

# OLD TIME FAVORITES

## HYMN OF THE VAUDOIS.

By Mrs. FELICIA DOROTHEA BEMANS (BROWNE).

The poem printed below was suggested to the authoress after reading the lines, "Thanks be to God for the mountains," from Howitt's "Book of the Seasons." The poem is sometimes entitled "The Hymn of the Mountain Christians," as the Vaudois inhabit the Swiss canton of Vaud. They are of the Protestant faith, of the sect known as the Waldenses, whose barbarous treatment by an army of Louis XIV. of France, in 1655 inspired Milton's immortal sonnet, "Avenge, O Lord, Thy Slaughtered Saints."

For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,  
Our God, our fathers' God!  
Thou hast made Thy children mighty  
By the touch of the mountain sod,  
Thou hast fixed our ark of refuge,  
Struck forth as by Thy rod;  
Where the spoiler's foot ne'er trod;  
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,  
Our God, our fathers' God!

We are watchers of a beacon  
Whose lights must never die;  
We are guardians of an altar  
Midst the silence of the sky;  
The rocks yield founts of courage,  
Struck forth as by Thy rod;  
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,  
Our God, our fathers' God!

For the dark surrounding caverns,  
Where Thy still, small voice is heard;  
For the strong pines of the forests,  
That by Thy breath are stirred;  
For the storms on whose fierce pinions  
Thy spirit walks abroad;  
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,  
Our God, our fathers' God!

The royal eagle darts  
On his quarry from the heights,  
And the stag that knows no masquerade  
Seeks there his wild delights;  
But we, for Thy communion,  
Have sought the mountain sod;  
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,  
Our God, our fathers' God!

The banner of the chieftain,  
Far, far below us waves;  
The war horse of the spearman  
Cannot reach our lofty caves;  
The dark clouds wrap the threshold  
Of freedom's last abode;  
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,  
Our God, our fathers' God!

For the shadow of Thy presence,  
Round our camp of rock outspread;  
For the stern rebuke of battle,  
Bearing record of our deed;  
For the snows and for the torrents,  
For the free heart's burial sod;  
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,  
Our God, our fathers' God!

## Mr. Tibbets' Meteors.

MR. TIBBETS was seated in his easy chair reading the evening paper and enjoying his after-dinner cigar. His dinner had been a good one; it had agreed with him, and he felt cozy, comfortable and disputatious. Mr. Tibbets is one of those men who feel most belligerent when we should expect them to feel most otherwise.

Mrs. Tibbets sat at the dining table, "doing over" a hat according to directions contained in the "Hints for Housekeepers' Column."

Mr. Tibbets occasionally glanced at her over the top of his paper and over the top of his glasses, seeking material for a controversy.

At length he wriggled impatiently, and, removing his cigar from his lips, remarked:

"Bet you a dollar you don't know how a steam engine works."

"Place the perforations on the bins of the eighteenth flap—yes, dear, did you speak?" inquired Mrs. Tibbets absently, looking up from a tissue paper pattern and removing a few dozen pins from her mouth.

"Oh, no, dear," returned Mr. Tibbets in tones of oily yet sarcastic sweetness. "I wasn't speaking, I was merely talking in my sleep. But I should like to remark, Mrs. T., that a woman's mind is content to dwell on small things. Here you sit fussing over an old spring bonnet and a lot of foolery, when you might be improving yourself, adding to your knowledge, lots of ways. Have you any idea what makes a trolley car go?"

"Now, dearest, what do you want to read to me?—the forty-fourth perforation—what'd I do with the scie—you know I always did just do on those dear scientific things when you explained them. They always seemed so clear."

"It's nothing," replied Mr. Tibbets, somewhat mollified, "only I see the paper speaks of a magnificent shower of meteors, the grand bi-centennial display of the stars from the constellation Unicorn, which is positively to occur to-morrow morning at 3 o'clock. It will be a most remarkable exhibition of celestial phenomena, visible only once in two hundred years, and I tell you what, Mrs. T., we ought to thank our fortune that we were born in the nick of time to witness this thing. Just suppose we had lived a hundred years ago; we never would have had a chance. And think of the bulge we've got on those to be born a hundred years hence!"

Mr. Tibbets paused. "I should love to see those beautiful stars, William," observed Mrs. Tibbets meekly. "As you say, we women do neglect our opportunities. Can we see them from the house? I should hate to go out of doors at that awful hour."

"My dear, there is a settle in the roof. Leading from a platform up to said settle is a ladder. It will not be necessary to go out of doors."

"But how shall we wake up that time of night?" inquired Mrs. Tibbets earnestly. "I'm sure I could never keep awake until 3 o'clock."

"My dear, did you ever hear of such a thing as persistent mentality? Are you aware that the mind never sleeps? We will wake up because we will put our minds on it; we will, as it were, set our minds to go off at three o'clock," declared Mr. Tibbets authoritatively.

Mrs. Tibbets looked admiringly but doubtful.

When they had retired for the night Mr. Tibbets became aware, after he had put out the light and turned over with a sigh of solid comfort, of an unusual noise proceeding from near the head of the bed. He shivered, for it sounded like the noise made by certain insects, prophetic of a death in the house.

"Kitty, my dear, do you hear that curious noise?" he asked.

"Yes," admitted Mrs. Tibbets, in muffled tones.

"What can it be? It sounds as if it was under the bed—in the bed—in the pillow—in my ear."

"It is the alarm clock!"

"Alarm clock? What for?"

"Why, I was afraid you might be sleepy and forget to wake up, so I set the alarm clock. It is a real big one."

with a nice loud gong, almost sure to wake you up. I got it for a dollar eighty-nine, and it's warranted to last a year."

"H'm," commented Mr. Tibbets, "and where is the delightful bargain concealed?"

"In the bureau drawer. I thought we could bear it go off at three without hearing it tick. It's wrapped up in a stocking."

"If it goes off much louder than it ticks, we'll wake up, all right," observed Mr. Tibbets sarcastically. "I hope you don't expect me to go to sleep with that infernal machine playing ping-pong on my ear drum all night, do you?"

And Mr. Tibbets crawled wearily out of bed and made deliberately for the bureau. But he had neglected to allow leeway for the steamer trunk that lay in his path. There was a sound as of a ship-bone coming into quick contact with some resisting substance having a sharp edge. Mr. Tibbets set suddenly down on the trunk, seized his foot by the heel, and lunged it to his bosom.

For a space there was no sound heard save a seething of the breath as it was sucked in between the teeth, closely followed by a long moan in a descending scale. Afterward, in explaining the matter to his wife, Mr. Tibbets accounted for his temporary silence on the ground that so many strong words came to his mind in a hurry that his sense of selection was temporarily paralyzed. But it soon returned, and Mrs. Tibbets, who was experienced, confessed that she had never before heard such a variety and profusion of powerful language. It was ornate and original, and greatly augmented Mrs. Tibbets' opinion of her husband's resources when reduced to extremities.

When Mr. Tibbets was able to walk he made his way cautiously to the bureau and proceeded to open and rummage each drawer but the right one. He finally secured the clock, however, and deposited it in the corner of the hall furthest from the door.

Once in the night Mrs. Tibbets missed him. She looked about in alarm. Had he gone alone to see the meteors? She got up hastily and crept into the hall. A white-robed figure was emerging stealthily from the attic stairway.

"William, you've been without me."

"I suppose I didn't need you to carry it."

"Carry what?"

"The clock. What do you think I am prowling around at this hour for if not to get that confounded thing out of hearing? Do you imagine I am out here practicing a cake-walk?"

Mrs. Tibbets said nothing, but retired. In a short time both were asleep.

Then there came a sound of an alarm, hideous and clanging, disturbing the hallowed quiet of the night. Mrs. Tibbets seized her husband by the arm.

"There it is!" she cried.

"There's what?"

"The clock. It just went off. Didn't you hear it?"

"No—did it? Come along quick, woman, or we'll be late." Thrusting their feet into their respective slippers, the pair proceeded hastily toward the attic stairs.

"Ma, oh, ma!"

The voice came from the chamber of William, Junior.

"Say, ma, that wasn't the alarm clock. It was only an automobile. I think it was Jimmy Bloodgood's Pink Devil."

Mrs. Tibbets crept quickly back to bed, and was shortly feigning slumber. Mr. Tibbets followed, but whether it was an account of his sleepy condition or his indignation, he again neglected to make the necessary calculations for the steamer trunk. There was another collision with that obstruction, and he resumed a sudden seat thereon.

"O—O—Oh!" he moaned, as soon as he had leant to spare; "it's the same one."

"The same what, dearest?" inquired Mrs. Tibbets in some alarm.

"O—O—the same—shin."

Mrs. Tibbets said no more, for she knew it was best just then not to disturb her husband in his travail.

When Mrs. Tibbets next awoke it

was due to a violent shaking of the shoulders.

"Hark!" whispered her husband. "There's burglars."

They looked at each other in alarm and listened. Sure enough, there were footsteps coming down the attic stairs. But it was apparently a very careless burglar, for there seemed to be no attempt at stealth.

"Do hurry, William, and see what it is," urged Mrs. Tibbets in excitement.

Mr. Tibbets thought of pistols, sudden death, and of the steamer trunk; but he was valiant. He jumped out of bed and rushed into the hall just as the door at the foot of the attic stairs burst open, owing to a violent impetus being imparted thereto by the cook, who appeared suddenly with her arms full of garments, her best bonnet on, and her purse in her teeth.

"Where's the fire?" she gasped. "Where is it? Have we time to get out? The saints preserve us."

"What fire? Where's the fire?"

"Sure an' didn't yes hear th' alarm?"

"Where? What alarm? The woman's mad."

But then a light suddenly dawned upon him, and he said, in a somewhat apologetic tone:

"Oh, Bridget, that wasn't a fire alarm. It was only our alarm clock, you know. I set it for 3 o'clock, and forgot you were sleeping in that room."

And here Mr. Tibbets, suddenly realizing that his costume was hardly adapted for a lady's reception, plunged back into the privacy of his own apartment.

"Th' alarm clock, is it? You forgot, is it? A mighty fine time of night it is to be settin' an alarm clock," shouted Bridget, through the closed door. "I'll hev yez understand yez'll be playin' no jokes wid me. An' here Mr. Tibbets, suddenly realizing that his costume was hardly adapted for a lady's reception, plunged back into the privacy of his own apartment.

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## HAVE THE LOWER ANIMALS OTHER SENSES THAN OURS?

BY J. CARTER BEARD.

IF a person who could see were to find himself in a region, the inhabitants of which had never known or heard of creatures that were not, like themselves, blind, the use of his eyes might enable him to perform acts which must be incomprehensible to them.

Imagine the bewilderment and surprise of these unseeing people in their encounter with one who could describe objects and recognize individuals without contact, avoid pitfalls without ascertaining their existence by the sense of feeling, and even announce the presence of objects at a very considerable distance.

Doubtless such sightless folk, if they were reasoning beings, would try in various ways to account for their visitor's achievement.

In doing this, moved by the impulse that leads us to measure the faculties of others by our own limitations, they might be inclined to credit him with a development of hearing or of smelling or of some other power exercised by themselves in apprehending external things, sufficiently extended to meet the case. The simpler and, all things considered, the more probable explanation that the performer possessed a sense absent in themselves, might be the last to occur, or, perhaps, prove acceptable when suggested to them.

In their unwillingness to accept such an interpretation of the facts they would follow many of our scientists, who, until quite recently, have been reluctant to admit that a number of the lower animals possibly possess other senses than ours. So much new and undeniably affirmative evidence is, however, now being offered on this point that there can be no longer any substantial reason for doubting that the five senses man imperfectly exercises are by no means all that are possible to sentient creatures. One such sense not possessed by human beings, but to a greater or less degree almost universally present in mammals, birds, reptiles, fish and insects, is what perhaps may be called the sense of localization. It enables its possessor, apparently by its sole use, to find a desired spot. It is evidently closely connected with an instinctive and perfect memory of distance and direction. That the homing pigeon exercises it to some extent, though undoubtedly aided by the landmarks it recognizes, is indisputable; that the honey bee has it in its fullness and perfection cannot, after the careful experiments of Albrecht Bethe in Germany, be doubted.

Perhaps as striking an instance of its use as any is that related of the ringed seal (*Phoca foetida*), which furnishes the Eskimo of Greenland and of the Arctic archipelago with food and clothing. The female seal, when about to have young, forms for herself an igloo or domed cavity in the snow just above the breathing hole which she keeps open in the ice. Here her baby is born, and rests, sheltered from the fierce Arctic gales by the roof of snow overhead, on the ice near the breathing hole. To supply herself and the little creature with food, the mother seal has to swim for miles through water black as midnight without the faintest ray of light to guide her on her way; no light can penetrate the strata, dozens of feet thick, of ice and snow above. Aided by none of the faculties we exercise in apprehending external things, but by some mysterious power, of which we can form little or no conception, she follows swift, elusive fish in all their turnings, secures her prey and returns, unerringly, to her own particular At-luk, or breathing hole, however distant, where her young one awaits her.

I. H. Fabre, the celebrated French entomologist, tried several experiments with mason bees (*Chalcidomys pyrenaica*); results which are useful in confirming those of Bethe on the honey bee, and still further strengthening his position, inasmuch as the mason bee is very different from the former, living as it does but a short time in the winged state, and not having opportunity to become acquainted with localities as distant as those to which Fabre carried it. One of these series of experiments made with bees, testified very convincingly to the fact that the sense of sight has nothing at all to do with the recognition of objects or of localities by the insects in question. A boulder, to which a partially finished nest of a *Chalcidomys* was attached, was, during the temporary absence of its builder, removed a short distance, but in plain sight of the place formerly occupied by it. The bee returning, flew quickly to the spot where she had been carrying on her unfinished dwelling. She then flew off, but speedily returned, and again sought diligently in the self-same spot for her absent nest. This she did a number of times, occasionally passing in her flight within a very few inches of the object she was in search of, without once recognizing it. When the nest and the boulder to which it was attached were moved back again to within a very short distance of the locality to which she had always returned, the bee would at times actually alight upon the stone, visit the nest, run about over the boulder as if to examine it, and then fly away again.

It is evidently its location in space and not its appearance that enables the bee to recognize its nest. Another nest put in place of her own was adopted by *Chalcidomys*, without any question, although the nests were very different in appearance, the one consisting of a single incomplete cell and the other of many cells.

These same powers and the same limitations belong to this localizing sense in wasps. *Bembex*, for instance,

forms her nest in sandbanks that are sometimes acres in extent. Before leaving her burrow the insect covers it over with sand, making it so completely that it is entirely indistinguishable from the surrounding nest. On revisiting the nest, however, which she has to do in storing it with food, she flies without hesitation directly to it.

The little wasp (*Cerceris tuberculata*) possesses this sense in a high degree, perhaps also another, for in choosing the beetles with which to store the burrows she digs in the soil for her future larvae, she never gets outside a particular family of those insects, but, remarkable as it may appear, will take specimens altogether different in appearance, shape, size and color, provided they belong to the right family. The range of selection, so wide in respect to varieties, so limited as to kind, seems to point to some sense of which we know nothing, but which supplies *Cerceris* with the power of discrimination required.

Fabre captured a dozen female *Cerceris*, dropped a spot of white paint on the thorax of every one, put each into a paper roll, put the rolls containing the prisoners into a box from which they were liberated one and a quarter miles from home. Five hours afterward, when he visited their home, four had returned, and he had little, if any, doubt that the others also found their way there. He afterward took nine of the insects to the town of Carpentras, a distance of two miles, and released them in the public street. In the centre of a populous quarter. Each wasp, on being released, rose vertically high enough between the houses to clear the roofs, and flew off in a southerly direction, in a beeline for her nest. On visiting the homes of the little wasps next day he found that at least five out of the nine had "put in an appearance."

But perhaps the strangest instance of the possession of some sense unknown to us occurs in the case of the parasitic wasp *Leucopis (Leucopis gigas)*. *Leucopis* lays her eggs in the cells built by the mason bee *Chalcidomys*. The cell of this bee is placed in a mass of solid masonry, a part only of which is occupied by cells. Every cell is built with hard mortar, making an uneven surface, and access is rendered even more difficult by a layer of sun-baked clay spread over the whole. *Leucopis* has perhaps to work unintermittently for three hours with the tools nature has furnished to penetrate the defense provided by the mason bee for the egg and food stored in the cell. But the covering is uniform over the whole structure. How is *Leucopis* to know that after all her work may not be in vain; that she may not penetrate masonry that covers no cell? This problem is easily solved by the wasp, who walks slowly and, so to speak, thoughtfully over the clay, tests it with her antennae, and unerringly selects the right spot to begin her work, which of course is to obtain access to the larvae of the mason bee, upon which her young will feed when the egg she lays there is hatched.

It is, to make the matter plain, as if a person were able to determine by feeling of the walls, three or four feet thick, of a prison, just where cells tenanted by the prisoners were situated.

Examples of insects that possess an X-ray sense, not only among European but our own hymenoptera, can be multiplied indefinitely. Only one or two of the senses peculiar to the lower animals are here noticed. Lubbock suggests that "there may be fifty of them."

I do not know any more interesting field for zoological research and experiment than this—a field open to any one who has the requisite patience and love of nature to explore it.—Scientific American.

An Unprofitable Trick.

"Yes, there are tricks in all trades, but it is, indeed, seldom that one is not caught practicing such tricks," remarked a local merchant tailor. "I can vouch for this through personal experience."

"Some time ago," he continued, "when I was rushed with work one of my best customers ordered a \$45 suit. I knew his exact measurements, and instead of making the clothes myself, sent the order to another tailor to be made at \$30, telling him that when completed to send it to the purchaser. I neglected, however, to tell my tailor friend to send the bill to me, which mistake not only caused me to lose the \$15 clear profit, but the purchaser's trade."

"When he finished the suit, the tailor sent it and the bill thereto to my customer. In due time I sent my collector around with a bill of \$45 for the clothing. He was met by my customer who informed my emissary that by my little trick he had saved \$15."—Washington Star.

Champion Circulation Lar.

The champion circulation lar has been discovered. His lair is in Japan, where he is acting as editor-in-chief of the *Thundering Dawn*, a Buddhist organ just started in Tokio. Here is his "greeting to the public!":

"This paper has come from eternity. It starts its circulation with millions and millions of numbers. The rays of the sun, the beams of the stars, the leaves of the trees, the blades of grass, the grains of sand, the hearts of tigers, elephants, lions, ants, men and women are its subscribers. This journal will henceforth flow in the universe as the rivers flow and the oceans surge."

Any lar who can beat that can get a small job with a big salary.—New York.—Detroit News.

A count of the unoccupied houses in London show 40,000. That is one house in fifteen of the whole city.

## OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

Her Winning Smile.  
She had a winning smile,  
It nearly had me killed,  
Till Amy whispered to me,  
"Her teeth have just been filled."  
—New York Sun.

No Need of Protestations.  
Tom—"Did she ask you if she were the only girl you ever loved?"  
Jack—"No, she took it for granted."  
—Somerville Journal.

What a Bump!



"And how about me bump of will povah, professor?"  
"It's a dent."  
—New York Sun.

A Sense of Satisfaction.  
"We are one of the richest nations on earth."  
"Of course we are," answered Senator Sorghum. "And I can say without boasting that I have done much to help along a few of the people who represent its wealth."  
—Washington Star.

His Reason.  
Smithkins—"There's old Biffkins. I don't care to meet him. Let's turn this way. Last summer I requested a loan of \$20."  
Tiffkins—"Well, he ought to have obliged you; he's rich enough."  
Smithkins—"The trouble is he did!"  
—Smart Set.

Fiction on Fiction.  
"Have you read Wrighter's new work of fiction?"  
"Not exactly."  
"What do you mean?"  
"Well, I've only read the advance notices, but I suppose there is really more fiction in them than there is in the book itself."  
—Baltimore Herald.

Distinction Without Difference.  
Mr. Jones—"It is useless my arguing with a woman who says she is always right."  
Mrs. Jones—"I never made any such assertion, and it's utterly cruel and unkind of you to say so. I did not say I was always right; I simply asserted that I was never wrong!"  
—Comfort.