

Bellefonte, Pa., August 5, 1910.

SOME UGLY LITTLE IMPS.

If you don't believe in faries, and the elves are not your friends. And you have no faith in

Let me give you just a glimpse Of the ugly little IMPS That invade to-day many happy homes.

IMPolitteness is an IMP whom every child should try to shun, And older people, too, without a doubt IMPatience is another

Who will cause you lots of bother 'Less you send him quickly to the right-about IMPertinence and IMPudence are naughty

And, oh, it is astonishing to see The mischief that they do; And, my dear, if I were you Their comrade I would never, never be.

One little IMP will sit astride a pencil or a per Whene'er there is a problem hard in view, And draw his mouth 'way down, And whine out with a frown: "IMFossible, IMPossible to do!"

IMPrudence and IMPenitence and IMPulse are three more (Though the latter is not always under ban;) And there are more, no doubt,

Who are hovering about To get us into mischief if they can. Of little foxes you have heard, who spoil the

lovely vines,
These ugly IMPS are dangerous, too, you see. Let us raise a battle shout! We may put them all to rout. Oh, what a glorious victory that would be! -By Pauline Frances Camp in July St. Nicholas

HEROES.

After Dad had stayed to shut off steam the time his engine jumped the "S' curve, I was kind of adopted by the railroad company, and the Superintendent made me night call-boy. But it was Uncle Epic who gave me a home in his house at the edge o' town, where, between his pension and my salary, we managed to keep the cracker line open.

The old, torn piece o' battle-flag hung on the wall of the parlor, which was in front of the other two rooms, and one morning Uncle Epic told me: "At the foot o' the hill the Johnnies fit me to a stanfaill for a second. Then I took the stan'still for a second. Then I took the fiag away from 'em and marched on; and as I clim up one side o' the hill they clim down on the other-

noddin', with this history bein' told, but it seemed like I'd walked a hundred miles the night before, callin' out train crews; and I thought I could see Uncle Epic under the flag, with a lanter in his hand, havin' a battle to get the men o' Number Sixteen out o' bed at two in the mornin'.

He thumped his cane on the floor like cannon-shot. "You'd sit and go to sleep if Old Grant was tellin' you about the battle o' Lookout Mountain," he said. "You just tell about it and see," I an-

swered, and he did, till I was wide

"They ain't any boys these days like the boys o' '62." he said then, and it made me pretty blue to find this out again. For I'd hoped to live at the same time with great men like George Washin'ton and ion man," I thought, and then asked Un-Old Grant; but they'd uone about every- cle Epic whether the country was goin' thing there was to do for their country, leavin' us nothin' but to stand still and

"If anything good turned up, don't you tory, while I drank some coffee and went think we'd march out to battle in ar-

Uncle Epic; then he felt his way out dreamed I didn't have any country. doors with his stick, for he would never sight over a gun no more. Under the window I heard him stop and sigh, and porely; talkin' less and less. I knew though I got the war book down on the spent his time just seein' things, and floor and looked it through, I couldn't forget that sigh. For I understood what still I was pretty well scared. he was dreamin' of, and seein' in his blind way—the Hero City, with its mar-

flags.
"If I could take him there once again," a place built by the country, when the country is your own savin's and then not I remember, one morn

on the war book and dreamed o' heroes quarrellin' with bayonets, in a dim way, but I couldn't do as well even when asleep as Uncle Epic could awake. Why, he'd man; but mine just crumbled away into cry behind me. smoke, and when I woke it was too late to try dreamin' 'em over again.

I shivered as if lyin' stark on a battlefield instead of the kitchen floor; for the northwest wind, all coated with leaves, had a hold of her as I could get. But my feet begun to prowl like the wolf at the door durin' the fall evenin's, and blew his cold sprawled on the track beside her. breath through the crack.

ute," Uncle Epic was sayin', as he set the table for supper—which he could cook as well as a seein' man; "then me and the boys march on and on, with the flag the boys march on and on, with the flag the boys march on and on, with the flag the boys march on and on, with the flag the boys march on and on, with the flag the boys march on and on, with the flag the boys march on and on, with the flag the boys march on and on, with the flag the boys march on and on, with the flag the boys march on an iron claw. The car was barely movember the boys march on an iron claw. which they've builta city under. I reckon in'; but it was movin'; it seemed an hour all the skies there is like one great flag broke out; I just knew I could see that city again if I was ever led to it. But I'm thinkin' a lot of another car just ahead. I heard the town clock strike, the little behin' to old Comrade Epic."

He found I was awake now, and with one last word stopped talkin' to himself: car ahead. Well, it's Paradise to look back at it; an' if in that there is treason, they can make the most

As I couldn't comfort him any, I didn't let him know he'd been eaves-dropped, and we ate supper without talkin'. Then it was dusk, and my time to go, so I lit the lantern and pretended to drum re-

veille on the window-pane.
"It's reveille for you," said the old man,
"but it's taps for me. All you have to fight is the railroad company for a raise; the worl's cheerful and light to you—"

It was black night outside, and stormy, but o' course he couldn't tell the difference; I guess he thought it was only blindness and the noise of old battles. I couldn't leave him like this, and at

last did somethin' I'd never dare before. I brought the Gineral's old black cigar from under its glass case in the front parlor, and said, "Take a whiff o' this,"

He sat still a minute and then answered: "Benny, you oughtn't to tempt me.
"Tain't been over thirty years since I
smoked the other one. Still, I'll whiff on it a minute, though I won't light it till I'm

There was a lot o' history in that cigar, and I didn't blame him for not smokin' it outright but he settled back peaceful with it between his lips, and after while I with it between his lips, and after while I went out without sayin' good night. I seemed to hear troopers gallopin' past as the trees crashed together in the windy dark; and leaves rushed up the footpath in battalions whisperin' and stormin' into my face like mad. But this was as far as I could imagine things, and the rest o' the way I could see only bare streets and streamin' gas-lamps, till I streets and streamin' gas-lamps, till I came to the station. But Uncle Epic could have seen great pictures in his darkness.

As I was copyin' the list o' crews to be called, the Superintendent came into the office with a strange gentleman. "Ben," he said, "they'll be hard to rout out o' bed this kind o' night." "I'll go after 'em like a stormin' party,"

He laughed. "That old uncle o' yours

owes Washin'ton to him?" I couldn't answer, and the Superintendent went on, to the stranger: "Uncle Epic is a hero, and can't get over it, Mr.

Then I knew this gentleman to be the General Manager, and looked up. He was a small, quick man, with gray hair and very sharp eyes. "I think rather more o' the railroad heroes than o' those who eaved the country" he said in a dry who saved the country," he said, in a dry

Maybe the Superintendent saw that all this made me look ashamed-though it wasn't for Uncle Epic. "Ben's father was the man who stayed

by his engine in the "5" wreck," he spoke up, layin' his hand on my shoulder, and Mr. Winslow nodded. "There ought to be good stuff in you," he said to me. Then they went over to a rousin' camp-fire at our house every the dispatcher, and I started out after the evenin'

first crew. I was used to watchin' the city die at night, as light afterlight went out in the windows, till only one was left here and there in the homes o' sick people. But to-night it was lonesomer than ever. Once I saw the doctor and the buryin'man out on the streets, and grew afraid; for boys nowadays ain't like the boys o'

I'd been proud to hear my father spok people would only be as fair to Uncle

what a hero is. I'd always tried to imagine that I wa a kind of sentry, callin' out soldiers who were to see that the night went well for the nation. But now I felt that nobody cared whether it did or not, and almost surrounded the whole thing. Sleet began to patter on the panes o' houses, and I legged behind time, like a blind man who hadn't a single picture to remember or

After makin' the last round at daybreak I went home and shook the ice off my coat by the kitchen stove. "Yes, yes; it's all cheerful and light to you," went on Uncle Epic, "and you oughtn't to mind sleet and storm any more than we boys did at Donelson.

ager who didn't take much stock in heroes that had fought over forts through storms of ice. "I bet he ain't even a Undown hill.

"It's goin' down along with the old stock," he said. Then he went into hisnow seemed dead and distant, I couldn' "You might march a little," answered see his pictures any more, and once

Two days crawled by like this, and Uncle Fpic seemed to be gettin' on very when on that last evenin' he sat almost

I believe he felt that I didn't take interest in the war news any more, and since bles and woods, and the great dome o' I'd come to understand that even Generthe Capitol shinin' under the windy al Managers didn't care about their country, I said to myself, "Then what's the use of only a small boy standin' by it?" So I thought, for it's hard luck to have such in spite o' myself I was a deserter from

I remember, one mornin' I was comin in'ton, and wonder why he ain't been there," I thought, and was ashamed I was too pore to take him. Then I fell was a flyin' switch far up the ward on the last call, when I noticed the o' the depot. The engine had just made a flyin' switch far up the ward on the last call, when I noticed the o' the depot. The engine had just made a flyin' switch far up the ward on the last call, when I noticed the o' the depot. The engine had just made a flyin' switch far up the ward on the last call, when I noticed the o' the depot. in from the last call, when I noticed the I boarded it in front by grabbin' the brake rod and settin' both feet on the The car was runnin' very slow by the time we came up to the depot, and I was hangin' to it, about half under bring out those old pictures in bright and I was hangin' to it, about half under colors, which was wonderful for a blind the wheels, when suddenly I heard a soft

As I turned my head I saw a little girl standin' quite still in the centre o' track. She had both arms held out toward me, and o' course I caught as tight slipped, and instead of liftin' her up,

The brake beam touched my feet, and They fit me to a stand'still for a min- I stiffened my body like a piece o' wood. that I was scratchin' over the ties and girl's dress tore; then I got a rap across the forehead from the brake beam of the

Well, it's a wonder I wasn't telescoped; but our car stopped still durin' that very second. So it came out all right.

I was in the Superintendent's office when I got over it; the General Manager was there, and so was his little girl, who kept tight hold o' my hand.
"I got my new dress all tore," she said,

the first thing.

The General Manager spoke in a shaky voice: "I said there was good stuff in him," he told the Superintendent.
"A little o' the war stock, maybe," I

managed to say, for I wanted 'em to be fair to Uncle Epic.

The Superintendent laughed a little, and I turned my face to the wall.

"Here, this won't do, Ben," he said, quickly; "Uncle Epic's a hero if you will; and you're just like him." But I felt he didn't mean anything by this, and lay still; then the doctor came

in to look me over. The railroad company gave me a lay-off, and I stayed around the house with my head tied up in a rag to please the doctor, and durin' those few days how off, and I stayed around the house with my head tied up in a rag to please the loctor, and durin' those few days how Incle Epic and I did go into history!

"I allow that bein' slid along the track if he tried hard not to say it:

"Umph," said Mr. Winslow; and after uncle had lit the cigar, and sat down on the steps o' the moniment for a quiet smoke, Mr. Winslow burst out, as if he tried hard not to say it: Uncle Epic and I did go into history!

by a freight-car is somethin' for boys o' today," he said; "though you didn't enlist for doin' that, deliberate. But let me tell you about chinnin' Lookout. Yes sir, we had to draw ourselves up and chin it, with cannon swingin' our eye-winkers, and our hair burnin' like a time fuse-" Never in all my life before could I fol-low him in and out of his pictures, among watch-fires, or slantin' bayonets, and he

was surprised.
"I thought the old sperrit had been quenched out o' you," he said; "but may be not; maybe not. Besides, actin' as cowcatcher to a freight-car shows a little bit o' the old stock; a conscrip' wouldn't have done it.'

I was proud enough to hear him say this, and when my head would hurt and I'd stumble a bit, he'd cheer me up by callin," "Stan' to your guns, comrade."

One day I told him: "I can see Washin'ton so plain since I've been here with you this time; don't you think we could has been chargin' up Lookout Mountain kind o' visit it in one o' the pictures, and again. Does he still think the country you could smoke the Gineral's cigar?" But he said he couldn't because in Washin'ton he could actu'ly see the whole

thing in green trees and white marble and flamin' flags. "What I want is a sight of 'em," he explained, "so I can take it along with me to the other boys. Maybe it ain't owin' to me; but I dun'no."

This was sure hard luck to him, and when the General Manager came back to town and straight to our house and said, "Ben, tell me what you want," I answered, "Uncle and I want to go to see Washin'ton.

"Umph," he said, and thought it over.

"I've got to run down there next week, he went on then, "and you two can go along. I'll take Alice, too; she wishes to talk over the trip you took her on. Well, after that maybe we didn't have

"We know you're tired; still you mus' go

Down to Atlanty to see the big show. Uncle Epic would call like an old rusty bugle; and he got out his uniform. "I've patched 'em in the evenin' when the big guns boomed aroun' Chickamaugua," he "but the moths are the only things which have gone up-hill from the stock o' 62. I'll have to wear plain peace clo'es.

On the last evenin' we sat waitin' marchin' orders, he was still so long that I began to scare. "S'posin', Benny, said at last-"o' course it ain't likely, but s'posin' that I can't see when I get there, and just have to roos' around like an old hootin' owl."

I was a good deal troubled over one thing already, and this made it worse. "Why, you can't help but see," I told him. "Well, s'posin' I can't; do you think you could tell me everything, just exac'ly as it is? I can't stan' for any mistakes, you know, 'cause these is matter o' history and I've got to take 'em along. "I'll tell 'em exac'ly," I answered.

"Well, then I guess I can smoke there just the same," and he put the Gineral's cigar into his carpetbag.

The next mornin' Mr. Winslow called for us himself, and in an hour we'd start-

ed for Washin'ton in a private car. "I'd just as lieve," said Uncle Epic; "though I wasn' a private when I quit." The General Manager said "Umph" My teeth chattered so I couldn't an- For he seemed to have got us mixed up, only jokin'; why, I can see plain enough swer, but I thought o' that General Man-swer, but I thought o' that General Man-ager who didn't take much stock in he-he didn't take any stock in Uncle Epic.

the hotel. "These eatings are like livin' among the sutlers," said Uncle Epic, but he didn't take much dinner. Instead, he was strainin' his eyes in every direction.
"I dun'no', but I believe I'm goin' to "I dun'no', but I believe I'm gome make it." he whispered. "Ain't that a gentleman over yonder, with a full beard, Uncle Epic; I understan' now; I wish—oh, you must know how I feel about it—oh, you must know how I feel about it—oh, you must know how I feel about it—

I laid my hand on the General Manager's for a second. "Well, if it ain't!" answered.

"Ha!" he said, "you won't have much to tell me about Washin'ton tomorrow." "I must be careful and not strain my eyes, or I'll be seein' things before I come to 'em," he told me after supper, and, bein' tired, we went to bed.

"I can see already that it's a fine day," said Uncle Epic the next mornin'. "Now, let's start for the moniment."

We walked through paths covered with leaves till we came to the moniment "It's a shame to leave that half finished, it had broke in two," said uncle. "Still, it ain't such a strain to see to the top, this way. Now, how high would you say it is, Benny?"

Mr. Winslow, who had me by the arm started to answer, but uncle whispered to me: "I'd rather have you tell me what can't see for myself. We history folks have got to work together." 'Way up; about two hundred feet,"

"That's what I've always told 'em," he answered; and then we walked to the White House, where he said: "They ought to fence all this in, tear down those darky cabins in the groun's. Am I right, Benny?"

"Yes," I answered; "It's a shame leave 'em there." "Now, my eyes ain't used to seein' it all at once," he explained, 'so you go

ahead and give me the partic'lars. Then I told him it was all like one of his own pictures; with the river shinin along one side, the trees yellow and gold with marble statues whitenin' through and the great dome o' the Capitol soarin high over the city.
"With the windy flags?"

"Yes, with the windy flags." "Sure enough; I can see 'em all," he

and I had to tell him lots o' partic'lars. "'Pears to me it ain't changed much," he said while we were goin' through the gardens below the Capitol; "I've been afraid they'd ruin it. It would be the same Washin'ton, if I could only meet just one old comrade to talk over Look out Mountain "Umph," said Mr. Winslow; and then,

"Here is your comrade; a statue just un-Uncle Epic laid a hand on his arm; know," he said in a low voice; "even if I was blind I could tell him; though he only stan's there in stone

"There are lions crouched him," added Mr. Winslow. "O' course they'd crouch. Benny, I'm goin' to salute him; and then—why, then I'll sit down here and have a quiet smoke

with him. I believe he'd like that better than anything else; he gave me the cigar "The same cigar," I said.

"The same cigar! Tell me the story

"When I took the flag and clim up one side o' the hill while the Johnnies clim down on the other, a musket went off in my face. I got the burnin' powder, but not the ball."

"Well?" asked Mr. Winslow, in an anx "Later, when I came out o' the hospital tent, the frien' leadin' me stopped by a man on horseback. 'Gineral,' he said, 'this is a comrade o' mine who took a flag on the Mountain, and then had his eyes blowed out. I thought you might

"I saluted, and felt some one grasp my hand; 'I would,' said the Gineral. I felt him look at me, and he started to say somethin', but his voice broke down a little, and all he did was to put a cigar into my han'. "And after his eyes was out he held

on to the flag, and fit back a man who grabbed him.' went on my frien'. 'Course I wanted to give it into right hands,' I explained. "The Gineral started to speak again, but he didn't have any better luck than

before. 'Have another cigar,' he said, quick, like that, and with another strong shake he galloped on.
"The Gineral," he went on. lookin' up, was Old Grant. And I'm the last comrade to have a smoke with him."
"Well, well," said Mr. Winslow; and

then he was perfec'ly still until Uncle Epic finished his cigar. Then we went toward the last place of all—the Capitol. "Who thinks I can't see him," said uncle, lookin' back for one second, "there among his crouchin' lions, reviewin' a million fightin' men, as we clim past him down the other side o' the hill ourselves? But we leave the country safe on top of it." And Mr. Wineless and Mr. Wine And Mr. Winslow did not say any-

We walked up the terrace and under the great dome, where for an instant Mr. Winslow stepped aside to speak to a man he knew. I turned around, for it was the first time he'd left us, all day, and l

was afraid. "Benny," said Uncle Epic, "I'll see no more; it's too strainin' on the eyesight. Tell me, who is this marble man in front of us?" I hesitated, and my heart was leapin'

at its strings. "Why don't you answer?" he asked quickly.
"It's Gineral—Gineral Jackson," I told

He stood quite still, as if frozen, and then he gave a bitter, broken cry.

"Benny, it is the head o' Lincoln; I can feel the look on his face. Why did you say Gineral Jackson?" I heard him come on me, fumblin' with his stick. "You traitor," he whispered; "you've told me lies; lies, before Old Grant and Lincoln. "I wanted you to see the partic'lars; I did the best I could," I cried to him, and then hid my face against Mr. Winslow's

arm. "Ben told you truly," he said, quietly "everything as he has seen it." Uncle Epic thought a long time, and I felt the breath goin' out o' my body; then softly he felt my bandaged eyes under

the hat brim. "I wondered that you saw the pictures The General Manager said "Umph" so plain lately," he said, in a brave, clear again, which worried and hurt me, too. tone, as if proud o' somethin'; "but I was for both of us, and, Benny, our pictures were all true; I can take 'em along without changin'-

> His voice died away, and Mr. Winslow spoke as softly as if we were in a church: "I wish to look on 'em, too—forever— with the same sight as you and Ben." His arm was over my shoulders, and I

glad to hear this; but gladdest of all for Mr. Winslow. We stood still a minute, listenin' to

footsteps' die away along the corridors. Little Alice took hold o' my hand, and heard Uncle Epic say to Mr. Winslow: "Stock o' '62."

And I was proud, and ashamed, too, to have so much said o' me, before the face o' Lincoln, in the house of the old flag.-By Calvin Johnston, in Harper's Monthly Magazine.

From Smithy to State House.

About the most interesting figure in Colorado politics today is Roady Kenehan, erstwhile blacksmith and today State Auditor, and Alice Rohe has a vastly interesting story of this unique character in Human Life for August.

No man ever entered a State offic with a greater handicap than did Roady Kenehan, and certain other officials looked with scorn upon the uneducated horseshoer. But he immediately proceeded to show the people of the State a few things that keen wit and intelligence could accomplish without education. From the moment he took office he began, figura-tively speaking, to wield his shillelagh with telling effect, observing the rule of Donnybrook Fair—"Wherever you see a head, hit it,"—only the heads that Roady was after adorned the shoulders of grafters great and small, and he swatted them

with a hearty good will. His searching investigations revealed an astonishing state of affairs. The Steel Trust and Standard Oil were among the resultant graft scandals that appalled the public, and officials who had been joyfor years at the public expe suddenly found their junketings cut short. "I'll show the people of the State that I'm on the job," he declares, unmindful of the anvil chorus of protests from

politicians. But if the Machine finds Roady a bull in a china shop, the people are quick to recognize beneath his rough exterior that noblest work of God, an honest man, and the doughty blacksmith's name is mentioned for higher honors yet.—Human Life Publishing Co. Boston.

The Age of Canaries.

The average life of a canary is about seven years, but some have been known to live to be even twenty years of age. From "Nature and Science" in July St, Nicholas.

-The New York Legislature has been asked to pass a law to compel the sale of eggs by weight instead of by number and providing a fine of \$5 for each violation. -While a mule costs less for keep and

will do an immense amount of work, it must not be forgotten that the brood mare will also do a great deal of work and raise a colt every two years besides The mule's usefulness is confined to his Gypsy Wordless Language

ed by his prototype, reading directions where no words are written as clearly as the gorgio does a roadside signboard. But the patteran can be read by the Gypsy the patteran can be read by the Gypsy the patteran can be read by the Gypsy the pattern and secret, although it may be in plain sight, as a signboard is open and public. The patteran may be formed of sticks or stones or grass, placed taken by Romany predecessors.—From Riley M. Fletcher Berry's "The American Gypsy" in August Century.

A Curious Nest.

From "Nature and Science" in July St. Nicholas. Last year, early in June a beautiful pair of wood thrushes or wood robins as we often call them, began to build their nest in a pear tree within a few feet of the house and twelve feet from the ground. It was one of the most public places they could have selected—close to the door which people were constantly using and within ten feet of the street with its bus-

tle and noise. The nest progressed rapidly to completion through rain and shine. The bulk of it was made of course leaf stems, grass and strips of bark. All were solidly ened together with mud gathered from the street. But they departed from their usual method of nest-building by weav-ing in a large number of strips of white cloth, a foot long and about one inch wide, so that one end was firmly fastened in

Finally the inner lining of rootlets was finished, and the eggs, three in number, of a greenish-blue color, were laid. Two of them were hatched and the young birds safely raised.

A few days later another nest similar in every way was begun near by and decorated with its ornament of strips, but the birds abandoned it before completion for unknown reasons.

Poison Ivy Should be Known by A Rural Visitors.

An excellent service would be done for mankind if the deadly poison ivy could be expunged from our flora, and, according to the opinion of a nature lover, who declares that he is poisoned every time his manual of botany opens at thus toxicondendron, the extermination of this poisom plant would not be difficult. He suggested that some one ought to take a bunch of the poisonous stuff to Harris-burg when the Legislature is in session and innoculate every member of that body with it. If the stuff "took" he offered to wager that inside of an hour the legislative body would have a bill on the way to the Governor making it a penal offence to harbor a single sprig of the

poisonous stuff on a man's premises. The thing that does the work is volatile oil secreted by the leaf. It is insoluble in water, but completely soluble in alcohol and ether. This latter fact offers a possible means of escape to those who are willing to guard against innoculation by taking the necessary means of

prevention. Upon returning home from the woods the hands and face should be immediatefelt him draw the old soldier toward us. ly bathed in a mixture of three parts alcohol to one part ether and the exposed parts of the body should then be washed with some good strong soap. With ordioh, you must know how I feel about it—
won't you just have another cigar?" I was
glad to hear this; but gladdest of all for
and ether will effectually ward off an attack of poisoning, but the safe way is to give the stuff a wide berth at all times.

Every child who goes to the country should be instructed how to tell poison ivy vine and be impressed with the wis-dom of, keeping away from it. The socalled Amercian ivy or Virginia creeper is a perfectly harmless plant which is often mistaken for the poison vine. They are both found in similar situations and use: but the writer has found that the surest way to kill the poison quickly and to prevent its spreading is to bind the affected parts with linen or cotton rags saturated with peroxide hydrogen.

It hurts like all outdoors for a while, but within half an hour the bandages may be removed and the poison will be effectually killed. When the land owners unite to eradicate the miserable poison ivy from the countryside it will be a happy day for those who love the woods and the fields, but dread to go out for fear of being poisoned.

JOHN HENRY FROME.

Striking Results Shown In a Test With

Gray Perch. Even the fishes of the sea have pictures on memory's wall. Experiments have been made with several fishes as to their faculties for remembering, but the most striking results have been obtained with the gray perch, which lives chiefly on small silvery hued sardines. Some of these were taken piggest rodents to run to cover. The af- and colored red and were then put fairs of State institutions were aired with into the tank where the perch was Of course the normal sardines were at once seized and eaten, but it was not until hungry that the perch made a tentative meal of one of the red col-

ored victims. On recognizing the sardine flavor, however, he promptly demolished the remainder. Later the perch devoured the sardines irrespective of color, thus showing not only traces of a memory, but also the power to differentiate

color. Subsequently sardines colored red and blue were placed in the tank together with the silver ones. The same scene was repeated, the blue sardines not being attacked until the others were eaten and hunger compelled investigation of the newcomers. After this introduction the perch ate the sardines of all three types without any difficulty.

Some spines of the sea nettle were then fastened to the blue sardines. These were at once avoided by the perch, which promptly got out of the way of the newcomers. This showed traces of memory, as the results of contact with the sea nettle were shown and recognized.-Chicago Tribune.

Cypsy Fortune Telling.

To communicate with one another Gypsies now use letters—and they use the telegraph, too, when necessary—especially in this country. But the modern Romany also follows the "patteran," tracing the footsteps, or wagon tracks, of his friends on the road by the same method employed by his prototype, reading directions gifts are marvelous, they cannot strictly be said to be related to physical phenom-

ing the future is by the palm, though it is sometimes by cards, sometimes by cares, sometimes by dropping coins into across fashion at the parting of roads in clear water and again by certain charms, such manner that only a Gypsy would instantly notice and understand. To him it ances. In the Gypsy's palmistry there is means much; first of all, the direction no book learning and little "science," taken by Romany predecessors.—From although she professes to attach some importance to the lines of heart and life. For the lines and mounts Gypsies have their own explanations, which sometimes happen to coincide with those of the ordinary gorgio palmist, but which for the most part are not to be found in any

written book. It is almost entirely upon face-reading and a cultivated, keen, ready perception of general characteristics that the Gypsy depends. Nothing escapes her quick eye and brain. The bearing of a stranger, the dress, speech, and manner, the expression and type of feature and a thousand details which would be over-

looked as unimportant trifles by a gorgio, count with the Romany. She refuses to "dukker" before more than one person at a time, possibly on the plea that she belongs to a "secret order" which forbids it, or that a fortune told in such manner would not come true. These statements, though deliciously appetizing, are lacking in truth, for the fact is only that she needs the undivided attention of the one who consults her in order to get the best results of concentration of mind In justice to the Gypsy, it should be ta-ken into consideration that the atmosphere of skepticism which is apt to surround a gay party of curiosity seekers is not conducive to success in the exercise

The Romany fortune teller is an adept in the art of flattery, for there are few exceptions to the rule that nothing is so interesting as one's self. The Gypsy knows how to draw out unconscious a missions or confessions by her oft-repeated, "Do ye on'erstan' me?" and "Can ye look me in the eyes an' say it 'is not the truth I'm a-tellin' you?" She forces the acknowledgment of truths at which she has already shrewdly gussed, and such admissions are the stepping stones by which her "knowledge grows from more to more." She can, for instance, recogto more." nize at a glance the tokens of sadness to which the casual observer is blind, and whether the unmistakable stamp is from sorrow by visitation of death or the result of bitter earthly disappointment, the odds are that the Gypsy will make the sitter tell her without being aware of

having done so. As a rule, as I have said, she flatters with brave promises of fair future, but if displeased she may so threaten with the vigorous, compelling, dramatic art of which she is complete mistress that the horrors conjured from imagination stand out before the "doomed" hearer with the real effect of a curse.-From Riley M Fletcher Berry's "The American Gypsy

in August Centur".

Mourners in Jerusalem Jerusalem is interesting as no other city is interesting, and that quality of it increases its grip upon you day by day, waking up the intellect, stirring the faculties to an almost untiring activitiy-an activity that perhaps becomes feverish at the feverish time of Easter. In Jerusalem surely the most sleepy mind must wake, the most phlegmatic temperament be whipped to a strong alertness. Conflict seems in the air, a turmoil proceed ing rather from the souls than from the bodies of men. By their great wall the Jews wail day after day. They weep for vanished power, vanished glory, a possession taken from them. But there is much else to weep for in the city whose name means foundation or habitation of peace, where Moslems keep the gate of the Holy Sepulcher, and Turkish soldiers with loaded muskets hold in check the

furious passions of Christians. From the Russians who weep in Gethsemane one may go down into the city to the Jews who weep in their wailingplace. It is strange and interesting to compare the two griefs. Nothing in the Holy Land touched me so much as the simple faith, the deep reverence, the heartfelt love and sorrow, of the Russian pilgrims. Totally free from self-con-sciousness, like children, they show all the feelings of their hearts. In all the holy places they kiss the ground. Wher-ever they think the Savior suffered or was sad, they weep today, men and wom-en alike. The Jews are prouder, are more self-conscious; yet every time I visited their wailing-place I felt that their grief, too, in its different, less touching

way, was often genuine.

The wailing-place is a rather narrow paved alley between a whitewashed wall and a gigantic ancient wall formed of huge blocks of uncemented stone, worn away, so it is said, by kissing lips. Weeds sprout in places in the numerous crevices and cracks. In the alley are wooden benches. The Jews, both men and women, go there not only on Fridays, but on all the days of the week. Standing in rows close to the great wall, with their faces toward it and almost touching it, they read their Hebrew books of prayer, murmur the words aloud, weep, bow, some-times almost to the earth, and often press their lips fervently against the blocks of stone. The women wear shawls and keep by themselves at the ends of the alley. The men cluster in the mid-dle. Behind these mourners a blind Moslem, conducted by a Jew, often goes to and fro demanding alms from the on-lookers. The wailing place is in the Tyropeon Valley, and the great wall is at west side of the temple area. Whereas the Russian pilgrims never even glance at those who watch their tears—such at least is my experience of them—the Jews are often obviously aware of the interest their mourning creates. I have seen them peep furtively round to take observations, and return to their lamentations with what seemed a greater zest when they knew the eyes of strangers were upon them. Nevertheless, many of them really weep, pray with earnestness and rock themselves to and fro as if genuinely tormented. But the Jew is by nature acutely aware of the things and people about him. The Russian peasant is not.

—From Robert Hichen's "Jerusalem" in

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