

So he simply flies off through the woods and leaves them. They may follow awhile but the crowd can't keep up, so they soon fall out and rest. Each one finding fault with another for losing sight of "Old Man Owl." "Why didn't you cut him off from that tree and I would have knocked a pound of feathers out of him, at a blow," says one. "Why didn't you do it, you're so swift?" is the reply. So it all breaks up in a falling out.

Now dear reader, perhaps you wonder what stirred up Brer Crow's enmity so.

Well one day many years ago, one of Brer Owl's ancestors was taking a midday nap when a smooth-looking dude of a Crow came upon him. "Wake up!" yelled the big mouthed Dude. "What do you mean by sleeping here in midday? I always thought you were very stupid, now I know it. If you had half the intellect I have you might do. Why, no one ever will get smart enough to catch me at any thing. I've broken into ten watermelon gardens already to-day, and was shot at by four farmers and they never touched me, and two foolish boys set steel traps on tops of posts near the watermelons, thinking I'd light on them. Why, there never was and never will be a man smart enough to catch me in a trap." By this time the Dude's chum flew up and lit by the side of him and began enjoying himself in a boisterous laugh at the wonderful yarns of the Dude, and the stupidity of the "Old Man Owl."

Meanwhile Brer Owl was appearing as tho' very much embarrassed in the presence of such a wonderful, wise and sporty fellow as Young Mr. Crow. But out of the corner of his eye Brer Owl saw a man, a wolf trapper, setting a steel trap at a distance, and he

understood it all. This man set his traps and covered them with dirt in day-light. After dusk when birds of caron were asleep he came around and baited them with meat to lure wolves into them. When Brer Owl saw the man was most ready to leave he called the sport's attention to the fact that the man was down there scratching around in the dirt at something, he didn't know what. Says he to Sport Crow, if I was wise like you I'd go down there and scratch around with my feet and see if he didn't bury something there. Sport Crow's heart fairly leaped to think he had convinced "Old Man Owl" of his acuteness. And says Sport Crow: "That's the man who tried to shoot me this morning. I'll go down and just tear up the dirt all around there and if he has buried any thing there I'll unearth it in a minute. I'm bad when I get started and you want to look out for me, 'Old Man Owl.'" With these words Sport Crow beckoned to his laughing chum and away he went to tear up things. Brer Owl was glad to be rid of the bigoted young scamp and he laughed to himself when he thought of the predicament he knew Sport Crow would be in presently.

By this time Sport Crow was knocking the freshly laid dirt all about and wondering if there was another such a wise personage as he, alive. His companion stood by, laughing in great glee. "Click!" went the big trap all of a sudden and its heavy jaws closed on Sport Crow's leg, and my! how Young Crow did yell. The hunter hearing the noise, came to the trap and angrily took Young Crow out and picked every feather off him except the wing feathers, then let him go. About this time, a flock of per-