

As long as coal remains as cheap as it is now the briquette industry will probably be a minor industry in this country.

However the fact that the culm heaps contain much good coal is well established, and now that a suitable means of preparing this coal for use as ordinary fuel has been devised, the great banks of culm, seen about every anthracite mine must some day become of great value.

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## COUSIN TOM.

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IT had snowed during the night. The ground was covered with snow, piled in drifts and heaps by the mighty forces of nature. But the battle and siege were now over, and the earth lay subdued and tranquil. Soon the blue sky again bent over all, and the wide expanse of snow glistened in the morning sun like a diamond field.

Barry Saxe, unconscious of the change, was sleeping peacefully. He was the only child of a widowed father. Upon his mother's death, his father, in sorrow and disappointment, had gone West, leaving him with his grandmother, with sufficient money to carry him through college. So on this Christmas vacation, he was ensconced in one of the snugest little homes on Mill street of the town of X.

His grandmother was very fond of him. "It is so cold this morning," she said, "I will not awaken him. The rest will do him good."

Old Bub, the hired man, was cleaning off the walks. The old shovel, scraping on the bricks gave out a sweet, metallic ring in the cold, frosty air.

Barry, awakening at this time, wondered what had happened, all was so still and quiet. But turning to the windows, which were covered with frost, the question was