

**CAROLINE
BASCOM**

THE BIRD
HOSPITAL

Caroline Bascom
The Bird Hospital

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Caroline Crowninshield Bascom

The Bird Hospital

PREFACE

The study of birds (and a most delightful study too) is steadily on the increase, and a great deal of good is being done. A great deal more might be done if older people would take more pains in impressing upon all children never to harm in any way our feathered friends.

I have prepared this little book of simple true tales, not for the literary critic to pull to pieces, but simply to give pleasure to all lovers of pets, hoping it may be of some help to those who wish to tame and train their birds or cats.

I especially want it to teach children to love and be kind to all living creatures God has put upon the earth. He has never put anything here that has not some use, no matter how some may fear and hate the lower animals.

Never hurt anything, and only kill when it is necessary, and then do it in the quickest and most humane way.

I shall be glad to hear from any children who have pets, and will aid them all I can in taming and training them.

Caroline Crowninshield Bascom.
19 Green St., Seneca Falls, N. Y.

CHAPTER I

LITTLE BILLEE

I have always been passionately fond of animals, and would like to make pets of them all. During the winter I keep a free-lunch counter on my bedroom window-sill for my little friends, the English sparrows. Often there will be two dozen partaking of the crumbs at the same time, no two looking alike, and making one think of a bootblack spread in New York. Their table manners are not always the best, I am sorry to say, and there is often a great deal of cuffing, scratching, and angry words.

When the first warm days of spring come, they all say "*bon jour*," but the cold days of autumn bring them back in full force, and it is like welcoming old friends.

During the summer I keep a hospital, and I have had some very curious cases. The children bring in to me all of the stray birds they find or take away from cats. Often I have had ten at a time. Some die from want of food when I cannot make them eat, but more often from wounds received from cats or boys.

It is heartrending to have brought to me a handsome pair of robins all torn to pieces, and feel there is nothing I can do to save their lives, when I know their babies in the nests are crying for food, and will soon die from starvation.

My hospital really opened one June by my mother picking up off the front sidewalk a little brown bird which could not have been more than two weeks old. I had been ill many months, and my mother and friends had done all they could to make the days pass as quickly as possible for me. So when my mother saw the little orphan, she put him in her handkerchief and brought him to my room, thinking it might amuse me, and I took him inside the bed. After an hour he seemed very happy and not at all afraid.

I looked him over carefully, but found him uninjured. I took him to an open window, expecting to see him try to fly away, but he did not seem to have the slightest intention of doing so.

The first day I could not get him to eat anything until night, when he drank milk from an after-dinner coffee-spoon. After that he took little pieces of bread soaked in milk from my tongue or lips. I fed him in that way for several days, then he would take it out of my fingers. He lived on bread and milk for two weeks; after that he ate anything I did, – all kinds of vegetables, mushrooms, and ice-cream. He liked to sit on my shoulder and take his food off my fork.

I had some kind of nourishment every two hours, and Little Billee knew very well when my maid came to my room with a salver that there was something on it to eat or drink, and he was wild until he could get on my hand or shoulder. He drank milk from my tumbler, and would not drink water out of anything but my medicine glass. When Little Billee would see me sit down in the morning with an orange on a plate, he'd fly upon his cage, then over into my lap, and sit on the first finger of my left hand, and eat the orange from my spoon. At first he could not crack his own seeds, and, as he was very fond of them, I used to do it for him. Later he could crack them himself, but preferred eating them outside his cage, and his hemp seed he would always bring over and eat on the rug in front of my bed.

He was very fond of little orange-blossom biscuit. I kept some in a tin box under a table by the side of my bed. For several days, every time I would reach out of bed and tap on the box, Little Billee would come running for a piece. One day I was visiting with a friend, and we forgot all about the bird. Soon we heard rap, tap, tap, peep, peep, peep, and there was Little Billee standing by the box waiting for a piece. After that he would come many times a day. If I sent him away with a small piece, he would return directly for a large one.

I had quite a time teaching him to stay in his cage. The first day I put him in, I was afraid he would die of fright, and I left the cage on the floor for two days before he ventured in. After he had been going in and out for some time, I closed the door, but he was frightened quite as much as at first,

and he would not go near the cage the rest of the day. Finally I tried taking the cage on my lap and shutting him in; he did not seem afraid then, and soon he did not mind being shut up in the morning when I was in my dressing-room, but he much preferred going in and out at his own sweet will. If I left him shut up in his cage and went back to bed, he was frantic until he was let out, and would then get in bed with me. For the first two weeks he was not happy if he was not on me somewhere. He would stay in bed with me for hours at a time, but when he became more accustomed to the house he would play on the floor with a little piece of paper, cotton, or a ribbon, and eat his seeds and biscuit.

I dress my hair high, and it was Little Billee's special delight to sit on the top of my twist while I walked about my room. During the first few weeks, if I put him on the floor when he had been in bed with me, he would hop back and forth on the rug in front of my bed, and beg to be taken, as he could not fly straight up. I would put down my hand, he would hop upon my finger, and in a second be back inside the bed. If I was sitting in a chair, and put him down on the floor, he would climb right up from my feet to my neck, put his little bill in my mouth, and chirp with glee. One day he was on the floor, and did not see me go back to bed, but saw my wrapper over a chair which stood about a yard from my bed. He supposed I was inside of it, but, when he reached the top and found no mouth to put his bill into, he gave several very mournful peeps, but, as soon as I spoke to him, he chirped, and it did not take him long to fly over to me. The next day when I put him down on the floor, I was anxious to see what he would do. After teasing for some time for me to take him, he went to the chair, climbed up on the wrapper until he reached the top, then flew over to me. Ever after he came that way when I refused to take him.

One day I left Little Billee on the rug in front of the bed, and went into my dressing-room. While I was gone, my mother came in and sat down. He was much frightened. Every time she spoke to him, he ran under the bed, stuck his little head out from under the valance and peeped for me to come to him. When I spoke, he answered, but he was too much afraid to pass mother to come to me. When I came out, he ran quickly to me and flew on to the back of a very low chair. I bent down and he flew up on my shoulder, chirping as loud as he could. No little child could have shown more joy in getting back to its mother. I do not suppose he remembered any other mother, and thought all little birds have just such good mothers as I.

I have a magnificent big tiger cat named Taffy, so I thought Little Billee would be a very good name for my wee bird. It seemed a very appropriate name, too, as he spent a great deal of his time dressing himself and manicuring his nails. When he would strut about with his head held high, you could plainly see the long coat, high collar, high hat, and umbrella, and could easily imagine the original Little Billee was before you. But I am sorry to say Taffy and my Little Billee would never go walking arm in arm together. Twice Taffy caught Little Billee, but I rescued him from the jaws of death before any harm was done, and I tried my best to get them to live contentedly together. I would not allow Little Billee to go out into the hall, for fear he would fly down-stairs and be caught by Taffy before any one could reach him. Before the door into the hall is a small rug, and he thought flying over that a great feat, but when I would say: "Little Billee, come right home," he would return instantly.

He went to bed at eight o'clock in a little basket, which I put on the top of some hanging shelves, so there would be no danger from Taffy in the dark. Taffy slept on my bed every night, and very often on the outside when Little Billee was inside, and it seemed like the lion and the lamb lying down together. Little Billee would usually be contented in his basket until seven o'clock in the morning; then I'd take him into the bed with me, where he would lie quietly on my arm, neck, or palm until I got up at nine. He never peeped unless I spoke to him, then he would chirp away like a happy child. On fine evenings I'd sit before an open window from seven until eight o'clock with Little Billee on my finger listening to the birds. When he became sleepy, he would tuck his little head under his wing, and in a few minutes crawl into the palm of my hand and go sound asleep; then he would be ready for his basket.

When the hot wave came, I went down-stairs at seven o'clock, shutting him up in his cage. The second night I had hard work to catch him. He ran into the hall, and would not come when I called to him. The third night, when he saw me making preparations to dress, he acted like mad. He hopped all around me, put out his tiny wings, and tried to fly on to me; opened his bill, but not a sound came out. As I stood in front of my dressing-table, he flew to the top of his cage, which stood on the floor, to the back of a chair which was near me, then up to my shoulder, chirping away so merrily that I knew he was saying: "Please take me with you."

Of course, after that, it is needless to say that I took him down-stairs, and he went down every night after, where he remained until eight o'clock, then was put into his basket, and I heard no more from him until morning.

On pleasant mornings I sat on the piazza, and Little Billee sat on my hand or played in my lap. When I walked on the sidewalk Little Billee went, too, and never offered to fly away, and when the wind blew he held on tight. Sometimes he sang, and always seemed interested in all that was going on about him.

Twice Little Billee flew out of my window from fright. Once he was on my shoulder when a very small girl with a very large hat came up to him, and away he flew. The next time a large bunch of ferns was brought to me. I thought he would like it and think it a nice little tree, but I was all the tree he seemed to care for. He was so frightened he flew on to a chair, and, as I held up a fern, out of the window he went. Both times when my maid went to look for him, she could not find him until she peeped, then he answered, and she found him sitting in the grass waiting to be picked up, and he was delighted to get back to me.

Little Billee never went to any one except my physician, and that was when I had had him about a week. He went to him, hopped all over his shoulder, picked at his collar and tie, and was very friendly. Later he would not even go to him, and I felt sure I was Trilby, and his only love. Perhaps the children who read this will think Little Billee was an angel bird and too good to live, but I will say right here he was too bad to die. Like all bright children, sometimes he was very naughty. For instance, when I wanted to lie quietly on my bed in the daytime and Little Billee did not, he would play for some time running up on the top of my pillow, then down again, hop on my arm, then under the sheet until he found my hand; back he would go and do the same thing over again. When he became tired of that, he would sit on my chin and be very loving, kiss me in the mouth, and chirp away. When he found I was not going to open my eyes or speak to him, he would peck and bite my eyes, nose, ears, cheeks, and lips, and I assure you they were not love bites, either. Then again, when he wanted to sit on my shoulder and I preferred he should sit on my hand, he would fly up every time I took him down, and bite hard at my hand, and, for such a little bird, he had a very big bite and a very fierce look.

He loved to visit my mother in her room, and was very happy walking all over her and on her head, but she was never able to touch him. He seemed to have eyes all over his head, for, no matter how careful she was, he always saw the finger. He thoroughly enjoyed my squeezing him in my hand, and kissing him over and over again.

No doubt, long ere this, my readers have been wondering what kind of a bird Little Billee was, but that is a question which has not yet been answered. But I loved Little Billee so dearly that it made little difference to me what his nationality was, or whether his ancestors came over in the Mayflower, fought in the American Revolution, or whether, like Topsy, he "just growed." It was amusing to see Little Billee the first time he heard the piano. One morning two friends came to see me, and, while one of them played, I lay on the sofa with Little Billee cuddled up on my neck. At first he was very much afraid, and did not know what to make of the music. Soon he became charmed, and craned his little neck way out, opened his bill, as if he were drinking in the sound, then reached around, kissed me in the mouth, snuggled down again for a few minutes, and repeated it as long as she played.

One morning I saw Little Billee lying on the floor before an open window with his neck stretched out and bill wide open. I thought he was dying, picked him up, but found him as lively as

ever. When he did the same thing over again, I understood he was taking a sun bath, and from then on he took one every morning. One morning it was quite cold when we came in from our walk, and I sat down in front of the fire with Little Billee on my knee. It was amusing to see him put his head on one side, open his bill, and drink in the warm air. For six weeks he strongly objected to taking a water bath, and I really suppose he was too young and knew best. I left a little dish for several days on the floor by the side of his cage, but he was very careful not to go near it. One morning everything was very quiet, I on my bed and Little Billee playing about the room. Soon he went to the dish, looked in all four corners, came back to the first one, put his bill in just a little way, then went the rounds; did it all over again, putting his bill in a little farther, and shaking off the water. After debating a long time, he got on the edge of the dish, put his head in until it was all wet, then screwed up all his courage and in he went. Such a droll little figure as he cut, standing there with his body and head held as high as he could get them, his wings out just a little, not knowing what to do next. All I could think of was a very timid child going in wading for the first time, with long, thin legs, very short frock, and arms akimbo. His fear soon left him, and he was bathing like an old stager. When he finished, he got out, gave himself two or three good shakes, then came over to the bed, and asked me to take him. I did him up in my handkerchief, but that did not suit him at all. I could not do anything with him until I let him get on my bare neck, and covered him with the trimming of my dress. He was soaking wet, and shivering like a person having a hard chill. He kept very still until his feathers were dry enough to be dressed. Such shaking, dressing of feathers, and prinking I never saw. When his toilet was made to suit him, he nestled down under my chin, and we both slept for an hour. Every day we went through the same performance after the bath. One day I wanted to do something in my dressing-room, so thought Little Billee could take his bath and dry himself.

Soon I began to hear very mournful peeps, and I came out to find Little Billee, soaking wet, standing in front of my bed, thinking I was there, and teasing for me to take him. Of course I could not resist such pleading, so to bed we went. I know I completely spoiled him, but he was such a dear no one could help it.

Little Billee always took a great interest in my writing, and when I would sit down to my desk he was always on my shoulder, arm, or hand. His favourite place to sit was on my left hand between my first finger and thumb, as they held my portfolio on my lap, and peck at my paper and pen. One day he took the pen full of ink into his bill, then threw the ink all over my paper. He had great fun, too, in taking the paper off from the bottom of his cage, and carrying it all about the room, and would take it out as fast as I put it in. One day he went into his cage, took the farthest corner of the paper in his bill, backed out, bringing the paper over his head until it was all on the floor, then went over to the opposite corner, took that in his bill, backed off the paper until he came to the end, then went around in a circle like the wind for perhaps a dozen times, with the paper perfectly straight out just like a sail. After a few moments I put the paper back; he took it right out in the same way, and did it all over again.

Another day he would not come to me when I put down my hand, but ran across the room. After trying for some time to make him mind, I got up and said: "Billee, I am going away and leave you," and started out into the hall. He came chasing after me, and after that would always do it when I told him I was going to leave him. If I went out of my room and told him he *must not* go, he would sit on a chair by an open window, or play about on the floor for an hour, and never think of flying out of the window or going out of the door.

I succeeded far beyond my expectations with Taffy and Little Billee. It hurt me very much to be obliged to punish Taffy when he would spring at Little Billee, as Taffy and I had been devoted to each other for two years; still I did not want him to kill my baby bird. One day Little Billee was sitting on my knee dressing his feathers and going through all sorts of antics, while Taffy sat a few feet away, gazing at him with longing eyes. I called to my maid to bring Taffy and hold him on her lap, and then let Little Billee peck and bite his paws, ears, and nose, and a more astonished cat I never

saw. After we let Taffy go, he was found sitting on the cellar stairs in a most dejected way, rubbing his nose with his paw. For several days we did the same thing, until Taffy was afraid at the sight of Little Billee. One morning Taffy came to bed with me, and lay on my arm, while Little Billee sat on my shoulder. Soon Taffy put his chin on my chin, and Little Billee came and sat close to my cheek. Finally Taffy became so sleepy, he turned over, went fast asleep, and Little Billee hopped down on his back, and we lay that way for some time. Almost every day after that Taffy would lie on my lap, and Little Billee would sit on his head, back, or on my knee, and dress his feathers. One day Little Billee had the impertinence, while I had them both on my lap, to reach out and peck Taffy in the eye. That was a little more than Taffy could endure, and he reached out his paw and struck at him. I could not get Little Billee to go near him for over a week, when they became very good friends again.

Little Billee enjoyed going down into the parlours to see visitors, but he gave them to understand, the first thing, they might look but not touch. He would entertain them by hopping all over me, kissing me in the mouth, and chirping at the top of his voice.

When it began to get dark, Little Billee did not want to be off from me a minute. If I had him down-stairs, and put him on the floor, he would hop and fly after me from room to room. Once I left him in the front parlour on a plant-jar, and went into the dining-room and was gone some little time. When I came back there was no Little Billee to be found. I called him by name and peeped to him, but I could not get an answer. As I went up-stairs, I called: "Where is my Little Billee?" And he said: "Chirp, chirp, chirp," and I found him in my room eating his seeds and as happy as possible.

From then on, whenever he became tired of the parlours, he would go up-stairs, for he seemed to think my room his home. One day I watched him to see how he went. He hopped from step to step. When he reached the top, he flew into my room and lighted on the top of his cage.

Sometimes he waited for me at the top of the stairs, lying flat down, putting his head out just as a dog does his between his paws.

Little Billee certainly was not colour-blind, for he noticed every little change in my dress, no matter how slight it was. He had seen me for weeks in only my *robe de nuit* and wrapper. It was pitiable to see him the first time he saw me gowned in a white skirt and blue waist. I had to lie down when I had finished dressing, and Little Billee came over to the bed as usual and asked me to take him. I put down my hand, he hopped on my finger, but, when he looked up and saw the blue sleeve, away he went as if he had been shot out of a cannon. He tried several times, but his courage always failed. At last he gave up and went and sat in a chair across the room, and it was two days before he really liked the change.

Next I tried a pink waist with the white skirt, but that seemed even worse to him, which seemed very strange, as he had seen me for days in a pink and white wrapper.

One morning in November, I was trying my strength by doing a little dusting, after getting Little Billee's cage ready for the day. He was unusually happy and lively, but thought it was high time we went back to bed, so kept flying from the top of his cage, which was near me, to the bed and back again, teasing me to go with him.

He was always afraid of anything white, and, not thinking, as he flew back to me, I picked up my large cheese-cloth duster by one end and spread the rest out like a flag. The window and blinds were wide open, and to get out of the way of the cloth, he flew out the window, probably not having the least idea where he was going. I called to our maid to run across the street and look for him, thinking he had gone that way.

After she had looked an hour, we were told of a little brown bird that had been seen in the next yard sitting in the dry leaves. They said he seemed very tame, and looked as if he expected some one to come and pick him up. We were positive that it was our lost pet, but we could not find any further trace of him.

That night it grew very cold and rained hard until morning, and we have not a doubt that he perished, as he had always been used to his nice warm basket.

For days we were a very sad household, and many tears were shed.

CHAPTER II

TAFFY AND TRICKSEY

I can hardly call Taffy a patient, as he is so well and strong. Perhaps an attendant would be more suitable, as he is always in the hospital, looking after the patients, and nothing goes on that he does not see, but Tricksey is suffering from the asthma.

Taffy is the largest tiger cat I have ever seen, and, as he has the crook in his tail, he belongs to the tabby breed. Taffy is very large, usually weighing fourteen pounds, but he has a very small head and very small, finely shaped paws. The under parts of them look like black velvet. In colour he is mostly jet-black, and the other fur, very much like a raccoon's, light tan at the ends, shading into yellow, then into drab. As the sun strikes him, every hair seems full of light, and he is one mass of iridescent colours. His marking is most beautiful. The top of his head is black, branching out into five narrow black stripes down his neck, a black stripe three inches wide (without one light hair) going all the way down the back and to the end of the tail and under; of course, on the tail the stripe is much narrower. Then narrow black stripes go down each side of his back and tail. His tail is not long, but very bushy, like a nice boa. I never saw more exquisite colouring and marking than Taffy has underneath, from his throat to his tail. His coat is beautifully soft and thick, and shines like satin, and his eyes are very green. He is particular about his toilet, but insists upon my helping him to keep it glossy. His own comb is kept on my dressing-table, and he asks me to comb him twice a day, and sometimes oftener.

I can tell you nothing of Taffy's antecedents, as I found him one morning in our back yard almost starved to death, and about as thick through the body as a shingle. At first I thought he had dropped from heaven, but I soon learned from his sayings and doings that he must have been quite intimate with the inmates of the lower region. I tempted him with chicken, but it was some little time before I could put my hand on him; and, to tame any animal, you must be able to touch it with your hand. After two or three pats, he seemed to realize that I was a good friend. Soon I had him in the house, and for three years we have been devoted to each other. I have had a great many cats, but never one who had so much of the wild animal in him. All of my friends said I never could tame Taffy, and it was many weeks before I had much influence over him, and I never feel quite sure now whether I am to be loved or scratched, as he still has the temper and the actions of a tiger when anything goes the wrong way.

He usually lies down like a tiger, with legs straight out in front, tail straight out behind, and when I speak to him he will always blink his eyes and speak to me. If you touch him in passing, he will grab at your feet and spit and growl. He never mews when he wants anything to eat, but will chase me or my maid, and grab at our feet. If he does not like what is given him to eat, he will walk all about his plate, and scratch, as if he were covering it up.

I am the only one Taffy ever shows much affection for, but to me he is very loving. He will lie as long as I will let him with his paws about my neck and head on my shoulder. If he is sound asleep anywhere, and I begin to read aloud, sing, or whistle, he will get up directly, jump on my lap, put his paws about my neck, his face close to mine, and begin to purr. As he always looks very pleasant, I flatter myself he likes the tone of my voice.

When I had my bird, Little Billee, it would make Taffy simply furious if I put him out of my room and closed the door. One morning he was so ugly, my maid did not dare open the door to come in.

After that, when I wanted him to go down-stairs, I had my maid come to the bottom of the stairs and call, "Taffy!" then there was never any trouble. When he is in a tearing rage, I can always quiet him by taking tight hold of his paws, and kissing his eyes. I have told all of these things about Taffy so my readers will appreciate what I have been able to do with him. It is needless to say that

when Little Billee went away, Taffy was the happiest cat in town. His devotion increased daily to me, and he lived in my room, only going down to get something to eat.

I think by this time you are very well acquainted with Mr. Taffy, and I will present Tricksey to you. Of all the canary birds I have ever seen, Tricksey is the prettiest, daintiest little bird you can possibly imagine. His colour is light yellow, with a much deeper shade between his wings, shading into almost an orange. His wings and tail are white, with just a line of yellow on some of the feathers. His eyes are unusually large and bright, and his little legs and claws are very pink, and so slender that they do not look strong enough to support his finely shaped body. He is really a very superior bird, and sings like an angel.

Tricksey had never been out of his cage when he came to me, but, before I had had him a week, he came out, perched on my finger, took things from my finger or mouth, would kiss me, and go all about my room on my finger, and very soon went all about the house with me. He was very fond of sweet apple, but I never let him have it inside his cage, but made him come to me for it. I kept a piece in a little dish on my table, and he soon found out where it was, and would help himself on the sly. I also kept on my table, in a little china cup, some hemp seed, which I gave to Tricksey as a great treat. Every time I would tap on the cup and make it ring, Tricksey would come out of his cage, down from a picture-frame, or wherever he was, for a seed.

One day he had had his one hemp seed, and teased for more, but I said, “No,” and he went flying about the room, having a fine time. Soon he flew back on the table, hopped over to the cup, gave it two or three taps to make it ring, then hopped on to the top, reached down and helped himself to two seeds.

Tricksey is a very vain little bird, and likes nothing better than to go over on my dressing-table, walk back and forth in front of the mirror, or sit on my pin-cushion and admire himself.

Tricksey came to me one afternoon, and Taffy knew nothing of his arrival until the next morning. When he came up-stairs and saw a little yellow bird in a house of gold, he was like the little girl's Bunnie, who “was not a bit afraid, but awfully much surprised,” when she heard firecrackers for the first time. His eyes were like balls of fire, while his mouth opened and shut, making a hissing sound, and his tail going at the rate of a mile a minute. He walked into my room like a wild tiger, with an air as much as to say, “If this is Little Billee come back dressed in yellow, die he must,” and sprang at the cage. I took him firmly by the paws, looked straight into his big, angry eyes, and said in a soft, firm voice: “Taffy, this is Tricksey, and he is not to be eaten or hurt any more than my Little Billee who went away.” I let go of his paws; he walked out of my room and down-stairs without looking back. In about an hour I looked out into the hall, and there sat my dear old Taffy on the top step, looking very meek and wishful. I spoke kindly to him, and asked him to come in and see his new brother, Tricksey. After a few moments, he came in very slowly and went behind my bed. Soon he came from under the valance (the cage sat on a chair and I in front of it), never looked at the cage, jumped into my lap, put his paws about my neck, and began loving me. I took him to bed with me, and he never moved until Tricksey began to sing in a most delightful way, then he looked at him and listened very intently. I talked to him, and “softed his feathers,” and soon he snuggled down in my arm and went to sleep. When he got out of bed, he never glanced at the cage, but went directly down-stairs, and I felt I had made a good beginning. Every one said I could never teach Taffy not to catch Tricksey, and the reason his cat-ship did not kill Little Billee was because he was afraid of him and so carefully watched. I knew there was not a place in the house I could hang the cage where Taffy could not get at it if he made up his mind to do so. Of course, for days and weeks I felt anxious, and did not mean to leave them alone together. I never turned Taffy out of my room. If he went up to the cage and put up his paw, I would say: “Taffy, you must *not* put your paw on the cage,” and, as he always minds, he would take it right down, sit by the cage, and I would talk to him kindly. Fortunately, Tricksey was not at all afraid of Taffy.

Taffy always wears a yellow satin collar with bells all around. Often I would hear him coming up-stairs when I was lying down, and I would keep very quiet to see what he would do. Sometimes he would come over to the cage, look at Tricksey pleasantly, then lie down by the fire and go to sleep; more often he would lie down without even looking at him. But the moment he heard me talking to Tricksey, he would get up and come to me to be petted, and I always gave him a great deal. One day when Taffy was in another room, I let Tricksey out, and tried to be very quiet. I was sitting on the floor with Tricksey hopping about me. Before I hardly knew it, Taffy was in my lap, and soon I had Tricksey on my knee eating seeds. If I took the cage on my lap with Tricksey inside, Taffy would immediately jump up and crowd in between the cage and me.

Taffy was very much afraid the first time he saw Tricksey take his bath, and ran under the bed and peeped out from under the valance.

One morning the cage sat on the floor, and Tricksey was ready for his bath, when Taffy came in and sat close to the cage. Tricksey took a big drop of water in his bill and threw it into Taffy's face. Taffy moved back a little, and looked all about to see where it came from. While he was looking, Tricksey went into his bath, and splashed the water all over Taffy's face in a very roguish way. To say Taffy was surprised is speaking mildly. He turned to me with an angry cry and went out of the room. The next morning the same thing happened; but, instead of going out of the room, he went on the other side, out of reach of the water, but where he could see all that went on.

After that, he became so interested he did not mind if the water was splashed all over his face, and would sit as close to the cage as he could get. While Tricksey was eating his breakfast, he would lie down close to the cage and go to sleep. As I previously said, I never meant to leave Taffy in the room with Tricksey, but he was often there hours before I knew it. When I found him, he was always asleep in front of the cage or by the fire.

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