

Pennsylvania produces 100,000,000 tons of coal every year—more than half the output of the entire country.

A Washington correspondent thinks that rich people seek a home in that city, because there their property will be protected the guns of the government.

Australian teachers must have varied accomplishments. In a Sydney paper recently appeared: "Wanted, a man able to teach French and the piano, and to look after a stud bull."

A novel way of illustrating a novel is shown in Scribner's. A certain story having been written persons were selected to take the parts of the characters, and these were photographed from life in the situation described in the text.

A late statistician asserts that the wealth of the United States averages at least \$1,000 to one inhabitant. "This average business may be all right," remarks the New Orleans Picayune, "but it doesn't help some of us to pay our debts."

Statistics from the United States railway service show that one passenger is killed for every 2,000,000 passengers carried, or every 44,103,228 miles travelled. One is injured for every 4,709,771 miles travelled, or one out of every 204,248 passengers carried.

The Sultan of Turkey opposes electricity, it is said, chiefly because he suspects some connection between "dynamo" and dynamite. Neither is Queen Victoria a friend of electricity. She will not even suffer electric lights in her apartments. But her opposition is prompted by the desire to prevent as much as possible the use of appliances which are labor-saving, directly or indirectly.

Nature's prodigality in the Great Banana Belt is a matter of common knowledge, and every one knows how year after year the crops increase in variety, quality and quantity. A few weeks ago there was a hail storm at Brainerd, Minn., and hailstones "as large as a baseball" fell in great profusion. "Human life would have been a sacrifice before them, for they were solid ice," but there wasn't any human life outside the cyclone cellars while the bombardment lasted.

One of the most common forms of vandalism now rampant is that which smears sensational advertisements on the fair face of nature, remarks the Atlanta Journal. In this country, as in every other, some of the most magnificent scenery is shamefully defaced. There is now before the British parliament a bill to prevent such desecration. In the interest of common decency this bill should be passed, and we hope to see similar legislation in the United States. Every state should have a statute to protect scenery from the advertising agent.

The Railway Age says that six tons of steel rails are annually required for renewals per mile of road, which on the present mileage of the country would represent about 1,080,000 tons. "Adding to this estimate," says the Age, "which is probably within bounds—notwithstanding the increasing life gained from increased weight—the requirements for some thousands of miles of new construction yearly, at the low average of one hundred tons to the mile, it is evident that the rail mills will continue to find occupation."

One hundred and seven young men reported for examinations at Annapolis recently, and only 45 were admitted. This large percentage failure is due partly to the fact that a very high standard of excellence is maintained at the Naval Academy, but the method of appointment had much to do with it. While many congressmen have adopted the sensible and just competitive examinations for nomination to West Point and Annapolis, many others still practice favoritism in the bestowal of these honors. They consider these appointments parts of the spoils of office, and give them to sons of men who help them in their campaigns. The country is entitled to the best class of young men in its military and naval academies, and it would be a good idea to provide by law for competitive examinations in the congressional districts. It seems to be impossible to obtain the full quota at Annapolis under the present system. Instead of 350 cadets, including the two classes at sea, the full battalion this term will not exceed 250. The country is thus losing the opportunity of educating 100 men for efficient naval service.

**The Night and the Day.**  
The forest fires are blazing now—  
So beautiful are they and bright!  
They tint the mountain's rocky brow  
And give softness to the night.  
So oft our doubts in darkness seem  
To light the sky with rosy ray,  
But waking from the midnight dream  
A pall of smoke obscures the day.  
—Flavel Scott Mines, in Harper's Weekly.

## LETTY'S SURPRISE

BY WILFRED WATSON.

"Yes," said Mrs. Lansing Gibson, rising and shaking out her silken skirts, with a gracious smile, "I am perfectly satisfied, Miss Whittaker. I was certain that I would be after Mrs. Halsey's recommendation. I am sure your playing is charming. You will give Genevieve her first lesson on Monday at 4? You will find her tractable. I hope you will be mutually pleased with each other."

And Mrs. Gibson went smiling out of the music room, leaving her little girl's newly engaged music teacher rolling up her music and putting on her gloves.

It was raining when she pulled on her rubbers in the hall; the drops were splashing down on the widow. Letty bit the end of her music roll in consternation. She had on a new dress, and new dresses were not a common occurrence with her.

She was wondering whether she might not wait in a corner of the big hall till the rain slackened, when somebody came bounding down the stairs three steps at a time. It was a genial-faced young man, in hat and overcoat with an umbrella.

Letty's fair cheek pinked. This was Raymond Gibson, she had seen him often enough in the street, and at church, where Letty was sometimes substituted for the organist, who had a habit of taking a rest when he felt like it.

She had heard Miss Taylor, to whom she gave lessons, talk about him to her bosom friend, detailing his good looks, the amount of his father's fortune, and his general perfections, and declaring that he was by far the most desirable "catch" in town. And Letty had come to have a certain timid consciousness concerning him, because he always looked at her so steadily when he met her, not to say stared. She looked up at him now in tremulous shyness.

"Oh, I am so glad!" cried young Mr. Gibson, breathlessly. "I was afraid you'd be gone, Miss Whittaker. You'll let me take you home, won't you? It's raining hard. And you haven't an umbrella. I've been in the library listening to your playing and I can't say how much I've enjoyed it, Miss Whittaker. I am sure Genevieve is awfully lucky to get you."

They were going down the front steps. He had her music roll and had offered his arm, and was holding his umbrella so far over her that his silk hat was getting rained on.

"I have enjoyed your playing in church so much, Miss Whittaker," he went on, eagerly. "I wish Peterson would stay away all the time."

"Oh," Letty protested, with her eyes on the street, "I'm a poor substitute, Mr. Gibson."

"Indeed, you're not," said the young man, earnestly. "I prefer your interpretation, your touch, your expression, your everything. I'm always glad when Peterson's away. How muddy it's getting. Let's cross the street, Miss Whittaker."

They met Sadie Merritt as they crossed it. Sadie was in the Gibson set, and she gave the little music teacher and he escorted a stare of amazement.

Letty felt somewhat frightened as they walked on, but Mr. Gibson seemed to gain enthusiasm.

"Do you like music teaching?" he said, helping her across a puddle.

"I suppose it's a bore?"

"I do get tired sometimes," Letty admitted, "but I like it." "I've a nice class."

"All ages, I suppose?" said Mr. Gibson.

"Oh, yes, from six to twenty. From the first lesson in the instruction book up to Chopin," Letty rejoined.

"You take beginners, then?"

"Yes."

The Wilcox carriage was approaching, and the Wilcoxes were particular friends of the Gibsons. Letty was glad the corner of her street was so near.

"I have always liked music," said Mr. Gibson hesitatingly. "I—I suppose I'm rather old to learn, but could you take another pupil?"

"Another pupil!" she echoed.

"I should like awfully to learn, you know," said Mr. Gibson eagerly.

"And it shan't be any trouble to you. I'll come to the house. You do take

pupils at the house, don't you? I should like to come immensely."

Letty was dumb with astonishment.

A music pupil? Mr. Gibson? What an incredible idea! And yet she was not in the least displeased at the prospect.

They had reached her modest little gate, and she looked up with a timorous smile.

"Why, certainly, Mr. Gibson, if you wish," she murmured.

"I certainly do wish," he responded emphatically, and he looked highly delighted.

And when he turned away from the door, five minutes after, the date and hour of his first lesson had been arranged, and he had forced upon his teacher his first term's tuition.

Letty gave her mother a light sketch of that first term at its close. She had gradually recovered from her amazement at the acquirement of her latest pupil, and had given herself to his instruction with all her usual interest and energy.

"He's very bright, really, mamma," she declared. "Of course it seemed funny to have to teach him the very rudiments. Why, he had to begin with the staff, and learn the names of the lines and spaces, just as my youngest scholars do. It was all I could do to keep from laughing. The first lesson. But he learns so easily. He really has good technique, and I can see he's going to have lots of feeling for music. He's got along really well. I know he must practice awfully hard. He can play a little piece with both hands already, and he says he'll play it at the rehearsal Thursday afternoon. I told him he needn't if he didn't want to. You know all my class is going to play, and I'm afraid they'll laugh, it's so funny to see him playing it. But he says he'd just as lief as not. Of course I'll explain he hasn't taken lessons long."

Mr. Gibson came next day for his lesson; he took two a week. He played his scales through carefully, and then executed his "pieces" with laborious pains, but with great success.

Letty was delighted.

"If you do as well as that at the rehearsal!" she said, with pretty enthusiasm which gladdened her pupil's eyes to her face. "Miss Taylor has offered their parlor, you know, and I'm so glad, because if all the parents and friends come there'll hardly be room enough here."

"Miss Taylor?" Mr. Gibson repeated, somewhat blankly, it struck his teacher.

But he went on talking of something else, and talked on till the striking of the clock made him jump up.

He had fallen into the habit of staying after his lesson was over to talk; so that after twenty lessons it was not strange that they felt tolerably well acquainted. And Letty had confided to herself more than once that Mr. Gibson was "uncommonly" entertaining and nice.

The rehearsal passed off with all possible smoothness; but Mr. Gibson was not there. Letty had received a note from him at the last minute, stating his unavoidable detention.

A bunch of flowers had accompanied it, and a white rose shone in Letty's soft hair at the rehearsal.

Little Genevieve came and played successfully. Mrs. Gibson came with her, and she smiled blandly on Letty, and complimented her on Genevieve's progress. She did not mention her son, and Letty went home vaguely wondering.

She gave Genevieve a lesson next day. She didn't understand why it was but the imposing hall, with its stately furnishings, and the charmingly appointed music room, somehow depressed her.

She had another rose from Mr. Gibson's bouquet in a buttonhole of her jacket, and she looked down at it rather drearly. She had come to know him so well, and all this grandeur seemed to thrust her so hopelessly far away from him! Not that she had that thought distinctly in mind. She was a sensible girl, and by no means foolishly impressionable and romantic. But she was dimly unhappy.

It was due to this mood, doubtless, that she forgot her muff, and was going on her way home without it. She saw young Mr. Gibson run up the steps as she turned back, and she walked slowly in order to avoid him.

His hat was on a peg when she was admitted to the hall. Letty looked at it wistfully. It looked woefully different, hanging on a mahogany hat-rack with a long mirror, and lying informally on her piano-top at home.

The notes of the Gibson piano were sounding, and Letty listened wonderingly. She recognized the "Moon-

light Sonata," brilliantly and charmingly executed.

Who was it? Mrs. Gibson possibly; but Letty had had the impression that Mrs. Gibson didn't play.

She listened with quickly appreciative admiration and with some longing, because she felt certain that that was better than she could have done.

She went on into the music-room in eager curiosity.

Her muff lay on the chair where she had left it, but Letty did not take it.

She stood quite still in the doorway, gazing speechless at the person on the piano-stool.

It was Raymond Gibson. He was absorbed in his companion. His head was thrown back and his eyes were on the ceiling.

He was using the pedals vigorously.

His music teacher had stood in the doorway some three minutes before he became aware of her presence. Then there was a crashing of the keys.

"Miss Whittaker!" gasped her pupil.

Letty only gazed at him. She was quite stunned.

Mr. Gibson sprang to his feet.

"Don't look like that!" he entreated rushing toward her. "Don't Miss Whittaker!"

But Letty shrank back, her eyes fixed upon him in solemnity and sternness.

"What—what does this mean, Mr. Gibson?" she said with an austerity which was marred by her faltering voice.

Mr. Gibson pulled her gently inside and shut the door.

"I know you'll forgive me," he implored.

Letty looked at him with reddening cheeks and then burst into tears.

"What did you do it for?" she sobbed.

"What for?" her pupil repeated, standing very close to her and getting possession of one of her hands. "Don't you know, Miss Whittaker—Letty? I've wanted to know you so—for years—ever since I first saw you. And I'd begun to think I should never be able to manage it. I used to lie awake nights worrying over it. And walking home with you that day—I hadn't intended it, truly, but we were talking about you pupils, you know, and the idea occurred to me, and—and I couldn't help it. Don't be angry. I did accomplish it, you see. We do know each other. What's the odds, dear?"

"You've made me perfectly ridiculous!" Letty sobbed.

If she had heard his last adjective, she ignored it.

"No, no—I've been careful not to! Nobody knows it—not a soul. That's why I didn't go to the rehearsal—the Taylors know I can play, you see."

He hid his best to stifle a laugh, but his teacher was laughing, too, through her tears. The vision of her tall pupil laboring through "Little Kaiy's First Waltz" overcame her.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" she cried, laughing and crying together.

"I am—I am," said Raymond. "I'm ashamed; but I'm not sorry. Why, I might not have known you if I hadn't."

Then he paused, palpitatingly.

"What duets we'll have when we're married dear?" he said softly.

"What will your mother say?" said Letty, gasping with bewildered joy.

"Say? She'll say I've got the sweetest girl in the world. She hasn't any ridiculous notions, and besides she'll never think of denying me anything I want."

And neither did she.—New York Journal.

**An Adventure With a Windmill.**

Near Rantenburg, Prussia, a man attempted to pass between the ponderous arms of a windmill in motion. The size and force of these antique motors may be judged from the fact that the fool-hardy man, being caught on one of the arms, was first raised aloft and then flung over the roof of a hotel standing at some distance from the mill, dropping on the cobble-stone pavement on the other side. He died immediately. The mill is 200 years old. According to a hoary tradition it will collapse after the twelfth disaster caused by it. This last is the twelfth, and now credulous neighbors are full of fear of a catastrophe.—New York World.

**A Unique Specialty.**

Berlin has a shorthand writer with a unique specialty. He attends funerals of prominent persons and takes down verbatim the addresses officiating clergymen. Then he prepares highly ornamented copies of the addresses and sells them to the friends of the eulogized dead. His business is so good that he has taken one assistant and advertised for another.

## FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

### WHAT A CHICK SHOULD WEIGH.

If rightly cared for a chick should weigh a pound when six weeks old and be ready for market when eight weeks old. Young birds are marketable at any time, either as broilers or roasters. The medium-sized birds are preferred. Restaurants and small families desire a bird weighing four or five pounds.—New York World.

### THE BEST USE OF BRAN.

Bran is much more highly thought of as feed than it used to be. But it has its limitations, and should not be relied upon entirely when fed alone. It is an excellent feed to give to animals that have a surfeit of corn, and should always form a part of the ration of fattening sheep. It is not so good for hogs, as its coarse texture makes it unpalatable. But fine wheat middlings have all of the excellence of bran, and will be eaten in greater quantities by fattening hogs. The bran and wheat middlings furnish a greater proportion of albuminoids than corn has, and therefore supplement its deficiencies. Wheat bran is an excellent alternative for horses fed on timothy hay in winter. It will keep their digestion good and will be all the better if a tablespoon of old process oil meal is added to each mess.

Wheat middlings are not so laxative as bran, and are better therefore for horses that have to work hard, though both the bran and middlings contain much of the nutriment that builds up bone and muscle and increases strength.—Boston Cultivator.

### BREED FOR THE FARM.

Every farmer has his own choice as to the breed of horse he wants for his own use. But in view of the fact that the demand for horses for city and village uses is still diminishing, a plea of the Canadian Stock Journal for heavy draft horses has increased force. It would seem to be true, says the editor, that farm horses are often too light than too heavy. When, for instance, three horses are required to draw a plough which two heavy horses can pull without difficulty, it would seem to be the better way to use the two than the three. The two should certainly require less food than the three, they want less grooming and should be less expense in every way.

Add to these practical suggestions the fact that the surplus colts raised now have very little or no market, and it would seem to be wise to breed the horses adapted to farm purposes. Comparatively light horses for city horse car service will probably never again be in large demand. Even the horses for fancy turnouts of the wealthy, and the average horses of the less pretentious families are in less demand than ever before. This is accounted for in part from the greatly increased use of electric cars, and with young people the bicycle. The family team is supplanted by these modern inventions.

### CRIMSON AND OTHER CLOVERS.

Crimson clover is a short-lived plant, writes W. A. Wilson of the Wisconsin Experiment Station. Where it thrives it may be sown in the fall to live through the winter and perfect its seeds early the next summer, after which it dies. The growth of the plant is about parallel with that of winter wheat. Thus sown it thrives amazingly in parts of New Jersey, and especially in Delaware and North Carolina, where the farmers have come to have a very high appreciation of its use. It not only produces much hay, but is especially valuable to plough under, for enriching the ground for fruit trees, grain crops, etc. I strongly recommend the use of this plant in Southern Illinois, parts of Kentucky, Tennessee and southward, where the winters are not too severe. Our brief experience in Wisconsin is unfavorable to fall seeding, as the plants kill out in winter. However, we shall try the plants still further, hoping for more favorable results, but hardly expecting them.

Crimson clover may also be sown in the spring, when it will ripen its seed and die the same season. It must be sown by itself, however, upon well-prepared land, in which case it will give a fair hay crop. I can see nothing superior in such sowing, however, over the results which common red clover will give us. If our farmers will only sow red clover by itself in the spring or upon well-prepared land they will secure quite a hay crop the same season and the plants will generally last over the fall and winter for a crop the second year. We have become so used to

sowing clover along with some other crop that thus stealing it into the land that we expect that it will always live and thrive under such conditions. Not one would think of sowing alfalfa or crimson clover with a grain crop and having it succeed. They are willing to give these new candidates advantages which they would not for a moment accord to their old friend red clover. Give red clover half a chance with some of these high-priced novelties and it will surprise us in the returns.—Breeder's Gazette.

### CORN AND HOGS AS PROFIT MAKERS.

To derive the most profit from the corn crop, it must be converted into cattle and hogs, says A. A. Berry. Cattle, hogs and corn go well together. The larger farmers, with plenty of grazing land, can profitably handle cattle, but for the majority, corn converted into pork gives the best returns. For successful corn-raising a rotation of crops must be followed. The hog raiser needs clover pasture, and as clover is the best plant to alternate with corn, the lines of farming go well together. One of the greatest hindrances to successful hog-raising, is the excessive feeding of corn. Many will give their animals all the corn they can eat from the time they are pigs until they are ready for market. Corn is very heating, and if fed in excess will so affect the animal's system as to make it easily susceptible to disease germs. Several generations of such treatment will so dwindle and dwarf them as to make hog-raising unprofitable.

Breed good hogs—those which mature early and have large frames. Keep old sows mostly for breeding purposes. Slop the spring pigs from the time they begin to eat until new corn is hard enough to feed, when they can be finished on corn. For slop, I have found a chop made of equal parts wheat, corn and oats the best, although bran instead of oats does well. Shorts and corn or shorts and wheat can also be used, depending upon which is cheapest. By all means let them have the run of a good pasture. Do not feed the sows any grain after the pigs are a month old. When two months wean the pigs and breed the sows for a fall litter. Let them run on a good pasture for three months with nothing to eat but grass. It will cool their systems, brace up their constitutions and put them in good condition for raising their fall pigs. Clover makes the best hog pasture. Rye and bluegrass is good for early and late. I have found a mixture of peas, barley, oats and wheat, sowed early in the spring, a splendid forage crop. It can be pastured or harvested and threshed, the mixed grains, after adding a little corn, making a first-class chop.

Full pigs will have to be slopped in winter if they are to be grown successfully. It costs more in time and labor, also better buildings are needed to successfully raise fall pigs than those farrowed in spring. Feed a warm but not cooked. Turn them out early on rye or blue-grass pasture and give all the soaked corn they can eat up clean. They will then soon be ready for market. By the time they are thus treated are eight or nine months old they will weigh 250 to 300 pounds. This is not a great or fancy weight, but all good hog-raisers can accomplish this much and a good profit can be realized on the corn crop.—American Agriculturist.

### FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Do not let up the fight on lice and uncleanliness.

Get rid of the surplus cockerels as soon as possible.

The fall is the time for setting out that long-deferred asparagus bed.

The liquid manure is valuable. It requires both liquid and solid to make a complete manure.

Don't tie a horse facing a cold wind. Any animal, when at liberty, will turn its back to the wind.

How are the young heifers growing? Keep them in good growing condition, but not fat.

Farmers must not be afraid of papers and books on agricultural subjects; and they won't if they are wise.

Milk is an article whose merits and peculiarities are little understood or studied on thousands of farms. The tons of poor butter made prove this.

Prof. C. V. Riley, the noted entomologist who has for the last six years been connected with the Department of Agriculture, died in Washington from injuries occasioned by a fall from his bicycle. The loss of Professor Riley will be largely felt among the farmers of this country for whom he had done a great deal of good.