

THE YOUNG FOLKS

KEEPING HEAD FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

**A Lighthouse--The Brain
Knew the Defendant
Best--A Natural
Pea-Shooter.**

... to a Lighthouse.
... lived in a nice brick
... to the tower, and also
... paint
... door,
... which
... until
... dark
... there
... slow
... stairs
... the ceiling, but the keeper pushed a bolt
... aside,
... a flood
... We
... and
... a tight
... I don't
... think
... eight
... just
... There
... close
... it
... All
... both
... the
... quart
... uses
... each
... the
... in
... in
... that
... that
... climb
... the
... night
... with
... and
... top.
... changed.

The lantern star is about two and a half feet high. In an iron pedestal as high as a clock-work attachment, of heavy weight, which hangs half-way down the tower, in a groove in the wall. The keeper puts in a big key and turns it once or twice. "Now watch," he says, and then slowly, very slowly, the whole lantern begins to move. "It turns around once in three minutes," he says, "and shows a flash each for a quarter of a minute, every half-minute. At that point in the southeast it shows that red light there. That's what we call the sector."

Why does it? There is dangerous shoal in that direction. Now you will know what a "sector" is in a lighthouse. The room is room to walk around the lantern, but a man six feet high would have only two inches space above his head! The sides of the tower here are thick panes of beautifully clear glass, almost half an inch thick; yet sometimes they are broken. By what do you think? Why, by wild ducks and geese flying against them, dazed by the light!

The little room in which we are is the big panes of glass around the lantern. Be opened, and though there is a yellow shade to each one, I feel faint with the heat. I go down again, through the iron door, into the dark tube of the tower, where our footfalls ring in the iron stairs and the cold air is. How cool and refreshing the little top room! Down we go, until once more the light is reached, and we step out on the grass again.—St. Nicholas.

The Brain of an Ant.
There is an old puzzle question which asks, "What is smaller than the mouth of a mite?" The answer is, "What goes into its mouth." Although an ant is a tiny creature, yet its brain is even tinier. But although it is necessarily smaller than the ant's head which contains it, yet it is larger in proportion, according to the ant's size, than the brain of any known creature. This we can easily believe when we read of this insect's wonderful powers. The quality of instinct or sagacity does not fully explain some of the stories told about them. The best writers upon ants—those who have made the astonishing intelligence of these little insects a special study—are obliged to admit that they display reasoning ability, calculation, reflection, and good judgment. Such qualities of brain show a more than ordinary instinct, and we are not surprised to hear that the ant's big brain carries out our idea that he possesses a higher intelligence than is shown by other workers of his size.

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large leaved, climbing shrubs that in June hang their purplish-blue blossoms in great clusters upon frames or over doorways, or high up on the front of houses and cottages. He found it out this way: Wishing to keep some seeds of the Chinese wistaria, he picked a few of the pods that follow the fall of the flowers in autumn, and laid them upon a mantel-piece in his warm study. Midwinter came, and one day the gentleman was astonished to hear a sharp crack, like a tiny pistol-shot, and to see one of the seeds fly across the room, from its bursting pod on the mantel. It struck against the wall as if trying to pass through it. He laid the other pods away in paper, and a day or two later heard the sharp little reports made by their snapping open. This vine, then, is not content that its seeds shall simply fall to the ground at its root, and there spring up into growth, but the pods wait until they have become so tense, with drying and shrinking, that they can hold their edges together at the seam no longer. Then they fly apart with a spring that hurls the seeds many yards, so that new vines may spring up far from the old one. As this goes on year after year, you can easily see how rapidly these wistarias, if allowed to grow, would spread themselves over almost any extent of country.—St. Nicholas.

A Bright Little Girl.

In a parlor car, the father sat on one side of the aisle, and the mother and their 8-year-old daughter sat on the other side. The father was a good looking young man, and there was nothing about his appearance to show that he was in any way connected with the little girl and her mother across the aisle. The mother was reading a novel; the little girl was reading a spelling-book. The pretty young woman in the next seat cast sheep-eyes at the father, who looked flattered but embarrassed. Then the young woman coughed and the father winked. The whole carload of passengers except the mother saw the play. The 8-year-old daughter watched him from behind her book. When it had gone far enough she read aloud, "The cat sees a rat." "Hush," said the mother, "read to your self, dear," and she returned her novel. The passengers sniggered. Presently the good-looking young woman turned to the father and said with the sweetest of smiles, "Won't you please fix this window blind? The sun annoys me." The father blushed and stepped over, and his ingenious little girl read in the same bold, clear tones, "See the cat has caught the rat." Some of the passengers were still grinning when the train drew into town.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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