

Cocoducation.

Following the lead of one of the great western universities, and of another college in the east, the president of one of the best-known New England institutions of learning, in his recent annual report, expressed his disapproval of the form of cocoducation to which the college has long been committed. He wishes the institution to continue to educate both sexes, but separation of them in classroom and curriculum is recommended. The report comments upon a tendency which has been noted by other educators as manifested in other institutions, namely, the tendency of the girls at cocoducational colleges to increase in numbers, and of the boys at the same colleges to decrease; so that the ultimate destiny of such institutions seems to be a college exclusively for girls. It is rather peculiar, says the Youth's Companion, that with a single conspicuous exception which has been mentioned, most of the colleges which have begun to question the wisdom of cocoducation are in the east. Throughout the west, where nearly all the universities are state institutions, cocoducation not only exists, but is taken as a matter of course; and the young men and young women appear to get on well together. Much of the opposition to the admission of women comes from the young men students, who maintain that the college courses are being feminized; but there are those who shrewdly suspect that athletics has something to do with the matter. A college which has 600 students, of whom one-half are young women, has less material from which to choose an eleven, a nine, or a crew, than a college of equal size made up wholly of men; and the roar of "rooters" is more effective when it is bass and barytone than when it is soprano. The problem is a difficult one, for the number of girls who want a college education is constantly growing; and the place where they shall seek it must always be determined, for many of them, by the considerations of cost and convenience.

Eleven hunters are to be sent this winter after the wolves and other predatory animals that infest the stock-raising country. The department of agriculture began in October an inquiry into the hunting ability of various applicants for the positions, for it wishes to employ only skillful men. It is estimated that in certain parts of New Mexico each full-grown wolf kills a yearling steer or a calf every three days. If the wolves can be exterminated, hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of dollars' worth of cattle will be saved every year. The eleven hunters to be employed will be sent to the Sawtooth forests in Idaho, the Wind river division of the Yellowstone forests in Wyoming, the Highwood mountain forests in Montana, the northern division of the Grand Canon forest in Arizona, the Park Range forest in Colorado, the Dixie forest, Utah, the Trinity forest, California, the Imnaha forest, Oregon, and the Montezuma forest in Colorado. Other hunters will go to western Texas and New Mexico.

Scientific gentlemen should be the last to say what kind of flying machine is best for the purpose of carrying on war, for they never know what some inventor is going to do in the next few minutes in the way of building a stable and practicable airship which will make the rest look like inflated sausages. At a convention in Washington the airship men declared the balloon the only practical air agency in war. Let them not be too cocksure. Some lively little flying machine may dart out at the puffed-up war balloon the first time it goes to battle, as a king bird does after a crow, and by the time it has rammed the side of the monster with its swordfish point the big gas bag may have all the light taken out of it, as well as several other ingredients.

Business was practically suspended in all lower New York not long ago while the people watched a man 672 feet above the ground put a gold ball on top of the flagstaff on the new Slinger building—the tallest building yet erected. The streets were jammed so thickly with people that the cars had to stop running. It was as if the business heart stood still for a moment out of terror for what might happen should the rope break.

Count Boni de Castellane, better known as the divorced husband of Anna Gould than as an eminent legislator, has been criticising the French government for its policy in Morocco. This will make many feel that the French government is to be congratulated on the enemies it has made.

A Connecticut girl has been unconscious for several days, following a shampoo. It was to be expected that some day one of these ethereal hair dressers would dig straight through.

Dr. Ira Remsen says that there is nothing in the experiments of Sir William Ramsay, the English chemist, to suggest the possibility of making copper artificially, but in spite of the disappointment of those who have believed that the secret of transmutation would be discovered, the mining brokers will go right on turning copper into gold.

It does not take an epicure to detect the vast difference between an extreme egg and the cold storage article.

A SUMMER TRAGEDY  
BY JEAN KATE LUDLUM

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It seemed pitifully unkind when I was old enough to feel the slurs of fortune, for my comrades and friends—my brothers more than anyone—took me "Sorrel" because of the color of my hair!

For years this was a sore subject to me; many a "crying spell" have I had owing to that and the laughter of my thoughtless companions. Everyone called me Sorrel. My own name, Ethel, was so seldom spoken I failed to answer it when heard!

We went up to the country early that summer, for it was unusually warm and I was restless for the free life and exercise to which I owed my perfect health.

"I shall have Sidney Burnett up this summer," Tom declared as decidedly as I, in the laying of plans. "He was awfully good to me, you know, when I was down in the dumps that time at college, and during our summering together last summer."

The weather was divine; for the first two weeks we simply revelled in the freedom and open life. Then Tom's friend came, and I liked him from the first, because he had been so good to Tom. He was big and broad-shouldered and stern at times, with his clear gray eyes searching one's soul, and no smiling of the mouth under the brown mustache.

Inez was my special chum at school, and when we parted the day after graduation she promised me a month at the end of summer, and she did not forget. We corresponded, of course, and I told her of Tom's friend along with the rest of my brothers, and of our pleasant life in the old country house, so that when she came she knew our routine pretty thoroughly. But in her letters not a hint did she give that she and Tom and Tom's friend were not strangers!

She was a beautiful girl, tall and willowy, with large, soft black eyes and an abundance of black hair always becomingly arranged, and I did not wonder that Tom and Tom's friend started when they saw her, for I had simply told them of her as Inez, my chum at school, and I met her at the station and brought her home in my dogcart while they were off on the hills, and coming in late to dinner, their eyes fell upon her, cool, quiet, beautiful, sitting opposite me, and they started visibly, paling a trifle. Then Tom bit his lip and Mr. Burnett frowned and the stern expression came around his mouth, each bowing with cold politeness in recognition of the introduction, as she lifted her magnificent eyes straight to theirs for one brief minute, smiling softly, murmuring in her exquisite voice how odd it was that they should meet again this summer in their summering! Neither smiled in answer, though I wondered how they could remain so stolidly cold to her.

"Why didn't you tell me you knew them?" I demanded half angrily, as we stood in the shadows of the piazza vines.

She laughed lightly, her laughter like music in the soft silence as she said, tapping my cheek with the deep rose in her hand:

"It isn't a tragedy, Sorrel; don't look so cross at me! They helped make last summer pass pleasantly that is all. Only, my dearest, and there was an inscrutable tone in her voice, her black eyes burning into mine through the dusk, "don't lose your heart to your brother's friend. Great Mogul as he is, he isn't worthy that!" and she laughed again.

Tom's friend was unusually gay, treating my beautiful Inez as doubtless he would have treated any casual acquaintance in the house of a friend, while Dick and Ned tried their wits upon her, appearing to adore her mutually from the first; and I was too hopelessly healthy to degenerate at once into a "lovelorn maiden," and with spirits happy and heart strong I set my wits against hers, astonishing even myself with my brilliance. For with the heart of a healthy girl I believed I loved Inez truly, and if Tom's friend—but there I always ended. I never allowed more minute reasoning.

The month was nearly over when suddenly the web of mystery tangled for me and then as suddenly broke. We were out on a canter through the hills, the boys, Tom's friend, my friend and I, and my fiery chestnut. Katabdin's blood being up, we dashed on and away from the others recklessly, thoughtlessly, delightfully, my hair becoming undone, tumbling down over my shoulders in all its heavy weight of color. Then, with a merry thought of my insipidity of winning the race so far ahead, I wheeled Katabdin and rode back more sedately.

The turf was soft and thick and my horse made no noise save the dead crush of the grass as we passed so slowly back, when presently beside a wood flanking a deep embankment, the sound of voices came to my ears, and I drew rein to call if it were any of our party. But at that instant the voice of Tom's friend stirred the quiet air and my voice was hushed, not in idle curiosity, but stunned by sudden knowledge.

"You say it is nothing to me if you choose to come here to visit your friend! Your friend!" Was it scorn of her or of me in his voice? I felt myself turning to stone, yet could only listen. "Is there aught of her to compare with you that you should call her that? After last summer—I answer you frankly—I do not see how you could desire to coming here. How you could dare to come! You knew perfectly well whom you would meet, whom you must see day after day, and with the memory we three have—"

Whether I turned deaf or blind or both, I scarcely knew. That I struck my horse cruelly with the whip, I remember, and the mad rush of wind past my face, whirling my hair, as he dashed infuriated out of the path, wheeled, poised for an instant on the

embankment, and then leaped! He was thoroughly trained for the field, or I think we would both have been instantly killed; but he only stumbled in gaining his footing, and threw me, dashing off unharmed himself!

I tell it as though I knew it; but this is as it was told me later. In reality, I was incapable of thought or feeling; only the sound of that scornful voice without the words it uttered deadened all else. I fainted when I was thrown, striking a stump with my head, and would have been killed, they said, but for my heavy, loosened hair.

It was two weeks later that I regained my senses, and not until I was stronger did I learn how ill I had been, how near to death's door, and how it was only my hair that saved me in the fall. Inez had gone, they told me evasively, when I asked for her, and Tom's friend would have gone to one of the houses in the village had they listened to any such nonsense. But when I was strong enough to be carried down to the parlor and set among a pile of cushions in my favorite lounging chair beside the cheery wood fire on the hearth—for the days were chilly—Tom's friend came to me. Everyone had unaccountably left the



Sound of Voices Came to My Ears.

room, and I was alone when he entered. I held out my hand gravely, without a word, and although he took it as gravely, he also stooped and touched my hair with his lips.

And then, like a silly child, I was sobbing on his shoulder and he was telling me the story I had waited so long to hear.

Then I told him how my accident had occurred, and he in turn told me something of my school friend I had never dreamed.

Inez—my beautiful Inez—had lured my brother on during their summering a year before, and had then laughed at him in her soft, low, musical voice when he made known his heart, and it had gone hard with him at first; but she treated a mutual friend of theirs in the same way, only he had not Tom's pride—and a pistol bullet was easiest, he said, and soonest over, and that had turned my Tom's infatuation to hatred of the beautiful girl-woman, who also tried her arts on this brave friend of his without success.

"Tom was too noble for her!" his friend finished frankly, "and I had not met you then, Sorrel, but her treachery kept me safe! I had not met you, my sweet little girl, without whom the house is dark and silent."

"And without my hair!" I added presently, with an attempt at sauciness, but there were tears in my eyes as well. "A poor little 'strawberry blonde' to match with her exquisite beauty!"

"Don't!" he said imperatively. "You are not to speak so of yourself, Sorrel—it isn't respectful to me; and if it hadn't been for your hair—"

"If it hadn't been for my hair—" I added, taking up the pause. But he never finished the sentence. "So I was engaged ere I 'came out,' though I would not listen to a wedding under two years, nor would mother and the rest. As for Inez, I have never seen her from that day, for she returned to her home in Spain. And I am certain that Tom has no pain in the memory of that summer, save the recollection of the sad little tragedy of the ending of a life under her faithfulness, for Tom never loved her in spite of her exquisite beauty—he could not love such a woman!"

AND HE WONDERED.



She—I intend to share all your cares, dear.  
He—But, my pet, I have no cares.  
She—I mean, dear, after we are married.  
To keep a race horse costs \$2,500 a year.

FARMER AND PLANTER

FALL AND WINTER PLOWING.

The Ground Is in Better Condition and the Teams Are Stronger.

When crops are all gathered in the fall and everything is snug for winter, then is the time, we think, to begin the work of preparing for the next year's corn crop on heavy clay soils. I know the point is made by some that land plowed during the winter loses much of its fertility before spring, but in practice we haven't found this to be the case on our lands. Anyway, we have found that a sod broken deeply during the winter will produce for us a better crop of corn than the same class of land will if left unbroken until about planting time.

Then there are so many advantages of the early breaking over the late plowing. Time is not such an object, and we can take our time for the work, breaking the land deeper and in narrower furrows; the team is hard and strong from their year's work; the weather is cool and the horses are not so easily injured as they are in the hot spring days. We can have time to remove the obstructions in the fields—rocks, stumps, etc. But the greatest advantage, to our mind, is that this rough, loose land will take care of several times the water during the winter that an unbroken soil will, allowing it to penetrate the subsoil and be held there for the use of the coming crop instead of rushing away to augment the damage done by the winter floods over our section. And so we start the plow at the first opportunity, as soon as the early winter rains have put the land in condition so the soil may be broken deeply with the least expenditure of horse flesh, and keep right at it every day during the winter, when the soil is not so wet as that the breaking will cause it to bake.

And we have found, too, that our land may be worked during the winter much better than would be allowable later in the season. Then if we have excessive rains during the spring and the land runs together badly, the cross-breaking of this early plowed land may be done with much less labor than is necessary to freshly break the same amount of land. This point was brought quite forcibly to our notice last spring, when the weather was very dry here, and land that had not been broken during the winter was almost impossible to plow in a proper manner, while our winter-plowed fields were breaking up mellow and fine and the teams could walk right along.

Another advantage of winter plowing is that thousands of destructive worms and insects are killed by the freezing of the fresh-plowed land, and this same freezing tends to break up the top part of the furrows.

Then in the spring this loose land, when the cross plowing is done, is deposited in the bottom of the furrow and the under side of the slices brought to the top, where they may be broken finely by the harrows, so that when the land is planted the plant roots will have a well-pulverized soil to feed in to the very bottom of the furrow. This condition not only tends to free the plant food in the soil, but allows for better capillary work, whereby the sub-soil moisture is more readily brought to the surface for use of the plants when drouth threatens their full development.

This is a great advantage of the south have in being able to carry on our work during the entire year instead of having it all crowded into the six or seven months, as it is in the north and west, and we think our farmers should realize and act upon this advantage more than they are doing. So I hope farmers will keep this in mind during the coming winter and, when they are tempted to put off work that can be done, remember how they were pressed for time the past spring and how the land was not prepared as well as it should have been in a great many instances to insure maximum crops because of lack of time when the planting season was at hand.—A. L. French, in Progressive Farmer.

Feed Clover to Chickens.

The coming cold days will soon deprive the biddies of their supply of green food. Are you prepared to feed clover or vegetables as a substitute? A few bags of clover, a bin of cattle beets, several dozen heads of cabbage, will be welcome substitutes to the grasses that have been seared by frost and are no longer palatable. A full feed of succulent greens lessens the amount of grain ration, stimulates egg production, imparts vigor. It depends altogether on the poultryman whether his fowls are a paying investment or not.

A 15 to 50-pound hog needs 293 pounds of feed for 100 pounds of gain.

A 150 to 200-pound hog needs 452 pounds of feed for 100 of gain. A 250 to 300-pound hog needs 511 pounds of feed for 100 of gain. These figures carry their own moral.

With good swine and proper feed, pork can be produced at 3 cents per pound or less, and need not be sold under 6 cents per pound. Here is a profit of 100 per cent on feed consumed.—Prof. John Michels.

Strawberries and Cream.

The dry fall may have prevented the early setting of your strawberry plants. If you have not set them, do so at once. Just think of the nice strawberries and cream that every farmer could have, and ought to have, but doesn't have. Determine now that it shall be so no more.

The Cotton Belt makes pork production possible without corn, because of the variety of forage crops possible.—Prof. John Michels.

HANDLING HIRED LABOR.

"Farmer" Advocates Paying the Hired Hand \$1.50 and Charging for Extras.

Along with all other sections of the country the south is suffering from the scarcity of farm labor, and more than any other section because such a large percentage of her white rural population, male and female, is unaccustomed to helping themselves in the kitchen or on the farm. Consequently we suffer more from the lack of labor than those parts of the country where the people know how to do their own work.

One of the many problems which confronts us is how to make the farm more attractive to the laborer, even though he be a negro, and show him that his interests and comfort both lay more on the plantation than on the public works.

We think farm wages are, say, a third higher than they were a few years ago, because we pay, possibly, one-third more in cash, and, like the laborer himself, fail to take his perquisites into the account and then believe, as he does, that because the railroads, mines and public works generally pay \$1.50 per day that they pay twice as much as we farmers pay. We forget that while he receives these wages he boards and lodges himself and pays for everything he gets, and that as a matter of fact the farmer, when the perquisites (rent, fuel, garden, etc.), are considered and estimated at fair prices, pays as much as the public works.

Nor do we stop to consider that every man, white or black, likes to handle money, hear it jingle in his own pocket and realize that it is his, if even for a little while. Few men attach value to the perquisites of their business, trade or labor. They count the cash as all they get, and this is most true of people in the humble walks of life.

On railroad work a man receives, say \$1.50 per day, which (for 26 days) is \$39 per month, but experience shows that he loses at least four days' pay per month from bad weather and other causes, which will reduce his time to 22 days and his pay to \$33. Now, on the farm, we pay this man \$12, where he formerly paid him \$8, and furnish him with rations, a house, fuel, garden, pasture for his cow and allow him to keep chickens and a pig. Now, suppose we pay this man the same he gets on the railroad, viz.: \$1.50 per day, and that he makes 22 days per month, or \$33, and him the money in cash and charge him for what he gets, say, per month: House rent and garden ..... \$ 6.00 Fuel, two cords of wood at \$2. . . 4.00 Rations, 20 cents per day..... 6.00 Pasture for cow..... 1.00 Privilege of keeping chickens. . . 1.00 Privilege of keeping pig..... .50 Total ..... \$18.50

And in that way we get back \$18.50 of the \$33, leaving a balance of \$14.50. Then do as they do in the north and west, charge him hire for your horse and carry-all or buggy when he uses them, instead of lending them as you do now. When he is sick or out of place pay to the farmer, for what are now perquisites will go on. Pay the man the money and let him feel that it is his. Then collect for what he owes and do not "butt" accounts in the monthly settlement.

A man receiving \$30 per month is entitled to \$20 or \$20 credit, and circumstances will arise when he will be obliged to avail himself of his credit. But if this necessity should arise, the landlord, if he deems it advisable, can always secure himself by a bill of sale on the cow, the pig and the chickens, and need not run more than the ordinary business risk in the transaction.

Another matter worthy of consideration is that this plan of employing labor will do a great deal towards the education of the negro and will bring him to a realization of the fact that it costs something to live and that it rests with him and not his employer to support his family.

Many successful farmers in the north and west follow the above plan and like it.—Farmer, in Progressive Farmer.

Estimates of the cost of spraying trees are always interesting, because so many farmers are planning to begin the practice, while those who are now spraying are looking for opportunities to cut down the cost. W. A. Orton of the United States department of agriculture finds that the material for spraying one hundred trees with Bordeaux mixture and paris green can be had at \$2 to \$3, and finds that the cost of application is likely to equal the cost of materials. A number of records which he has on hand of the actual expense incurred in spraying orchards shows the cost to vary from 20 to 30 cents per tree for the entire season with three to six sprayings, which does not, however, include the costly and troublesome operation of spraying for the scale pest.

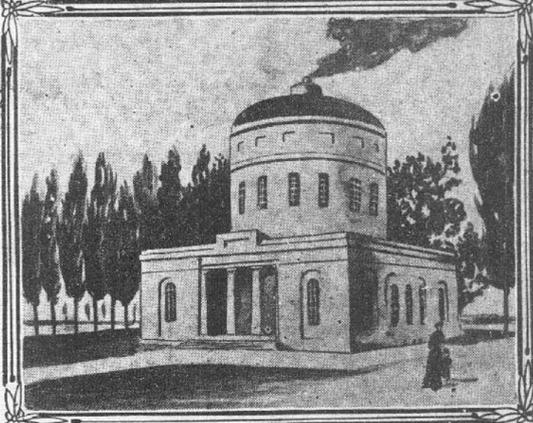
To plow, sow, cultivate, raise and handle the grain from which most of our work and beef is produced calls for an army of laborers, while to attend to, provide and care for a flock of sheep requires the least, and thus seems to fit the prevailing economic ideas of the present time of hiring as little farm help as consistency will permit.

The record for lowest cost of pork production is held by the south.—Prof. John Michels.

While this is not the best time to make the selection of seed corn, it is nevertheless a better time than selecting from the crib in planting season. The proper breeding of seed corn for constant improvement must be made in a special seed patch every year, so that the surroundings of the corn can be studied and any disturbing influences eradicated.

For the fattening of porkers in autumn there is nothing so good as potatoes, sweet potatoes and cowpeas.—J. G. Hardison.

A CENTURY OF ANTHRACITE



WATER WORKS WHERE ANTHRACITE WAS FIRST TRIED IN PHILADELPHIA

It is hard to believe that people once thought that anthracite coal was unburnable because too hard, and that it was only by the most persistent efforts of the few investigating minds that it was finally demonstrated that the black rock had a high fuel value, but such is the case. It is now almost a hundred years since it was conclusively shown that anthracite would burn. This was accomplished at Wilkesbarre, Pa., and in February next at that place that event is to be suitably celebrated under the auspices of the Wyoming Valley Historical society.

In Philadelphia attempts to burn the "stone coal" were made before the year 1808, when Judge Jesse Fell of Wilkesbarre succeeded in burning the coal in a grate which he devised for the purpose. The introduction of anthracite as fuel should not be confused with the successful burning of bituminous coal, which, in a limited way, had been in use in forges for nearly half a century at the time.

What is known as Lehigh coal was discovered by a hunter who was gunning in the neighborhood of the present town of Mauch Chunk in 1791. From its nature it became known as "stone coal," and those who believed it to be possible to ignite the anthracite were numbered among the intelligent as well as among the ignorant. Few persons at that time had faith in its value as a fuel. However, a company was formed in 1792 to take up the land in the immediate vicinity of the discovery. This corporation was called the Lehigh Coal Mine company, and not a little of its early difficulties were connected with the problem of transportation. A great deal of work had to be done before a pound of coal reached Philadelphia.

In time—for there were difficulties with the legislature in the attempts to get a charter—some of the coal was brought to Philadelphia. When this was done and where the first attempt was made to burn the fuel here are matters still in dispute. The assertion is made that a load of anthracite was brought to Philadelphia and put under the boiler of the pumping engines in the Center Square water works about the beginning of the last century. It is told that when anthracite was tried under the boiler in the water works it actually put out the fire. The prejudice against the "stone coal" was so great that it was years before another attempt was made in the same place.

John Binns, who some 60 years or more ago was a democratic politician of importance in the Quaker city, in his book of recollections claims the honor of having been the first to make the attempt to burn Lehigh coal. He falls to give the exact date, but what he says possesses interest. "When this coal was discovered, about the year 1805," he says, "there was much speculation, and not a little anxiety, as to its quality and quantity. In the legislative session of 1810-11 an application was made for an act of assembly to incorporate a company to work the Lehigh coal mines. To assist in obtaining this charter the persons most interested induced a German mineralogist to explain to the members of the legislature the nature of the coal, the probable extent of the mines and the facility with which, at a moderate expense, the coal could be brought to market.

"Before he left the mines he sent me to Philadelphia a wagonload of the coal, the best he had, in the hope that I would, in my newspaper, give it some celebrity, which, in truth, I was well disposed to do. To enable me so to do I paid a stovermaker \$50 for a semicircular sheetiron stove, and to let me put up in my private office, in order to burn that coal. A sufficiency of charcoal, it was thought, was put

ANYTHING FOR "SIR WALTER."

Instance of the Popularity of Great Scottish Author.

There is testimony to Sir Walter Scott's popularity with all classes in the "Burford Papers," a chronicle of former days and doings in England and Scotland.

In 1831 Scott was invited to a breakfast at an Edinburgh house. He was so pleased with the Yarmouth batters that were served piping hot, that one of the feminine guests went to the market the next day to order some for him, to be sent to Sussex place, where he was staying. "I don't send so far," said the fish-monger.

"I am sorry," said the lady. "The order was for Sir Walter Scott." The rough fishmonger started back, then pushed forward to the lady through his piles of fish.

"For Sir Walter Scott, did you say, madam? Sir Walter Scott? Bless my soul, he shall have them directly if I have to carry them myself! Sir Walter Scott! They shall be with him

into the stove and the coal, which was in pretty large lumps, was laid on the redhot charcoal. To assist ignition we drew and kept together the circular sheetiron doors. It was a cold morning; there were some half dozen friends watching the experiment; but, alas and alackaday! after some hours and the consumption of much charcoal, the "stone coal" would not burn, and all it would do was to look red like stones in a well-heated lime kiln.

Mr. Binns relates that anthracite was discovered about the year 1805, but in this he was in error, for it is on record that coal was found on the Lehigh ten years before he came to this country, in 1802. So far as the company which he speaks is concerned it may be said that, although it was formed in 1792, it did little to advance its business for many years, and frequently was before the legislature for the purpose of securing a charter. With due regard for Mr. Binns' statement, it may be said that the attempt in the water works in Center Square seems to have preceded his expensive attempt to burn "stone coal."

The reason that anthracite was received with so much suspicion was due to the fact that those who attempted to burn it did not know how. No wonder they called it "stone coal." It was left for Judge Fell, as mentioned, to devise a proper grate for the purpose so that the necessary draught could be obtained. Some years afterward he told the story of his success in Stillman's Journal, now known as the Journal of the Franklin Institute. In this account he says: "From observation I had conceived the idea that if a body of coal was ignited and confined together it would burn as fuel. To try the experiment in the month of February, 1808, I had a grate constructed for the purpose, eight inches in depth and eight inches in height, with feet eight inches high and about 22 inches long (the length is immaterial, as that may be regulated to suit its use or convenience), and the coal, after being ignited in it, burned beyond the most sanguine expectations. A more beautiful fire could not be imagined, it being clear and without smoke. This was the first instance of success in burning this coal in a grate in a common fireplace of which I have any knowledge, and this experiment first brought our coal into use for winter fires (without any patent right)."

Just 50 years after Judge Fell's success four young men were riding together in a coach which was traveling toward Wilkes-Barre. One of the four was a grandson of Judge Fell. He had that day been reading an account in an old copy of a well known Masonic book of the experiment made by his grandfater, and when he mentioned it, one of the members of the party happened to recall that the date of this event was just 50 years previous. The young men were struck by the coincidence, and determined that something should be done.

When they arrived in Wilkes-Barre they set about stirring up interest, and called a public meeting, to be held that evening in the same old tavern in which Judge Fell had carried on his experiment. The four young men were James Plater Dennis, grandson of Judge Fell; Henry Martyn Hoyt, later governor of Pennsylvania; John Butler Conyngham and Stanley Woodward, the latter afterward one of the leading jurists of the state. These four became the founders of the Wyoming Historical and Geological society, formed as a result of that night's meeting. It is this organization that now purposes to celebrate the 100th anniversary of this first burning of anthracite, and the 50th anniversary of its own founding at the same time.

"to-night;" then pausing, "no, not to-night; for to-morrow morning a fresh cargo comes in, and he shall have them for his breakfast, Sir Walter Scott!"—Youth's Companion.

From the Almonpoint of View.  
He—So your marriage was a failure?  
She—Oh, I don't know.  
He—Why, I thought you had secured a divorce?  
She—I did.  
He—Well, don't you call that a complete failure?  
She—Hardly. You see, my partner made an assignment and I received a very neat sum as a preferred creditor.  
He—Oh—um—er—I beg your pardon!—Judge.

Profit and Loss.  
"Goodness, child, don't eat so many sweets!"  
"But, ma, you said I could have some sweets for taking that medicine."  
"Of course, but so much will make you ill again."

"Well, ma, then I can take some more medicine and have some more sweets, can't I?"—Royal Magazine.