

Animal Friendship.

BY ALBERT H. BROADWELL.

MANY of the instances of animal sagacity with which we have been familiar from our youth have had but slender foundation of fact, upon which is erected a terribly airy superstructure of fiction. In Mr. Shepherd's "Animal Actualities," and in the present article, however, the anecdotes about our lower friends are authentic—vouched for, in fact, by their various owners—while the photographs from life are indisputable evidence of their truth.

The dog, as is to be expected, from his occupying a position which places him under constant observation, forms the subject of more stories than any other animal; yet it is not known how far his intelligence extends. Some enthusiasts aver that instances are on record where a member of the canine race has committed suicide through grief; but this certainly requires verification. Let us listen to Mr. G. C. Grove, however, who tells the story of "The Inseparables." He says:—

"I cannot refrain from telling the following story, which is vouched for by my most intimate friend. On paying a visit to his

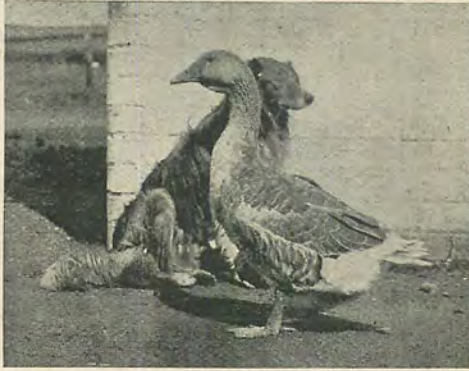
uncle, who is a farmer in Scotland, he noticed a handsome young collie and a goose with a broken wing, constantly about together; indeed, they were well-nigh inseparable. On inquiry he elicited the fact that, when a puppy, the dog had flown at a gosling and had broken its wing; ever since, it was noticed that the dog was not only cognizant of the mischief he had done, but became so repentant, that from that time

forward he had taken that one bird under his special protection, though his feeling towards geese in general remained unchanged; and now, wherever the dog goes, there follows the goose, and *vice versa*. It is a pretty instance of contrition, and may be recommended as a useful example."

One would have thought from stories that have come from

Australia that dogs and kangaroos were inveterate enemies. In our illustration we seem, however, to have a direct refutation of such an erroneous belief. We have here five dogs and a kangaroo, the Australian placidly munching some carrot-heads. There has been no posing about this picture: the subjects settled themselves together in the most natural fashion.

The dog has not only proved himself to



"THE INSEPARABLES."



From a Photo. by

KANGAROO AND DOGS,

[A. J. Johnson,

be man's best friend, but he seems to show a great deal of affection for other animals with which he may happen to come in contact, either as occasional friends or more often as constant companions. We have here, for instance, a number of photos. showing the marvellous way in which animals fraternize as though they belonged to one family. Professor

Cats and rabbits next come under notice. It may be interesting to quote a pretty story told by Miss Hamond, of Cheltenham. She says: "The following incident occurred under my own eyes during my residence in Spain. The province of Jaen, in sunny Andalusia, is rich in minerals, and the quaint old country town of Linares may be called the centre of the lead-mining district, where a goodly number of Englishmen have settled down with their wives and families and household gods, to make the best of life under conditions very different from those to which they were born.

"The children — as children do all the world over — used to keep a good many pets of different kinds, and in one household which I often visited—that of Mr. Romer, manager to one of the mining companies—their name was legion.

One afternoon when I came in to tea there was a great commotion in the yard; obviously something important had happened. I knew at once that it must be a new kind of pet which somebody had given them.

"One of the miners has brought us some



From a Photo. by]

SPANIEL AND BANTAM.

[A. J. Johnson.

Lorenzo, of 5, Crowndale Road, N.W., has a most extraordinary collection of animals of all kinds. It includes dogs, cats, tame rabbits and wild rabbits, kangaroos, bantams, pigeons, cockatoos and parrots, and other pets. Among these we find a friendship which is of many years' standing. A spaniel and bantam are not often seen together, yet we have them here in thorough good-fellowship. The dog is a lovable creature, and the bantam knows it.

That very bantam, by the way, is the most cheeky fellow in creation. He does not believe in roosting in orthodox fashion; but chooses, in preference, some soft, velvety surface whereupon he can settle at ease and remain as long as he pleases. As shown in the next picture, a cat is another friend of his. Puss is almost crushed by the weight of this most unblushing intruder, yet she does not move, lest she should interfere with his comfort.



From a Photo. by]

BANTAM AND CATS.

[A. J. Johnson.

infant rabbits,' said Conchita, the second girl, hardly able to speak from ill-suppressed excitement. 'They are such babies, they can't feed themselves; do advise us. They will die if they are not fed soon.' A piece of rag dipped in milk seemed the only way out of the difficulty; the infants took to it



From a Photo. by]

CAT AND RABBITS.

[A. J. Johnson.

at once. Indeed, they soon began to nibble at the milk in the saucer. This problem was evidently solved, but the weather was very cold, and they had doubtless been accustomed to a warm fur cloak about them. So Conchita said, 'Might she take them to bed with her?'

"'Take them in to Molly, and see if he will adopt them,' I suggested, not intending to be taken at my word; but Conchita thought it an excellent idea, and acted upon it at once. We all followed her. (I must explain here that Molly was an immense tom-cat, fat and amiable; he lived in the schoolroom in a wadded basket, which just fitted him comfortably.) 'He will eat them up at once, of course,' remarked one of the bystanders, 'and perhaps it is just as well that he should.' But he didn't. That excellent cat allowed the mites to be stuffed into his lap; they at once nestled down and Molly went off to sleep again. Some of us looked in later in the evening to see what had happened. That excellent cat was sitting up washing the rabbits! It was the funniest thing in the world: he evidently remembered his own nursery days, and was doing his duty according to his lights by his strange charges. When he came to the long ears he paused, evidently mildly surprised at the innovation, but those rabbits had a thorough licking before they finally retired to rest. This sort of thing went on for a fortnight, the rabbits feeding out of Molly's saucer of bread and milk with him regularly, though it soon had to be changed for a soup-plate, and a bigger bed had to be provided. At the

end of the fortnight the rabbits began to take so much exercise that it was difficult to keep them in one room, and there were so many ferocious cats in the neighbourhood that Conchita decided that the rabbits must be provided with a hutch of their own, and so the pretty little comedy came to an end. It never seemed to have occurred to the amiable Molly that they were good to eat. We used to bring friends — scoffers and unbelievers, who went

out converted—to that schoolroom, and if Molly, the conscientious foster-father, were sleepy and indisposed to show off, we used to put a little butter on the infants' backs. This never failed to wake him up and induce him to perform their toilet with much energy."

One of our Australian friends, who prefers his name not to be published, but whose statements we have very good reasons to believe to be absolutely true, sends us the extraordinary photo. given below. "Away out in New Zealand," our kindly correspondent was able to take this curious picture. He tells the following story in connection with it: "Everyone knows how deficient in sense of maternal responsibility are mother ducks, and some ducklings of mine, appearing neglected, were put into a small box, with flannel, to add to their comfort. As one of our cats happened to be present, and inspected them with some interest, my wife said to her, 'Here are some kittens for you, Minna.' Without more ado Minna jumped into the box, and there and then adopted them as her very own. When they fell out of the box, she very tenderly picked them up in her mouth and replaced them. When they pecked at



CAT AND DUCKLINGS.

her after the manner of their kind, she very gently reproached them with her paw, and seemed to try and tell them in her own language that she had never seen well-behaved kittens behave in that way before. Altogether they became a very happy family."

Our correspondent says nothing of their ultimate fate, but we would imagine that when the ducklings first took to the water, the foster-mother's grief must have been extremely touching. "On another occasion, however," adds the owner of the ducklings, "I was standing, one evening, watching my Aylesburys waddling home to supper and bed after 'a happy day at the seaside,' when I noticed a little

black-and-white duckling evidently not theirs, which to my surprise was with them. It stopped and looked at me as the others passed, and seemed to ask, 'What are you going to do with me?' I picked it up and called the old cat. Putting the duckling in a box, I said, 'There is another kitten for you, Minna.' Without a moment's hesitation she once more undertook her strange maternal duty, and took charge of the mite for some days, till she thought the little one old enough to face a hard and cruel world by itself. The duckling, which was called Kitty after its foster-mother, used to follow her about the garden and up and down the veranda stairs. At last, however, some boys—for there are cruel and thoughtless boys even in New Zealand—killed it with a stone."

Of foster-mothers we have

indeed some extraordinary instances. They show the truthful confidence with which little suckling animals will approach, and regard as their mother, beasts of quite a different species. We have here two instances of suckling pigs. In the one case we have an amusing

picture, showing how the little porker was caught in the act, not only by the camera, but by the jolly farmer in the background. Stealing milk from a cow, whose yield in consequence fell noticeably short, was an injudicious thing to do, but it would not have mattered much had piggie not been caught. The second photo., which exemplifies a peculiar coincidence, was sent in by Mr. J. A. Hern, of Wayne, Nebraska, U.S.A.

It is a striking confirmation of the preceding incident, with the difference that, instead of one thief only, we have three, and already well satisfied they look.

Another peculiar pair hail from the States. They live in Walsenburg, Colorado, the photo. being sent in by Mr. Thomas Bunker, of that town. The mother ass in this case is



CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

From a Copyright Stereo Photo. by Underwood & Underwood.



WHY JERSEY LILY GAVE NO MILK.



AN INFRINGEMENT OF FILIAL RIGHTS.
From a Photo. by Thomas Bunker, Walsenburg, Colorado.

a most interesting animal. Her ordinary occupation is that of wood-carrier, as may be gathered from the load on her patient back; but besides having to suckle her own offspring, standing so gloomy, sad-eyed, and reproachful on the right, she also has to nurse the exuberant little lamb seen in the very act of robbing the little donkey foal of its natural right. The three animals belong to an old Mexican, and the lamb was reared entirely on the milk of the mother ass.

The pretty terrier shown in the next illustration was once the happy mother of an even happier family. Unfortunately, the puppies all died soon after birth, leaving the mother broken-hearted. For a long while the dog was inconsolable. It refused its food, moped, and grew thin. One day, however, a tiny, motherless kitten was given to it. The gift turned out to be the dog's

There is nothing very fresh in this item of news; but wait a moment: that dog will carry the dove on his head for more than a quarter of a mile! They are the staunchest of friends, and as soon as the door of the cage is opened, out hurries the dove. It searches for the dog, if the latter should not already happen to be waiting for his rider in the immediate neighbourhood, and the dog seems to consider it as an absolute duty to carry his friend about in this comical fashion.



DOG AND DOVE.

Amongst other quaint and extraordinary friendships between animals of diverse species, one of the most interesting is that so frequently struck up between cats and horses. Pussie loves to make a fragrant, hay-scented stable her daily lounge and to nestle against the warm coat of the horse, who often takes his night's repose lying in his stall with the favoured Grimalkin snugly sleeping between his iron-shod hoofs. It was in Brook Mews, N., that the animal in question was "snapped"



From a Photo. by]

A DESPAIRING MOTHER'S SALVATION.

[A. R. Dresser.

amidst the eager and excited observations of the many bystanders, who quickly thronged to see the fun.

The ladies who have risen to such an elevated position in life are mother and daughter. The sedate matron is fully alive to the importance of the occasion, and has adopted an easy, graceful pose; while the youngster, frisky and somewhat shy, was with difficulty persuaded to settle comfortably down. Mother cat is an animal of very self-contained and amiable disposition. She has contracted a fast friendship with two white rabbits belonging to the coachman's little boy. They live in a hutch in the stables, and are often allowed a little liberty for a frolic with puss, who chases them in and out of an empty stall.

From Covington, U.S.A., comes another remarkable instance. Mr. E. E. Cone, of that town, has a hen that displays a remarkably perverted maternal instinct. One of the neighbours has a cat with four small kittens. The cat would be faithful to her offspring were she not prevented by the following circumstance. This particular hen had been sitting for some time when she suddenly conceived the idea that the care of the kittens was more to her liking. She, therefore, promptly drove the



From a Photo. by]

HORSE AND CAT.

[J. Marks.

mother cat away and took possession of the kits. No hen-mother ever watched over her brood with greater care than has this one over her mewling, squirming litter of kittens. The kittens offer no objection, and, with the exception of the old cat, who looks on at a safe distance, all is serene in this anomalous family. In our photograph the hen is shown endeavouring to cover the four kittens with her wings, but it does not seem a very easy task.

Extraordinary as this instance may seem, we have in a way a parallel to it. We see a cat taking under her charge some newly-born chicks in much the same way as the mother-hen did with the kittens. Mr. C. K. Eaton, of Melbourne House, Montpelier, Bristol, very kindly sends us the photograph.

It appears that, through some inexplicable reason of her own, the mother of the chicks deserted them almost immediately after being hatched, and consequently, there being no other means of rearing them, they were for some time kept in the kitchen, where, after a few days, they became fast friends with puss, who proved a



From a Photo. by]

HEN AND KITTENS,

[W. J. Cone, Covington, Ill.

splendid substitute for the mother hen. She seldom left them, and when they were able to get about she, for a long time, followed them about the garden. The sight, needless to add, was an extremely pathetic one.

Miss Powell, of the Grove, Bishopton, Ripon, very kindly sends us the annexed amusing little photo. of a guinea-pig with a tame rat on its back. Now, who would ever have thought of such a peculiar freak of friendship? The pig is one of a pair, which Miss Powell has trained in harness. Brutus drags fair Venus about the room in a miniature coach. They are now being taught to sit in loving companionship at a teatable. The rat is a tame one, and is an adept at various clever



CAT AND CHICKS.

From a Photo. by W. Perkins, Wickwar.



GUINEA-PIG AND RAT.

could a respectable farmer do with a brood of young foxes? Now, it happened that only a day or two before this remarkable find, a fine collie owned by the farmer had become the happy mother of a family of her own. The little collies were speedily disposed of, and the young brood of foxes given to the mother and left to her kind solicitude. Wonderful to relate, the dog took very kindly to them, and actually suckled them for five or six weeks.

feats, in the imitation of which the guinea-pigs are nowhere.

And now for the strangest instance in our collection. This astonishing photograph of a collie suckling a brood of young foxes was taken by Mr. Brown at a farm near Lanark. The little rascals were found in a den not a hundred miles from the farm. The farmer, with due solicitude, secured the little family, and took it to his own fire-side. But what



From a Photo. by]

COLLIE AND FOXES.

[A. Brown & Co., Lanark.