

crows, I had four birds, one of which I gave to a neighbor boy, and was sorry for it afterwards, for he neglected it and it died. One got hurt and came to nothing ; but the other two grew to be beautiful sleek birds, and became great pets. They would follow me anywhere and everywhere, and I had to give them the slip in order to be able to get off the premises at any time when I did not want them to go with me. When I went for a stroll or to take my dogs out for a run, they always went along ; the distance I went made no difference. They would fly after the dogs, who knew them and would not molest them ; return, alight on my hat or shoulder, take another flight, and so on ; they as thoroughly enjoyed a tramp through the woods and fields with me as my dogs did. I never tried to see how far they would follow, but my rambles would often be a round of several miles.

When wild crows would see them when we were on our rambles, they would sometimes come to them, but my pets did not care for their company, and, when the wild birds saw the tame ones alighting on my hat and frolicking with the dogs, they would fly off. I suppose they were wondering at such uncrowlike behavior on the part of crows. My crows became very friendly with the dogs, would feed with them and steal tid-bits out of their supper-pan, and, when I would play with my dogs by throwing a ball for them to fetch, the crows would fly towards the thrown ball, as the dogs would run, and return to me, as all the dogs would do when one of them had picked up and retrieved the ball. They seemed to enjoy the fun as much as the dogs did. When I was not about the premises, they spent much of their time by the kennel yard in the dogs' company.

These two birds were sleek, handsome fellows, and were very much attached to me, although they always were quite reserved with strangers, whom they never allowed to take any liberties with them, or even touch them, while I could caress them and pet them any way I liked. They would go to sleep resting on my knee, when I would be sitting in the garden, and never appeared to be so happy as when with me. While they were both beautiful birds, so glossy black and healthy as wild birds, still I could notice a slight difference ; one was just a little more perfect bird, a little more beautiful specimen than the other, and, I had not one died some