



### How the Railway Whistle was Invented.

WHEN locomotives were first built, and began to trundle their small loads up and down the newly and rudely constructed railways of England, the country roads were for the most part crossed at grades, and the engine-driver had no way of giving warning of his approach except by blowing a horn. This horn, as may be imagined, was far from being a sufficient warning. If a cow strayed upon the track, "so much the worse for the coo," as George Stephenson said. But by-and-by it became inconvenient for others than the cows. One day in the year 1833, a farmer of Thornton was crossing the railway track on one of the country roads with a great load of eggs and butter. He was going to Leicester to sell the produce. Just as he came out upon the track a train approached him. The engineman blew his tin horn lustily, but the farmer did not hear it. He drove squarely upon the track, and the engine plunged into his wagon. Fortunately the farmer was not seriously injured; but his horse and especially his eggs and butter were. Eighty dozen of eggs and fifty pounds of butter were smashed into an indistinguishable, unpleasant mass, and mingled with the kindling wood to which the wagon was reduced. The horse breathed his last in a few moments. The railway company had to pay the farmer the value of his fifty pounds of butter, his nine hundred and sixty eggs, his horse and his wagon. It was regarded as a very serious affair, and straight-way a director of the company, Mr. Ashlen Bagster by name, went to Atton Grange, where George Stephenson lived.

"What shall we do about this?" he exclaimed. "We can't have such dreadful things as this happen on our railway, you know."

Stephenson was inclined to take the matter with true North-country philosophy, but the director was aroused.

"Now, upon my word," said Ashlen Bagster, "why can't you make your steam make a noise somehow that will warn these people?" He thought of no method to accomplish this, but at that time people had, in a general way, a high opinion of the capabilities of the power of steam.

"That's an idee, mon," said Stephenson, "Bless your soul, I'll try it!"

He went to a maker of musical instruments, and got him to contrive an apparatus which, when blown by steam, would make a horrible screech. This was attached to the boiler of an engine, and the first locomotive whistle was in full operation. The railway directors, greatly delighted, ordered similar contrivances to be attached to all their locomotives, and from that day to this the voice of the locomotive whistle has never been silent. So it may be truly said that the locomotive whistle had its origin in the smashing of eighty dozen of eggs.

### Treating.

A YOUNG newspaper man in the city of Chicago, some years ago was exposed to that most frequent of temptations, the treating temptation. It came to him with regularity and frequency from his associate workers and from the men he not infrequently was sent to interview.

There was a certain vague sense of humiliation in his breast as he refused to accept the proffered liquor, a something he could not very well define, but which was present in such force that he was obliged to take cognizance of it. And he did, and in this way:

He said to himself that if any man jeered

him, even in a semi-polite way, because he did not drink when liquor was offered him, he would summon up all the contempt in his nature and let the contempt whip the humiliation out of the field.

And it worked to a charm.

The man who will laugh at another man, and especially if that other man is a young one, because the young man will not break faith with his common sense and his ideas of right and wrong, and his firm determination to shun liquor as the most dangerous of skulking foes—that man is deserving of nothing but the biggest dose of contempt in the young man's supply of medicaments. And it is one of the hopeful signs of the times that the predicament the young newspaper man found himself in is less liable to be experienced now than for any time in ten years.

It is not a token of any higher form of being or of any quality of supreme importance, this possession of the ability to feel contempt, but neither is it a quality of mind to be despised, and it may be of regnant value to a young man who needs the help that it will give, in some instances, better than anything else.

Just follow up the contempt with a generous commiseration for the jeerer, and if you can help him to see his shallowness and his superficial knowledge of what is right and wrong, all the better.

There is nothing in this world more royal than staunch manhood.

### How Marbles are Made.

MOST of the stone marbles used by boys are made in Germany. The refuse only of the marble and agate quarries is employed, and this is treated in such a way that there is practically no waste. Men and boys are employed to break the refuse into small cubes, and with their hammers they acquire a marvelous dexterity. The little cubes are then thrown into a mill consisting of a grooved bed-stone and a revolving runner. Water is fed to the mill and the runner is rapidly revolved, while the friction does the rest. In half an hour the mill is stopped, and a bushel or so of perfectly rounded marbles taken out. The whole process costs the merest trifle.

### A Few Things to Avoid.

NEVER call upon people just at bedtime or during dinner, or before they are down stairs in the morning.

Never stop people who are hurrying along the street and detain them for 10 or 20 minutes.

Never when you see two people engaged in earnest talk, step in and enter upon a miscellaneous conversation.

Never begin to talk about "this, that and everything" to one who is trying to read the morning paper or a book or anything else.

Never fail to keep an appointment.

