

THE INTELLIGENT CROW.

Some Remarkable Stories of Wisdom Displayed by the Bird at Times.
(Field and Stream.)

By this title to an article in a recent issue by Charles Hallock, I am reminded of many of the doings of tame crows that I have known.

I wonder how many know that by getting a young crow before it is able to fly, and by patience and perseverance for a few days, or perhaps weeks, it can be taught to talk, and after the first few words that it learns to pronounce it learns much faster than any child that I ever knew or heard of. Among wild crows I never have seen one that talked, so I cannot say whether talking would frighten crows or not, but I presume it would. I wish that a pair of talking crows could be mated, and raise a brood to see whether they would teach their young to use human speech.

One of the talking crows that I have known was owned by a man of the name of Lew Labady, who kept a hotel in Petoskey, Mich.; and his wife one day, in a fit of anger, for some misdemeanor that the crow had cut up, grabbed him and took him out in the yard and chopped his head off, the crow shouting, "Oh, don't! Oh, don't!" as she carried him to the block.

I suppose I should not write this last part; neither do I know as you will publish it, but I was angry at her for killing the crow, for I had taught him to talk several years before, and the offence was small. He had undertaken to fly off with a small bottle of something, ink probably and made a stain on the carpet. Her husband would have been willing to recarpet the room rather than to lose the crow, and he was as angry about it as I was.

I don't know that all crows could be taught to talk, for it seems reasonable to me that some of them might be much more intelligent than others. I have known three talking crows, but they all spoke in a higher key than people commonly do, but no more so than a few persons that I have known; but their talk is very much plainer than that of any parrot, and a crow does not use a lot of meaningless words, and he knows what he is talking about.

One of these crows was owned by a man that live in Cens, upper Michigan. I don't know as he or the crow either is living or not, for it has been a long time since I was there, but that crow had a knowledge and command of wit and repartee that would beat the best criminal lawyer that ever tried to tangle a witness in his evidence.

Bulletin Bubbles.

Philadelphia Bulletin.

In just a minute—60 seconds.
A pair of "skates"—Tom and Jerry.
One of the first things to get in a duel is the second.
Even the grist mill proprietor may go out for his meals.

Though not popular vaccination is something that takes with most people.
The coming man is a hustler from the word "Go!"

In days of old, as now, women were always trying to look young.
The kangaroo is one female that can always find her pocket.

It is not exactly a bright idea to make a kite out of fly paper.
An estimate of the dust in a bank must be a sweeping statement.

False reports—blank cartridges.
The finest store has a counterpart.
The sausage manufacturer makes both ends meet.

The thermometer seems to know it isn't fall time yet.
The top-lofty soprano is inclined to get up in the air.

No matter how long the night morning dawns in dew time.
Getting tight is the cause of many loose characters.

Sometimes the caddy simply follows after a caddy.
For the wood cutter, something besides chops must be a welcome change.

The judge may lisp or stammer and still pronounce a sentence properly.
A 5 o'clock tea isn't a success unless there is a good turn out.

In Vacation Time.

(John Robertson in Donahoe's for Aug.)

It is wonderful how men and women manifest in vacation time their dominant traits. The selfish mortal insists on getting the best of everything, and even the good rejoice when fortune refuses to favor him; the woman whose desire to rule is strong attempts to control all the other guests, and reduces the hotel staff, from manager to bell boy, to abject subjection; despite what may be said to the contrary, the arrogant disposition

secures more for its possessor than does the gentle, sacrificing spirit; the fussy person soon establishes a reputation for making others nervous and is studiously avoided and the man who has one story and wants to tell it continually has difficulty in securing an audience; the guest "who doesn't mind" being imposed upon frequently knows it by heart, and newcomers are promptly put on their guard by the omnipresent individual whose sense of duty is rampant.

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In this regard it is different to any medicine you ever used. Instead of tearing down the tissues it builds them up and gives to the body the vigor which it requires to throw off disease.

You are invited to test Dr. Chase's Nerve Food by keeping a record of your increase in weight while using it. Gradually and certainly the wasting process is overcome, and week by week new, firm flesh and muscle is added 50 cents a box, six boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Wedding Superstitions.

When a girl of Quimper wants to see her future husband's face she must, one Friday evening, lying in night attitude, with her right foot in her bed and the left out of it, pray to St. Nicholas, then rise and turn a somersault, finally put a looking-glass under her pillow and go to sleep. At midnight she must awake, when she will see her future husband's face in the mirror. The "Review of Popular Traditions" describes this complicated Brittany rite with other beliefs. Thus, by tying a wedding ring to a hair, dipping it in water, allowing it afterwards to oscillate and counting how often it touches the glass a Quimper bride learns exactly how many children she will have. If a maiden be once called "Mrs." she will remain a maid for three years. But should she ever tread on a cat's tail she will be doomed to seven years' spinsterhood. If a betrothed girl go to church and, contrary to French custom, herself hear her own bans published, she will never have toothache afterwards. If a yet un affianced maiden break an egg in a glass of water, the shape which the white takes—for instance, a boot or a shoe—will tell her what calling her future husband will follow. At a wedding, if the two wax candles placed before the bride and bridegroom burn brightly the marriage will be a happy one; if they flicker, husband and wife will disagree. If one should go out, he or she before whom it stands will die within a year.

Sober England.

(Henry Watterson in Louisville Courier-Journal.)

In nothing have the habits of gentlemen more changed than in the use of wine. Time was when each plate and table was enfiladed, almost surrounded, by an escort of wine-glasses, ranging from sherry to champagne, and tapering thence to Madeira and brandy—port, claret, Burgundy, the red alternating with the white—and he was no good man and true who did not go through the list and survive it. To day at the great houses you may have what you want, but rarely more than three glasses are visible, for white wine, for red wine and for champagne. Apollinaris is largely in evidence. The fine old English gentlemen who made it a merit to get drunk on port and to sober up on claret has disappeared.

A Better Way.

"My man," said the preacher with the midwest voice who was going through the prison. "When you get out of here are you going to change your ways?"
"Sure," replied the convict safe cracker.
"I'm never goin' ter bust anudder safe or tap anudder till in me life."
"That's a good resolution, my man. Such work don't pay."
"Dat's what I wuz thinkin.' I'm goin' inter de insurance business."—Indianapolis Star.

Upon Some Violets.

Ah, violets, that lie upon her breast
In such contented wise,
I envy your blissful bourn of rest
Beneath the tender violet of her eyes!
Clifton Scollard, in September Lippincott's.

A Blind Lead.

A Handsomely dressed woman stood hesitatingly on the outer edge of the sidewalk, watching keenly for a chance to penetrate the maze of vehicles which surged between her and the opposite side of the street.

As she awaited her chance, a very gentlemanly voice at her elbow inquired with Raleigh-like gallantry,—

"May I cross the street with you, Madam?" With joyous gratitude she murmured her acceptance. Her escort grasped her firmly by the arm, and together they plunged boldly into the wild vortex of vehicles.

In and out they threaded their way at peril to life and limb. It speedily became apparent to the woman and to several on-lookers that the lives of the two venturesome pedestrians were in considerably more than common danger. The man clearly made no effort of any sort to avoid cars, automobiles, nor the shafts of passing cabs. He dodged wildly about, regardless of the direction from which that particular moment's peril might be coming, almost fell under a horse's hoofs, and twice caromed off the yellow sides of hurrying trolley-cars.

He dragged his panic-stricken companion with him, making no attempt to shield her or to guide her steps. In vain the frightened woman strove to shake off his grip and to find her independent way to the sidewalk. There was no freeing herself from that iron grasp. Finally, by some miracle, the opposite curb was reached. Furious, the woman turned a withering gaze on her false guide and fairly hissed out the words:

"It is no thanks to you that we're not both run over! From the way you ran into danger, one would think you were blind!"

"I am," meekly confessed the man; "that was why I asked if you would let me cross the street with you."—Anice Terhune, in September Lippincott's.

How Church bells are Made.

(Philadelphia Bulletin.)

"No silver is used in church bells," said the bell-founder. "People claim there is, but I have assayed many an old bell that came here to be broken up, and never an ounce of silver did I find in one of them. For the best bells we use old cannon. They give us the purest amalgum we can get."

"The tenor bell I am making now is composed of 12 tons of old cannon from Spain. These two moulds, the core and the cope, are what give the bell its sweetness. It is in their cut that the secret of bell-founding lies. The core is the inner mould; it has the exact shape of the bell's inside. The cope, or the outer mould, has the exact shape of the bell's outside.

"We fit the cope over the core, and into the space between the molten metal is run. When the metal has hardened and cooled the bell is finished, save for its clapper. To tune bells it is necessary to chip little pieces out of them. Our bell tuner is a good musician. He has composed a number of hymns."

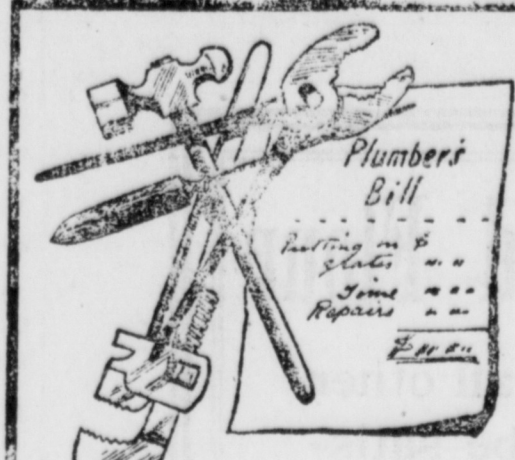
At a railway shareholders' meeting in a London hotel, a gentleman insisted on making a long speech. When he had concluded, the chairman quietly asked verbose orator whether he had quite done. "Yes, sir, quite!" was the reply. "You will consequently permit me to answer you, sir?" "Oh, certainly, if you can, but I defy you to do that!" "Well, then," said the chairman, calmly and with measured voice, "I have to inform you that you are in the wrong room, and addressing the wrong company. The speech you have just made should have been delivered in Number Six, first floor!"

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As range grates must some time burn out you are certain to have that kind of trouble if yours is a common range.

If you have the Pandora you won't have any trouble, because you can take out the old grates and put in the new ones in ten minutes, and a ten cent piece for a screw-driver does it easier in the Pandora than a whole kit of plumbers' tools will do it in common ranges.

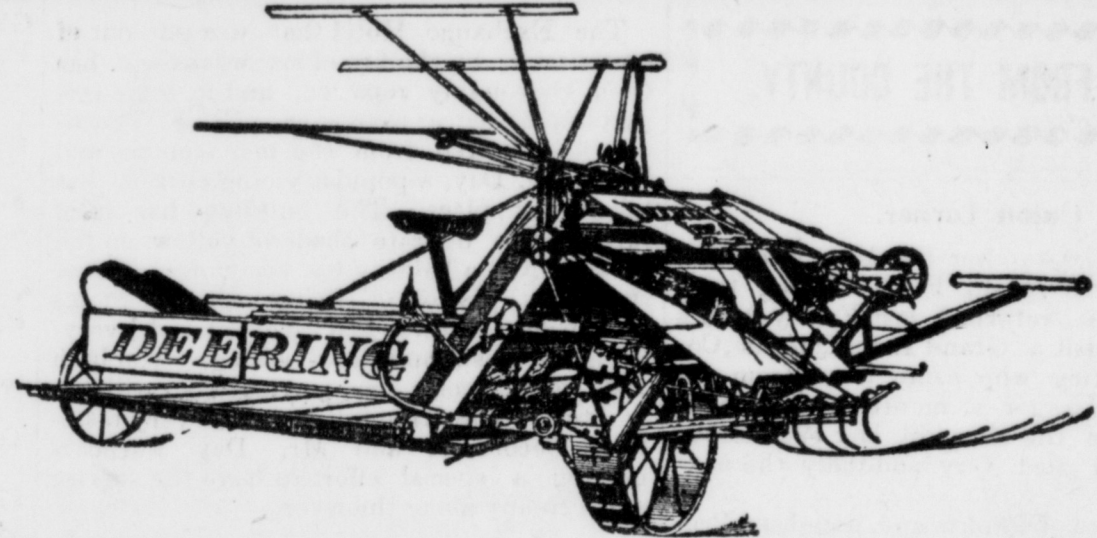


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