

## Animal Actualities.

NOTE.—These articles consist of a series of perfectly authentic anecdotes of animal life, illustrated by Mr. J. A. Shepherd, an artist long a favourite with readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE. While the stories themselves are matters of fact, it must be understood that the artist treats the subject with freedom and fancy, more with a view to an amusing commentary than to a mere representation of the occurrence.

XVII.



**M**ISS EDITH HAWTHORN, a very well-known bird lover, has a cockatoo which once upon a time distinguished itself brilliantly in police duty, and repelled single-handed—if one may say so when the bird

used both claws and a beak—the attack of a burglar; more, the gallant bird arrested and kept prisoner as much of the criminal as he could manage to detain—that is to say, a good large piece of his ear.

“Cuckoo” was the cockatoo’s name, and



THE BIRD-ROOM.



THE ATTACK.

he lived, mostly, in Miss Hawthorn's bird-room—a sitting-room on the third floor, containing an aviary and several cages—all left wide open—certain perches, and many birds; parrots, love-birds, and various others, as well as "Cuckoo" himself.

It chanced on a gloomy November day, just before six at the beginning of a dark evening, that the enterprising housebreaker

made his attack on Miss Hawthorn's house, choosing, such was his ill-luck, the bird-room as a convenient place wherein to start business. He came silently in at a window, when the house was quiet, and when the birds were all composing themselves for a pleasant sleep. Mrs. Midge, also, the bird-room cat, was taking her repose among the many birds, against not one of whom had



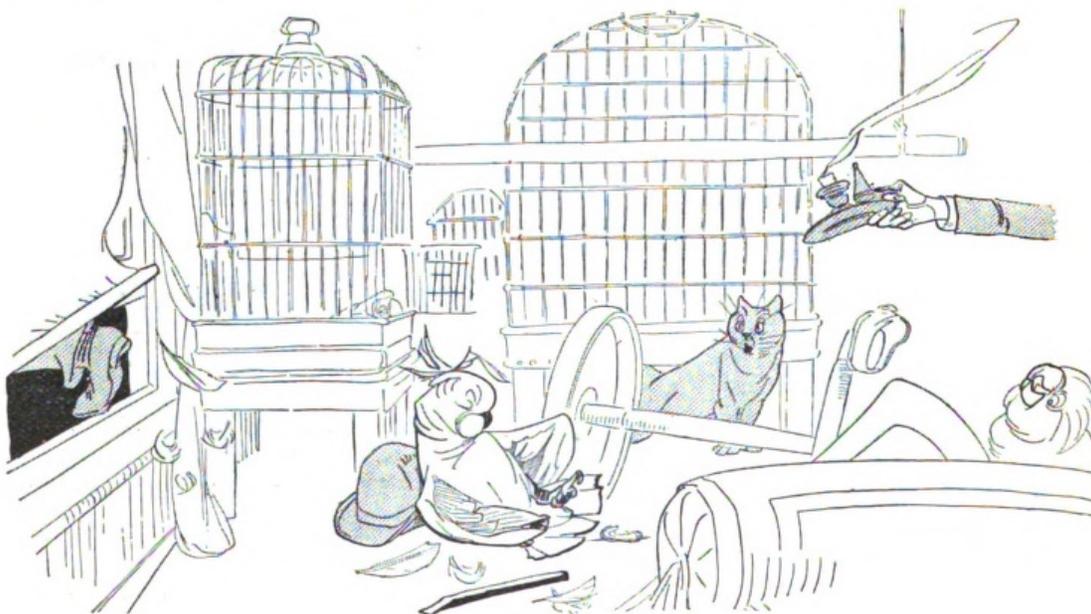
THE ALARM.



THE BATTLE.

she ever lifted the paw of anger. At the sound of the intruder, however, every head was raised, every eye was opened, and every feather stood on end. The next instant Mrs. Midge had sought refuge under the sofa, and every bird had crammed itself into what corner it could; all except "Cuckoo," who met the foe right stoutly, pecked and clawed, and buffeted like twenty fiends incarnate in one cockatoo. The burglar fought also, though it is something of a surprise for

any burglar of quiet habits to find himself suddenly attacked in the dark by such an amazing Thing as was clawing at him now. But "Cuckoo" triumphed, and when the noise brought help he was found, exhausted and bloodstained, but victorious, in a disordered room, with the piece of burglarious ear already mentioned and several locks of grey hair as trophies of his hard-fought battle. And that is why they call "Cuckoo" the Policeman.



THE VICTOR.