

## THE YOUNG FOLK'S CORNER.

## INTERESTING READING FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

How Donald and Gladys Quarreled Through a Mistake—Feminine Tact—What Hazel Thinks—Pat's Device—From Bad to Worse.

Donald and Gladys.

One day Donald and Gladys had a quarrel. You see, while both were gathering more stones for the high tower they were building, Gypsy, the dog, came up to smell of the new edifice, when—crash! it tumbled right down on her middle nose. So away she scampered, without waiting to make the call she had intended to make on Donald and Gladys.

Gladys saw the ruin first. "Why, Donald," she exclaimed, wrathfully, "didn't you know any better'n to knock that down?"

"I didn't knock it down," said Don, stoutly.

"Yes, you did, 'cause I didn't!"

"I didn't!" shouted Donald.

"But you did," persisted Gladys, giving him an angry push, and then, slap! slap! went two small pairs of hands, and "Oh! oh!" cried two distressed voices.

Gladys's mamma called: Gladys, come! Come, Gladys!"

Donald hadn't any mamma, but Miss Little, his old kindergarten teacher, was taking care of him while papa was in Europe, came down the steps to meet the little ones.

"Why, Donald, how did this happen?" she asked.

"She said I tumbled the tower down, an' I didn't," he answered, defiantly.

"Couldn't you have told her pleasantly that you didn't?"

"No! I couldn't possibly; she was too mean!"

"Then what did you do?"

"Oh, I just pushed her—she pushed me first—'n then she slapped me, and I gave it to her back again!"

"Why, Donald!"

Donald wished Miss Little wouldn't look at him that way, and make her voice sound so sorry; but he said, crossly, "Well, I don't care much!"

He was so hot and cross he wished Miss Little would scold him, so he could say ugly things back to her, as he used to say to nurse. Somehow he never had the courage to say naughty things to any one who wouldn't scold him, although he wouldn't have told the reason why.

"Donald," said Miss Little, after dinner, "why are you not out playing?"

"Well, you see," he answered, gloomily, "I keep thinking how mean Gladys was this morning."

"Doesn't that remind you of how naughty a little boy was to slap her back?"

"No, sir, ma'am! She said I did when I didn't; and, Miss Little, I'm most sure I can't forgive her 's long 's I live 'n breathe!"

"Donald! Donald!" called Gladys's mamma.

"Why, what do you s'pose she wants?" said Don, looking frightened.

"I didn't slap Gladys very hard."

"No," said Miss Little, as she went out to meet Gladys and her mamma and Uncle Bert; "probably she wants to see you for something else; but, Donald, just think how badly you would feel if you had hurt her! We never know how hard we strike when we're angry. You must be thankful you did not hurt her so that perhaps she would never be well again."

"My!" exclaimed Donald, "I believe I'd be so thankful I'd forgive her quick's a wink."

"Oh, Don!" cried Gladys, running up. "You didn't knock it down! Truly, you didn't!"

"I know it," said Don, heartily.

"And, said I hurt you very much?"

"Hurt me? Oh no! But you see, Don, Uncle Bert says it was Gypsy who knocked it down. I'm sorry I said 'twas you. I think I must be a naughty girl."

"No, you're not!" exclaimed Donald, gallantly. "Come on; let's build another tower!"

Real Friends.

You have heard your mother tell how, when she went to school, she had such a dear girl friend, and how they have kept up the friendship for many long years, and you have perhaps heard her say that school friendships are the most enduring of any. Then you have wondered if you and your present "best friend" will love each other when both of you are gray-headed. Now let us see how things stand between you and your best friend Anna. Of course you like her very much, but you must confess that very frequently there comes a little "tiff," and you "fall out." When such a thing happens you straightway transplant your affections to some other girl, and your friend does likewise. You two scarcely speak when you meet, and generally make a point of showing great devotion to the new friend in the presence of the old one.

Now isn't it rather silly to have these unhappy differences so frequently? If Ann does some very unworthy act then she deserves the loss of your friendship; but is your regard so frail a thing that it cannot stand small differences of opinion? Cannot you be more generous?

If your friend is lovable and you are the kind of girl you ought to be, then you will bear with her inconsistencies and put up with some of her faults. Perhaps you are not quite perfect yourself, and she may have to bear some things from you. If your friendship is the real thing, you will remember that love "hath all things," "beareth all things," and so bearing many things patiently and sweetly, you will find that years will not weaken, but will rather strengthen, your mutual bond of intercourse.

What Hazel Thinks.

I think boys are very queer. They want to be like some great hero, and they make so much talk about it, and they try to be like him in a few show things, and never seem to mind about the things that truly make a man great.

There is my brother. He talks about George Washington, and he

looks it over the little ones, because he says that Washington was a great commander. And he gets on an old uniform that Uncle Henry wore when he was a drummer-boy in the war, and he flourishes a sword and talks big, and seems to think he is being like Washington.

Now I think that George Washington would have been just the same in plain clothes, without a sword. I think it was what he was, and what he did that made him a famous man.

And if my brother would keep on his every-day suit, and help Neddie with his examples—as he wanted him to yesterday afternoon, when mamma was busy with her mission people, and I had my mending to do—and be polite to me, and go across the street with me when it is so crowded with teams,—instead of running ahead, and saying, "Oh, 'fraid of a horse! 'fraid of a horse!" as he did this morning,—he would be a good deal more like Washington. That's what I think.—Youth's Companion.

Pat's Device.

The following incident, told by the Utica Times, of the method employed by a clever son of Erin to induce his passengers to walk up hill, shows that a graceful, witty hint is pretty sure to prove irresistible.

Up one of the long hills of county Wicklow a mare was drawing a heavy load of travelers. The driver walked by her side, trying to encourage her as she toiled slowly and wearily along.

The six passengers were too busily engaged in conversation to notice how slowly the car progressed. Presently the driver opened the door at the rear of the car and slammed it to again.

Those inside started, but thought that he was only assuring himself that the door was securely closed.

Again Pat opened and slammed to the door. The travelers inquired angrily why he disturbed them in that manner.

"Whisht," he whispered, "don't spake so loud—she'll overhear us."

"Who?"

"The mare. Spake low," he continued, putting his hand over his mouth and nose. "Sure, I'm desavin' the creature! Every time she hears the door slammin' that way she thinks one of yez is gettin' down to walk up the hill, and that raises her spirits."

The passengers took the hint.

Passing Over Cruel Words.

Some one has wisely said that "evil words hurt only two; him who utters them, and him who foolishly takes the time to listen to and place credence in them." Such was the belief of Prince Albert, of England, the consort of Queen Victoria, as will be seen by this incident told by a recent historian:

The prince was really one of the noblest men of the century. His modesty and consideration for others, and thoughtfulness in little things, were beyond all praise. He cherished no resentment for injuries received, but felt rather compassion for men who could stoop to do wrong or mean things.

The scientist, Alexander Humboldt, on one occasion used some cruel words against the prince, designed to cause pain; when a friend was complaining to Prince Albert of the wrong done to him, he replied, sweetly,

"I pity poor Humboldt. Such things injure one whom I have loved and admired. And this was all the reference he ever made to an attack that, to many others would have been cause for a lasting resentment."

Feminine Tact.

Tact is distinctively a woman's characteristic. Man may be gentle and thoughtful and tender where his affections are aroused. He may be diplomatic, and, in general, sufficiently a citizen of the world to avoid giving offense, yet he always lacks that delicate intuition which is so great a part of woman's charms.

A delightful quaint example of this womanly instinct, as developed in a child, occurred up town not many evenings ago. Little Vincent is only 6 years old, while his blue-eyed sister Molly does not yet tip the scales at four. The children had been made ready for bed, and were sitting up to see Mamma "dress for a party."

Molly, who was in her night gown, was perched up on a high chair.

"Dear me, Vincent, I'd awful told," she exclaimed.

Vin wanted to make her warm, so he wrapped up her feet in a newspaper, but in doing so he upset poor Molly, who slipped and fell solidly on the floor from her high chair. "Oh, Molly," said Vin in tears, "did you hurt you?"

"No," said Molly winking back the tears which would come, "No, bruvver, I fell on 'e paper."

Making the Most of Things.

The satisfaction to be gotten out of life, says the Congregationalist, depends less upon what one has than upon his faculty to make the most of things as they are. Many a rich man realizes far less joy and comfort all through life than others who are counted poor. The difference grows out of the fact that some men know how to use what they have to the best advantage, while others do not. The same principle extends even to the art of giving. Some people take so much interest in studying the needs of different objects that they find great delight in giving even a little, while others with less knowledge and discrimination draw their check for hundreds, it may be, doing it rather from a sense of duty than because it brings them any real joy. Blessed is the man who knows how to make the most of what he has.

From Bad to Worse.

A lady whose Christian name was Jane, and whose little daughter was named after her, engaged a housekeeper whose name was also Jane.

Thinking that three Janes in one household might occasion confusion, the lady said to the newcomer, who was a tall, angular woman, with a rigid air and an uncompromising cast of countenance, "I think, Jane, it will be better for me to call you by your last name, if you have no objection."

"No, I have no objections," answered the housekeeper, standing stiffly erect, valise in hand. "Call me 'Darling,' ma'am, if you prefer. That's my name."

## SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

## WHAT MEN OF GENIUS HAVE BEEN DOING FOR HUMANITY.

The Internal Workings of a Watch—New Wonders in Electric Lighting—An Electric Piano—Built in a Day—Our First Steamboat.

## Interior of a Watch.

Open your watch and look at the little wheels, springs and screws, each an indispensable part of the whole wonderful machine. Notice the busy little balance-wheel as it flies to and fro unceasingly, day and night, year in and year out. This wonderful little machine is the result of hundreds of years of study and experiment. The watch I have before me is composed of ninety-eight pieces, and its manufacture embraces more than 2,000 distinct and separate operations. Some of the smallest screws are so minute that the unaided eye cannot distinguish them from steel filings or specks of dirt. Under a powerful magnifying glass a perfect screw is revealed. The slit in the head is 1.2-000 of an inch wide. It takes 308,000 of these screws to weigh a pound, and a pound is worth \$317.

The hair-spring is a strip of the finest steel about 9½ inches long and 1-100 inch wide and 27-10,000 inch thick. It is coiled up in a spiral form, and finely tempered. The process of tempering these springs was long held as a secret by the few fortunate ones possessing it, and even now is not generally known. Their manufacture requires great skill and care. The spring is gauged to the 20-1,000 of an inch, but no measuring instrument has as yet been devised capable of fine enough gauging to determine beforehand by the size of the spring what the strength of the finished spring will be. A 1-20,000 part of an inch difference in the thickness of the strip makes a difference in the running of a watch of about six minutes per hour.

The value of these springs, when finished and placed in watches, is enormous in proportion to the material from which they are made. A comparison will give a good idea. A ton of gold is worth \$125,683.44. A ton of steel used up to hair-springs, when in watches, is worth \$1,570,458.68. More than twelve and a half times the value of pure gold. Hair-spring wire weighs one-twentieth of a grain to the inch. One mile of wire weighs less than half a pound. The balance gives five vibrations every second, 360 per minute, 18,000 every hour, 432,000 every day and 157,680,000 every year. At each vibration it rotates about one and a half times, which makes 197,100,000 revolutions every year.

In order that we may understand the stupendous amount of labor performed by these tiny works let us make a few comparisons. Take, for illustration, a locomotive with six-foot driving wheels. Let its wheels be run till they shall have given the same number of revolutions that a watch gives in one year, and they will have covered a distance equal to twenty-eight complete circuits of the earth. All this a watch does without other attention than winding once every twenty-four hours. When we compare this with the frequent repairs an engine receives, we certainly ought to be willing to have our watches cleaned once a year.

## Photographing Colors.

One of the things that the enthusiastic photographer most earnestly desires is the ability to reproduce in a photograph the colors as well as the forms and shadows of natural objects. This problem has been partially solved, and recent experiments seem to promise that a complete solution is not far off. The process invented by M. Lippmann, and communicated to the Paris Academy of Sciences last winter, has served as the basis of later experiments. M. Lippmann uses a transparent photographic film, supported upon glass and placed flat against a brilliant surface of quicksilver.

The colored light, passing through the glass and the transparent film, is reflected from the quicksilver back through the film again. The incoming and outgoing waves of light meet within the film, and produce what are called fringes of interference. Where the colliding waves meet in such a way that their crests are superposed, a maximum effect of light is produced, and where the crest of one wave meets the hollow of the next they destroy one another, so to speak, and there is no light.

Where the maximum effect of light falls the sensitive film is affected, and the result is that the whole film is divided into a series of layers, corresponding in thickness with the length of the light waves. These waves vary in length for different colors, red light having the longest and violet the shortest waves.

When a film has been thus exposed, and the results have been properly developed, ordinary light falling upon its surface is reflected back in a series of colors, corresponding with those that produced the original separation into layers. In other words, it is practically a photograph of those colors. M. Lippmann in this way has produced most exquisite photographs of the spectrum of light, showing all the colors of the rainbow with the utmost brilliancy.

Mr. Charles B. Thwing, by introducing variations in Lippmann's process, has succeeded in reproducing some of the mixed colors of natural objects, as well as the pure colors of the spectrum, and this success warrants the hope that some time, and perhaps before very long, we shall have photographs of our friends showing the color of their eyes and faces, and the hues, as well as the texture, of their garments.

## An Electrical Piano.

This peculiar musical application of electrical mechanism is the invention of Dr. R. Eisenmann, and was exhibited at Frankfurt by Dr. Nebah, of Berlin, says Electricity. The apparatus may be attached to any piano and can be removed at any time without injuring the piano. By pressing on the keys of the piano, without striking them, more as in playing an organ than a piano, electrical connection is

made with the apparatus. The springs begin to vibrate, giving forth very fine soft tones, in quality more like a zither than any other instrument, except that the tone may be continued as long as desired by manipulating a pedal which keeps the electrical contact closed.

A chord, when struck, gives the same tones as without the attachment, but if the contact is kept closed the chord will continue as long as electrical connection is made. In playing simple chords and pieces very fine effects and variations may be produced. First playing a few measures without the attachment and then making connection and playing the same again gives an effect similar to repeating the same strain on an organ at a great distance.

Papyrus, Parchment, Paper.

In the earliest times the people of Egypt and India wrote on papyrus, made of the reed of that name, and all the old books were formed of it. Imagine what bulky volumes they made, and what trouble it was to write and make them one at a time. Alexandria was possessed of a large library, and Ptolemy, the great King of Egypt, was so jealous of it that he forbade the exportation of papyrus, for he feared that Eumenes of Pergamus might make a library equal to his. This was in 263 B. C., but about seventy years later, 190 B. C., this same Eumenes is credited with having invented parchment for writing and making books, so the useful invention was probably due to Ptolemy's jealousy. The oldest and most valuable books now known are written on parchment made of the skin of goats. The Persian records prior to this time are said to have been made on parchment, but they did the world no good.

The exact date of the invention of paper, other than papyrus, is not stated, but it is known that cotton was used in its manufacture about A. D. 600, and rags were utilized 700 years later. Coarse white paper has been made in England in 1580, and it has steadily improved since then, until we have all sorts and varieties. Paper today is made of grass and hop stalks and wood and rags and other curious things. A sheet of paper six feet three inches in width and 24,000 feet long was made in Colyton, in Devon, England, in 1800.

## New Wonders in Electric Lighting.

By means of currents alternating with very high frequency, Prof. Nikola Tesla has succeeded in passing by induction through the glass of a lamp energy sufficient to keep a filament in a state of incandescence without the use of connecting wires. He has even lighted a room by producing in such a condition that an illuminating appliance may be placed anywhere and lighted without being electrically connected with anything. He has produced the required condition by creating in the room a powerful electrostatic field alternating very rapidly. He suspends two sheets of metal, each connected with one of the terminals of the coil. If an exhausted tube is carried anywhere, it remains always luminous.

The extent to which this method of illumination may be practically available experiments alone can decide. In any case, our insight into the possibilities of static electricity has been extended and the ordinary electric machine will cease to be regarded as a mere toy.—The Popular Science Monthly.

## Built in a Day.

A remarkable feat was lately accomplished in England, namely, the complete building of a locomotive engine and tender in a working day of ten hours. The locomotive was begun at the Great Eastern Company's works at Stratford at nine o'clock, and was turned out complete next day at 9.15 A. M. The locomotive was a six-wheel coupled engine and tender, weighing in working order 67 tons 1400 pounds. It was in full running order, and had been built in ten working hours. This, it is said, is the shortest time in which such a work has ever been done. Of course, the parts were all ready to be put in their places. Four gangs of men were engaged on the work, consisting in all of eighty-five men and boys. Every precaution was taken to see that the work was as well done as in the ordinary way, and that nothing was slighted.

## Our First Steamboat.

The first steamboat on Western waters said the late Mr. J. B. H. Latrobe before the Maryland Historical Society, was the New Orleans, which was built and started from Pittsburg, Pa., in September, 1811, and reached the city of New Orleans in October of the same year. This boat was built from the designs of Robert Fulton by Nicholas J. Roosevelt, who was associated in this enterprise with Fulton and Chancellor Livingston. The New Orleans was 116 feet long, 20 feet beam, and had an engine with a 34-inch cylinder. The second and third steamboats built for this service were the Vesuvius and the Eliza, and the fourth boat, the Buffalo, was built under the direction of Mr. B. H. Latrobe, Sr., the architect of the first capital at Washington, who became interested with Fulton and Livingston in the navigation of Western waters about 1813.

## Insects and Telegraph Wires.

The curious case of a spider completing the circuit of an electric bell and making it ring was recently reported, and now a somewhat similar account comes to us from New York. In the office of the Western Union Telegraph Company there, about a month ago, the quadruplex telegraph between New York and Baltimore broke down, but on testing the wires they were found to be all right. The "trouble" was eventually traced to a "crotchet bug" connecting the positive and negative wires in the apparatus, and so shutting the current through its body. The insect was dead, having been killed by the current, and partially burned.

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