

“Three Cousins Quite Unlike”
by Thornton Burgess

“That reminds me,” said Peter.
“Those folks you have mentioned nest
in holes in trees; do you?”

“I should say not,” retorted
Creeper. “I don’t know of any Warbler
who does. I build on the ground if you
want to know. I nest in the Green
Forest. Sometimes I make my nest in a
little hollow at the base of a tree;
sometimes I put it under a stump or
rock or tuck it in under the roots of a
tree that has been blown over. There,
Peter Rabbit, I’ve talked enough. I’m
glad you’re glad that I’m back, and
I’m glad I’m back too.”

Creeper continued on up the trunk of the tree, picking here and picking there. Just then Peter caught sight of another friend whom he could always tell by the black mask he wore. It was Mummer the Yellow-throat. He had just darted into the thicket of bushes along the old stone wall. Peter hurried over there to look for him.

When Peter reached the place where he had caught a glimpse of Mummer, no one was to be seen. Peter sat down, uncertain which way to go. Suddenly Mummer popped out right in front of Peter, seemingly from nowhere at all. His throat and breast were bright yellow and his back wings and tail a soft olive-green. The most

remarkable thing about him was the mask of black right across his cheeks, eyes and forehead. It looked like a mask, although it really wasn't one.

“Hello, Mummer!” cried Peter.

“Hello yourself, Peter Rabbit!” retorted Mummer and disappeared as suddenly as he had appeared.

Peter blinked and looked all about.

“Looking for some one?” asked Mummer, suddenly popping into view where Peter least expected him.

“For goodness' sake, can't you sit still a minute?” cried Peter. “How do you expect a fellow can talk to you when he can't keep his eyes on you more than two seconds at a time.”