

EXPLOITS OF A CROW.

VERY CLEVER INDEED, BUT HE MET AN UNTIMELY DEATH.

Anecdotes by a Man Who Saw Some Strange Things Even Though He Had a Gun—The Crow Disturbed Certain Kinds of Animals—He Was a Great Hunter.

"When this region was nearly all woods sixty years ago," said an old resident of Bell Meadow, "I picked a young crow out of the nest in Tamarack swamp, where he had tumbled out of the nest before he was old enough to fly. I named him Abe and tamed him, and he developed into the brightest bird I ever saw. Like all tame crows, Abe was mischievous and inquisitive. There was a knothole in the floor of our cistern, and the crow couldn't find out what was under it, although he tried very hard.

"Several times a day Abe flew down to the cistern, hunted up a pebble and carried it in his bill to the floor of the cistern, where he dropped it through the knothole. The instant he let the pebble drop he would put his ear close to the hole and listen. He could hear the pebble strike the water, and the noise out of his sight excited his curiosity so much that he dropped a half bushel of pebbles into the cistern before he gave up.

"Abe accompanied me on all my hunting trips in the fall and winter, and he saw me kill five or six wolves, half a dozen wildcats and several deer. The woods were full of deer, and there were so many wolves that we couldn't keep any sheep. Abe took a great liking to deer and rabbits, but he hated wolves and wildcats, seeming to understand that they were destructive and dangerous. One afternoon, the summer that he was a year old, Abe flew into our little clearing and cawed and fluttered about as if he wanted me to leave my work.

"I knew the crow had seen something that displeased him, and so I picked up two rifles and told him to go ahead, just to see what he would do. He went squalling through the air toward Bell Meadow brook, and when he alighted on a tree he kept yelling and looking down in the ravine. I looked, too, little expecting to see what I did. A pair of wolves were tearing at a doe they had pounced on and pulled down. I killed them both before they got three leaps from the doe, and when Abe saw that they couldn't move he cawed and croaked as though he was glad.

"The next winter there were three feet and a half of snow on the level, and we had to wear snowshoes to get around. While I was splitting wood near the house one cold morning the crow came sailing and squalling to the settlement from the direction of Lake Henry. He was excited about something, and he perched on the log and went to flapping his wings and dancing up and down. I understood him well enough to know that he had seen something that he didn't like the looks of up in the woods toward the lake, so I and my brother and cousin put on our snowshoes, shouldered five loaded rifles and started into the woods, Abe leading the way and yelling.

"He led us to the lake, where we saw a sight that I shall never forget. In a space where the wind had blown the snow from the ice a flock of seven deer had been cornered by a pack of five wolves. The deer couldn't get out on account of the deep snow, and the wolves had killed three of them when we got there. While we were blazing away at the brutes the crow flew overhead and shouted his approval. We killed the whole pack, and Abe felt so good that he rolled over on the crust several times.

"One day in the spring the crow saw a fisher catch a rabbit and carry it to a hole in a basswood tree, thirty feet from the ground. My brother and I were chopping near by, and Abe squalled around till he attracted our attention, when he flew up to the hole where the fisher was concealed. We chopped the basswood down, and the fisher skipped out and ran up a hemlock tree to where the leaves were so thick we couldn't see it. Abe flew up, alighted above the fisher and began to squall, and squinting through the foliage below him I could see enough of the fisher to fire at. I banged away, and down came Mr. Fisher with a bullet in his head. Abe fairly laughed when the fisher tumbled.

"One morning I found six pullets on the floor of the hen shanty. A mink had killed them, and that night I set two steel traps and put one of the pullets between. In the morning a mink had its fore feet in one of the traps and one of its hind feet in the other. Abe tagged me in, and when he saw the mink struggling to get out he ran up in front of it and began to yell in its face. I let the crow torment it, and while my back was turned the mink caught Abe by the neck and bit him so hard that he died in a few minutes."—Cor. New York Tribune.

A Financial Crisis. "My mother-in-law never understands a joke," says a correspondent. "I finish a good story, and she always looks up and asks, 'Well, what did the other man say?' As she can't appreciate wit, I was surprised to receive a letter from her a few weeks after my little boy had swallowed a farthing, in which the last words were, 'Has Ernest got over his financial difficulties yet?'"—Exchange.

The Work of the Interior Department. The duties which devolve on the secretary of the interior were performed prior to the establishment of that post by the heads of the other departments. The patent office was attached to the state department, the land office to the treasury department, and the pensions and the Indians had been looked after by the war department.—New York Sun.

The Limit of Population. Philosophers and statisticians have compared figures and find that the limit of the earth's capacity is 5,294,000,000 human beings; also that this number will be reached before the close of the Twenty-first century.—St. Louis Republic.

THE NUMBER "THREE" IN THE BIBLE.

When the world was created we find that its dimensions were composed of three elements—air, water and land—the whole lighted by the sun, moon and stars. Adam had three sons mentioned by name, and so did Noah the patriarch. Daniel was thrown into a den with three lions for the crime of praying three times. Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego were rescued from the fiery furnace. Job had three special friends. There were three patriarchs—Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Samuel was called three times; Elijah prostrated himself three times on the dead body of the child; Samson deceived Delilah three times before she discovered the secret of his great power, and the Ten Commandments were delivered on the third day. Jonah was three days and nights in the whale's belly. "Simon, lovest thou me?" was repeated three times. Paul makes mention of the Three Graces—Faith, Hope and Charity. The famous allegorical dreams of the baker and butler were to come to pass in three days. Then we have the Holy Trinity—Father, Son and Holy Ghost; the sacred letters on the cross were three in number, they being I. H. S.; so also the famous Roman motto was composed of three words—viz., In hoc signo.—St. Louis Republic.

A Tale of Two Barns. There was a man named Hibbs who bought a farm, built a large, stately dwelling at the end of a long, shady avenue of maples and settled down to enjoy the comfort and independence of a farmer's life. He built a cozy little barn of logs and shingled it with clapboards. There was another man of the name of Hibbs who bought a farm in the same neighborhood, built a cozy little dwelling of logs, shingled it with clapboards and settled down to the hard, grinding monotony of a farmer's life. This man Hibbs built a large, stately barn at the end of a long, shady avenue of maples. At the end of ten years Hibbs' big house had broken him up, and Hibbs' big barn had enabled him to buy Hibbs' stately dwelling for about half price and move it over on his own farm.

Hibbs has a big dwelling and a big barn and represents his county in the state legislature. Hibbs has a little log cabin and a little log stable and is trying to sell out to Hibbs. He wants to quit farming and travel with a peddling wagon.—Toronto Mail.

Unconscious Feminine Cruelty. "Let me off at Thirteenth street, conductor," said a woman as she paid her fare on a Broadway car at Cortlandt street. The car was packed, the place just two miles away and the woman a New Yorker. From 50 to 100 people would get on and off, half a hundred stops were to be made and something like a half to three-quarters of an hour would be consumed before reaching Thirteenth street.

Yet this woman, who bore evidences of more than ordinary intelligence in her face and from her easy self assurance every indication of being able to take care of herself, expected the conductor to remember her request and to put her off at the right street. The Broadway conductors are the hardest worked, most abused and criticized railroad officials in this city, but this is the sort of thing they are called upon to endure every hour in the day. It is usually at the hands of women, and is unnecessary, foolish and cruelly inconsiderate.—New York Herald.

Modern Matrimony. Jones (calling on Smith in the evening)—I thought I would find you at home. You don't go out much at night now? Smith—No. I've given up all my clubs and societies. I should be glad to have you come up and spend an evening with me occasionally.

Jones—But your wife might think me in the way. Smith—Oh, she's never home at night till late. Tonight she's at a meeting of the Ladies' Society for Supplying Thimbles to the Destitute Poor. Tomorrow night she goes to the Queen's Daughters, next night to the sociable of the Royal Women, and so on every night. Come up and see a fellow. It's awfully lonely to be married. I can tell you.—New York Press.

Suffocated by Sweet Odors. The Sybarites slept on beds stuffed with rose leaves; the tyrant Dionysius had his couch filled with them; Versus would travel with a garland on his head and around his neck, and over his litter he had a thin net, with rose leaves intertwined. Antiochus luxuriated upon a bed of blooms even in winter days and nights, and when Cleopatra entertained Antony she had roses covering the floor to the depth, it is said, of an ell.

We are told that Heliogabalus supplied so many at one of his banquets that several of his guests were suffocated in the endeavor to extricate themselves from the abundance—victims of a surfeit of sweet odors.—Philadelphia Times

Ammonia in Coal. Some 13,000,000 tons of coal are burned in London yearly. About 4,000,000 are utilized by the gas manufacturing companies; 9,000,000 are burned in household and industrial fire grates. Each ton contains sufficient ammonia to produce, if treated with sulphuric acid, twenty-two to twenty-eight pounds of sulphate of ammonia. The total loss of this fertilizing agent is therefore, say, 9,900 tons. As the price of sulphate of ammonia is £9 10s. the ton, the monetary loss is £94,905 every year. If we were less wasteful we should not be so much obliged to ransack Chili and Peru for artificial manures.—National Review.

Hard to Find. Walter Satterlee, the artist, says one of the greatest difficulties he meets is the lack of models in this country whose hair is so black that it has blue or purple lights in it. He admits that what he wants is common in Europe, but almost unattainable here.—Philadelphia Ledger.

CAN STILL LOVE.

I thought I could not love if you were gone. But life has taught me sternest lessons. The heart is more made to dream than to act. Ah, love, still wait. Perhaps his long hair waves of autumn. A notice of a pair. To sweeten souls with the most radiant shade. That was the earliest, so full of bliss.

I should beside your grave and weep alone. And thought love was forever dead to me. My life had early had love's glorious insight. And never more my heart could keep its beat. But time has taught me many tender truths. That life can never wholly be subdued. I cannot live all lonely in this world of woe. Because I loved you, dear, the best.

The tender love that burns so much for me. I gladly take, nor feel. My love for you, dear one, has weaker grown. My heart less staunch and true. I love you first, and you were always dearest. Yet, like the bird whose mate is gone. I still can find a tender joy in loving. Near wish to dwell forever have alone. —Agnes L. Pratt.

The Sense of Smell in Dogs. Dogs are able to track their masters through crowded streets, where recognition by sight is quite impossible, and can find a hidden biscuit even when its faint smell is still further disguised by ear de cologne. In some experiments Mr. Romanes lately made with a dog he found that it could easily track him when he was far out of sight, though no fewer than eleven people had followed him, stepping exactly in his footprints, in order to confuse the scent.

The dog seemed to track him chiefly by the smell of his boots, for when without them or with new boots on it failed, but followed, though slowly and hesitatingly, when his master was without either boots or stockings. Dogs and cats certainly get more information by means of this sense than a man can. They often get greatly excited over certain smells and remember them for very long periods.—Chambers' Journal.

The Woodpecker's Home. The woodpecker's home is very like the kingfisher's, but it is dug in rotten wood instead of being bored in a bank of earth. From the great ivory billed species down to the little downy fellow of our orchards, the woodpeckers build their nest, or rather excavate them, on the same general plan. The hole at first goes straight into the wood, then turns downward, widening as it descends, until it gives room for the home. If you will go into any bit of unshorn woodland during early spring and will keep your eyes open, you will see a bright red head thrust out of a round window in some decaying trunk or bough, and the woodpecker will sing out, "Peer! peer!" which always seems to mean that his or her home is a most comfortable and enjoyable place.—Maurice Thompson in Golden Rule.

As Good as He Gave. A reproof which was just and not discourteous was once addressed to a young rector who had been reared under the highest of church doctrines, and who held that clergymen of all other denominations are without authority and not entitled to be called ministers of the Gospel. One evening at a social gathering he was introduced to a Baptist clergyman. He greeted the elder man with much manner and ostentation. "Sir," he said, "I am glad to shake hands with you as a gentleman, though I cannot admit that you are a clergyman." There was a moment's pause, and then the other said, with a quiet significance that made the words he left unsaid emphatic, "Sir, I am glad to shake hands with you—as a clergyman." —San Francisco Argonaut.

Why the Child Cried. A Brooklyn physician says that he was recently attending a family where the little man of the house was in a somewhat refractory humor, and thinking to quiet him he said, "How would you like it now if I to punish you I should take your little sister away from you?" The boy sulked and did not reply, but as the doctor arose to take his leave the child burst into a woful blubbering. He was asked what was the matter. "Doctor's goin away without takin sister," he answered.—New York Recorder.

Two Honest Men. A Paris furniture dealer recently bought from an architect an old writing table, and in overhauling it he found a packet containing 1,600 francs. He at once informed the former owner of his find, and he was rewarded by an honest declaration on the part of the architect that the latter knew nothing whatever about the money and would not accept it.—Paris Letter.

Always Willing to Loan. Merchant (to persistent peddler)—Oh, don't bother me this morning. I wish you'd kindly leave me alone. Morris Abrams (producing wad)—Why, shertiny, my friend, how much and vot interest will you gif?—Kate Field's Washington.

Sumatra Buffaloes in Water. The buffaloes in Sumatra, according to an English traveler, in fear of the tiger take refuge at night in the rivers, where they rest in peace and comfort, with only their horns and noses sticking above the water.

Handling a book with apparent respect or disrespect is of course too fantastic a standard to be accepted literally, since physical awkwardness or nervousness may be responsible for harm rather than a lack of mental grace.

At the table of Cambaceres a sturgeon of 187 pounds was served, brought on by four footmen, preceded by two flutists, four violinists and a Swiss guardsman, halberd in hand.

Charlotte, N. C., boasts of a double faced potato. One side is claimed to be a perfect representation of a bear, and the other, it is said, is a fair mold of a calf.

St. Charles, Mo., during its existence has been under the dominion of three flags—namely, Spain, France and the United States.

A SPECIAL SALE!!!

To Begin Saturday, November 26th, and Continue Until the Evening of December 31.

On overcoats 7 per cent. and on trousers 10 per cent. discount will be allowed. All goods marked in plain figures. All who are in need of an overcoat or a pair of pants should avail themselves of this great opportunity. Merchant Tailoring Parlors of 11-23-61 FRANK VOJICKA. 312 S. 12th St., U. S. Bank Bldg.

Scratch pads put up from waste paper stock. Just the thing for memorandums. 412 Sheely block.

Linen Stationery. Every attorney should call on THE AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, 412-13-14 Sheely block, and order a supply of fine Bond Glazed Linen Stationery. It is the finest thing in the market, and does not cost more than ordinary linen paper. Telephone 911, and we will call and show you a sample

Masquerade costumes to rent at L. Knowlton & Co's. 409 Sheely block. Costumes made to order. 12-91f

The White Sewing Machine Has no Equal. It is the crystallization of practical ideas, of practical sewing machine men, who have brought the White to such a state of perfection that it is recognized the world over as the "King" of sewing machines. Office and salesroom 1616 Chicago street, near cor 16th.

P. O. S. of A. pins AMERICAN Book Department.

A. P. A., Jr. O. U. A. M. and Orange Institute buttons for sale at AMERICAN Book department. L. C. THOMAS, Manager.

Drink Dyball's delicious Soda Water. 1518 Douglas street.

FOR FINE LIVERY Light Buggies, Saddle Horses, Carriages, Coupes, Etc., see

ED. BAUMLEY, Boarding a Specialty.

17th and St. Mary's Ave. Telephone 440

Omaha Express and Delivery Co TELEPHONE 747.

Moving and Light Express Work Trunks delivered to all parts of the city. Office, 324 North 16th St., at Drug Store on S. W. cor. 10th & Chicago sts. PRICES REASONABLE. J. L. TURNER, Manager.

GEO. W. LANCASTER & CO. GENERAL AGENTS

WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINES.

Estey and Camp & Co. Pianos and Organs.

SOLL ON MONTHLY PAYMENTS. Needles, Oil, Supplies for all kinds of Sewing Machines. Our own Mechanic is first class. Will repair any Sewing Machine. TELEPHONE 921. Omaha.

514 South Sixteenth St., Omaha.

M. O. MAUL, Successor to Drexel & Maul.

Undertaker and Embalmer 1417 Farnam Street. TELEPHONE 225. OMAHA, NEB.

M. DALEY, MERCHANT TAILOR.

Suits Made to Order. Guarantees a perfect fit in all cases. Clothing cleaned, dyed and remodeled. 2107 Cumings St., OMAHA.

A Choice Gift A Grand Family Educator A Library in Itself The Standard Authority

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

NEW FROM COVER TO COVER. Fully Abreast of the Times.

Successor of the authentic "Unabridged." Ten years spent in revising, 100 editors employed, over \$300,000 expended.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS. GET THE BEST.

Do not buy reports of obsolete editions. Send for free pamphlet containing specimen pages and FULL PARTICULARS. G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.

FOR MEN ONLY For Lost or Failing Magic Cure (NANHOOD) Weakness and Nervous Debility, Weakness Body and Mind; Effects of Greets or Excesses in Old or Young. Robert Noble HANCOCK fully Restored. We guarantee every case of money refunded. Free by mail. Send no money. From observation. **BOOK SENDS** CO., Omaha, Neb.

C. G. AHLQUIST.

DEALER IN Hardware, Tinware, Cutlery, NAILS ETC. ETC. Guttering, Spouting and Roofing a Specialty. 1302 Saunders Street or North 24th Street

Books For Americans!

Rev. Slattery and Wife's Works: "Convent Life Exposed" (Mrs. Slattery)—70c. "Secrets of Romish Priests Exposed"—40c. "Why Priests Don't Wed; or, Substitution for Marriage"—70c. "Woman and Rome," (for ladies only, by Mrs. Slattery)—25c. "Devil's Prayer Book," (Rev. Slattery)—25c.

DR. J. D. FULTON'S: "WHY PRIESTS SHOULD WED"—Paper 50c. SPURGEON OUR ALLY."

Rev. J. G. WHITE'S: "DEEDS OF DARKNESS"—Price, \$1.25. "HOMO"—Price, 50c.

T. M. HARRIS: "ASSASSINATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN"—Price, \$2.50. Many other valuable works comprise our list. In our Book Department we will make a specialty in all works of this kind.

AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO., BOOK DEPARTMENT.

LOGAN C. THOMAS, MANAGER.

COUNCIL BLUFFS ADVERTISEMENTS.

S. A. PIERCE & CO., GREAT BARGAIN SHOE STORE.

100 Main Street, Cor. 1st Ave. COUNCIL BLUFFS, IA

Stock Larger than Ever, Goods Better than Ever, Prices Lower than Ever

BEFORE OFFERED IN THE CITY. OUR MOTTO.

NOT HOW CHEAP, BUT HOW GOOD We sell good goods at reasonable prices and are the Money Savers. You are

Cordially Invited to Call and See Us.

GOING FAST

But we expected a big prepared for it. Now is the LAMPS time to buy. Makes no difference what kind of a Lamp you want, see before you buy. Find us at LUND BROS. Main St. Council Bluffs, Ia. 23

BOSTON STORE.

Fotheringham, Whitelaw & Co., COUNCIL BLUFFS, - IOWA.

Is now showing the largest and most complete line of

HOLIDAY GOODS

to be found in Western Iowa. Everything in the Book line. 1,000 12 mos., handsomely bound in cloth, for 12c each; publishers price 50c.

STANDARD SETS

at just one-half publisher's price. Such as Leather Stocking Tales, 5 vol., cloth, \$1.25 a set. Carlisle's complete works; Dickens' complete works; Eliot's complete works; Gibbon's Rome; Grant's Travels; Macaulay's History of England; Ruskin's complete works; Scott's Waverly Novels.

10,000 juvenile books of every description, from the best children writers, artists and publishers. The space is too limited to give any description of this splendid assortment, but prices start at 3c for paper and 5c for linen.

Everything in Lamps, Baskets, Perfumery, Dolls, Toys, Games, Woodenware, etc. etc. HANDKERCHIEF and GLOVE Department is stocked to overflowing; everything that can be thought of in the Handkerchief line. 100 dozen Ladies' Silk Embroidered Handkerchiefs at 12c each.

CLOAK DEPARTMENT.—We are showing many special lines in all the newest and nobbiest garments at SPECIAL SALE PRICES during the Holidays. Call and examine the goods and get prices. A pleasure to show goods, whether you purchase or not. Our motto is, "Strictly CASH and One Price to all," which means a good saving to all our patrons.

THE BOSTON STORE Fotheringham, Whitelaw & Co., Council Bluffs, Iowa.

N. B.—Store open evenings until 9 p. m.; Saturdays 10 p. m. Mail orders sent per express free of charge.