



# Literary.

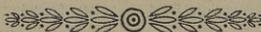


## HOW RICH THE SCENT.

How rich the scent the oleanders send  
With thoughts of distant days and scenes to  
blend  
And busy wonderings at what was meant  
By sentences that never reached their end  
And glances but a moment on me bent—  
How rich the scent!

Does it recall a tender touch that came  
And set my soul athrob with pulsing flame  
Before my hopes were all asunder rent?  
Ah, well! the air around smelt just the same  
That night within the looped-up pleasure tent—  
How rich the scent!

And I am now as sad as when at last,  
Unheeding all the pleas that thick and fast  
I poured to be forgiven, out she went  
And like a phantom into darkness passed.  
But, still, in spite of sorrow long since spent,  
How rich the scent!



## WHY BRER CROW AND HIS CHUMS HATE BRER CROW.

'T IS A well-known fact to all people who are neighbors to Brer Crow and Brer Owl, that these gentlemen of the trees are very much at outs with each other. Brer Crow is very much elated if on his meddlesome rounds he spies Brer Owl perched in the midst of a large tree in a cool shady place, taking a nap in midday. Brer Crow laughs to himself till his toes tingle, when the opportune sight comes to him. He immediately sets out to hunt up every one of the Crow family to go on a crusade against Brer Owl. He is of course careful to keep his noisy bill closed until he gets out of hearing of Brer Owl. When he is sure Brer Owl won't hear him, he begins to call his comrades. Saying, "I've found the scoundrel at last. Tell every one of the flock you see to spread the news and for all to be present on your strong point in a very few minutes."

Meanwhile Brer Owl is peacefully dreaming of the splendid fat mice he had for breakfast, and of the close call he had with a bullet from the farmer's rifle only a few hours beforehand. Suddenly he takes the night-mare and thinks the ghosts of every mouse, rabbit and old hen that he ever molested are trying to pick his feathers. Suddenly he wakes amidst a terrible clamor and tumult. Crows are on every limb of the tree he is on and those adjacent to it. He is deafened by the ear-splitting vociferations of Brer Crow's crowd who are such cowards and are so badly excited that they can do nothing but jump about near him and yell the tops of their heads off. Even they do not enjoy this until their number has swelled to two or three hundred. Well, to Brer Owl, such inroads as this are anything but welcome, and are not much encouragement for his finishing his nap.