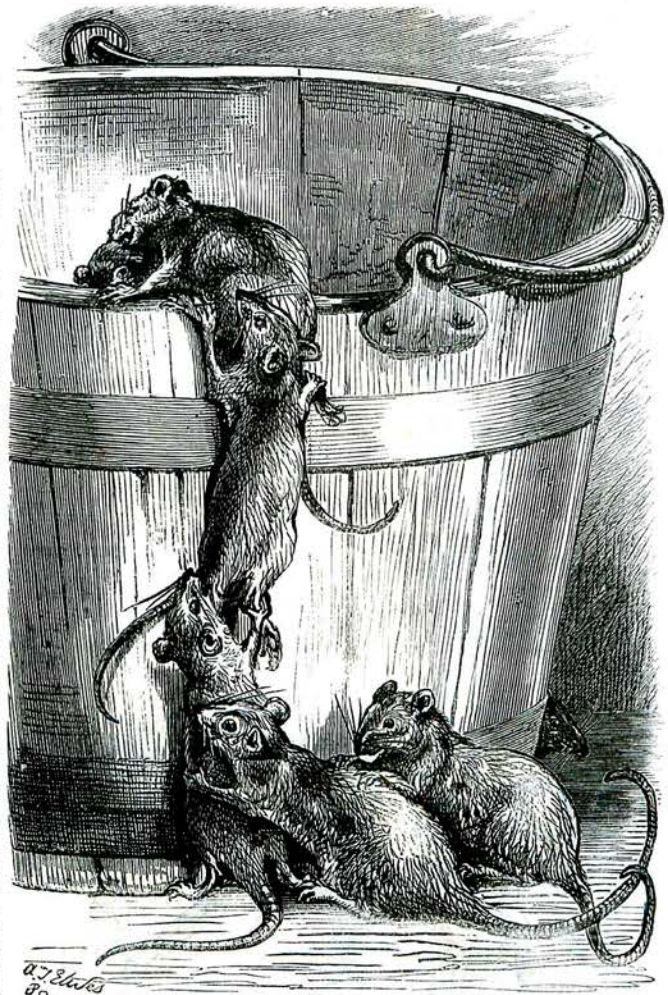
Sam's master and the young ladies of the family took a great interest in the village choir, of which they were the leading members. So sure as they appeared in the singing loft, Sam also took up his station, and appeared to enjoy the music as much as anybody. If the family happened to be from home, and the servants in charge remained there instead of going to church, Sam was no less punctual and regular in his attendance. Every Sunday morning, just at the right time, he trotted up the stairs to the organ loft, took up his station in the old place, and be-

haved just as well as if his master were there to enforce propriety by an admonitory kick.

Sam's social qualities were so much appreciated that nobody ever thought of hounding him away when he visited the houses of his friends, but gave him a share of bones and a corner of the rug for a resting-place. It was while away on such visits that Sam manifested his power of calculating days and hours in a remarkable manner. He would leave his own home on Thursday, perhaps, and go to a house some miles away, and in an opposite direction to that which led to the church. But on Sunday morning off to church Sam would go alone; and never did he fail to make his appearance at the proper time, and take up his station in the singing gallery before service commenced.

**CLEVER RATS.**

A young rat had fallen into a pail of pig-food. Six older ones held a consultation so earnest in its character as to lead them to ignore the presence of human onlookers. They decided on an ingenious scheme of rescue, and successfully carried it out. Entwining their legs together, they formed a chain hanging downwards over the edge of the pail. The foremost or downmost rat grasped the drowning—and, as it subsequently proved, drowned—young one in its forepaws, and both rescued and rescuer were then drawn up and out. When found to be dead, the rescuers gazed at their young comrade in "mute despair," solemnly, as if aware that their efforts had been made in vain.—*American Paper.*





**QUESTIONING THE CUCKOO.**—The most singular feature in the cuckoo, according to the superstitious lore of many of the countries of Europe, is its power of telling how long people have to live. It is believed that if, when you first hear a cuckoo in the morning, you put the question in a respectful manner, it will immediately repeat its note just as many times as you have years yet to spend in this world.

### BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

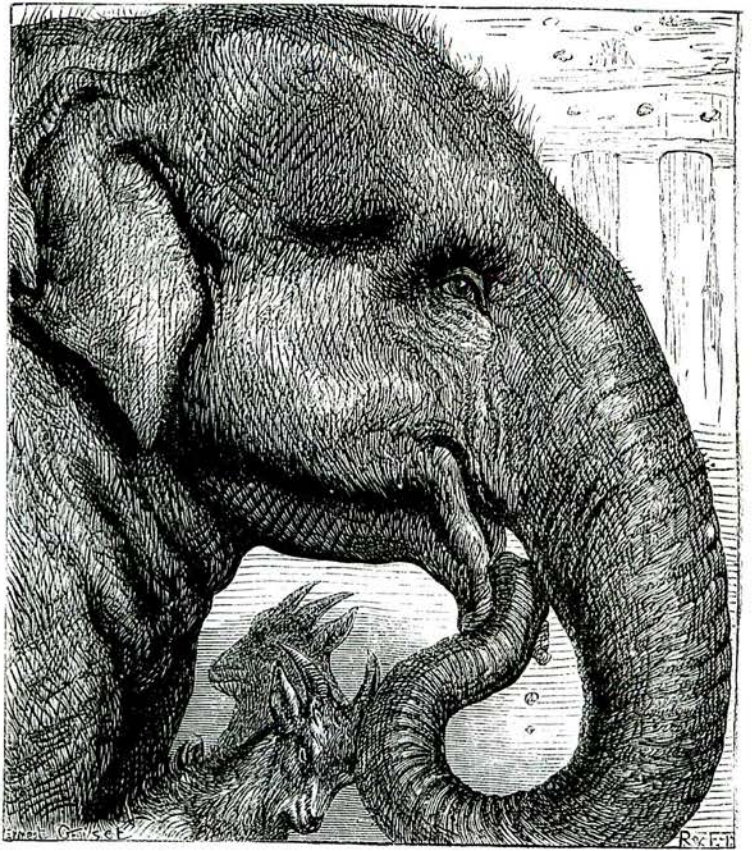
**SNAKE CHARMING.**—I was measuring the Temple of Edfou, when I saw a peculiarly venomous serpent come out of its hole, whilst an Arab boy who stood by fixed his eye steadily on it the moment he saw it, the reptile fixing his eye on him. The lad began waving his hands gently up and down, humming a peculiar tune in a low monotonous tone. The serpent seemed to be charmed, and lay perfectly still, listening to and keeping its eyes attentively on the boy, who, finding that he had charmed it, was about to secure it; but at this I was so horrified that I took up a large stone and killed the reptile. The boy was very angry, and assailed me with violent gestures and imprecations, at which I laughed heartily. I afterwards learned that he was the son of a serpent-charmer, and was collecting these reptiles for his father.—*Sir John Rennie's Autobiography.*

### THE "BABY" ELEPHANT.

A WISE young elephant was once a fellow passenger with me on a homeward voyage. This elephant was called the "Baby," and was the pet and amusement of everyone on

was too encroaching, and Baby's endurance was exhausted. When Mrs. Nanny came to his tub as usual, Baby coolly took her up with his trunk and deposited her a few feet off.

Mrs. Nanny, nothing daunted, returned to the attack, and began butting Baby, who calmly went on eating until Mrs. Nanny put her nose into the tub again. Then Baby took her up with his trunk, and gave her such a shaking that she never ventured to



board ship. The captain used to carry him dessert every day from the dinner table, and if he forgot to do so Baby set up a trumpeting that was much worse than an ordinary baby's crying, you may be sure. The captain would put the biscuits or raisins in his coat tail pockets, and Baby would take them out with his trunk. Sometimes the captain would hide the dessert, and then it was such fun to watch Baby's perplexity; and how he searched about. But do not let my readers imagine Baby was greedy. He was as generous as he was gentle. He shared a nursery with some goats, and was fed at the same time as his companions. Amongst the goats there was a greedy old "Nanny," who made a point of eating her dinner as fast as possible, and then going to Baby's tub. For some time Baby bore this very meekly and Mrs. Nanny had the better share of Baby's meal, as well as all her own. But at last Mrs. Nanny

takes a prominent and certainly intelligent part in the private worship of its master's household. Such parrots, for instance, make responses at the proper time—an exercise that implies a good deal more than mere memory, mere attention to the service. They have been taught, moreover, or they

partake of Baby's meal again.

### PARROT PIETY.

While collies regularly attend church, they cannot be said, as a rule, to take any active or intelligent part in the service; but in the case of the parrot, which is not usually allowed to attend church, the bird not infrequently

have learned to repeat man's creeds, to recite prayers, and even act as domestic chaplains—as substitutes, in other words, for man himself. As in so many other cases, the behaviour—nay, the very speech—the remarks or conversation of the bird, are suitable to place, time, and other circumstances. Thus a certain English bishop's parrot is (or was) in the habit of saying sometimes quite devoutly and with becoming solemnity, at other times sarcastically or ironically, but in either case at proper seasons and appropriately to the circumstances.—"Let us pray." Of another we are told that it "could sing in correct time and measure—

"There is a happy land."

—W. L. Lindsay, M.D.







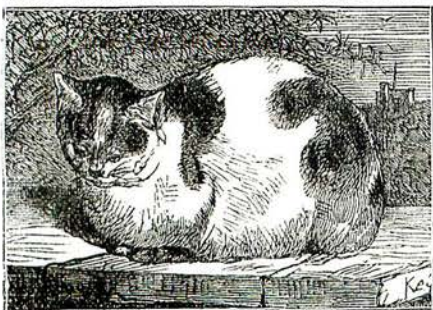
DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

WILD HORSES.

The immense steppes comprised between the Caucasus, the Sea of Azof, and the Caspian Sea, abound with horses both tame and wild. They form small troops of from 20 to 25, at the head of which one horse seems to hold undisputed sway. Mares and foals compose the rest of the number. When the foals increase in size, their chief will no longer allow them to remain amongst them, but chases them away from their usual haunts. It often occurs that a young, weakly foal, expelled by the despot, continues following its late companions at a safe distance, observing them with an eye of regret, and receiving visits from its mother, who furtively nourishes it.

A USEFUL PUSSY.

An employé at an office, which she leaves at a certain hour, possesses a cat who never fails to ramble a considerable distance to meet her. When her mistress, over fatigued, falls



asleep, she patiently keeps watch beside her; but if visitors present themselves at the wicket-gate, Minnie gives her a pat on the cheek to wake her.

FRENCH CATS.

That cats in France possess more intelligence than dogs is the firm conviction of a friend of mine. She had a cat who daily sat on a window-ledge, whence she could perceive persons coming across the garden to pay visits to the inmates of the house. Directly she saw an acquaintance of her mistress, she jumped down, scratched at the door to have it opened, received the visitor with suitable respect at the bottom of the staircase, and went up with her to introduce her into the

drawing-room. When the visitor got up to take leave, Pussy accompanied her as far as the garden-gate, and then resumed her place on the window-ledge to await other visitors.



POMPEY.

I went down to Styria with mamma to pass the autumn with a friend at her lovely baronial mansion. Our dog was certainly to accompany us; indeed, how could we leave him behind?—rather would we have renounced our visit. Poor Pompey, enjoying the scene and the change as much as we did, bounded with exuberance of spirits till he made sad havoc with the baroness's pretty drawing-room furniture.

"Your dog is really too free," said her son, a boy of about twelve years of age. "Everything will be spoilt." The remark was made in perfect good humour but we felt distressed and annoyed. "We will tie him up; we see that he is wild with delight; the scent of the pine forests seems really to intoxicate him." They would not allow him to be tied up, but the Styrian youth undertook to keep Pompey in order, and once or twice administered to him a rather smart caning, which, for our sake, he seemed courageously to endure. Upon the next occasion, looking about for his stick to give him a slight tap, he was astonished not to find it—it was nowhere to be seen. Pompey was standing on the door mat at the top of the garden steps, as if enjoying the scene; he had secretly snapped the cane in three pieces, and had hidden them under the mat on which he stood!

A DOG THAT CALCULATED TIME.

Moss was a grand collic, and did his duty by the sheep in an unexceptionable manner.

But what made us all like him was the devoted affection he showed for a little boy, the only child of his master and mistress.

Wherever Tom went, if otherwise unguarded, Moss accompanied him, his wistful looks turned towards the child, and woe betide the person who offered to touch the boy in an unkindly fashion. When Tom was old enough to go to school he used to start for town on Monday morning early, and did not return to the farm until Saturday afternoon; the distance being too great for him to walk to and fro daily.

Poor Moss took his little master's first absence greatly to heart; refused food for a couple of days, and looked as miserable as a dog could well do.

On Saturday there was a meeting. Tom was not a demonstrative lad, and was not perpetually fussing about Moss; but they understood each other perfectly.

Twice the boy and dog parted and met in this fashion, but on the third Saturday afternoon, Moss stationed himself on a little rising ground, from which he could see the road his young master must traverse.

At the first glimpse of Tom in the far distance, he bounded to meet him, and the pair trudged homewards together.

From that time Moss went every Saturday to meet Tom, never making a mistake, or starting on the wrong day, or at the wrong

time. On other afternoons he enjoyed his after-dinner snooze by the kitchen fire, or under the shelter of a hayrick, and only left it at the shepherd's call.

But one Saturday came—after years of unerring calculation on the old dog's part—and Tom looked in vain for his shaggy friend. When he reached home Moss was stretched on the hearth-rug, and Tom, after his gentle fashion, was beginning to ask why he had not come as usual, to cheer him on his way.

Poor Moss! He heard the beloved voice, but his glazing eyes could not see his young master; yet, guided by the sound, he dragged his failing limbs to the lad's feet, and there he dropped and died. I do not think my little friend Tom did anything unworthy of a brave boy when he let his tears fall, thick and fast, on the shaggy head of his old, dead doggie. And when he heard that the poor beast had started to meet him, but had dropped from sheer weakness—he had been suffering for days—it is not surprising that all the farmhouse dainties offered in succession could not tempt Tom to taste a morsel that night.

Tom has long been a grown-up man. As a lad he knew how to value a faithful friend, though he walked on four legs. I hope he will always find friends as faithful who walk on two, and do not grow their own overcoats as old Moss did.

JACK.

Another calculating dog I knew was a rough Scotch terrier, owned by a clergyman and canon of a cathedral. Jack knew that when his master was in residence they did not get so many walks together; but he was determined to have as much of his society as possible; so he made a practice of meeting him on his way home from daily service. He reckoned time by hours and minutes, as well as Moss did by days, and managed to start almost to the instant without human instruction or command, so as to enjoy the pleasure of his master's society on the latter half of his homeward way.

CHARLEY.



IN Cumberland, lately, I met with a dog that could count after a different fashion. He belonged to a travelling potter and was sitting, resting himself, near the back gate while the housekeeper

bargained with his master for sundry articles of much needed crockery, we being six miles from a shop.

He was a large yellow dog, of no particular breed, and with no beauty, except a look of intense intelligence. I gave him a pat, as my custom is when I see a good-tempered looking dog, and said, "What do they call you, old fellow?"

"Tell the lady what your name is, Charley," said the crockery merchant, who had just made a bargain with the housekeeper. Whereupon the old dog barked his reply, "Bow, wow," with a stop between each syllable.

"Now, then, Charley, count three." "Bow—wow—wow;" with still greater distinctness and longer pauses.

"Now, then, Charley, count five." Which Charley proceeded to do as accurately as he had done the smaller number.

"Now, Ma'am; you see Charlie knows how to count. He can always tell the difference between three and five, whichever way you put 'em," said the potter, and, having by this time completed his business, away he went with his clever doggie.



## BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

**POLLY'S FAREWELL.**—When visiting in the neighbourhood of London some time ago, I used to be very much amused by observing the parting scene between a gentleman and his parrot when the former went to business in the morning. The gentleman would bring the bird to the door on his finger, and, after many caresses, place her on the step, whence she would patter into the house again. Sometimes, however, he would tease Polly by placing her on the ground without a word or caresses and then walk quickly away. The bird would immediately rush after him, fluttering and screaming, "Master, kiss Polly, kiss Polly," when he would return and go through the usual farewell. Many of the neighbours used to watch for this amusing little parting scene between man and parrot.

**REVENGEFUL CHARACTER OF PARROTS.**—My own father brought several green parrots from South America. One of three which came together was a very amusing creature. She would imitate the various notes of poultry till you might have imagined yourself in a farmyard. Then she would mock an old woman with a cold, and cough, wheeze, and moan in pitiful fashion. She could so exactly imitate my father's voice, that on the way home she caused the steward many a fruitless journey into the cabin by calling his name. On one occasion the steward was so angry that he struck the bird—an injury Polly did not forget. At the time she only fluttered away screaming lustily; but she had her revenge at the first opportunity, and when my father was near to protect her. It was on the voyage, and as they were in a warm climate, the men often went about without shoes or stockings. The steward was leaning over the vessel side, and the parrot catching sight of her old enemy, stole behind him, made her hooked bill meet through his bare heel, and then with an exultant screech took refuge on my father's shoulder.

**MEMORY AND LONGEVITY OF PARROTS.**—We had two of our parrots for many years. One died at twenty-five years old, the other after being forty-seven years in the possession of our family in England. He was supposed to be a young bird when purchased at Valparaiso, but that we could not be certain about, as he looked sprightly, handsome, and in full plumage to the day of his death, and is now one of the stuffed occupants of a glass case. A young lady friend used to tease this bird by poking her umbrella or any other article she could lay hold of close to the bars of his cage. Tom, as we called him, would make frantic efforts to reach her, and his eyes almost seemed to flash fire when she came near. The girl left school, and for three years had no opportunity of teasing the parrot. At the end of that time, being on a visit in the neighbourhood, she called at our house. The moment Tom heard her voice in the hall, and before she entered the room, he became greatly excited, and when she approached the cage was in a perfect fury of passion. "What, Tom," said she, "is it possible you remember my old tricks and cannot forgive me yet?" At the moment she foolishly put her fingers near the wires, and Tom promptly revenged himself by a cruel bite, which gave her a practical lesson as to the inexpediency of teasing a captive bird with such a memory and such a powerful beak. The same bird recognised my voice after an absence of ten years, and would not be satisfied until I took him on my finger and petted and caressed him, as I had been accustomed to do when he and I dwelt under the same roof.

## BITS ABOUT BIRDS.

**THE PARROT AT THE REGISTER OFFICE.**—I was at a servants' registry office one day, and, as I supposed, alone in the room, when I was startled by a voice demanding in a shrill tone, "What do you want? Cook?" I started and stammered out, "No, a housemaid," but I could not see the speaker. "How much d'ye give? Fourteen pounds?" And again I replied to the unseen questioner, "No, sixteen." "It won't do—it won't do," was the response, and at this moment I discovered to my great amusement that I had been holding a conversation with a handsome grey parrot, whose presence I had not at first noticed. The bird had heard so many bargains between mistresses and maids, that she was quite accustomed to the phrases used on such occasions, and would keep putting in her word, sometimes causing as much perplexity as amusement by her interference. Her solemn, "It won't do," when wages were discussed, provoked many a burst of laughter from her hearers.

**A VERY WISE BIRD.**—A black vulture, known as the gallinazo, is a very familiar object in the Isthmus of Panama. You see it everywhere, perched on heaps of refuse, or employed in its great service of cleaning the streets by removing carrion. The gallinazo is of a uniform black, but its head and neck are entirely devoid of feathers. The inhabitants of Panama have a reason to give for this baldness. At one time, they say, the gallinazo had feathers on its head. After the Deluge, Noah, on opening the door of the ark, thought it well to give a word of advice to the released animals. "My children," said he, "when you see a man coming towards you and stooping down, go away from him; he is getting a stone to throw at you!" "Very good," exclaimed the gallinazo; "but what if he have one already in his pocket?" Noah was somewhat taken aback at the reply, and decided that in future the gallinazo should be born bald in token of its remarkable sagacity.



## BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

**JOHNNY AND PEACOCK.**—These were a pretty little pair of horses, that ran together in a carriage. They were merry little things, full of tricks and capers; but as docile and free from vice as possible. Very often, when out together, it was noticed that Johnny would give Peacock a sly kick, not enough to hurt him, but certain to be followed by a start forward and more rapid trot. This was observed again and again, and at last the coachman was asked what Johnny meant by thus assaulting his companion. "Peacock is a little bit lazy sometimes," said the man, "and does not take his honest share of work; but Johnny is a cute little fellow, and not to be done; so he just gives him a slight kick whenever he catches him lagging. Peacock knows what he means quite well, and starts off at a proper pace to keep alongside his mate, or he would soon get another and harder kick."

## POLLY, THE BLIND MARE.

WHEN returning home in a cab, one day, I was much pleased with the kind and gentle manner in which the cabman treated his little mare. No whip was called into use; but now and then he cheered her on with a chirrup, a little shake of the reins, or a "Come up, Polly," which she responded to by a brisk toss of the head and more rapid trot. There seemed to be a positive friendship, as well as a perfect understanding, between the mare and her master; and, as I took out my purse to pay the man, I could not help expressing my pleasure at seeing the humane manner in which he treated her.

"No need of a whip for Polly, ma'am," said he, his face quite lighting up as he patted her sleek sides. "She's as gentle and loving as a little dog, and I should be sorry for her to have a smart of my causing. Have you noticed, ma'am, that Polly is stone blind?"

I certainly had not; and when I thought of the manner in which the mare had threaded her way, in and out, amongst all the horses and vehicles in the busiest part of Manchester, I was astonished to find that Polly had never been able to see.

"She's the best little thing that ever was," said the cabman, "and so sure footed she never slips. Many of my lady customers would rather have Polly in the shafts than any horse going, and ask for her to take them to the city. She's quite a pet, too, and often gets a piece of bread from the ladies. If we go to a house where she has once had it, she knows as well as I do, and she turns her head to the door and waits and listens for somebody to bring her a bit again. Polly's very fond of bread."

I took the hint, and brought out some bread, which the pretty creature took from my hand as gently as a child—I mean a polite child—would do. While she was munching it she kept turning her sightless eyes towards her master, and, guided by his voice, moved near enough to let her now and then place her head over his shoulder with a caressing touch, to which he always responded with a "Poor old Polly," or a pat.

I observed this scene with great pleasure, and my sympathy encouraged the man to tell me still more about Polly.

"She is just petted like a dog by the children," he said; "and when we are at dinner in the kitchen, which opens right into the yard, she will come and pop her head in and then step towards the table to be fed from their hands."

"I've a little thing, only a twelvemonth old, and she always will give Polly some broth or milk out of her spoon, and it looks so funny to see Polly taking it. Then baby gives her such small pieces of bread out of her little hand, that you would wonder she could take them without hurting the child; but she never does. She would rather drop the nicest bit than hurt the baby. We are never afraid, and the mare goes about the place like a dog; we never fasten her."

"Polly will never forget this place, ma'am. You have talked to her and given her bread, and she will know your voice as well as possible whenever she may hear it."

The mare had by this time finished her lunch, and the master, with a "Good morning, ma'am, and thank you for Polly," started on his way. Not on the box, though. He only said "Come on, old girl," and the pretty mare, guided by his voice alone, walked after her master, never deviating from the path or stepping on the edge of the lawn, until they passed the entrance gates and were lost to sight.

I always remember Polly and her kind master with peculiar pleasure, and wish that every one who has to do with horses displayed as much humanity towards them as did the kind-hearted cabman towards his little mare.



## THE DOG OF MONTARGIS.

THE fame of an English dog has been deservedly transmitted to posterity by a monument in basso relievo, which still remains on the chimney-piece of the grand hall, at the Castle of Montargis in France. The sculpture, which represents a dog fighting with a champion, is explained by the following narrative.

Aubri de Mondidier, a gentleman of family and fortune, travelling alone through the Forest of Bondi, was murdered and buried under a tree. His dog, an English blood-hound, would not quit his master's grave for several days; till at length, compelled by hunger, he proceeded to the house of an intimate friend of the unfortunate Aubri, at Paris and by his melancholy howling, seemed desirous of expressing the loss they had both sustained. He repeated his cries, ran to the door, looked back to see if any one followed him, returned to his master's friend, pulled him by the sleeve, and with dumb eloquence entreated him to go with him.

The singularity of all these actions of the dog, added to the circumstance of his coming there without his master, whose faithful companion he had always been, prompted the company to follow the animal, who conducted them to a tree, where he renewed his howl,

scratching the earth with his feet, and significantly entreating them to search that particular spot. Accordingly, on digging, the body of the unhappy Aubri was found.

Some time after, the dog accidentally met the assassin, who is styled, by all the historians that relate this fact, the Chevalier Macaire; when instantly seizing him by the throat, he was with great difficulty compelled to quit his prey.

In short, whenever the dog saw the chevalier, he continued to pursue and attack him with equal fury. Such obstinate virulence in the animal, confined only to Macaire, appeared very extraordinary, especially to those who at once recollected the dog's remarkable attachment to his master, and several instances in which Macaire's envy and hatred to Aubri de Mondidier had been conspicuous.

Additional circumstances created suspicions, and at length the affair reached the royal ear. The king (Louis VIII.) accordingly sent for the dog, who appeared extremely gentle, till he perceived Macaire in the midst of several noblemen, when he ran fiercely towards him, growling at and attacking him as usual.

The king, struck with such a collection of circumstantial evidence against Macaire, determined to refer the decision to the chance of battle; in other words, he gave orders for a combat between the chevalier and the dog. The lists were appointed in the Isle of Notre Dame, then an unenclosed, uninhabited place, and Macaire was allowed for his weapon a great cudgel.

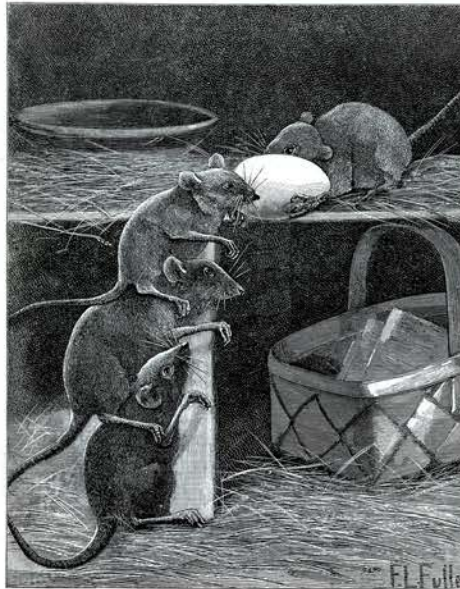
An empty cask was given to the dog as a place of retreat, to enable him to recover breath. Everything being prepared, the dog no sooner found himself at liberty, than he ran round his adversary, avoiding his blows, and menacing him on every side, till his strength was exhausted; then, springing forward, he gripped him by the throat, threw him on the ground, and obliged him to confess his guilt, in the presence of the king and the whole court. In consequence of this, the chevalier, after a few days, was convicted upon his own acknowledgment, and beheaded on a scaffold in the Isle of Notre Dame.

The above recital is translated from "Mmoires sur les Duels," and is cited by many critical writers, particularly Julius Scaliger, and Montfaucon, who has given an engraved representation of the combat between the dog and the chevalier.

## A CAT THAT INTRODUCED A SUCCESSOR.—GREY TOM.

A LITTLE invalid boy found great comfort during a long illness in the possession of a number of pets. Cats and birds, sworn enemies by race, were his special favourites. When the child died his collection was dispersed amongst his friends and relatives. A magnificent grey cat, of great size and peculiar marking, was given to an aunt, and he remained for some years a contented and useful member of her household. At length he suddenly disappeared, and after much search and many inquiries was given up for lost. A week later, Tom re-appeared; but not alone. He brought with him another grey tom cat, a fac-simile of himself. He was, everybody said, a younger, sprightlier copy of the old cat, and probably a near relative. For just one day and night the older cat remained in his former home with the young one, then disappeared a second time, but returned no more. The family never knew what became of him or why he forsook his abode. They came to the conclusion that old Tom had formed an attachment to some other fireside; but, deeming his old place too good to be lost to the family, had brought a young relative, stayed with him a day by way of "settling him" and seeing the youngster well received, had finally abdicated in his favour.

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.—In Dumfriesshire it is a common superstition that if crickets forsake a house which they have long inhabited, some evil will befall the family; generally the death of some member is portended. In like manner, the presence or return of this cheerful little insect is lucky, and portends some good to the family.—*Sir William Jardine.*



## BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

INJUSTICE PUNISHED.—A sparrow intruded into a swallow's nest. When its owner returned, the sparrow would not move, but kept possession of it. Poor hirondelle, finding she was not likely to regain her home, flew away to seek assistance. Soon she returned, accompanied by about ten swallows; but the sparrow with open beak, and well ensconced, as in a fortress, defied their attack, and main-

tained his place. I waited, curious to see what would next occur. The swallow and her friends flew away; presently, a largely increased number of them arrived, carrying small lumps of mud in their beaks—they immediately set to work to smear the opening of the nest, which they covered over so effectually that the sparrow would be unable to leave it—thus turning his ill-gotten nest into a prison.

ONE Sunday evening five choristers were walking on the banks of the river Mersey, in Cheshire; after some time, being tired with walking, they sat down on the grass, and began to sing an anthem. The field on which they sat was terminated at one extremity by a wood, out of which, as they were singing, they observed a hare to pass with great swiftness towards the place where they were sitting, and to stop at about twenty yards' distance from them. She appeared highly delighted with the harmony of the music, often turning up the side of her head to listen with more facility. As soon as the harmonious sound was over, the hare returned slowly towards the wood; when she had nearly reached the end of the field, the choristers began the same piece again; at which the hare stopped, turned round, and came swiftly back to about the same distance as before, where she seemed to listen with rapture and delight, till they had finished the anthem, when she returned again by a slow pace up the field, and entered the wood.

RARE HONESTY.—A mastiff dog, who owed more to the bounty of a neighbour than to his master, was once locked by mistake in the well-stored pantry of his benefactor for a whole day, where milk, butter, bread, and meat, within his reach, were in abundance. On the return of the servant to the pantry, seeing the dog come out, and knowing the time he had been confined, she trembled for the devastation which her negligence must have occasioned; but on close examination it was found that the honest creature had not tasted of anything, although, on coming out, he fell on a bone that was given to him with all the voraciousness of hunger.

DUTY BEFORE REVENGE.—A gentleman residing in the City of London was going one afternoon to his country cottage, accompanied by Cæsar, a favourite Newfoundland dog, when he recollected that he had the key of a cellaret which would be wanted at home during his absence. Having accustomed his dog to carry things, he sent him back with the key; the dog executed his commission, and afterwards rejoined his master, who discovered that he had been fighting, and was much torn about the head. The cause he afterwards learned, on his return to town in the evening. Cæsar, while passing with the key, was attacked by a ferocious butcher's dog, against whom he made no resistance, but tore himself away, without relinquishing his charge. After delivering the key in town, he returned the same way, and on reaching the butcher's shop, from which he had been so rudely assailed, he stopped and looked out for his antagonist; the dog sallied forth; Cæsar attacked him with a fury which nothing but revenge for past wrongs could have animated; nor did he quit the butcher's dog until he had laid him dead at his feet.

STRANGE MOUSER.—A gentleman near Exeter had in his possession a hen, which answered the purpose of a cat in destroying mice. She was constantly seen watching close to a corn rick, and the moment a mouse appeared, she seized it in her beak, and carried it to a meadow adjoining, where she would play with it like a young cat for some time, and then kill it. She has been known to catch four or five mice a day in this manner.



## BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

### THE TWO RATS.



NE fine moonlight night, my father was leaning over the bulwark of the ship he then commanded, when he noticed a rat running swiftly along a ledge outside of the vessel and just below a partly-opened port. As the animal was passing through the opening to the deck, it dislodged a little prop, and the port closed suddenly. The body of the rat was safely through, but the tail was caught midway, and the creature securely trapped thereby.

The rat wriggled from side to side, vainly trying to seize the tail between its sharp teeth. Finding its efforts to disengage itself were useless, it began to squeak pitifully.

Almost immediately another rat appeared, and took in the situation at a glance. Without a moment's hesitation the new-comer began to bite through the imprisoned tail, and in a short time, he severed it, bone and all, and released his friend. The rat operated upon did not utter a sound whilst the amputation was going on, and as soon as it was completed the pair trotted off together.

### THE SQUATTER EXPELLED.



AMONGST the many wonders connected with bird life and instinct, there are few things more remarkable than the return of birds of passage after their winter sojourn in a distant and warmer land than ours. To think that the little swallow which has twittered under our spouts and eaves in its clay-plastered home through all the summer, should be off with its young ones, before the first cold breath of winter has reached us; that it should cross the seas, spend our season of frost in a land where snow is unknown, and return with the promise of summer, to the very spot where it reared its young a year ago, is one of those standing miracles which we cannot too much admire.

The unerring instinct which brings the graceful creature to its old nest is joined to a tenacious attachment for the home of the previous year. The swallow will go to any lengths to punish or expel an intruding bird that has seized on its domicile, on the principle that possession is nine-tenths of the law. Most people have read the story of a swallow that summoned her friends and neighbours to assist and, with their aid, plastered up the opening to the nest so that the intruding bird was buried alive. I have often wondered whether the narrator interfered or if she allowed the poor little criminal to perish miserably.

I have been lately informed, by a Derbyshire farmer, that it is no uncommon thing for swallows to build up other birds that have taken possession of their nests, in a living tomb. He also said that, this year, a sparrow had laid her eggs in the nest of a swallow, before the return of the proper owner. Of course there was a prodigious twittering—doubtless the sparrow was first politely informed that she had mistaken the premises; then requested, and finally commanded, to leave the nest.

Mrs. sparrow, however, being comfortable and having her eggs in charge, declined to move; so a swallow counsel was summoned.

A decision was soon arrived at. Some of the swallows together seized the squatter by its beak and neck and dragged it out of the nest.

The eggs were then bundled out; the nest thoroughly cleared of every trace of the intruders, and then the proper owners exultingly took possession of their property and kept it.

### OUR DICK.



WHAT a charming feathered friend is a thoroughly tame canary! The ordinary plain yellow individual, I mean, which, not so beautiful as some of the fancy kinds, is much more hardy and easier to tame than they are.

We never kept a canary until a stray one flew in at our open window, and, as we could not find its owner, we gave it a home.

I never saw any creature evince more delight than this poor little waif did at the sight of a cage, and once safely in it, the bird could scarcely be induced to leave it. Unlike many people, young and old, he learned by experience and knew the value of a good home when he regained one.

Our foundling became fairly tame, and after its death we felt that a house without a canary was a domestic mistake, so a sympathetic friend bestowed "Our Dick" upon my husband.

He is a wonderful singer—the pupil of a nightingale, and his voice, full, round and teeming with music, is never shrill or too loud to be pleasant.

Our great idea with regard to pets is, not only to derive happiness from them, but to make them as happy as possible.

Our Dick was originally the property of a young gentleman, between whom and himself a great friendship existed. But the master had to travel a great deal and the bird moped in his absence; so, through the medium of a mutual friend, he was placed under our care. He had been used to fly about during most of the day and to go in and out of his cage at will. One of his pet delusions was to make believe to build a nest at the top of a tall mirror, where he collected the strangest materials—bits of thread, silk, crewel, and scraps of paper; hairs which he twitched out of the old colley dog, as he lay asleep on the rug, and even a corn plaister, which he stole from the table still remain in a pile untouched in Dick's former home.

He once got hopelessly entangled in a ball of silk which he was trying to appropriate, and had to be gently unwound, and he has more than once carried off a fringed d'oyley from the dinner table, but the weight proved too great for his strength, and he dropped it on the way to his store place.

Dick was very shy and strange at first; but we gave him all his old freedom in our long dining room, and my husband invited his friendship, but did nothing to force it. He would hold out his hand, flirt his fingers, speak tenderly or whistle softly, patiently waiting for Dick to respond to his advances. The bird would stand fluttering at the edge of the chimney piece, as if fascinated, and would fly towards the hand, time after time, only to retreat again without touching it.

At last he took courage to settle on the hand, and as my husband never detained him against his will, Dick learned to trust him thoroughly. What love there is between this feathered morsel and the man! The sight of their close friendship is one of the prettiest pictures imaginable.

If the cage door be shut when my husband comes in, Dick begins to tweet a welcome and

beg for liberty. He flies to his out-stretched hand, allows himself to be lifted to his lips and talked to, while resting his yellow breast against his master's cheek or chin. He is particularly fond of seeing him change his boots for slippers, and hops about his feet with the most knowing looks, during the operation, as if he quite understood that slippers mean home for the rest of the day and the society of his friend.

Dick dines beside his master, saucily perching on his piece of bread and eating a round hole in it, or getting a little relish from the salt cellar to flavour it with. When my husband takes a book Dick is sure to use it as a perch, whence he gazes down into the dear familiar face, and does not in the least mind being rocked with the motion of the chair.

Sometimes while perched on the book he bursts into a glorious song; or, forsaking that post, takes another favourite one, the bridge of his nose, where he will stay quite as long as his master will permit. But so long as he can plant his little feet anywhere on my husband's head Dick is happy, though he does tweak grey or dark hairs out with perfect impartiality. If my husband is walking up and down the room, Dick is his constant companion, perched on his finger or shoulder. Sometimes he trots up and down the long table, keeping as near his friend as possible and turning as he turns.

When my husband is from home, at dinner the bird is like a different creature. He dines, as a matter of habit; but he is not the same joyous little fellow then, and spends a very short time at the table, preferring to carry off a morsel to be consumed on the chimney piece or window ledge.

The return of his master is the signal for an outburst of joy from the loving, faithful little creature. Whenever it is practicable, Dick accompanies the family and enjoys the country or the sea-side change as much as any of us.

Occasionally, when we go on a visit, we cannot take Dick, and during his master's absence, the bird uses our boy as a deputy friend. But directly he sees my husband, Dick forsakes everyone for him, and the old relations are resumed.

For the benefit of those who would wish to establish such a friendship, let me say that patience and kindness are the only materials needed for bird-taming. Perfect cleanliness, proper food, and sufficient warmth, will tend to keep your pets healthy and their plumage beautiful.

We never leave Dick in a sitting room much after seven o'clock, either in summer or winter. He sleeps in our large, well ventilated, and, in winter, well-warmed, bed-room.

I carry him up in the early evening, and in summer throw a slight green cover round his cage. In winter, I wrap him round with a double flannel cover, leaving a sufficient opening for air.

The flaring gas and the noise of talking interfere with a bird's rest in the family room, besides being bad for its health. If Our Dick is not taken up to bed at his proper time, he keeps up a perpetual, monotonous call until he reminds me of my neglected duty. He does the same if his cover is not put on at once. I mention the cover, because birds often suffer frightfully in the winter through the carelessness or ignorance of those who leave them during a bitter frosty night without any protection from the cold, after the gas is extinguished and the fire out.

RUTH LAMB.







### THE TRAVELLING CAT.



**W**HEN in Cumberland last August, I made the acquaintance of a remarkable cat, which has probably travelled more in human society than any other member of the feline race out of a show.

I was just entering a pretty little house at the foot of Helvellyn, which was to be the temporary abiding place of the family—including a pet canary, whose cage was in my hand—when I caught a glimpse of a huge cat lying on an easy chair. He was at the moment the sole occupant of a room exactly opposite to that in which Dick's cage would have to hang, and would be, I thought, a most undesirable neighbour.

So thought pussy's mistress, who joined me at the moment, and expressed her anxiety for the canary's safety, as *her* favourite had been used to the run of the whole house prior to our arrival. I put Dick in a safe place, and returned to make acquaintance with the cat, called Tiny, "because he is so big," said his mistress; though, I suppose, he received his name when a kitten. As he sat there, calm and dignified, like a very monarch of cats sitting for his portrait, and with a handsome collar and bell round his neck, he could not fail to attract notice and admiration, both on account of his great size and beauty. He is grey and black striped, like a tiger; but with nose, breast, and paws snowy white.

Tiny's peculiarity is his doggishness, he being the personal friend of each member of the family in which he resides.

He accompanies them—father, mother, and son—in all their travels; though he is nominally the young gentleman's cat, and sleeps in his room. Up to the time of my making Tiny's acquaintance, he had stayed in one hundred and six different places.

He travels in a basket, with door and window, and large enough for him to rest in quite comfortably, but not with so much space as to allow him to be shaken about during the journey. He generally sleeps on the road, and on his arrival at a new place makes himself as much at home as though he had spent his life there. He trots about the neighbourhood, takes walks with his human associates—doggie-fashion—and manifests a dignified amiability to mere acquaintances.

It was pretty to see Tiny skipping up the side of Helvellyn with his young master, sometimes in advance, when he would bound back to meet him, and then again lead the way, and making a stout looker-on almost wish that *he* could be a cat for the time being, that he might ascend the mountain in like manner.

In the evenings Tiny would sometimes take leave of absence on "urgent private affairs," such as little mousing expeditions to a neighbouring barn, or a playful ramble in search of birds. "But he kept himself to himself," and made no cat acquaintances. When bed-time came, he was summoned by the sound of a whistle, and after a few calls the tinkling of

his little bell was sure to announce his arrival at the door.

Sometimes he manifested a little bit of pussy-cat nature when there were signs of packing, which he knew meant a removal. His owners, to spare his feelings, strove to do the packing when Tiny was out, so that he might not become uneasy. On one or two occasions, when he had stayed rather longer than usual at a place, he was not to be found when the time came for him to enter his travelling basket, and the train was lost in consequence. Greater precaution became necessary, and packing and preparations were carried out gradually and secretly, so that Tiny might be "to the fore" when wanted. Once in his basket, he became resigned and sleepy, and woke up at the journey's end in good spirits, and quite ready to make himself at home at the next stopping place.

I am glad to say that Tiny and I parted with much regret, though this may sound rather contradictory. I was sorry to lose the cat, and glad that he had behaved like a gentleman as he was, and never tried to attack the canary.



### BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

**KEEN SCENT IN DOGS.**—Some dogs are remarkable for possessing a wonderfully keen sense of smell, and by means of it will trace individuals after having been allowed to sniff round any garment that has been worn by them. Nelson gave me a sample of his talents in this line which might have been disagreeable in its consequences. His master's family left home on a visit, and, for a fortnight, the house was closed. Being one of the very few persons with whom Nelson was friendly, I volunteered to feed him during the absence of his owners. On week days the workmen were busy in shop and yards; but on Sundays the place was deserted by human beings, and the neighbours wondered I durst go alone, place the food close to the fierce animal, and then repress him to fill his trough with fresh water. On the second Sunday, the day being cold, I threw a soft woollen shawl round my head, leaving little of my face exposed, entered the yard, placed the food on the ground, and took up the pail to fetch water from the pump. I did not speak; but I noticed Nelson sniffing curiously at the bottom of my dress, and as I passed on with the pail, the huge beast sprang at my throat. Fortunately he seized, not my flesh, but the woollen shawl, which he dragged off. I can hardly understand how I kept my presence of mind;

but I felt no fear at the moment. I gave Nelson a sound cuff with my disengaged hand and said, "You stupid old fellow, don't you know me?" It was quite touching to see the change in the old dog. He crouched at my feet, licked my very shoes, then ventured to my hands, and showered doggish caresses on me, seeming by every action to implore pardon for his mistake. I could not withstand this, so I patted his big head and made friends again. But how did it happen that Nelson acted so strangely? I was a girl at that time, and occasionally a partially worn dress of my mother's was "made down" for me. On that Sunday I wore, for the first time, a black silk which had been thus adapted. My muffled face prevented Nelson from recognising me, and on sniffing at my dress he found the smell of my garments strange also; hence, deceived in sight and scent, he took me for a stranger. I never felt afraid of Nelson afterwards; but my mother was not a little relieved when the return of his mistress removed me from the post of purveyor to a dog that was so very particular about his acquaintances.

**PARROT ACQUAINTANCES.**—GREY POLLY.—Most of my bird friends have been parrots, and of these I have owned rather a large number, having had many presents from sea-faring relatives. The best we ever had was brought from the Cape by my uncle, a naval officer, who commanded an East Indiaman in the days when iron shipbuilding had not been thought of, and England's "wooden walls" were the only ones known. Polly was a beautiful dove or ash-coloured bird, with a superb scarlet tail, and was a very accomplished creature. She could whistle, sing, talk, and laugh with great distinctness and in the most amusing style. She called every member of my uncle's family by name, and when the boys were going to bed always insisted on bidding each "good night." If the lads omitted this ceremony she would scream after them, "William, John, kiss Polly; good night," until she compelled them to come back and do the polite. Many of our visitors were also recognised and saluted by Polly as soon as they appeared. One old lady was much disliked by my aunt's parlour-maid, and when poor old Mrs. Jones dropped in early in the afternoon, and took out her knitting, with the evident intention of staying tea, Mary would say, in a grumbling tone, "There's that old Mrs. Jones come again; I wonder who wants *her*." Polly had heard this remark so often that it had become fixed on her memory, and one day, when the old lady came in, she called out, "There's that old Mrs. Jones come again; I wonder who wants *her*!" My aunt's face became scarlet when she heard Polly's salutation; for she feared the friend, whom she really esteemed, would think we had taught the bird to say this in order to annoy her. Happily, Mrs. Jones not being very quick at hearing, did not catch the purport of the remark. She only heard her own name mixed up with Polly's speech, and appeared rather gratified than otherwise that the bird knew and noticed *her*. This parrot was not shut up in a cage, but always stood on a handsome perch, with every possible bird convenience. She was particularly fond of discoursing to the parlourmaid, and when she saw her preparing for a meal, used to call out, "Mary, Polly some!" to which the girl usually replied, "Polly must wait." On a warm summer afternoon Mary was specially busy. There were visitors, and her hands were fully employed. Polly's oft-preferred petition obtained only one reply. At last the bird's patience was exhausted, and, as Mary passed her perch, Polly snatched off the girl's smart cap with her hooked beak, dropped it on the ground as far away from the owner as possible, and then in a mournful voice echoed her words, "Polly must wait."



## THEIR "LITTLE TEMPERERS."



CATS and dogs are amusingly human in the manifestation of their "little temperers," and perhaps no passion is more frequently displayed by these animals than that of jealousy. The favourite dog cannot bear

to see his master in too close converse even with a human friend, and will push himself in between them and assert his right to the first place, regardless of consequences.

But animal pets are still more jealous of each other. Our little terrier and two cats—all females—are constantly giving us very droll samples of their dislike to seeing anything petted but themselves. The two cats lie on the same cushion, and are excellent friends when left to themselves. But Blackie becomes a spiteful fury if I show any affection for her much more amiable sister, Kitty.

One evening I went into the kitchen, and as I stood speaking to the cook, Kitty came and pushed her head under my hand as it hung down by my side. Of course, I stroked and petted her in return, whereupon Blackie rose from the rug on which she was lying, as I had thought, asleep, marched deliberately towards Kitty, and with a vigorous jerk of her fore paw dragged this other cat's hind legs off the ground. This stroke brought Kitty's fore feet, which were resting on my dress, to the floor, and out of reach of my caressing hand. Blackie then marched back to her place with the air of a conquering queen, and no doubt congratulating herself that she had, "settled that forward mix of a Kitty for the present."

On another occasion she marched boldly under Kitty, so as to lift her off her feet and out of reach of some one who was stroking her. What makes her conduct the worse is the fact that Kitty is our very own cat, born and brought up in the house, and Blackie a foundling that *adopted me as mistress*, whether I would or no. She has never done anything but look extremely handsome, and insist on having the best share of everything by sheer impudence, whilst Kitty does the mousing and general business.

The other morning I fed the two in turns with some feline dainty, and was going out of the kitchen, when I saw Blackie fly at Kitty in a fury of jealous passion, and scratch and bite her—for no other reason but that I had served them both alike.

The little terrier "Lady" and Kitty are great allies, and when pussy has a kitten the delight and pride of the dog almost equals that of the mother herself. She spends most of her time beside the basket, and is so fond of reaching over to lick the kitten, that Kitty occasionally gives Lady's ear a playful pinch and shake, when the dog at once turns round and polishes the elder puss with its smooth tongue.

More frequently Kitty throws herself back as far as possible to exhibit her baby to the sympathetic and admiring eyes of her canine friend, who is eagerly waiting until the little one can join in a game of romps.



## REVENGE IN CATS.



REVENGE is another passion sometimes seriously, sometimes funnily, manifested by dogs and cats. Lady has two causes of complaint against Blackie. First, she nearly blinded her with

her claws when, with the most neighbourly feelings, the dog looked in at *her* kitten in *her* basket. Secondly, Blackie will lap water out of the dog's trough, which seems reasonable enough, seeing that the latter drinks milk out of the cat's dish.

Lady has found out a funny way of paying her out. She dare not attack Blackie directly, for fear of those sharp claws; and the cat in turn dislikes to pass the dog.

The cellar door is left a little open, so that the cats may go up and down at any time, and when the dog hears Blackie on the stairs she plants herself in the bit of open doorway, so that the cat cannot pass without coming in contact with her.

You never saw such a picture of doggish fun as she presents when thus keeping watch and ward over her enemy.

Her little fat sides shake, and her bob of a tail is in perpetual motion, while her eyes seem to dance again at the sight of Blackie's, looking like green stars, in the dim light of the staircase.

Our good-natured cook says, "She'll keep that cat on the stairs by the hour together while she sits shaking with laughing in the doorway, till somebody takes pity on Blackie and sets her at liberty."

And yet my doggie is not cruel in her revenge.

When, in pain and misery from Blackie's claws, she crept to her resting-place for the night, her enemy's kitten was accidentally shut in with her, away from its mother. She did it no harm, but found *comfort from its companionship*, and in the morning the lost kitten was found coiled up within the circling paws of the ill-used but motherly little terrier.



## CATS PLOTTING TO ATTACK A DOG.—

One of my neighbours, a joiner and builder, had a fierce and powerful watch dog called Nelson. It was perfectly white, half mastiff half bull-dog, the size of the former, the colour of the latter kind. Being so savage, Nelson was usually chained up during the day time, but he had a good length of chain, so as not to imprison him too closely. His bark was almost like the roar of a wild animal, and had an especially terrifying effect on two handsome cats that lived in the same house. Usually the three animals were fed at the same time, the cats' portion being given to them within sight of Nelson, but out of his reach. The dog was so indignant, even at seeing them fed, and would so terrify the cats with his roar of a bark, that they snatched up morsels of food and ran behind the wood piles to eat them out of sight of those menacing eyes. It happened, however, that these two cats were to give a practical illustration of the old proverb, "Unity is strength." They had little

families of kittens almost at the same time, but a few hours after the arrival of the second lot they were all taken away during the absence of the mothers and drowned. It was in summer time, and very early on the following morning the builder's wife was roused by hearing Nelson uttering the most miserable howls and cries of distress. She rose immediately, and on looking from the window witnessed a strange scene. The dog, with his face terribly scratched and streaming with blood, was endeavouring to drive off the two cats, whose attacks had already inflicted so many wounds. She saw them withdraw, one to the right, the other to the left of the kennel, and beyond Nelson's reach. Then, after a pause of a few seconds, they again sprang at him, assailing him on both sides at once, and tearing his face with their sharp claws. The bewildered dog turned from side to side in a vain attempt to seize one of his foes; but, alas for Nelson! they were too agile, and he could only howl for help against the creatures he had so often terrified with a look. The idea of retreating into his kennel either did not come into his doggish head, or he scorned to flee even when beaten by such small antagonists. Nelson's mistress made all possible haste to the rescue, and with some trouble succeeded in beating off the cats and imprisoning them in an outhouse. Taking all the circumstances into consideration, there can be little doubt that the cats must have discussed the wrongs they had received from Nelson, and probably blamed him, undeservedly, for the abstraction of their kittens. They must have decided on the only mode of attack that could have succeeded. Had they advanced together, and on the same side, one crunch from those powerful jaws would have been fatal to either cat; but the division of forces and simultaneous attack were too bewildering, and the cats proved the victors. From that time the allied pussies could take their meals in peace. They even ventured within reach of their former tyrant, and carried off scraps from under his nose without any notice from Nelson, except an occasional growl of warning. Usually the dog deemed it more dignified to seem unconscious of their presence, and looked in another direction. Nelson and I were friends, and on the day after the battle I saw his pink nose covered with scars, and his white face looking like an outline map traced in red. On asking the reason I heard the above story, and the changed behaviour of the cats abundantly verified it.

THE BUTCHER'S HORSE.—Horses, even blind ones, have a wonderful memory, and rarely forget a place they have once visited. Years ago I often stayed with a friend in a country village, three miles from a railway station. As there was no regular conveyance, except a carrier's cart on market days, I was always indebted to the kindness of a neighbour for a drive to the station at the close of my visit. One morning I was on my way thither in the gig of a butcher, and as we passed a large field the horse persisted in turning towards the gate. As there was not much time to spare, this could not be permitted, and the master spoke, tugged at the reins, and finally admonished the horse with a smart cut of the whip, saying, "So you want to fetch some sheep again, do you? It's no good. There are none for you this time, so you may as well go on." Then turning to me, the butcher said, "Is it not curious that the horse should want to call at that gate? I have only had him a short time; he came from a distance and was never on this road before but once, and that was when he came in the cart to fetch some sheep from that very field. Though we have passed so many fields and white gates which look all alike, he makes no mistake."



## BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

### JOLLY AND HER FRIENDS.

SEVERAL years ago our children were accustomed to bestow pieces of bread on a handsome mare called "Jolly," which came twice a week to the neighbourhood in a farmer's cart. Whilst her owner was delivering the fresh eggs and butter to his customers, the cart and horse were supposed to remain on the common road between the field and the grounds belonging to the several houses. But Jolly, having made acquaintance with our children, invariably made her way down the drive and to the back gates, where she was duly fed and petted. Then, for some reason, another horse, a much less amiable animal, came in Jolly's place, and was always left on the road at a distance from the house.

Seven years passed without a visit from the mare, but a fortnight ago the farmer's wife found it convenient to bring Jolly, whom she left on the road as she had done the other horse. But despite the boy in charge, the mare started off on its own account, selected from all the rest the path which led to our gates, halted there, and began to look about as if in search of something. Jolly's mistress, much amused, began to exclaim, "To think of the old mare remembering! She has not been here for more than seven years, but she has picked out your gate from all the rest, and come to the place where the children used to give her bread when they were quite little ones."

Not one of them remembered this. They had quite forgotten their old pet, but Jolly had not forgotten their hospitality, and came again to claim it, as of old. She is extravagantly fond of bread, and her mistress says, "is sure to whinny after a child in the street if it has a piece in its hand."

It is unnecessary to say that Jolly again received such a liberal supply of her favourite dainty, that she is still less likely to forget the way to our back gate than before.

however harmless, and there is an inherent desire to kill and destroy it. The snake in question was about seven feet long, and three or four inches in diameter at the thickest part of its body. It was yellow in colour, like the old gold so much in favour now with fashionable dames. The men came with long poles to get rid of the intruder, but whether they were too timid to approach it, or the snake was too wide awake when awakened, I cannot tell, but the creature glided swiftly out of the room into the verandah where we children were looking on with the ayahs, and went down into the compound. My little brother in the meantime had escaped from his ayah's vigilance, and was disporting himself in the compound, under the shade of the cocoanut trees. I shall never forget what followed the snake's escape! The men rushed after it, but so quickly did it trail along they could not even reach its tail! The men were in hot pursuit; my little brother, a baby boy of three years, stood laughing and cooing with delight at the fun, his little legs widely astride, when, horror! the snake glided towards the spot where he stood. The men in pursuit stopped suddenly still, the ayahs screamed, my own heart beat with dread.

But judge of what followed. The snake glided, or rather whirled, swiftly between my little brother's legs, without touching him, and disappeared quickly out of sight, probably in the crevice of a tree or hole.

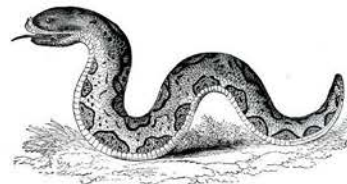
It would be idle to tell my readers what superstitious meaning was held by the natives at my little brother's escape, but they believed he was especially singled out by the great God from earthly harm. And, strangely, it seemed as if there was some truth in their belief, for before one year had passed away my little brother had entered into the better land. Suddenly, without any pain, he passed away one morning, his only suffering an intense thirst, which was afterwards explained by the doctors.

the description he gave me of it, for I was ill at the time, I fancy it must have been the same greedy snake that I had seen demolish the unhappy frog.

Now one more story and I have done. Snakes are very fond of eggs, and are great enemies to poultry. We noticed that a wise old hen used to lay her eggs in the clothes-basket, or sometimes on the top of the bed, and wondered at the reason. Often we discovered whole shells of eggs that were quite empty, and could not account for so strange a fact, nor could we get any eggs but those the wise old hen laid in the clothes-basket or on the bed-top. The poultry-house was very comfortable, and arranged for the comfort of its occupants. Baskets full of straw were made for the hens, but still this wise old hen preferred laying her eggs in a more public place. The reason we discovered at last, for we set a servant to watch. A snake had hidden itself in the leafy roof that covered the hen-house, and would watch its opportunity. As soon as the hen had deposited her egg and left the basket, it glided down and sucked its contents, leaving the empty shell with a small puncture from which it had drawn its contents.

Probably the wise old hen had discovered her enemy, and sought refuge in the clothes-basket. Much as she disliked the intrusion of human folk, she preferred their presence to the snake's. But the reptile was doomed. We watched for him, and had him quickly dispatched.

We no longer had to complain after this, and the wise old hen left off paying visits to the basket, and we were no longer disturbed with her cackle.



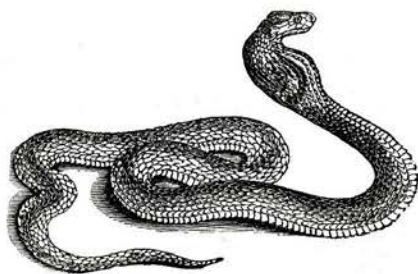
THE VIPER.

### A GREEDY SNAKE.



AND now another strange story, but without any superstition attached to it, of a snake. Our garden in Ceylon had been laid out by a Dutch gentleman, and consisted of terraces upon terraces out upon a hill-side. On these terraces grew the most splendid mango and nutmeg trees. The garden was famous then, and is still, for its wealth of fruit and spice trees.

One morning I was walking leisurely down the stone steps leading from an upper terrace, when I saw at the foot a most revolting sight that made me quickly retrace my steps. But curiosity and pity mastered disgust, and I turned to look at what I had fled from. I crept silently towards the snake, and threw a stone at it; but it never moved, for it was busily engaged swallowing an unfortunate frog. I thought to release its unfortunate prey, and threw another stone with more force than before, but the snake—a cobra, as I discovered—steadily continued its meal. Finding I could do nothing, and dreading what the cobra might do when his appetite was appeased, I slowly ascended the stone steps. When I reached the top I turned to look again. Every vestige of the poor frog had vanished, and the snake was gliding sleepily away. About three months afterwards my husband killed a snake, and from



Cobra-di-Capello

### STORIES ABOUT SNAKES.



ONCE in my home in Ceylon, when I was a little girl, we discovered a large rat snake coiled up in a corner of the chimney. It was during the rains, and the creature had come inside for warmth, probably fallen from

the roof, that was an open raftered one, whilst it was asleep. Well, there was a general stampede out of the room of ayahs and children, and the men-servants were summoned to dispatch the bold intruder. Now, rat snakes are not venomous, but it is a fact that any species of creeping reptile is shunned by mankind,

### BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

**BLIND HORSES FINDING THEIR OWN STALLS.**—Amongst the horses belonging to a large omnibus company there are many blind ones. When these are loosed from the vehicles they require no guides, but go into the spacious yard to the drinking-trough, and thence to their own stalls; though there is accommodation for hundreds of others, these never take a wrong place. Horses do not soon forget old habits any more than do children. I was in a cab one day, and being anxious to reach my destination with as little loss of time as possible, I was annoyed by the frequent stopping of the horse and immediate application of the whip to make him go on. It is painful to me to see a horse constantly dragged about by the reins and beaten, so I stopped the cab and spoke to the driver about it. He was a good-humoured fellow, in spite of his apparent severity, and at once explained. "I'm as sorry as you to whip him, poor fellow, but I've got to cure him of stopping every minute. The fact is, he has been a 'bus horse, and used to stop and start at the sound of the bell. On this busy road we are nearly always within hearing of the omnibus bells, and, of course, my horse wants to stop when the 'bus horses do. We shall be off the main road directly, and once in the quieter streets he will give me no more trouble." Sure enough we were no sooner out of hearing of these warning bells than the horse trotted on quite cheerfully, and stopped no more until I arrived at my destination.



## JACK, THE RAILWAY DOG.



**TRAVELLED DOG.**— Few people who travel on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway know what a distinguished character

has a free pass on every branch of the line, of which for several years he has taken daily advantage. It is between two and three years ago that a fox-terrier, big in bone, and not over well-bred,

jumped into a train that was leaving Brighton for Horsham, and settled himself in the guard's carriage. Little notice was taken of him at first, but after a time he began to be a person of great interest. No one knew where he came from or to whom he belonged; but every day he was ready for an early start in an early train. Sometimes he went to Portsmouth, sometimes to Horsham, sometimes only to nearer stations; but the most remarkable part of his arrangements was that he always got to Brighton in time to go by the last train to Lewes, where he always slept, leaving again by the first train in the morning. When the friend from whom I first heard this story (and who vouches for the truth of it) last heard of Jack he still continued this practice, and always spent the night at Lewes Station. About a year and a half ago the London, Brighton, and South Coast Company began to look upon him as one of their regular servants, and presented him with a collar bearing this inscription, "Jack—London, B. and S. Coast Railway Company." My friend told me that on one occasion, some months ago, he traced Jack's movements on one especial day, and probably it was a good sample of many another. He arrived from Brighton by a train reaching Steyning at 10.50; there he got out for a minute, but went on by the same train to Henfield. Here he left the train and went to a public house not far from the station, where a biscuit was given him; and after a little walk, took a later train to West Grinstead, where he spent the afternoon, returning to Brighton in time for the last train to Lewes. He was rather fond of the Portsmouth line, but never, I believe, has come so far as London. He generally takes his place on or by the guard's wheel, and sits looking out of the window. It would be very interesting to know in what the fascination of this perpetual railway travelling consists. It certainly shows an immense amount of instinct and observation, and the regularity and punctuality of Jack's daily life are a lesson to many a two-legged traveller. Whether he considers himself sub-guard, or director, or general overseer, no one can tell, but there is, it seems, an idea of *duty* in his movements; what he has to do (or thinks he has to do) he does faithfully, and so far is a telling example to his fellow travellers on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway. The last piece of information received about Jack is that a lady has presented him with a silver-mounted collar, with which he seems much pleased. On it is inscribed:—"I am Jack, the L. B. and S. C. Railway Dog. Please give me a drink, and I will then go home to Lewes. This collar was presented by Mrs. J. P. Knight, Brockley." On the day Jack sat for his portrait he left Lewes by the first train for Brighton, and then found

that he had business in Portsmouth, whither he travelled. Leaving that town by the 1.30 p.m. train, which arrives at Ford Junction at 2.25, he proceeded to Littlehampton. He and the guard then determined to take a run in the town, and Mr. White, the photographer, of 32, High-street, kindly invited Jack to stop and have his photograph taken. Jack found that he had no engagement before 5.5, when he wanted to leave for Horsham, and we give an engraving of the result of his visit to Mr. White. Jack's head-quarters are at Lewes, but he does not always go home, and frequently passes his nights in the waste-paper baskets at different booking offices.—*Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.*



## BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

### ANECDOTES OF A PARROT.

We had a parrot once whose aptness of speech was so remarkable that it was difficult to believe the bird was not possessed of the same intelligence and reasoning powers as a human being.

Two instances of this may be given as specimens of Polly's capabilities.

One fine summer's morning, a young woman bringing a message to the house was asked into the kitchen, and while, as she supposed, quite alone there, a rather gruff voice remarked that it was "a very hot day," which it certainly was.

As she did not previously know of the parrot's existence, she was considerably startled, and would scarcely believe it was really the bird who had spoken to her.

Another day Polly's cage was hung up on a tree near the poultry-yard, where a fight for supremacy was going on between two cocks, and the gardener, who was at work hard by, distinctly heard Polly say, "You idiots! Bran" (calling to the big dog who lay asleep in his kennel), "Bran, bite them! bite them!"

### ROSIE AND THE DOVES.

AMONG the many pets we kept years ago when living in the country were a beautiful but rather wild-natured cat and an aviary of doves.

Judge of the dismay with which we found one morning that Rosie had been shut up all night with these doves, and was even then lying in an inner cage fast asleep in the same nest with two unfledged little birds.

Of course, the first impression was that Rosie had made a supper off some of the inmates of the aviary, but on counting them not one was missing, and the involuntary prisoner, on being released, was found to be ravenously hungry, which made her forbearance in the matter all the more extraordinary, and may well be noted as a wonderful piece of self-denial.

### CAPTAIN BLUFF'S TRICK.

YEARS ago a lady residing in Chelsea had a large and favourite cat, called Captain Bluff, who, among other tricks, had one of jumping up at the door and raising the latch. On one occasion he was the innocent cause of a great fright, although it turned out afterwards to be amusing also.

Unknown, as it is believed, to the mistress of the house, who was spending the evening with a neighbour, the servants were entertaining a select party of friends, and were in the height of their enjoyment, when footsteps were distinctly heard descending the staircase, and, presently, to the horror of the inmates of the kitchen, the door-bolt was slipped, and they found themselves securely fastened in!

Of course "thieves" was the first thought of everyone, and it is recorded that the solitary man of the party turned palest of all at the bare idea of such a possibility; but, most fortunately, just as some of the women showed symptoms of hysterics and fainting fits, a loud and unmistakable mew revealed the intruder.

It was Captain Bluff, who, coming down uninvited to supper, had accidentally slipped the bolt instead of raising the latch.

How relieved the party were need not be told. Still the situation was not an agreeable one; there was no second door to the kitchen, and the window was firmly guarded by iron bars, and even if they stopped a chance passer-by, the hall door was locked, and no one could get in by it to release them.

They were on the verge of despair when the housemaid suddenly remembered that she had left the back door unlocked, and by that fortunate circumstance they eventually escaped from duress vile, but not until some hours had passed, and "missus" was expected back every minute, for they had to wait till the watchman went his rounds (it was before the days of policemen), and by enlisting him and a ladder into the service, an entrance was obtained over the garden wall.

### CONSCIENCE IN A DOG

BRAN, the big dog mentioned before in the parrot anecdotes, showed himself conscientious on one particular occasion. We were staying at Yarmouth, and Bran, who was allowed perfect liberty, was *lost* for one entire day!

At night, just before the house was shut up, he made his appearance very tired and travel-stained. Being met at the hall door he was rebuked and his offered paw not taken, in token that he was in disgrace.

His nightly resting-place was a cellar, where he had a comfortable straw couch provided for him, and his usual custom was to run downstairs immediately to his bed and supper; but on this evening he remained at the top of the stairs and cried and whined piteously.

Presently my brother said, "You must come and make it up with Bran, or the poor fellow will cry there all night!"

Accordingly we opened the door, and one by one shook Bran's paw in sign of forgiveness, whereupon he quietly walked downstairs, and after eating his supper with avidity, curled himself up on the straw and went to sleep.

ELLIN ISABELL: TUPPER.



## A MUSICAL ELEPHANT.

An elephant was advertised in Florence to play a sonata on the piano. A great crowd assembled, and money was refused at the doors. There was a very solid platform and a grand piano.

The elephant "came on," and was received with deafening applause. The *impresario* led it up to the instrument, when it suddenly turned tail and walked away. Nothing could be done to induce it to come back, and the audience got excited, and seemed to think they were the victims of a fraud. Whereupon the manager addressed them, and announced that the animal, usually so docile, had recognised in the notes of the keyboard of the piano the teeth of its mother, and positively declined to play on that instrument.

The Italian audience was as much amused with the story as they expected to be with the sonata, and the elephant coming on again and doing a few tricks, was cheered; and dangerous consequences were averted.

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## BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

By RUTH LAMB.

### OLD NIPPER AND THE COBBLER.

Old Nipper was, for a time, my grandfather's dog, an accomplished mastiff, and rather too good a watch dog; for he sometimes got his owner into trouble. Leave him in the house with the injunction, "Look out, Nipper, and don't stir," and the dwelling was as safe as if guarded by a detachment of policemen.

One individual was so ill-advised as to persist in entering the house when Nipper objected, and he re-crossed the threshold minus a large piece of garment and a smaller piece of leg. This affair cost the dog's master a round sum in compensation and doctor's bills, and there were serious deliberations as to what must be done with Nipper. He was evidently too good a watch dog for a town residence; but would be invaluable at a certain lone farmhouse inhabited by a friend who knew his good qualities, his gentleness to children, his affection for his master, and his fidelity to his charge.

"There will be no other dogs for him to fall out with, either," said Mr. Hatton—Nipper's new master—as he noticed a slit in the creature's ear, and became sensible of sundry rough places on his head which gave evidence of frequent encounters.

Truth to say, Nipper was terribly pugnacious, and, though he disdained to oppress the weak, there were not many dogs of his own size with which he had not done battle, so that these scars of his could hardly be called honourable.

There was a touching farewell between the mastiff and the children, which had to be repeated several times; for Nipper kept turning up at his old home, sometimes with the end of a rope dangling from his neck and a cheerful greeting on his honest face, which seemed to say, "If a dog has got good teeth, a trifle like this will not keep him from old friends."

In time, Nipper grew reconciled to the change, and attached to his new owner's family, who valued and petted him to his heart's content.

In my grandfather's time, which was before the age of railways, there were many simple domestic institutions which are now things of the past. Amongst these were itinerant cobblers. Not shoemakers, but shoemenders, who used to travel from place to place with their tools on their backs. They went their regular rounds in the country districts, and, when one of them made his appearance at the

door of a cottage or farmhouse, the good wife would have all the invalidated shoes and boots brought out for repairs. The servants, too, would bring out theirs, and the cobbler would unstrap his kit and set to work in one of the outhouses, if it were summer time—in a corner of the kitchen in winter.

If night came before his mending was finished, the cobbler was sure of a supper and a shake-down, and he was generally made very welcome in the kitchen, where master and servants sat together, on account of the scraps of news which he picked up in his wanderings and retailed to his ready listeners when the day's work was done. His task finished at one farm, he went on to another, and so on.

Some little time after Nipper was settled in his country home, old Isaac Firth, an itinerant cobbler known to all the country-side, made his appearance at the kitchen door of the farm. The dog was sole housekeeper, and stretched full length just within the threshold. It was harvest-time, and all hands were afield. Even Mrs. Hatton had taken her youngest child, first to see the busy toilers, and then to give them a ride home triumphant amongst the sheaves.

Nipper and Isaac Firth were old acquaintances, so the old dog welcomed the cobbler with a wag of his tail and permitted him to enter. The day was warm. A walk of half a dozen miles in the hot sun had disposed Isaac for a rest; so he unstrapped his kit and sat down, expecting to see the mistress or a servant at any minute.

But time passed on, and Isaac being thirsty as well as tired, thought it very long indeed, as he had anticipated receiving a draught of home-brewed harvest beer immediately on his arrival. He looked round for something drinkable, and taking up a mug was going to the pump for some water, in default of the expected beer, but an ominous growl from Nipper compelled him to put down the article.

"So I mustn't touch anything left in your care, old fellow," said he. "All right. This is my own, anyway, and I may as well go on to another place and be earning something in the meanwhile." Thus saying, he strapped up his kit of tools and was about to lift it to his back, when Nipper gave another low growl and looked so dangerous that he was fain to desist. Nipper's look had become a glare. It was contrary to that worthy animal's principles to allow anything to be taken out of the house so long as he guarded it. You might bring *in* what you liked, but once across the threshold it must stay and you too, until the return of the domestic authorities.

Isaac tried patting, soft words, all the blandishments he could think of, which were kindly received. But a movement towards the kit and all was changed.

How stout Mr. Hatton laughed when he returned and found the cobbler afraid to stir, and Nipper on guard! He patted the old dog, declared he would not part with him for his weight in gold, and then he made up to old Isaac by immediate hospitality for the long two hours of dreary waiting.

The cobbler always enjoyed telling the story, though it was against himself, and often had to answer inquiries about Nipper's health.

As to the dog himself, he lived to a good old age, faithful to the last, and died lamented by those whom he had served with such unvarying fidelity.

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### MORE CANINE FRIENDS.

Trip, my little King Charles, was rather an old dog when I accepted him from a friend who no longer required his services. I only wanted him for a pet and companion, and a most pleasant and intelligent one he made.

If he wanted a walk, he had a funny trick of bringing my gloves or any article of outdoor apparel that he could carry or drag along, and having deposited the same at my feet, would prance towards the street door, then run back again to invite me out, as well as he knew how. The habit was objectionably manifested when he dragged my best bonnet downstairs by the strings, and cheerfully called my attention to that ill-used article by loud barking.

Trip would go anywhere with me, but he never would enter a draper's shop after the first visit, which he evidently deemed unreasonably long. So he would stay in the street, looking into the shop occasionally to see if I were still there. Once he missed me, but instead of returning home he first went a considerable distance in the opposite direction and called at the house of the friend who was my companion in the shopping excursion. Trip evidently calculated on my going home with her. He was wrong, as it happened, but he ran the risk of finding me rather than miss the return walk home in my company if there was the least chance of that.

Trip often went with me to the reading-room of a library, and made himself quite at home there. One evening the dog lost me, and as I knew his fashion of seeking me in every likely place before he would return to the house, I retraced my steps, thinking I should most likely meet him on the way. In passing along I remembered something that was wanted from the grocer's, and called to order it. "Your dog was here a little while ago," was the shopman's remark. "He ran in, looked and sniffed all round, as if seeking you, and then went out again."

I found that he had not gone homewards, so I continued my walk in search of him, and found, by inquiry, that he had been into every shop where I had dealings, and to which he could obtain admission, and after a rapid search in each had gone out to call elsewhere.

It was quite amusing to hear the repeated question, "Are you looking for your little dog? He has been here looking for you, I think."

Finally Trip went to the reading-room, where I found him, an hour later, evidently expecting me. The librarian told me that the dog went in alone, and seated himself in such a position that he could catch the first glimpse of each new comer. Every time the door opened he started up to meet the fresh arrival, but met with several disappointments before his tail was set wagging and his feet prancing by the appearance of his mistress. Dear old thing! His attitude and conduct produced a good deal of amusement in the reading-room, and my arrival made quite a little scene in the usually quiet apartment.

Trip's conduct evinced a thorough understanding of my probable mode of procedure, and a memory of places and habits which showed him to be a dog of great intelligence and powers of calculation.

### DASH.

Dash, an extremely fat spaniel, was a mere acquaintance. He belonged to an innkeeper whose back premises were largely visited by country carriers. These men were in the habit of bringing their catables from home with them, but they would carry their provisions into the kitchen of the inn, where they purchased a glass of beer, wherewith to wash the bread and meat down, as they ate and chatted together.

Dash was an inveterate beggar, and spent a great portion of his time sitting on his hind legs in front of the men whilst they were dining. But finding that this was fatiguing, the old fellow got into the habit of seizing a wooden chair by his teeth, and dragging it to a suitable spot. Then, resting his broad back



against the chair, he would sit up as long as his patrons pleased. Having once done this trick, however, Dash was obliged to repeat it regularly, or he would have had to beg in vain for a share of the carriers' dinner.

#### DON.

Don was a retriever that could never be taught to retrieve. A great romp of a fellow, jet black, relieved by a single white star on his throat.

The gamekeepers, to whom his education was entrusted, voted him hopelessly stupid. After it had been settled that "he was no good at retrieving," his tutors took him with them on their nightly rounds after trespassers. Don seemed to like this business, and soon began to scour the grounds on his own account, and with a manifest anxiety to be of use.

But in this new walk poor Don's zeal outran his discretion. During one of his nocturnal excursions he pounced upon and brought down one of the under-keepers, whom he pinned to the ground, and kept there until he was released, just in time, by the head man in that department. After this exploit Don was condemned to death, but a gentleman in want of a pet begged him, and in that capacity finds him all that could be desired.

Don is excessively fond of sweets and fruit, notably ripe gooseberries, of which his master grows some fine varieties. During the season a great quantity of ripe, yellow fruit disappeared from the bushes, but no one could discover the thief; at the same time, however, it was noticed that Don's nose was always covered with scratches. His master put two and two together, and resolved to watch the dog. He did so, and saw Don go towards a door in the garden wall, stand on his hind legs, and press down the latch with his forepaw.

The door yielded, and in went Don to feast on the yellow gooseberries. He scratched his nose in the operation, but evidently thought the fruit worth suffering for.

Don's master was very indulgent and allowed his pet to help himself whilst he found amusement in watching the dog's ingenious way of getting at the berries without assistance.

The same dog occasionally paid visits with his master, and one lady, knowing his liking for sweets, always gave Don a piece of cake when she offered it, with wine, to her guest.

It happened, however, on a single occasion, that the lady's stock of cake was almost exhausted. The piece she had was small and somewhat stale, too shabby to offer to a gentleman; so the wine was brought out alone.

Don's master took no notice of this, but Don, after looking expectant for some time, marched to the lady, placed his great paws on her knee, and cast imploring glances towards the sideboard. When this failed, he went to the door and tried to open it.

He was only scolded for scratching it, and, in despair of making himself understood, he took advantage of the open house door and set off home as fast as he could go.

After he was gone the lady expressed her surprise at Don's unusual conduct. The master smiled and said the dog had not forgotten that she usually gave him cake, and had been trying to make her understand that when wine was brought out for the master, his share of the dainties ought also to be forthcoming.

The lady laughed heartily, and explained why the cake had not been produced, regretting that she had not been told sooner, as the cake which was deemed unsuitable for the master would have been an abundant supply for the dog.

Don was allowed to ask for cake after that, but he never again asked in vain.

## BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

### ANECDOTE OF A CANARY.



THE following anecdote has just been sent to me by a young friend who has two pet birds—a canary and a bullfinch. She writes, "A few weeks ago my little sister was alone in the dining-room, and was really startled from her play by hearing a cry of distress from the canary. She ran to his help and found him well enough, but greatly excited, and evidently pointing her to the bullfinch's cage. On looking there Katie found the poor bird with his head stuck so far down into his seed-box that he could not draw it back. She called me and we set him free with some difficulty, but the poor little thing was half dead with fright; however, he recovered in time. Thus the canary was the means of saving his friend's life!"

### STRANGE NESTING-PLACE.

A LADY, living in an old-fashioned house in Wiltshire, was standing one day before the dining-room fire when the hearthstone beneath her feet suddenly gave way. The carpet was immediately taken up and a mason sent for, who found the stone split across, and on taking this up a large hollow was discovered below, with two rats' nests in it. The outsides of these nests were made of scarlet cloth, which the parent rats had gnawed from the window curtains, and the insides were lined soft and warm with wadding taken from the curtain-hems; and here they had brought up their families, and would, no doubt, have continued to do so but for the accidental discovery, and the filling in of the hollow with cement.

### THE CURIOUS KITTEN.

A VERY intelligent little kitten was lying on the rug one day, when a young lady took off her bracelet and playfully fastened it round pussy's neck. Nothing could exceed the little creature's anxiety to find out what this new appendage was, and after vainly trying to see it by turning her head about, she quietly got up, walked across the room, and climbed on a chair which happened to stand before a mirror. She looked at herself earnestly in the glass, felt the bracelet with both paws, stroking it first one side then the other, and when apparently quite satisfied with herself and her necklace, she returned to her place and settled herself calmly to sleep again.

### THE CUNNING DONKEY.

AT a gentleman's seat in Ireland the cows used to escape daily out of their own field, but as the gate was always found shut and fastened, no one knew how this happened. But there were the cows, nevertheless, daily invading the cornfields instead of grazing in their own meadow. So at last a boy was set to watch, and he found that they regularly called up the donkey at a certain hour, who lifted the latch of the gate, let them through, and then, after carefully putting the latch down in its place, returned to his own pasture. Animals, notwithstanding that they are unable to talk with us, must have some means of communicating their desires and thoughts to one another, or the above true anecdote could not have occurred.

ELLIN ISABELLE TUPPER.

## BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

By RUTH LAMB.

### SPARTAN, THE NEWFOUNDLAND.



AMONGST the many four-footed friends of whom I have delightful memories, my father's Newfoundland, "Spartan," stands out conspicuously. What a beauty he was! Large enough to serve as a steed for a little boy; gentle enough to bear any amount of pulling and hauling about by the

youngsters. Black, with white breast, throat, and paws, and a tail like a great plume with a snowy tip. One could not say he wagged that tail. He waved it.

It was a sight to see Spartan stretched full length on the rug with two large cats lying across him, to say nothing of Leo, a waspish Italian greyhound, that wanted to drive away the cats and have Spartan's great body for his own sole resting-place.

Spartan could have throttled Leo and crunched up the cats with perfect ease, but instead of doing so he let them have their own way, only giving them a lazy glance sometimes, when the dog snarled and the cats swore a little more loudly than usual, as if he wondered they could be so stupid as to quarrel about trifles.

How that much-enduring beast was kissed, hugged, pulled about by his master's children! How droll it was to see him, when he missed his master, steal into the forbidden territory, the drawing-room, where hung a good portrait of him, and seem to find comfort in gazing at the copy in the absence of the original.

Spartan and his master spent several happy years together, and travelled thousands of miles in company.

Once they suffered shipwreck on the return voyage, and after an absence of several months from England. The vessel during a dense fog got aground on the "Knock Sands"—near neighbours to the famous "Goodwins."

The seamen got out the boats, but my father resolved to stay by his ship so long as there was the smallest hope, and at first refused to leave it. The men begged him to go, and at last two of them tried to force him into the boat.

Spartan was the pet and playfellow of every man on board, but he could not permit the best amongst them to meddle with his master. When the first sailor laid hold of the captain, the grand dog flew at him, and, in less time than it takes to tell, laid him flat on his back and held him until my father bade him leave go.

Then the great fellow lay down at his master's feet with a menacing air that seemed to say, "Try that again, if you dare."

The men lingered with the boats, and as the case soon became hopeless, my father at length left the doomed vessel. But he was not quite the last to quit the ship, for Spartan saw him safe in the boat, and then leaped in after him.

When telling us the story of that shipwreck and of Spartan's doings, my father's eyes used to light up with pleasure as he



spoke of the grand, old Newfoundland. And we children, never satisfied without hearing just a little more than the story, wanted to know what my father saved beside his life and Spartan when his good ship went down. A smile played on his kind face as he answered, "Well, only three things—my old violin, a MS. written by my uncle, whose namesake I was, and this."

"This" was his pocket Bible. I have it to-day—every leaf yellow, and most of them stained with salt water, his firm, handsome writing on the fly leaf. But I think there have been some salt drops on the pages that did not come from the sea. And in going over the list of articles saved from the wreck—when money, instruments, all that most men would have thought precious were lost—one reads the character of the man. Here I will stop. I began to tell about the dog, but somehow I fancy those who read Spartan's brief memoir will leave off, thinking most of Spartan's master.

#### BRISK AND HER MASTER.

The question is often asked, "Do dogs understand what is said?" and to this everyone will reply, "To a certain extent they do, as is shown by their obedience to their master's commands."

"He can do everything but talk," is a not uncommon remark of a dog-lover, as he pats the shaggy head of his four-footed friend and companion.

Still, no one will assert that dogs understand an ordinary conversation, though they undoubtedly often listen attentively when they are fond of the speakers, and obtain bits of information from detached words.

More than this, they obey signs in a stealthy fashion, and move as if they were treading on eggs, thus showing that they look upon a signal as an injunction to secrecy, and act accordingly.

In proof of this I will instance the doings of an English terrier of my acquaintance. Brisk has been unfortunate enough to offend her master. Being in want of something to do, she gnawed the leg of a handsome chair, and was chased out of the dining-room in consequence.

Having been accustomed to spend a good deal of her time on the hearthrug, she objects to this banishment, and as she is tolerated there when the master is absent, she is always on the look out for his departure in the morning.

She will peep in at the dining-room door and look at her mistress, as if to ask, "Is he gone yet?"

Without speaking, the lady will lift up her husband's hat or umbrella, or point to the outdoor boots by the fender; when Brisk slinks off again, knowing that if these articles are in sight, the master has not taken his departure yet. As soon as the hall-door closes, Brisk prances in, tail erect, and, manifesting her delight in every possible way, she takes up her favourite position.

But, let her mistress rise and place her husband's slippers within the fender, Brisk requires no other notice. The dog, so to speak, "has had her day," and she at once retires, knowing that the slipper-warming process always precedes, only by a few minutes, the arrival of her master.

If the lady, when conversing with a friend, introduces the words, "The master will soon be home," or, "I believe the master is coming," Brisk immediately rises, walks to the door, and manifests great discomfort until it is opened and she can get out of the room.

Yet the lady merely introduces a remark about the master's return in the course of conversation, and without looking towards the dog or varying her tone. Brisk may be

stretched apparently asleep, but she never requires a second warning.

Again, if the lady makes any allusion to her intention of going out when in the dog's presence, Brisk follows her everywhere, dogging her footsteps and never losing sight of her for a moment, lest she should be left behind. But let her mistress say, "I shall take an omnibus," and Brisk gives it up as a bad job and retires to her own quarters sulky and disgusted at being disappointed of her anticipated run.

Visitors to Brisk's mistress are often amused by seeing the effect produced on the little animal by these apparently casual allusions, and are convinced that this dog not only pays attention to the conversation, but understands certain portions of it in which she is indirectly concerned, though of the greater part she can comprehend nothing.

#### MUSICAL ANIMALS.

Dogs and other animals are very variously affected by musical sounds; some manifesting dislike, others enjoyment when within hearing of music. I knew one dog that, when requested to sing, would stand on his hind legs and go on whining and howling for almost any length of time, and while the performance was attended to he manifested great enthusiasm. But he also enjoyed real music very much, and showed signs of pleasure when the piano was played, getting as near to it as possible. Occasionally, however, he would *take a part* without being invited, much to the discomfiture of a singer, who would wonder where the extraordinary accompaniment came from. I have a lively recollection of his volunteering assistance when we were singing a hymn one Sunday evening, and of the way in which it was brought to an abrupt conclusion, by the sight of our doggie on his hind legs, and the sound of his whines ringing out above every human voice.

A black cat belonging to a friend, in whose house I was a guest some years ago, had a strong dislike to music in every shape, but especially to singing. Having noticed this peculiarity, I am afraid I teased poor pussy a good deal by my endeavours to produce a manifestation of her feelings with regard to vocal music, and when she was stretched comfortably by the fire I used to begin to sing, taking care to shut the door first. Puss would jump up, rush to it, and finding the means of egress cut off, would run wildly round the room as if in distress until I ceased. Not to irritate the creature too much, I generally made my vocal performance a very short one.

On an exceptional occasion I thought I would try the cat's powers of endurance a little longer, and went on singing, when, after vainly trying to escape, the creature sprang at me, placed one paw across my mouth, and clung to my dress and neck with the rest of her claws in such a fashion that I was only too glad to cease my song and so pacify the desperate animal.

When pussy's claws were disengaged I was not a little relieved, and I need hardly say that this was the last time I ventured to experiment on the cat's patience. My friend was also much alarmed, and I have no doubt thought, as I too did, that I had escaped almost better than I deserved, under the circumstances, for I had only a few scratches.

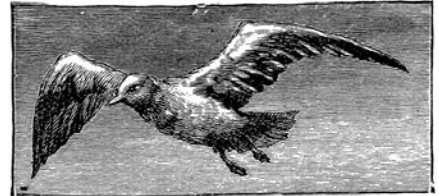
#### NUGGET AND HIS TUNE.

A pug dog, the pet of a lady in this neighbourhood, has a favourite tune which he distinguishes from all others. Nugget is a musical animal, and has a way of putting in occasional notes of his own when his mistress plays the piano. But when she commences *his* tune, Nugget becomes greatly excited. He first capers up and down the room, and then, running to the side of the player, he

stands on his hind legs and accompanies the music in a style peculiar to himself and most amusing in its effect on the listeners.

Nugget's mistress or any other performer may play the piano by the hour, and the dog manifests only an ordinary amount of interest. But no matter how suddenly *his tune* may be introduced, Nugget shows his appreciation of it by going through the performance already described.

The lady attributes the dog's fondness for the tune to the fact that when he was a puppy her little niece used to play it upon the piano, singing only the word "nugget" again and again to the music. As, however, the pug recognises the tune itself, when simply played, from all others, it is quite evident that he has a musical ear, and is not in any way guided by words.



#### THE AFFECTION OF COWS.

MANY young ladies are terribly afraid of cows, and should they see them coming in the distance will run out of their way to a place of security, as if they were so many wild beasts. Now if they knew what gentle and affectionate animals cows generally are, they would not be afraid to pass them anywhere.

There are at the present time, not forty miles from London, some cows which feed in a meadow with some young cattle. The meadow, which is triangular, is skirted on two sides by roads; the gate being at the angle where the roads meet. Twice a day the cows are fetched away from the other cattle, to be milked. When they leave the field and pass along the road, the young cattle (which are not little calves, but almost full grown cows and bullocks) place themselves along the hedge, on the inside, at intervals where there are gaps, and every cow as she walks along the road outside goes up to them, one by one, presses her lips to theirs very like a kiss, and appears to whisper in their ears an affectionate farewell; as if she said, "Good-bye, dears; be good boys and girls until we return." The cows do not loiter, but pass along the road, and their kind drover does not attempt to interrupt them in this very pleasing habit. It is an attractive and pretty picture to any thoughtful spectator who may chance to be passing.

#### TAME RATS.

AT a short distance from the cows lives an old man who follows the profession of a rat-catcher. He is never so proud as when showing the rats he has tamed, and which he declares to be "one of the wonders of the world." His faithful dog accompanies him. This animal is, or has doubtless been in his younger days, a veritable ratcatcher and a terror to all the rat tribe when set upon them; but he treats his master's tame rats as tenderly as if they were babies, three of whom may often be seen riding on his back. The dog is perfectly quiet and most careful not to let them fall off. But the most extraordinary circumstance of all is the affection between the rats and the old ratcatcher—who, stooping down towards the dog, opens the bosom of his shirt, when the three rats, in turn, crawl off the dog's back on to the old man's bare breast. He then buttons his shirt over them and so carries them home.



## BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

By RUTH LAMB.

### FRIENDS IN NEED.

"BROKEN again!"

I was looking despairingly at the window of our laundry in the basement, which was two-thirds above ground, and noting two broken panes, where new ones had lately been put in.

"It is the cats that smash the windows," said my youthful son; but seeing that he had just picked up a cricket ball in the immediate vicinity of the broken glass, I murmured something about cats with two legs encased in stout knickerbockers, as more likely to be the offenders.

But the lad, being thoroughly truthful, looked aggrieved, and brought abundant evidence to prove that, often as cats are blamed without deserving, they had undoubtedly broken the laundry windows again and again.

I should like to protest against the cruelty of those who, when they remove from a neighbourhood, take no thought for the poor animal which has perhaps been equally a faithful servant and a gentle and pretty pet. But they forget pussy until the last moment, and then find she has been scared away by the presence of strange men, and is gone out of sight and reach. Cats detest disorder and muddle, and a removal is the very acme of both these. The terror and discomfort combined drive them from their usual haunts, and so pussy is left, hungry and homeless, to linger on the dirty step, and look up with pitiful mewings at the door in the vain hope that it will open and show the face of a friend within. She gives up at last, and joins the band of "Cat Squatters," which loaf about houses, picking up oddments, stealing when they can, making night hideous with their doleful cries, and becoming, in their way, as dirty, ragged-coated and generally unkempt and disreputable as any human waif that ever personated a living scarecrow.

Our basement laundry was a favourite refuge of these four-footed vagabonds. They discovered it at first by means of a broken pane, and the iron bars within offered no obstacle to the entrance of a cat.

So they regularly slipped through the aperture, dropped on a large ironing table below, and spent their nights very comfortably.

Having experienced the advantages of such a shelter, our Squatters were not to be kept out by a mere pane of glass. No sooner was a window mended than it was broken again, and the cats became a nuisance, as well as a cause of considerable expense. At last a board was firmly placed in front of the new aperture.

As the family washing was sent out, the laundry was little used, and at times some days would elapse without its being entered.

Soon after the fixing of the board, our own three cats were observed to pursue an unusual course at meal times in the kitchen. Instead of eating up their share of food quietly, they would in turns seize a morsel and run off with it down the cellar stairs, returning after a brief interval.

The frequent repetition of this course attracted attention. The cats were watched, and it was found that they carried the morsels to the door of the laundry, between which and the step was a small aperture. Close to this they dropped the food, which was either sent through by a further push from without or drawn in by a little paw issuing from the laundry itself.

Then it was discovered that the fixing of the board had imprisoned a stray cat. The creature had been too frightened to show itself during the process, and its means of egress thus cut off, it would have been in a state of starvation, but for the charity of its feline sisters and their ingenious mode of con-

veying relief through the little aperture below the door.

### NOT TO BE CAUGHT TWICE.

"A BURNT child dreads the fire," says the old proverb, and we had a proof, some years ago, that the saying applies equally to a cat.

We had a gentleman visitor whose usual breakfast was bread and milk. He was accustomed to bestow a share of this on a large black and white cat, of which he made a great pet during his visits.

Tom knew as well as anyone when the basin, with its smoking contents, would be ready, and always waited in order to accompany the maid that carried it to the breakfast parlour.

The very first time, however, that a saucer was filled with the hot bread and milk for Tom's special benefit, he rushed eagerly towards it, and of course burnt his nose and tongue. On the following and other subsequent mornings the milk was put down, scalding hot as before; but Tom had learned wisdom by one painful experience. He never even approached the saucer; but sat quietly down at a distance, and waited patiently for a sufficient time to allow the contents to cool. Then, marching leisurely to the saucer, he discussed his breakfast without fear or hesitation.

Tom learned a lesson of patience from one experience of the effects of over-eagerness after his good things. We might learn even from a cat's example that patience often brings its own reward, and that pleasures withheld are often kept from us in mercy. If allowed to follow our first inclinations, without let or hindrance, we shall probably pay for our rashness, and perhaps our pain will be of a deeper and more enduring character than pussy's burned nose and tongue, by which he learned a sufficient lesson.



## BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

### A SOCIABLE PIG.

MY father one day last August had gone out for a day's fishing on the hills behind our Welsh lodgings. He, with two of my brothers who had accompanied him, had for an hour or two been fishing up towards the source of a stream, or rather small river, when they heard a joyful squeal. Looking up, they saw a black and white pig, with its tail up in the air, scampering down the opposite hillside towards them. It evidently belonged to some poor family who had turned it out to take care of itself, and it was so delighted to see human beings that when it came to the opposite bank of the river it actually plunged in and swam across, and then rushing up to my father began to rub itself against his trousers, while it gave vent to its feelings in satisfied grunts. It soon went off to pay the same attentions to one of my brothers, choosing the elder one, as he wore trousers, which the pig evidently preferred to knickerbockers. Though all this was very flattering to the feelings of the fishers, it was hardly profitable to their sport, and they therefore tried to get rid of their visitor. Expostulations, entreaties, and moral force generally proved to be useless, and kicks were resorted to, and had to be administered freely by all before the affectionate animal would leave.

## BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

By RUTH LAMB.

### THE UNDAUNTED MARTIN.

TWO ladies residing together at Nottingham had their attention attracted during the early summer by certain curious sounds which appeared to proceed from their bath-room. Nothing was to be seen in the apartment itself which could account for the noises; but it became evident that some living creatures had located themselves below the bath. The place suggested the presence of rats or mice, but the sounds were such as proceed from the throats of birds. Moreover, by peeping through a chink, daylight, which could not have come in by the window, was discernible beneath the bath.

The removal of a board showed the little feathered tenants of this curious retreat, as well as the means by which they had obtained admission to it. A couple of bricks had been removed from the outer wall for some reason or other, and the aperture thus made, left unclosed. Through it a pair of house martins had ventured, and built their nests immediately under the bath. When discovered, the mother bird was sitting on three eggs, and sooner than desert them she allowed herself to be captured by a young servant, who, however, set her at liberty immediately, but took possession of the eggs, and destroyed the nest on her own responsibility. Nothing daunted, the little pair set to work again, constructed another habitation on the same spot and another set of eggs was deposited in the new nest. The ladies of the house interfered to prevent them from being again disturbed, and now take not a little pleasure in watching their feathered neighbours, by means of a lighted taper passed through a convenient cranny. The birds appear to understand that they are no longer regarded as interlopers, but as privileged inmates. The appearance of the light does not disconcert them, and they return with their bright eyes the observant looks of their human protectors. The second set of eggs has been duly chipped, and tiny bird voices mingle with those of the parent martins as they labour unweariedly to supply the wants of their growing family.

### DOING DOUBLE DUTY.

A gentleman friend had a handsome brown retriever which, like most of its kind, was very fond of carrying its master's stick, umbrella, or any article with which he thought fit to entrust it. One day the dog accompanied his master, who was going to pay a call and, as usual, begged for and was permitted to carry his umbrella.

In going towards the house they were met by a smaller dog which advanced towards the gentleman in an aggressive fashion, growling and snapping as if bidding him keep his distance. For a moment the retriever hesitated. He had charge of the umbrella and was unwilling to quit it, but anxiety for his owner triumphed. Laying down the article at his master's side, with a look which might have been a request that he would take care of it for a moment he seized the smaller dog by the back of the neck, and gave him a tremendous shaking; then, loosing his hold, he allowed him to run yelping away. Then with an upward glance of triumph, which seemed to say, "I have settled that gentleman for you; he will think twice before he again meddles with anyone under my charge," he resumed his hold of the umbrella, and trotted joyfully after his master towards the door of the house, evidently delighted that his double duty had been properly fulfilled.





## BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

### A RAILWAY DOG.

DOGS are fond of having a hobby. There are dogs who cannot resist following an omnibus, others who worship a stick or a stone, and there are well-known cases of dogs devoting themselves to a fire-engine, or to a "life on the line."

"Help" has been trained to travel by rail, and goes about his collecting work in sober earnest, but years ago there was a colley known as "Bob" who lived on the railway also.

He lost his master at some fair, and hunted long in hopes of finding him. He found his way to the station, and lived there for days scanning every passenger in hopes of seeing the drover. He was fed at the restaurant, and the guards spoke kindly to the disconsolate pathetic faced colley.

He looked near and far for his shepherd owner, travelling from town to town in search of him, and returning to the station anxious, dejected, and sad of mien.

Finally he gave up the hunt as hopeless and became a railway dog. Guards vied with one another as to who should have Bob as travelling companion. He lived for many years on the line, growing sleek and contented, yet he occasionally eyed shepherd passengers, evidently still hankering after the master for whom he sorrowed so long.

One night a doctor who travelled continually, and was consequently well known, was asked by a porter, at a station where he was waiting, to come into the lamp-room, where the fire was good.

He heard from the men all about Bob, who was expected up with the North Mail that evening. It thundered in, and the guard immediately in passing the lamp-room called out "Bad news." "An accident?" asked the group off duty. "How! What?"

"Railway Bob," said the guard curtly, not trusting himself to say more, then, turning round, added with a choke in his voice, "He lept at the engine, as the train moved, and missed it." E. B. S.

### BILLY, A SEAFARING SHEEP.

LAMBS often figure as domestic favourites, but I once met with a full-grown sheep, "Billy" by name, which was kept as a pet on board a ship.

It was rough weather when first I made Billy's acquaintance on the Ringarooma, a steamer which sailed between Melbourne and New Zealand, but in spite of big seas, he walked along the slippery decks with the greatest of ease.

When in port, Billy would sometimes land and go sniffing about the wharf, but on hearing the steamer's whistle he promptly returned on board.

He seemed to feed indiscriminately. Passengers, stewards, cook, and sailors were always offering him a variety of food. Billy would try anything which came in his way, and managed to digest a quantity of curious material, by no means limiting himself to a vegetable diet. He devoured pamphlets, nibbled at books, liked chocolate-creams, and string he swallowed greedily.

Billy was of real use when sheep had to be shipped. They, poor things, stood still, gaped at the gangway, and refused to go down as their owners wished. Billy then would come forward and show them the way, while, true to their nature, the "silly sheep" followed their leader.

Billy's face always wore an expression of tricky cunning, and I sometimes wondered whether, after having led his unfortunate land lubber brethren on board, he ever maliciously

watched them in their wretchedness, while he swaggered about steadily on his sea-legs.

I subsequently travelled again by Billy's steamer, and missed the four-footed favourite. On inquiring for him, I heard that the sheep's long unshorn coat had caught the eye of some shearers crossing to New Zealand.

They volunteered to shear him, and did their work badly. Perhaps this was not so much their fault, as that of the steamer, which had a chronic habit of rolling. At any rate, the shearers proved themselves but "'prentice hands" at their business, for they cut poor Billy so deeply, the wounds caused his death.

I think those shearers would show their wisdom by avoiding the Ringarooma on the return passage to Australia, for officers and crew harboured bitter thoughts against them for bringing their popular shipmate to an untimely end. E. B. S.



AN INQUISITIVE WEKA.



Among the race of "living fossils" which survive are birds called wekas—brown-feathered bipeds, about the size of guinea-fowls, with long, snipe-like bills. They prove to be the amusement and trouble of campers-out, for their tameness is attractive, till their curiosity and greed becomes burdensome.

When a party pitch their tent, or even if they are only out for an afternoon picnic, the wekas constantly become familiar and hobnob with them. Despite their demure plumage, they have a sly expression in their twinkling little eyes. They try to look simplicity and innocence itself, and impose on "new chums" with their artlessness.

They pick up crumbs humbly and gratefully, and saunter about among the human

bipeds with engaging trustfulness. Meanwhile, however, they are taking stock of the silver, and all that glitters is to them as precious metal—in fact, they are the veriest of thieves or kleptomaniacs—stirrups, bits, sardine tins, forks and spoons, they take stock of and mark them for their own. They suddenly dart at the object of their desires, seize it in their beaks, and fluttering their apologies for wings, run speedily off to their burrow with their stolen treasure. The losers, if they see what has happened, give chase, and sometimes the pursued, when hard pressed, drops the spoil. A bit has been found to be tempting, but when Mr. Weka steals it, the bridge, oftener than not, catches the villain in its toils.

Once upon a time a weka attached itself to a picnic party, and, as usual, pried leisurely around, but they were wary, and had put spoons, forks, and all that glittered out of sight.

The weka persistently hovered near. A combined account and sketch book with silver clasps had been left out, and it glistened in the sun, so the weka boldly made off with it. The owner saw it fleeing to some tangled brushwood and gave chase, but the weka reached cover and housed the book.

The defrauded one was very wrath. The weka returned elated, and ready for more.

"Brute of a bird!" said the artist squatter, "come here and take this old tin, and I'll trace you to your burrow."

The weka took the bait, but was so fleet of foot it eluded its would-be tracker. His patience gave way after repeatedly laying our goods to be lifted, and being unable to run the winged thief to earth.

He put one more piece of spoil down and, thinking of his note-book snugly hidden in the bird's home in the bush, in a fit of baffled exasperation he shot the thief, as a warning to wekas in future not to be over-greedy. E. B. S.

### CATS IN OLD ENGLAND.

Cats are supposed to have been brought into England from the Island of Cyprus by some foreign merchants who came hither for tin. In the old Welsh laws a kitten from its birth till it could see was valued at a penny, when it began to mouse at twopence, and after it had killed mice at fourpence, which was the price of a calf.

Wild cats were kept by our ancient kings for hunting. The officers who had charge of these cats seem to have had appointments of equal consequence with the masters of the king's hounds.

### HOW THE CAT RANG FOR DINNER.

In a monastery in France a cat was kept that never used to receive any victuals till the bell rang to announce to the monks the hour of meals. She never failed then to be within hearing.

One day, however, she happened to be shut up in a solitary apartment, and the bell rang in vain so far as regarded her. Some hours afterwards she was liberated from her confinement, and ran half famished to the place where a plate of victuals used generally to be set for her, but she found none this time. In the afternoon the bell was heard ringing at an unusual hour, and when the people of the monastery came to see what was the matter, there they found the cat hanging upon the bell-rope and setting it in motion as well as she could in order that she might have her dinner served up to her.



#### OUR PERSIAN KITTEN.

COQUETTE is a much-indulged kitten of the Persian persuasion, who is allowed to sleep in her mistress's bedroom at night. One night, when the hour for retiring arrives, she is not to be found anywhere. Recognised warm corners in kitchen and conservatory are searched in vain; the house resounds with persuasive adjurations to "Come, pussies!" but no pussies appears. The fact is, Coquette has followed one of the servants down into the coal-cellar unperceived, and has got shut in there accidentally. No doubt she bewails her enforced seclusion for a little while, but being by no means a kitten of sentiment, soon makes herself as comfortable among the coals as circumstances will permit, and goes to sleep for the night. Next morning, somebody playing with Croy, a magnificent collie, in front of the house, hears pitious cries proceeding from a shrubbery. Away goes Croy, diving in among the laurels, and the lamentation ceases. Exploration in his track reveals a cellar-grating, through the bars of which a grimy little object is clinging, with all four paws extended to their full length, to Croy's face, quite comforted, having been awakened by the voices and barking; while Croy, heedless of the very uncomfortable embrace, is faithfully "kissing the pretty pussy," as he has been taught to do.

#### "CHANCE:" THE FIREMAN'S DOG.

THE fascination of fires extends to the brute creation. Who has not heard of the dog "Chance," who first formed his acquaintance with the London Fire Brigade by following a fireman from a conflagration in Shoreditch to the central station at Watling-street? Here, after he had been petted for some little time by the men, his master came for him, and took him home; but he escaped on the first opportunity, and returned to the station. After he had been carried back for the third time, his master—like a mother whose son will go to sea—allowed him to have his own way, and for years he invariably accompanied the engine, now upon the machine, now under the horses' legs, and always, when going uphill, running in advance, and announcing the welcome advent of the extinguisher by his bark. At the fire he used to amuse himself with pulling burning logs of wood out of the flames with his mouth.

Although he had his legs broken half-a-dozen times, he remained faithful to his pursuit; till at last, having received a severer hurt than usual, he was being nursed by the fireman beside the hearth, when a "call" came, and at the well-known sound of the engine turning out, the poor brute made a last effort to climb upon it, and fell back dead in the attempt.

He was stuffed and preserved at the station, and was doomed, even in death, to prove the fireman's friend; for one of the engineers having committed suicide, the brigade determined to raffle him for the benefit of the widow, and such was his renown that he realised £123 10s. 9d.

#### THE FOUNDLING THRUSH.

HE was as handsome a youngster of his kind as you need desire to see, and was first introduced to our notice by the dairymaid of the farm at which we were staying. She held him in her apron and told our youngsters that she had caught him amongst the wet grass, at the foot of the hill on which the house stood. He was pretty fully fledged, and I suppose had been trying his tender wings; but these had failed him, owing to a pouring rain, and he was squatting, wet and disconsolate, at the bottom of a low wall which bounded the field.

Poor fellow! All we wished was to nurse him into a condition of fitness to take care of himself, not to keep him in captivity, so we tried to feed him. I should say we offered him food of all kinds likely to tempt the appetite of a youthful thrush; but he had no idea of helping himself. We knew nothing about blowing food into gaping birds' mouths by means of a quill, and what little we got inside our foundling's beak he succeeded in ejecting again.

We let Dick, the canary, out of his cage, hoping the thrush would learn by example. Dick advanced with a friendly mien and cheerful chirrup, delighted to make a bird-acquaintance, but the thrush gave a harsh croak and scrambled over little Dick, to the disturbance alike of his feathers and temper. He was much too big, rough, and ignorant for our polished little canary friend to fraternise with.

Towards evening the rain ceased and the sky cleared. The birds began to sing cheerily and, sweet and loud amongst others, sounded the notes of a thrush. So, having failed in all our attempts to feed our foundling guest, we decided to carry him to the bottom of the field and place him on the little low wall near which he had been found.

His feathers were dry, and we thought perhaps he would find his way back to his home and relatives.

We did this, but waited to see the result.

The youngster cried out in baby-thrush fashion, and to our delight down came the musician from the great ash tree close by and alighted beside him on the wall.

I suppose he must have told the young bird to stay where he was whilst he called the mother, for soon the two old thrushes were busily engaged in feeding our foundling, which remained upon the wall. This went on for some time, until the fledgling's strength was sufficiently recruited. Then it was coaxed into essaying a short flight. Bit by bit, the little creature was cheered onwards, the parents' love and patience never failing, until at last we saw our foundling disappear in a tall thickset hedge, within whose friendly shelter the family abode was doubtless concealed. Then the male parent thrush flew back to the ash tree and celebrated the recovery of the youngster by a glorious song of triumph, and we returned to the farm rejoicing that our feathered guest was once more under the guardianship of those who were not only willing but able to minister to his wants.

#### IN THE LION'S MOUTH.

ALL visitors to Lucerne will remember the beautiful monument, sculptured after the design of Thorwaldsen, which commemorates the fidelity of the Swiss Guards who died in defence of the French Royal Family on August 10th, 1793, during one of the horrible massacres of the first Revolution.

The monument is hewn out of the solid rock, and represents a colossal lion dying from a spear wound; but striving even in death to protect the shield bearing the fleur-de-llys of the Bourbon family.

This beautiful design was carried out by a Swiss sculptor from Thorwaldsen's model, and the monument, with its surroundings, forms one of the sights of Lucerne and attracts many visitors.

The last time I stood with a companion admiring the monument we noticed a beautiful water wagtail flying in and out of the mouth of the lion.

It was a member of a very tiny family, but its plumage was beautifully varied in black, white, and rich yellow.

After a little patient waiting we saw its mate, and discovered that the tiny pair had built their nest in the lion's mouth and were rearing a young family in this strangely chosen home.

#### A USEFUL BIRD.

WHEN people in derision say,  
"A perfect goose is she,"  
It seems to me the other way;  
In praise it ought to be.  
A goose is such a useful bird,  
And was more useful still  
When all who wrote, as I have heard,  
Wrote only with a quill.  
And there are some who still delight  
In the old-fashioned plan;  
Who never did with steel pens write,  
And never will, nor can.  
Thus quills to them are useful things,  
So long as they can write.  
Then there's the feather bed that  
brings  
Them ease and rest at night.  
We know the flesh is good to eat,  
And when the year comes round  
To Michaelmas, no greater treat  
Than roast goose can be found.  
Then there's the oily, fatty part  
Which makes our chapped hands  
soft—  
When frost or wind has made them  
smart  
Full many a time and oft.  
And there is yet another thing,  
Which housemaids can apply—  
A thoroughly dried goose's wing  
Will make the cobwebs fly.  
I am not versed in classic lore  
(So much the greater pity),  
But it is said, in days of yore,  
A goose once saved a city.  
So if you're ever said to be  
Exactly like a goose,  
You can reply, "I'm glad to see  
I am of so much use."





## OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS.



TIPPOO THE FOUNDLING.



HAVE often thought I would tell the history of this most fascinating of cats—a lady puss, though with a masculine name, usually shortened to Tip. She came, a lean, starved creature, to the house of a country friend. There was one cat in the establishment when the poor stranger, with a pitiful mew, craved admission. But puss in possession was old and lazy, while the vagrant animal was young, and

needed only good food and a comfortable bed to turn her into a perfect beauty, so she was admitted with a promise of adoption, conditional on good behaviour.

Tippoo became a most beautiful cat, the pride of the household. But she was not like some human beings who, when they have secured a good place, would prevent others from sharing the advantages they enjoy. The old cat might and did snarl, hiss, and swear in feline language at the new comer. But Tippoo showed no resentment, and it was really charming to see the beautiful young animal pay the cross old creature the same attentions that a dutiful child might render to a mother.

When old puss became feeble and almost blind, Tip would carry and lay at her feet the best part of every cattish dainty that came in her way. Tip was a mighty mouser and bird catcher, and, almost daily, she brought her dead prey to her cross companion, and invited her by queer-sounding "miaous" to partake of the spoil.

Old crabby never seemed the least bit grateful, but Tippoo did not on that account cease her attentions. A lesson to some of us, that we should do kind things in spite of discouragements, and keep on doing them without looking for a reward, or caring for ingratitude.

Tip tackled other game beside mice and small birds. The largest rat was nowhere in a contest with her, and she was successful in mole-catching—a somewhat unusual game for

a cat to hunt. Once she was nearly mastered by a large mole. He fought and struggled desperately, and, being in the garden, he tried hard to get underground.

You know how rapidly moles burrow. They use their sharp snouts and feet to some purpose when they begin.

Tip's antagonist would have worsted her, but instinct came to her aid. On soft ground he might have conquered, but she managed to drag him into the kitchen. On the lard, red tiles the mole's burrowing powers availed him nothing, and on these he soon lay dead.

If some of Tip's exploits had been known to my Lord Broadacre's gamekeepers, Tip's head would not have been safe on her shoulders for a day. She has long been dead, so it will be quite safe to tell how she caught and carried home young partridges, pheasants, and leverets, and laid them unmangled at her mistress's feet. The largest leveret weighed four pounds, and was much too large for her to carry, but she dragged it homewards, and had just got it within the garden gate when some visitors were leaving the front door.

By a desperate effort she tugged it behind a holly bush, stood guard over her prize until they were fairly out of hearing, and then proudly deposited it at the feet of her amused mistress, who had been watching her movements from a side window.

So much for Tip's business qualities. But, great as were these, her social qualities exceeded them. It surprised her human friends that she escaped serious injury in these many encounters, that she could be at once so fierce and so gentle. Those claws which dealt death and destruction to her foes were sheathed, and a velvet paw ever extended to friends.

She would always shake hands when invited, but persisted in giving her paw again and again, when dinner was in preparation, by way of bespeaking any bits that might be at her friend's disposal. If her claims were too long neglected, the pretty creature would spring up, tap one's shoulder twice with her soft paw, then drop into a begging attitude, like a dog.

It is said that animals know by instinct those who like them. I presume that Tip did, for she distinguished me with marks of favour from the beginning of our acquaintance. When I visited her mistress, she would meet and welcome me, then run to inform any member of the family not present of my arrival. She would rub round them, and run a little way backward and forward, as if inviting them to come and greet the guest.

With some persons Tip would never be friends. I once affronted her by rubbing my finger up and down on one joint of the backbone. She did not snarl or scratch me, but drew out of my reach. For sheer mischief I repeated the offence, and she then left the room entirely, and would not return.

A few hours later, I had forgotten the offence, and was going to stroke the cat, but no, thank you. Every time I tried to touch her she drew her head away. In the evening, on my returning from a walk with the young lady of the house, Tip came to meet us as usual, but she passed me without notice, a thing she had never done before, and went to my friend.

For three days did that cat nurse her displeasure, in spite of repeated efforts at conciliation on my part, and then she consented to forgive and forget. Like a well-bred person she declined to squabble, but in her gentle fashion quietly ignored me, until I had owned my fault and made amends.

No wonder that when the pretty creature died, though she had attained a good old age, her loss was lamented by all who knew her, and very genuine human tears were shed over the grave of Tippoo the Foundling.

RUTH LANE.

PERHAPS some of those who have read THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER from the very beginning may remember an account of some feathered friends of mine, which appeared in the very first part of the then new periodical. It was called "How we Saved the Poor Birds in Winter," and told about the appearance of the first two rooks in the Polygon during the long frost in 1879, and of the bird dinner parties established at that time. [See page 9.]

Ever since that severe winter, we have made provision for the larger birds which come to us with the cold weather, as well as for the smaller ones that are about our doors all the year round.

It may interest bird-lovers to know that for five years the rooks have continued to visit us, though, owing to our not having enough large and suitable trees in our immediate neighbourhood, they have not been able to settle in our very midst. Their real home is two miles away, but one or two adventurous pairs have built about midway, and pay us occasional visits during the summer.

On the first frosty morning a pioneer party is sure to arrive, evidently with a view of ascertaining whether the winter "spreads" have been begun. The members of the deputation wait patiently until past the time at which we are accustomed to put out the food. If we think it a little too early to begin feeding them and nothing is forthcoming, they sail off with a chorus of disappointed caws. If, on the contrary, the cook and her dish are seen outside, we hear a signal and down come a number of rooks, hitherto invisible, to carry off the dainty morsels.

About the middle of November in last year (1884) there were twenty-three rooks in waiting one Monday, and we have had as many as thirty-five. We have also had, what I believe is very unusual in such a locality, four jackdaws amongst our feathered bird guests, but not during the past winter.

The fact of the regular appearance of the pioneer rooks at the same time, and for five years in succession, proves that these birds have a very lively recollection of favours received, and a desire that they should be perpetuated.

Let me again plead with my many dear girl friends on behalf of our feathered favourites. A little thought, a little care in preserving bits and scraps that would otherwise be wasted, will save the life of many a bird, and we shall be repaid in summer time, when our tiny pensioners fill the air with grateful music.

## A SWALLOW'S PRACTICAL JOKE.

A friend of mine has an overhanging roof which shelters one side of a large courtyard, and forms a covered way by which the servants can pass between coach-house, stables, etc., in all weathers, without getting wet. This pent roof is ceiled, and has always been a favoured resort of the swallows.

Last summer a pair built their nest in the highest and least accessible corner, a nook hitherto unappropriated. Whilst they were busy, a large cat often placed herself in such a position that she could watch the movements of the birds, and, no doubt, with a longing to make their closer acquaintance.

This, however, was quite impracticable. The swallows were well out of pussy's reach, and evidently knew it, for they made her the subject of a little practical joke.

Watching, as everybody knows, often becomes drowsy work, and waiting is always more tiring than active labour. So pussy



found it as she basked in the warm rays of the summer's sun, and, as a consequence, she usually dropped asleep at her post. Pussy's nap made the swallows' opportunity. One of the birds would swoop down on noiseless wing, and give the cat a sharp peck on the head. This eventually roused the sleeper, but before pussy had time to recognise her assailant the swallow was far away, having passed like a flash of lightning.

Whether the birds did it by way of warning to let their enemy know what she might expect if she offered to attack the nest, or whether, knowing their impregnable position, it was a pure bit of fun, cannot be told.

Certain it is, however, that the trick was so often repeated that it afforded considerable amusement to the servants, who used to watch for its recurrence, and had many a hearty laugh at the cat's disconcerted look when roused from her sleep by this ever invisible assailant.

#### PANSY AND BOB.

Pansy and Bob were a handsome pair of horses belonging to a gentleman who lived at about a mile from the nearest market town. Bob was a most docile, obedient animal that never shirked his work, or objected to make a little overtime, if needful.

Pansy, the mare, was a very different character. She held strong views on the subject of equality, and now and then gave herself very amusing airs. If she had lived at a time when the question of women's rights and the extension of the suffrage were agitating the feminine human mind, one might have thought that Pansy had pondered the matter in relation to horses. As it is, we can only conclude that she was in advance of the times when she and Bob ran together in double harness.

The home of their owner being at a distance from town, it was often necessary to send the groom thither on horseback to take messages or fetch articles required for immediate use. It occasionally happened, too, that the man had no sooner returned than he was obliged to go a second time, some new want having arisen during his absence.

If Bob had been employed for the first journey there would be no time lost in setting out again. It was only needful to turn his head downward, and the obedient beast went cheerfully off in that direction. But not so Pansy.

Let the groom try to induce her to go out again, and she met him with the most determined resistance. She would plant her feet firmly down, and neither coaxing nor the whip would induce her to move. Indeed, the latter would make her kick out in such a determined fashion that it was prudent to give her a wide berth.

In the end she was certain to get her own way. So much time would have been lost in the effort to make her go to town again that it was found easier to transfer the saddle to Bob's back, and leave Pansy to enjoy her victory.

The mare never shirked her work when running in double harness, and, in all other respects, was a docile and valuable animal. But she held strong views on this one subject, no doubt saying to herself, in equine language, "Turn about is the fair thing. I will do my share, but not my partner's. When I have gone a journey, long or short, Bob must take the next." At any rate, she acted on this principle for years.

In time, however, Bob and Pansy were parted, and the mare became the property of her late owner's daughter, who only required one horse for her carriage. Then a curious change took place in the wilful creature's conduct.

At first she tried her old game, and refused to go out a second time, however short the first journey might have been. But, finding there was no Bob forthcoming to take his turn, she gave up, yielding in a reasonable sort of way that was worthy of imitation.

She allowed herself to be persuaded by kind words and gentle treatment to do all the work that was required from the one horse of the establishment, and did it well and cheerfully.

One cannot help feeling that a valuable lesson may be learned even from the example of a dumb beast. Pansy had been used to have her own way when placed in certain circumstances. When these were changed and a new order of things established, she adapted herself to them. She still had a good home and a kind mistress, and instead of being discontented, vicious, or ill-tempered, she gave in, did her best, and was valued accordingly.

#### BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

##### A PUNCTUAL PENSIONER.

A GENTLEMAN one day noticed a hungry-looking dog prowling round his yard, and, struck with the poor brute's famished appearance, he fetched a large bone and by no means a bare one, which he threw to the four-footed vagabond. It was exactly twelve o'clock when the bone was given and carried off.

The giver thought no more of the matter, but evidently the dog did, for on the following day at the same hour he made his appearance, with an expectant look about him which told that he hoped for a further contribution.

Amused at the effort to establish himself as an out-pensioner, and desirous of finding out whether the dog's arrival at this particular time was a mere chance, the gentleman gave him a second supply of food.

Punctual to time, the creature presented himself on the third, looking even more confident than before. He was duly fed, and for a great length of time this self-elected pensioner made his daily appearance at his patron's door with notable punctuality.

One is led to wonder whether the dog may have regulated his own movements by observing those of some individual in going to and from his work. And whether when the four-footed animal was a few minutes late it might be because the biped was unpunctual or his clock slow.

**WRENS LEARNING TO SING.**—A wren built her nest in a box, so situated, that a family had an opportunity of observing the mother-bird instructing the young ones in the art of singing peculiar to the species. She fixed herself on one side of the opening in the box, directly before her young, and began by singing over her whole song very distinctly. One of the young then attempted to imitate her. After proceeding through a few notes, its voice broke, and it lost the tune. The mother immediately recommenced where the young one had failed, and went very distinctly through with the remainder. The young bird made a second attempt, commencing where it had ceased before, and continuing the song as long as it was able; and when the note was again lost, the mother began anew where it stopped, and completed it. Then the young one resumed the tune, and finished it. This done, the mother sang over the whole series of notes a second time with great precision; and a second of the young attempted to follow her. The wren pursued the same course with this as with the first; and so with the third and fourth. This was repeated day after day, and several times in a day.

#### BITS ABOUT BIRDS.

By RUTH LAMB.

FEW of those who keep pets in cages have any idea of the sensitiveness of the little creatures that depend on their care and bounty. Many, indeed, look upon a canary in a handsome cage as a pretty window ornament, and never ask themselves if more be needful than a supply of food and water and a sufficiently warm temperature. This last is sometimes overlooked, food and fair cleanliness being deemed sufficient.

But birds are extremely sensitive, and appreciate little attentions from their owners almost as much as children do. The little canary likes his morning greeting, and answers it with a musical "tweet." He fluffs himself out into a ball at the sound of endearing words and expressions of praise, and at a sharp tone he flattens his feathers and becomes slender again.

He mopes at the absence of a human friend, and instantly recognises his voice amongst many others on his return. An instance of this occurred in the case of a gentleman visitor who would not accept an invitation to spend a few days with friends, unless his canary might be included in it. So the bird was invited, and cheerful quarters assigned him in the nursery window, amid a troop of kind-hearted, bird-loving youngsters. There he was visited by his master many times in the day, and the sight of him always put the bird in a flutter of delight.

Some of the visitors ridiculed the young man's tenderness for his pet, and even wagered that "Dick" would not distinguish his master's voice from that of any other person who might call him, without being seen.

The challenge was accepted, and all the grown-up people went in a body to the nursery door, which was left ajar, the bird being within hearing, but out of sight of all the visitors. Each in turn called "Dick" by name, and used all the bird blandishments they could think of to induce a reply, but not a sound indicated that the canary heard them.

Last of all came the owner, and in his deep, jovial voice, called "Dick, old boy." Quite enough. Dick replied, first with a shower of "tweets," then a burst of song, thus triumphantly indicating his owner's assertion that the bird would know his voice and answer to his call in any place and when out of sight, whilst he would make no reply to any number of would-be acquaintances.

##### EFFECTS OF SOLITUDE ON A CANARY.

I was rendered quite sorry by an account of what happened to another pet canary through its being left alone. It belonged to a family of bird-lovers, and when they were at home the little thing was talked to, praised, and often allowed to fly about the room for an hour or two. It happened, however, that the mother and children were going to the sea-side, and fearing that there might be a lodging-house cat, they thought they should best consult Bob's safety by leaving him at home.

The servants accompanied the family, only the master of the house remaining behind. He merely slept under the roof, his dog bearing him company, and a thoroughly reliable person having been engaged to come in and make things tidy, and attend to Bob, the canary.

The weather was warm, the cage fittingly placed, the water was of the freshest, the seed box well supplied. Surely Bob lacked nothing, thought his attendant; but she was mistaken. The master came in at bedtime and went out early, his week ends being spent at the sea-side with his family. He thought nothing about poor Bob's loneliness.

The woman in charge would have taken him home, but her cat was not used to birds,



and could reach any part of the only window in which a cage could be hung, so she durst not place Bob there.

With everything around him that it is generally thought a bird could want, the canary began to mope and soon ceased to sing. When his owners came back they found their pet outwardly the same, healthy looking and in fine feather, but silent.

At first they were inclined to suspect that something had happened to Bob, and the present bird was only a substitute. But he convinced them to the contrary by little ways of his own, which no new-comer could have imitated, though in one respect he did not recover the effects of that lonely time—Bob never sang again.

#### DEATH OF A PARROT FROM FRIGHT.

Twice I have lost pet canaries from the effects of fright alone. A cat's aspect will often suffice to terrify a bird to death, and our special darling, Dick, if he sees a feline foe pass the window, calls our attention to her whereabouts by a perfect bird shout. The note is so peculiar, that it instantly conveys the idea of alarm.

The parrot above alluded to lost its life from fright under very peculiar circumstances.

A lady and gentleman were guests in the house of its owner, and during the night, the gentleman was taken ill. His wife being unwilling to alarm the household, determined to go down to the kitchen, and obtain materials for a mustard poultice.

After lighting the gas in her room, she discovered that there were only two more matches, and no candle available, but she struck one, and, carefully shading it with her hand, found the way to the kitchen. After opening the door she heard such a peculiar fluttering and rushing sound within, that she dropped her tiny torch and for the moment retreated.

Anxiety for her husband, however, overpowered the first feeling of fear, and she again opened the door, struck her last match, lighted the gas, and secured the pot of mustard, then retreated to her room without having found out the cause of the noise which had startled her.

On the following morning the guests came down as usual, the husband's pain and the wife's anxiety having been relieved by applying the contents of the mustard pot. But their entertainers were in great distress, their favourite parrot having been found dead at the bottom of its cage.

The bird slept in the kitchen, and when the lady visitor heard this, she felt bound to tell of her visit to Polly's dormitory, and of the noise which had so terrified her when she first opened the door.

A subsequent examination of the bird proved that death had neither resulted from disease nor injury of any kind. The owners and their guests were driven to the conclusion that it had been caused by terror. The sudden appearance of the stranger in her long white dressing gown had been seen for an instant in the open doorway by the startled parrot, just roused from sleep. Then the faint light of the match was extinguished, and before the lady obtained one from the second, the poor bird lay dead of terror, having made in its fall the rustling sound which frightened the visitor for the moment, though she little guessed what had caused it.

It need hardly be said that poor Polly's untimely end caused no little grief in the household, where she had long been a pet and favourite.



**WIND AND RAIN FORETOLD BY CATS.**—Good weather may generally be expected when the cat washes herself, but bad when she licks her coat against the grain, or washes her face over her ear, or sits with her tail to the fire. In Germany if it rains when women have a large washing on hand, it is a sign that the cats have a spite against them because they have not treated the animals well. An enemy to cats may reckon upon it that she will be carried to her grave in wind and rain; and in Holland if the weather is rainy on a wedding-day the saying is that the bride has neglected to feed the cat. English sailors do not much like to see cats on board ship, but least of all do they care to see them unusually frisky, for then they say "the cat has a gale of wind in her tail."

#### THE DOG AND THE TELEPHONE.

"One morning not long ago," writes a Canadian lady, "my sister went to see a friend who lived a mile or two from the rectory, taking with her our little brown doggie, Paddy. When she left she quite forgot the dog, and as soon as our friends discovered him they did all they could to make him leave, but without avail.

"Some hours passed, and he was still there, so they telephoned to let us know his whereabouts.

"Bring him to the telephone," said my sister.

"One of the boys held him while another put the trumpet to the dog's ear.

"Then my sister whistled and called, 'Come home at once, Paddy.'

"Immediately he wriggled out of the boy's arms, rushed to the door, barking to get out, and shortly afterwards arrived panting at the rectory.

"This is what may be called a modern dog story, is it not?"

#### LEGENDS OF THE HABITS OF ANIMALS.

**Loyalty or Fidelity.**—The cranes are so faithful and loyal to their king, that at night when he is sleeping some of them go round the field to keep watch at a distance, others remain near, each holding a stone in his foot, so that if sleep should overcome them this stone would fall and make so much noise that they would wake up again. And there are others which sleep together round the king; and this they do every night, changing in turn, so that their king may never find them wanting.

**Moderation.**—The ermine, out of moderation, never eats but once in the day; it will rather let itself be taken by the hunters than take refuge in a dirty lair, in order not to stain its purity.

**Abstinence.**—The wild ass when it goes to the well to drink and finds the water troubled, is never so thirsty but that it will abstain from drinking, and wait till the water is clear again.

**Chastity.**—The turtle dove is never false to its mate; and if one dies the other still remains faithful, and never again sits on a green bough, nor ever again drinks of clear water.

**The Pelican.**—This bird has a great love for its young; and when it finds them in its nest dead from a serpent's bite it pierces itself to the heart, and with its blood it bathes them till they return to life.

**The Oyster, or Treachery.**—This creature when the moon is full opens itself wide, and when the crab looks in he throws in a piece of rock or sea-weed, and the oyster cannot close again, whereby it serves for food to that crab. This is what happens to him who opens his

#### A MAN'S LIFE SAVED BY CATS.

In the year 1783 two cats, belonging to a merchant in Sicily, announced to him the approach of an earthquake. Before the first shock was felt the two animals seemed anxious to work their way through the floor of the room in which they were. Their master, observing their fruitless efforts, opened the door for them. At a second and third door, which they likewise found shut, they repeated their efforts, and on being set completely at liberty, they ran straight through the street and out of the gate of the town.

The merchant, whose curiosity was excited by this strange conduct, followed them into the fields, where he again saw the cats scratching and burrowing in the earth. Soon after there was a violent shock of an earthquake, and many of the houses in the city fell down, of which the merchant's house was one, so that he was indebted for his life to the singular forebodings of his cats.

**WHAT THE SUPERSTITIOUS SAY ABOUT PUSSY.**—The cat has been connected with many curious superstitions in various parts of the world. In some localities, for instance, it is believed that witches in the shape of cats are in the habit of roaming about the roofs of houses during the month of February, and for this reason stray cats are promptly shot. In Germany, also, a similar notion prevails respecting black cats; in consequence of which they are never allowed to go near the cradles of young children. In Sicily, where the cat is looked upon as sacred to St. Martha, there is a superstition that any one who wilfully or accidentally kills a cat will be punished by the serious retribution of seven years' unhappiness. So, if any credit is attached to this, the life of puss in Sicily must be as secure from harm as in the palmy days of Egyptian cat worship. In Hungary there is a curious superstition that before a cat can become a good mouser it must be stolen.

mouth to tell his secret. He becomes the prey of the treacherous hearer.

**A Fable.**—The vain and wandering butterfly, not content with being able to fly at its ease through the air, overcome by the tempting flame of the candle, decided to fly into it; but its sportive impulse was the cause of a sudden fall, for its delicate wings were burnt in the flame. And the hapless butterfly having dropped, all scorched, at the foot of the candlestick, after much lamentation and repentance, dried the tears from its swimming eyes, and raising its face exclaimed: "Oh, false light! how many must thou have miserably deceived in the past like me; or if I must, indeed, see light so near, ought I not to have known the sun from the false glare of dirty tallow?"

**Of Dreaming.**—Men will walk and not stir, they will talk to those who are not present, and hear those who do not speak.

**The Love of Virtue.**—The goldfinch is a bird of which it is related that when it is carried into the presence of a sick person, if the sick man is going to die the bird turns away its head and never looks at him; but if the sick man is to be saved the bird never loses sight of him, but is the cause of curing him of all his sickness.

Like unto this is the love of virtue. It never looks at any vile or base thing, but rather clings always to pure and virtuous things, and takes up its abode in a noble heart, as the birds do in green woods on flowery branches. And this love shows itself more in adversity than in prosperity, as light does which shines most where the place is darkest.

["Studies on the Life and Habits of Animals," by Leonardo da Vinci.]



## A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

### QUI M'AIME, AIME MON CHIEN!

BECAUSE he's big, and wild, and black,  
And has undoubtedly a knack  
Of looking quite demoniac—  
My poodle dog,

Some friends of long acquaintance lack  
Courageousness his points to track,  
But from his innocent attack  
(Sweet poodle dog)

Will fly like mad, and turn and tack,  
Until I fear they'll ne'er come back,  
And then I think his head to crack—  
Poor poodle dog.

But rather than my dog to whack,  
I'll let all cowards race and pack,  
Deserting all—yea, each "man-jack"—  
My poodle dog

And me; for e'en if pain did wrack,  
Or he were tied up in a sack,  
His master he'd scent out and track—  
Good poodle dog!

So insincerity may quack  
On each day of the almanack,  
I shall not feel alone with Jack,  
My poodle dog.



C. P.

### CAVE CANEM!

WHO haunts your doorstep night and day,  
And scares your faithful friends away,  
In spite of all they do and say?  
Your poodle dog.

Who drenches ladies' cheeks with tears,  
And fills their gentle life with fears,  
And hurries them to early beers?  
Your poodle dog.

Who makes a man a horrid bear,  
And when the parson tears his hair,  
Puts out his tongue and doesn't care?  
Your poodle dog.

Who strews the road with shoes and socks,  
And fragments torn from women's frocks,  
Then shows his teeth, and grins and mocks?  
Your poodle dog.

Who spoils the fun at every feast,  
And won't obey you in the least,  
A bouncing, barking, blatant beast?  
Your poodle dog.

Oh, when his place of rest is found,  
I'll dance with glee upon the mound  
That hides at last from sight and sound  
Your poodle dog!

SARAH DOUDNEY.



## BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

### A LITTLE DUCK.

ONE of the most uncommon pets I ever heard of quartered itself on some friends of mine. It was, to use an Irishism, a tame wild duck. Where it came from, or why it elected to become a domestic duck, no one ever found out, but it waddled into the yard one evening. It was very small and very knowing-looking. A hen had a brood of ducks under her motherly wing, and it was thought she would make a kind foster-mother to the poor little orphan lost duckling, or whatever it was. The stranger was put into their nest. Next morning it was found ejected, and the poultry yard was up in arms over the little intruder. Hens pecked, turkeys gobbled at it, grown-up ducks sat round it and dabbed it with their big flat bills. It stood humbly in their midst, a wretched, disconsolate outcast. The children fancied it, and were indignant at the rough treatment it had received, for it was by no means an ugly duckling. They took it into the house, and the homeless duck was delighted. It waddled after them along the passage; it partook of dinner greedily; at night it cuddled close to the face of one sleeping playmate. It became such a companionable little duck. It disliked being alone, and found its way upstairs and downstairs. "Take care of Duckie, please!" the maid would say

to unwary visitors who didn't know of the household pet. Its peculiar step was known, and if it found a door closed its web-footed patter on the tiles warned those inside their feathered friend wanted to come in. "Please open the door for our Duckie," said one of the young ladies to a guest. He did so, expecting to see a child, when in rolled a complacent, pleased bird. He nearly shut the door on the twinkling-eyed Duckie, it looked so uncanny. When the children trooped into the drawing-room Duckie came too. "Hold Duckie till I finish my dinner," one child would say, and pass the well-hugged duck on to her neighbour.

Poor Duckie's diminutive size was the death of it. After living as a member of the household for some weeks it was trod on, and died. Great were the lamentations over this queer favourite, whose pattering steps had become so familiar a sound as it hurried from room to room in search of its self-chosen human companions.

### MR. HARE.

A young hare was brought in one day by one of the farm men, who had managed somehow to catch it. We did not think it would live, but to our astonishment it thrived in a box in the kitchen. Two terriers we had were very anxious to demolish this new pet, but Mr. Hare was put "oa trust." They used to sit

and gaze at the long-eared beast and shiver with excitement. The hare at first was timid, but he soon grew bold. He would leap out of his box and sit before the fire washing his face like a cat, the terriers meanwhile watching him attentively. He was allowed out short runs on a small piece of turf, and lived for some weeks a very much coddled hare. His ultimate fate is hid in oblivion. Whether the dogs one day quietly thought the time had come to do away with him, and managed to do so and hide the remains, or whether Mr. Hare, when out for a walk, slipped below the gate, we know not; but we do know he disappeared. The dogs were not sorry to have the hearthrug once more to themselves.

### NECESSITY THE MOTHER OF INVENTION.

The mistress of a household was one night roused from her sleep by a loud noise, which appeared to come from the dining-room below and to be caused by the violent banging of a door. She wished to prevent its repetition as there was an invalid under the roof, to whom quiet was essential. Fearing that burglars were in the house, she at first hesitated to go downstairs alone; but anxiety about the sick person gave her courage, and she went softly down.

On approaching the door of the dining-



room, she found it shut and latched; but just as she was going to turn the handle some body was flung violently against it from within. She started back in dismay; but the moment afterwards she heard a familiar sound, which suggested a satisfactory explanation of what had roused and alarmed her. It was a pitiful mew from her pet cat, Biddy, and on opening the door she saw her favourite and found that she was the sole occupant of the room.

A little experiment showed her how the noise had been caused. The door hung a little loosely on the latch, and after being fastened sprang forward on its hinges. Any light push would send it back against the frame and cause the same sound as if it had been slammed by the wind.

Biddy, imprisoned in the room and desirous of getting out, had discovered this and thrown herself repeatedly against the door, with the result already related, and thus eventually succeeded in effecting her release.

#### HOW THE GHOST WAS CAUGHT.

A servant in a small family presented herself before her mistress and gave notice to leave her situation. The lady was both grieved and annoyed, as she greatly valued her domestic, and feared that she would not easily fill her place. She was still more troubled when the girl begged to be set at liberty as soon as possible, and declared that she cared nothing about wages—she only wanted to get away.

At first the girl declined to give any reason for this wish, and declared that she loved her employers and was grieved to leave them, but simply could not remain in the house. A little pressing, accompanied by kind words, at length induced her to speak and, though she seemed very much ashamed to acknowledge it, she owned that some supernatural visitant was frightening her from what had been a true home.

Naturally, particulars were eagerly asked for, and the girl owned that she had seen nothing, but for more than a week past she had been disturbed by mysterious knockings at the kitchen door; they came at irregular intervals, but no matter how quickly she opened it, no one was to be seen. What made the sounds more mysterious was the fact that the door opened upon a large, flagged yard, the outer gate of which was always locked at sunset, and callers were obliged to come round to the front of the house for admission.

The kitchen window did not command a view of the yard, but that of an upper room did, and, without saying anything, the master stationed himself at this to watch for the supernatural visitor. He soon discovered it by the light of the moon, which was shining full on the kitchen door. A playful kitten was frisking about in the yard, and after indulging in a chase after some scraps of paper, she paused in her game and went full tilt at the door. Like the one named in the previous anecdote, this hung loosely on its hinges, and the butting of the little animal caused a sound like a sharp double knock.

The watcher descended and found the girl pale and trembling, whilst her mistress, who was waiting with her, could no more account for the rapping than herself. He told them how the sound had been produced, then took them to the upper window and let them see for themselves.

The girl, only too thankful to be relieved of her fears, quickly turned her tears into smiles and stayed in her place. When in after years she left it for a home of her own, she took with her a daughter of the cat whose juvenile pranks had nearly lost her one, and often told her ghost story with the remark, "I fancy most such tales would be easy enough

to explain if only people would take a bit of trouble, as my master did."

#### THE GLOVE RESTORED.

A lady and gentleman who were very fond of pets, were adopted as master and mistress by a stray dog which, possessing no beauty, soon manifested more valuable qualities. He entered into household matters with zeal and intelligence, made himself useful as light porter, took care to be on the spot when his presence could be of service, but did his work in an unobtrusive fashion which was eminently satisfactory to all concerned.

He knew all about Sundays and church going, and never offered to accompany his friends, but saw them off with a cheerful look on his honest face and a kindly wag of his tail, and so calculated times that he managed to meet them about half way home with a welcoming bark, and so to have a share of the walk.

One evening the lady missed her glove as she was going upstairs to take off the remainder of her things. Busy, the dog, had been indoors all the evening, but when he saw his mistress seeking some lost article, he first sniffed round for a moment or two, then left the house.

Busy soon returned, carrying the lost glove, which he presented to his mistress with evident delight. His proceedings manifested much intelligence, for out of several roads he chose the one leading to the church, though he had no instructions and had not previously been out of doors. The search, too, was voluntary on his part, as no one had shown him the fellow glove or bidden him seek the lost one.



**A WISE DOG.**—There are many stories of dogs who carry money to shops in order to obtain food, but the following incident, which was communicated to a Bristol paper, is, if authentic, probably unparalleled even in canine records. A Bristol dog was allowed by a certain butcher to receive his meat on trust, the butcher scoring each pennyworth supplied on a board with a piece of chalk. One day our canine friend saw that the man made two marks with the chalk instead of one, and he immediately seized another piece of meat, and, despite all the efforts of the butcher to detain him, ran off home with both pieces in his mouth.

**A WISE DOG.**—A farmer who had sold a flock of sheep to a dealer, lent him his dog to drive them a distance of thirty miles, desiring him to give the dog a meal at the journey's end and tell it to go home. The drover found the dog so useful that he resolved to steal it, and instead of sending it back, locked it up. The collie grew sulky, and at last effected its escape. Evidently deeming the drover had no more right to detain the sheep than he had to detain itself, the honest creature went into the field, collected all the sheep that had belonged to his master, and, to that person's intense astonishment, drove the whole flock home again.

#### A FAITHFUL DOG.

A remarkable story is told by Jesse of a dog that accompanied its mistress when returning from market with a basket of provisions. They were overwhelmed by a snow-storm and not discovered for three days. The woman was found dead, but the dog, which was lying by her side, was alive.

The honest creature, however, had not touched the eatables in his mistress's basket, but, as neighbouring villagers remembered when too late, had been endeavouring on the evening of the storm, by whinings and sighs which they could not comprehend, to induce them to follow it to where its mistress was.

#### A DOG STORY.

It is related by Professor Bell that when a friend of his was travelling abroad, he one morning took out his purse to see if it contained sufficient change for a day's jaunt he proposed making. He departed from his lodgings, leaving a trusted dog behind. When he dined, he took out his purse to pay, and found that he had lost a gold coin from it.

On returning home in the evening, his servant informed him that the dog seemed to be very ill, as they could not induce it to eat anything. He went at once to look at his favourite, and as soon as he entered the room the faithful creature ran to him, deposited the missing gold coin at his feet, and then devoured the food placed for it with great eagerness.

The truth was that this gentleman had dropped the coin in the morning; the dog had picked it up, and kept it in his mouth, fearing even to eat, lest it should lose its master's property before an opportunity offered to restore it.

**A FAITHFUL DOG.**—The following instance of canine fidelity has seldom if ever been surpassed. When nearing Montreal the engine-driver of a train quite recently saw a dog standing on the track and barking furiously. The driver blew his whistle; yet the hound did not budge, but crouching low was struck by the locomotive and killed. Some pieces of white muslin on the engine attracted the driver's notice; he stopped the train and went back. Beside the dead dog was a dead child, which it is supposed had wandered on the track and gone to sleep. The poor watchful guardian had given its signal for the train to stop; but unheeded had died at its post, a victim to duty.

**A ROYAL DOG FANCIER.**—The unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots during her captivity in England devoted a good deal of her attention to household pets. We find her writing in 1574 from Sheffield Lodge to the Archbishop of Glasgow and the Cardinal of Guise for some pretty little dogs, to be sent her in baskets very warmly lined, "for, besides reading and working," she says, "I take pleasure only in all the little animals that I can get."



## BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

By RUTH LAMB.

### LORD RANDOLPH AND TIM.

"So you have adopted a new pet. I am surprised at your taste. I hate pugs; they are such thorough shams. They look fierce and bulldog-like, but ugliness is the only thing the two kinds have in common. The pug has neither the courage nor the sense of his probable kinsman. He is hopelessly stupid."

Thus ran on a lively girl friend as she surveyed our latest pet, "Lord Randolph," otherwise Randy, surely the most perfect of pugs—not a point wanting, and a great pet of our family and of the cats!

I bristled up instantly, and sternly answered—"There is no such animal as a stupid dog, unless he has been condemned to live with stupid people. Constant companionship with such may have a debasing influence on four-legged intelligence represented by a dog. It is the fault of his surroundings if he become stupid, not of his nature."

I glance at our pug aforementioned, and note an expression of satisfaction on his sooty muzzle. He understands the situation, that my friend is no friend of his, but knows that his cause is in safe hands.

He came to us a dejected youngster, but the most beautiful of six months old pugs, with the word "Punch" attached to his collar. But he never would answer to that name. He might have been stone deaf for any notice he took of the plebeian appellation. The instant he was addressed as "Lord Randolph" he frisked cheerfully forward, and has since condescended to "Randy" for shortness.

When the dog arrived after a long railway journey in a dingy box over the engine wheel, and after parting with all his friends, he was naturally out of spirits, and human attentions failed to console him, so "Tim" took him in hand.

Tim was a beautiful young cat, just Randy's age, and a perfect pet. He looked pityingly at the new arrival, and constituted himself his guide and guardian. He coaxed him to go up and down the house—in fact, showed him all the ins and outs; capered about him, and invited him to a game of romps; and though Randy was at first slow to respond, the cheerful little cat conquered his shyness and dulness, and they became fast friends. If Randy and I were strolling up and down the drive, Tim was sure to accompany us, and the gambols of this curious pair of companions amused many a looker-on, especially as Tim's mother often made a third in the game.

One evening I was going out with Randy, and Tim, as usual, went with us, until we neared the main road. We were twenty minutes absent, and rain was falling heavily as we turned into the drive. Behind a stump near the entrance, Tim had waited for us, heedless of rain, and as Randy approached he darted out to startle him, just as a child often does with a companion. Then the two frolicked away together like a couple of children. But Tim always exercised a certain authority over Randy. One morning a thaw had set in, and the ground was sloppy with half-melted snow. Randy was paddling about in it, and, though often called, declined to come in. Tim was waiting for him in the hall doorway, and at length, waxing impatient, the cat marched towards the offender, lifted his right paw and gave him a cuff on one side of the head, then with the left paw bestowed a second, and literally drove him into the house, to the amusement of three lookers-on.

Alas! we lost Tim. We never knew how it happened, only our beautiful wise-like pet

was not. I saw a paragraph then-abouts, stating that there was a great demand for fine cat-skins, and that an unusually large number had been sent to market. Tim's was the finest, silkiest fur I ever saw, and that paragraph suggested a dread which I cannot bear to put into words!

Randy missed Tim. Everybody missed him, and we talk of our lost pet with lasting regret. Our doggie has proved that he is no stupid pug. He has plenty of funny ways. For instance, when his water-bowl is empty, he first does his best to attract attention thereto by charms and blandishments. These failing, he seizes the bowl between his paws and trundles it up and down the passage leading to the kitchen, until it is refilled by somebody.

He plays a game at "hide and seek" with my daughter, his real mistress; comes to have his eyes covered, then prances off in search of her, and goes in turn to every place she has ever used for purpose of concealment. When he has found her, he comes again to have his face-covered whilst she hides a second time, and he will continue the game till she is tired.

When giving out articles from the store-room one day, I bestowed a pinch of raw sugar on Randy. Since then he has demanded a dole daily. If I forget, Randy does not, but plants himself at the door and scratches at it until his request for sugar is complied with.

The same at the butcher's. The doggie had a scrap of raw meat bestowed on him the first time he called there with me when I paid the weekly bill. He subsequently called many times, and could only be dragged out of the shop if the master forgot to repeat his gift. Randy was sure of his scrap in the long run, for the fuss he made served as a reminder, and the bit of lean meat rewarded the pertinacious beggar.

Randy is by no means the only beggar at that shop. On one occasion the master told me there was quite a commotion opposite his door. It was caused by a large black retriever, which belonged to a blind man. The latter was on his way to his daily post, but his dog could not be got past the butcher's door. Dragging, coaxing, even blows failed to stir him, for he was a powerful animal, and showed two rows of gleaming teeth when meddled with.

"I was not in the shop at first," said the butcher, "but when I came I remembered that on the previous morning I had given the animal a bit of meat. I did the same again, and he went cheerfully on his way; but ever since then he has stopped for his portion. Do not begin to give to a dog unless you mean to go on. He will never forget."

Randy is kind to all cats. His doubly curled tail is always the kitten's first plaything, and when the mother is absent, the survivor of each litter finds a warm resting-place cuddled up between the doggie's paws. They sleep on the same rug, and if any animal is put upon, Randy is the one. Flossie, our present mother-cat, sometimes acts like a boy of whom I have heard, and who, as his brother complained, always took his half of the bed in the middle, and compelled the junior to take his moiety out of both sides.

Flossie did this until we enlarged the accommodation, and rendered it impossible for Randy, patient beast, to be served in a like manner.

Randy has musical tastes, too. He will listen to singing, or the piano, for any length of time. But run up a chromatic scale or

indulge in discords, and he howls himself hoarse to such an accompaniment; though he will not leave the piano.

A pug has been well described as a nursery dog. He makes himself such a safe playmate for children, and he will stand any amount of infantile mauling without resentment.

I know of a fine house, in the drawing-room of which is a stuffed pug. It is so lifelike that strangers take it for a living animal, whilst the mistress sometimes half apologises for its presence by saying: "It was the friend of my little ones for years."

My Randy is as sympathetic as any human friend if anybody whom he loves is in trouble. He does everything but speak, and—well, the exception at such times is an advantage!

### SNOW.

I made Snow's acquaintance one day whilst waiting for his mistress. He is a beautiful Pomeranian, and spotless as his name. His present owners met with him during a summer outing, and with difficulty purchased him from a poor but dog-loving master, who did not sell him for the money's sake, but to secure his pet a better home than he could give him.

Snow's comfort is considered now in such a manner, that one cannot see him without wishing that all children were as fortunate. He gets his meals—proper food—to the minute. His bath, his daily walks, his times of going to bed and getting up, are all arranged with the greatest precision. He has his own chair—chintz-covered and cushioned—placed near the window, so that he can note what is passing, and be free from the temptation to invade the satin damask on the other furniture.

His mistress, finding that I was a great observer of animal character, told me some stories about Snow, amongst which was the following:—

The day after he first came to the house the servants assembled as usual for family prayers. Snow had not been used to such an arrangement, and he pranced and frisked about to the disturbance of everybody. Of course, he was turned out, and for the rest of the time lay quietly on the door-mat.

He required no second warning, but when prayer-time came again, and the books were placed before the master, Snow marched out of the room and located himself on the mat till the reappearance of the servants showed that the reading was over. This habit he continued ever after, the sight of the books being the invariable signal for his departure from the room.

Both young and old might learn something from Snow. Few of us are cured of a fault by a single lesson.

### PENSIONER CATS.

In a large town people are sure to be haunted by homeless animals, and dog and cat lovers are stirred to pity and relieve them, or to put a merciful end to sufferings which they cannot remedy.

One of my pensioners was a black and white tom cat of immense size and extremely tame. He was affectionate and grateful, but, like most animals, very jealous. He often joined me when I was out with my indoor pets in the garden and elsewhere, frolicked and played with them, and insisted on having from me a full share of notice. He was the best of friends with Randy, so long as I did not pet him, but let me say a few kind words to the pug, or caress him, and Tom immediately flew at the dog, and gave him a revengeful claw as if to equalise matters.



## BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

### A SAGACIOUS COLT.

A GENTLEMAN whose pretty garden adjoined a park in which a number of young colts were grazing was much annoyed by the inroads of these animals. He took every precaution to prevent their entrance, but to no purpose. Fences were examined and found intact, the gate was kept shut, and yet one or more of the colts would soon be found devastating flower-beds, or browsing in the kitchen garden. The provoking part of it was that no one could discover how the creatures obtained an entrance.

At length men were hidden in the trees to watch, and the problem was speedily solved.

A colt trotted up to the gate and inserted its head between the bars, with the evident intention of raising the latch. He made several vain attempts, but had not mastered the trick. The latch remained in its place, and the colt outside.

For a few moments the animal stood cogitating, then trotted rapidly back to the spot where he had left his companions. He singled out one of the most frequent visitors to the garden, and, by some language peculiar to colts, made known his difficulty. The other at once returned with his companion to the gate, inserted his head below one of the bars, and by a dexterous movement displaced the

latch, and the gate swung open. Then, throwing back his head as if to say, "See how easy it is when one knows how," he went back whilst the other entered the garden.

It was noticed by the watchers that this last had not previously been seen within the forbidden precincts, but the one that opened the gate for him had been particularly troublesome. The fact that he was specially selected for the office of porter showed no little sagacity in the would-be visitor to the garden. But, much as the cleverness of the animals might be admired, care was taken to render its exercise useless for the future.

RUTH LAMB.



## BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

It is no uncommon thing for pet dogs to be used as light porters, and taught to fetch and carry at the bidding of their owners, or systematically without being told at all. Slipper fetching is, in many houses, the special work of the canine friend, and very jealous would he be if his occupation were interfered with. It may, however, happen in the dog's case, as well as in that of the human being, that duty and inclination struggle the one with the other at times. The following is an instance.

A little Skye terrier belonging to an eminent Scotch scientist was accustomed to run for his master's slippers as soon as he saw him enter the house. One day the dog's attention was absorbed by a dainty biscuit, which had just been given him, and he did not start on his usual errand without being spoken to.

"Slippers, Frisky, Slippers!" cried the Doctor; but the terrier hesitated. He, however, dropped the biscuit, ran a few steps from it, and then returned, as if in dread that it would be carried off during his absence. He did this two or three times, then paused to consider the situation. A biscuit like this was not to be gobbled up in a moment, much less was it to be left unguarded during its owner's absence, for there was another dog about the place. What was to be done?

Frisky quickly solved the problem. He snatched up his biscuit, ran with it to the slippers, deposited it in one of them, which he carried to his master. Then, taking up the biscuit, he repeated the operation with the second slipper, and having thus done his duty, he retreated with his dainty morsel to enjoy it at leisure.

### MESSENGER PUGS.

A lady had a couple of pugs named Venus and Jupiter—mother and son. Both were stout, and the elder was wheezy, as pugs are apt to be in the hands of mistresses who are more generous than judicious in the distribution of food. The mother was, however, much the fatter of the two dogs.

Being an invalid, the lady rarely came downstairs, but had a sitting-room and bed-room adjoining each other on the first floor. She was very considerate for her servants, and

contrived a plan by which she could save them many journeys up and downstairs, and at the same time give her pugs exercise.

She was accustomed to place a written message in a small basket, which was given to one of the dogs for conveyance up or down stairs, as the case might be. If she wished it carried to the cook, the pug was told to carry it to "Mother," if to the housemaid "Aunty," the parlourmaid "Cousin."

Venus, the mother doggie, was usually entrusted with the basket, having been first taught and longer employed as messenger, beside being less likely to play tricks than her son was in his puppy days.

Jupiter, or "Ju" as he was generally called, proved an apt scholar, and being very observant of his parent's ways, soon mastered the carrying business. He was also quicker in his movements, which in time induced his mistress to trust him more frequently than at first.

Then a difficulty arose. Venus did not like to be superseded even by her son, and was so evidently put out that the lady was again obliged to give her the lion's share of the work. This led to one of the prettiest instances of doggish self-abnegation that could be imagined, and the lady often contrived to exhibit it for the pleasure of her friends.

When the basket was ready for conveyance, Jupiter never offered to touch it, but trotted patiently down behind his mother and waited until the message was delivered. When the return note or little article sent for had been placed in the basket, Jupiter seized it and ran upstairs to his mistress's door, where he waited for his parent, and resigned his burden to her keeping for delivery. If the basket had to be taken to an upper floor, Ju took it from Venus outside the sitting-room door, did the work, but allowed his mother to have all the credit on his return.

When Venus was out of the way and Ju was sole messenger, he claimed his full allowance of praise and petting after each performance, and pranced about with the usual doggish persistency and self-assertion.

Young folk who habitually push themselves to the front, and pride themselves on being better educated than their elders, without

being willing to own that they are indebted to parents for all they have and are, might learn a lesson from the conduct of this dutiful little pug towards his mother.

### BLUE-CAP, THE CHILDREN'S GUIDE AND GUARDIAN.

This messenger dog was intrusted with something far more precious than a basket or a letter. He was a grand collie, and owed his name to a blue-grey patch on his forehead.

The objects of his care were two tiny boys whom he conveyed to school every morning. The servant as regularly fetched them home after school hours.

The path to the Dame's school was not a safe one, particularly for small feet. A broad level cutting had been made through the hill for wheeled vehicles, but the old foot-path ran beside it as it had always done, and sloped upwards for nearly half a mile. In those days it was quite unprotected by any kind of fence. Dame Ledbury's cottage was at the very head of the path—"on the rock," as the villagers said—and Dame Dolly Ledbury kept the only school open to their children.

As you drew near the cottage the path was so high above the road that it was enough to turn one giddy to look down. But nobody seemed to think of danger until a gentleman fell over and was killed. Then the path was railed off lest others should be injured.

The two little boys, however, went safely along the dangerous footway, for their mother placed them one on each side of Blue-Cap, put a corner of each child's pinafore between his teeth, and bade the dog take them to school. She had no fear for their safety, well knowing that the collie would never neglect his charge.

Blue-Cap had a great deal to bear during these daily journeys. Some of the village dogs, ill-conditioned wretches, who had no respect for nobility of character and fidelity in one of their race, used to attack him on the way. They would snarl at, harass, and insult him on purpose, because he would not be provoked to leave hold of a pinafore in order to punish their insolence. But they seldom escaped Scot-free.



When the children were safe in school, Blue-Cap started homewards with both eyes open, and if he overtook one of his cowardly tormentors he gave him such a thrashing as served for a lesson in good manners that lasted him for some time at any rate.

Never did Blue-Cap waver in his duty. So long as the little boys went to the Dame's school on the rock, so long did he convey them safely thither along the dangerous path, and thus the servant was saved a double journey, and left free for the morning's work at home.

#### BRUCE, THE SHAM INVALID.

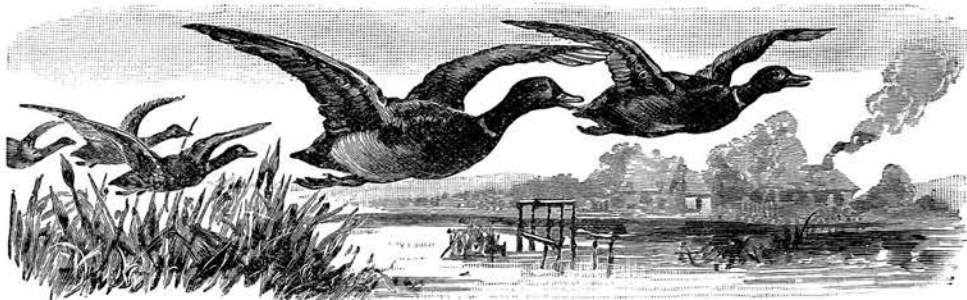
Bruce is another amusing dog, a great fellow, big enough and clever enough not only to carry slippers, sticks, &c., but to reach his master's hat from the peg and convey it to him with due care.

Bruce has a droll way of pretending to be ill, and plays the part of an invalid to perfection. His master will say, "I am afraid you are feeling very poorly, Bruce." The dog drops his ears, looks miserable, and moans by way of reply.

"Better be wrapped up and lie on the sofa, Bruce."

Bruce immediately counterfeits extreme weakness, requires help in moving, and when tucked up on the sofa, keeps on moaning in the most miserable way at intervals, until a word from his master brings him back to his usual condition of liveliness and intense enjoyment of the joke in which he has shared.

RUTH LAMB.



#### BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

A HAPPY FAMILY.



SOME dozen years or so ago a singular sight was to be seen in Boston, Mass. If you had gone to a certain house as a visitor you would have been ushered into a daintily-furnished sitting-room, where the family mostly lived and received their friends. But the curious thing about this room was that in one wall a strongly-barred and grated door had been let in, and behind this during the greater part of the day might be seen two almost full-grown lions stretched out at their ease. Their favourite position was just behind the bars, where they would lie and watch the operations of the people in the room. Besides their den, which was large and airy, they had the run of a part of the garden behind the house, where they were taken for their daily exercise.

The walls of their room were built of brick, the floor being of wood. There was one long window looking out into their own particular yard, and altogether they were about as happily placed as it was possible for animals in captivity to be.

The lions were a little over two years of age,

and strong and large for their age. They were male and female, and the only survivors of their respective litters. One was an orphan, while the parents of the other were travelling about the country earning a comfortable living for their owners.

The little ones were born in New York, and their owner, the widow of a showman, took them under her own care, and fondly called them her "babies." She would speak to them about their "mamma," and they responded to her caresses and would kiss her face. She has been their sole keeper, and while they were quite young, used to nurse them on her lap. They even slept on her bed at night until they became too large and heavy.

One she named "Willie," and the other "Martha," and she would pet them and fondle them with no more fear than if they were dogs or cats. She used to let them have the run of the house, but when they grew up visitors stood a little in fear of them, and so she had a room turned into the den we have described, and kept them behind the grating. But the lions seemed to like to press as close to the grating as they could, where they would stretch themselves out in the most satisfied manner possible.

Their mistress gave them each day twelve pounds of good beef, and no other food, as they seemed to thrive best on that meat. On Sunday, it seemed, they got nothing, that being, apparently, the custom then in menageries.

A visitor to this interesting family at the time thus described the interview:

"Nobody goes inside their room but this lady, Mrs. Lincoln, and nobody else feeds them or does anything for them. I could not help asking what would happen if the beautiful Maltese-and-white kitten that was frolicking about the room should stray within the reach of 'Willie's' great, quick paw. But Mrs. Lincoln said they had always had a cat there, and nothing had befallen her; she knew better than to go near the grating.

"The lady took a little rattan in her hand, opened the door of the den, and walked in. Willie was lying just under her feet, and she said 'Get up, sir!' and 'Roll over!' and he obeyed. Something else that she asked him to do he seemed to feel rather lazy about, and she gave him a rap, after which he appeared to be very sorry, and made a plaintive little whine, and reached up his great head and

kissed her, as if to coax her; at which she said, 'Yes, kiss mamma,' which made him happy. She made him stand up on his hind feet and stretch his fore paws up as high as he could. She put her hand in his mouth, between his long, sharp teeth, and patted him on the head. Then he came back to the door and lay down again, growling a little, perhaps with satisfaction that it was over. She says they never attempted to harm her, and she has no fear they ever will."

"Martha" was a much quieter animal, but her beautiful quick eyes gave sufficient evidence that she could be lively enough when the occasion called for it.

Such a sight has probably never been seen anywhere else, as these two great lions thus living on such amicable terms with a woman, and being so absolutely under her control. There was no way out of their own den except through the living-room, and so they were conducted day after day to their playground out of doors. That neither the lions nor their mistress felt any fear was of course due to her having brought them up from infancy: in fact, all along they seemed to have been treated more like human babies than lion's cubs. They were fed from a baby's feeding-bottle until they were old enough to lap milk from a dish. When their teeth were strong enough to tackle a beef bone they were fed only once a day, at noon, when they were also given a drink of water. They were playful with each other, but sometimes roared rather loudly, no doubt to the annoyance of the neighbours.

What became of them subsequently we do not know, but probably they are now travelling about the country, thus repaying their mistress for all her care when they were young.

