PRESBYTERIANS. DY FILL

CELEBRATE THE FOUNDATTON OF THE LOG COLLEGE.

President Harrison Attends the Exer cises and Makes a Speech Which is Well Received-12,000 People Get a Chance to See the Chief Magistrate. Historical Facts of Interest. HE adherents of the



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eople.



LOG COLLEGE.

Jenkintown gave the president a warm greeting as he passed along its central street. Carriages lined the curbs, houses greeting as he physical along its central street. Carriages lined the curbs, houses and shops all were decorated with bun-ing, flags fluttered overhead, windows were filled with faces and waving hand-terchiefs, and the morning air rang with the elang of church bells and with the elang of church bells and with theers. The president bowed this way and that, while Mr. Wanamaker at his greeting to his distinguished guest and fellow rufing elder. The third ruling el-fer, Goverñor Beaver, who was in the second carriage, with Mrs. Harrison, re-veived a special greeting, people in the growt frequently calling out his name, soupled with a cheer. The laides in the windows all gazed with interest at Mrs. Harrison and waved their handkerchiefs a ther with enthysiasm.

Harrison and waved their handkerchiefs at her with enthusiasm. Scores more of carriages joined in the ihrong of vehicles that left Jenkintown, so that after the president's barouche ihere rolled landaus, victorias, phetona, surreys, buggies, road carts, carryalls and market wagons. Most of the mar-ket wagons were trimmed with flowers and rolled along to an accompaniment of inkting bells.

at wagons were training with nowers and rolled along to an accompanianeth of inkling bells. As soon as Noble station, gayly adorned with flags, was reached the presuent began to pass between the rows of flags that had been thickly planted on the banks of the road. Tho eed, white and blue fluttering against dark, green hedges and neatly trimmed sod made a very striking effect. The re-ception at Abington, for which the entire population had made such united prep-arations, was beautiful in scene and must inve been very grateful to the president, accustomed as he is becoming to the noisy greetings of crowded cities. The slöping lawn in front of the Abing-ton Presbyterian church was covered with children from the Sunday school and public schools, nearly all clad in white and waving flags. Flowers and flags indicated the graves in the church-yand opposite of members of the Ten-nent family. As he massed the arch in front of the

white and waving flags. Flowers and flags indicated the graves in the church-yard opposite of members of the Ten-nent family. As he passed the arch in front of the church bearing the inscription, "Greet-ing to Our Ruling Elders Who Rule Our Country," the president read the words with a smile and looked around at Gov-ernor Beaver. The greeting refers to the president, Mr. Wanamaker and Governor Beaver, all of whom are ruling idders of the Presbyterian church. The carriage stopped a moment while the president acknowledged the greeting of the chil-dren and then moved on toward the arch that spanned this road at the entrance to Abington village. This arch, 35 feet high and 60 feet span, was covered with bunt-ing, relieved by lines of sunflowers. Every house in Abington was decorated, and the lawns were covered with ladles and children waving handkerchiefs. All along the road these scenes were repeated. Every farmhouse and every country sea dorned by a row of bright red tomatoes in every window, and curlous as the decoration was, its loyal motive was apparent. It was 11.30 c'eleck before the presi-dent's carriage entered the lame leading to the field in the Carroll farm, a part of the original Tennent farm, which had been set apart for the celebration. The seene that met his eye was surprising and impressive. For hours the people had been gathering, and there were at least 2,500 vehicles of all description.

and impressive. For hours the people had been gathering, and there were at least 2,500 vehicles of all description-ranged in rows along the fences of sev-eral fields. In the field where the exer-cises were to be held stood a large double tent, with screen extensions, probably capable of sheitering 4,000 people from the sun. The tents were crowded, for the exercises had just begun. Outside were quite 8,000 people, nearly all ranged

The exercises opened with the singing of a hymn and prayer, and then Rev. Mr. Turner, pastor of the old Neshaminy church, read a brief paper on Log col-lege, relating how Rev. William Ten-nent, Sr., founder of the Log college, originally an Episcopal minister in Ire-land, husband of a Presbyterian divine's daughter, came to America about 1716, became a Presbyterian and founded the Log college, which was the germ of Princeton college.

daughter, came to America about 1716, became a Presbyterian and founded the Log college, which was the germ of Princeton college. Then followed a number of addresses and historical papers, but the great erowd was anxiously waiting for the president to speak, and when he was in-troduced as "the most honered man on earth," the vast assembly rose as one man and cheered him voolferously for some moments. In beginning his re-marks, the president said: "Inave had illustrated today, I regret to say, a trait which I have observed in the non-ecclesiastical world, very much to my disconfort, and which I thought would be absent here. I never, at any time, promised to make an address here today. [Laughter.] I never authorized any ono to say so. Indeed, among those dire-ful consequences and attendants which come to the president of the United states, there is none more embarrassing than this constant habit of being asso-ciated upon the platform or at the ban-quet table with gentlemen who have manuscript in their pockets. (Applause.] It is altogether, unfar, and I expected here in this great meeting of my Pres-byterian brethren more hospitable treat-ment. [Laughter.] "And yet I have pleasure in being here,

here in this great meeting of my Pres-byterian brethren more hospitable treat-ment. [Laughter.] "And yet I have pleasure in being here, for every impulse of honorable pride which stirs in your hearts moves mine. I am griad to stand here at the source of a great movement. And so I rejoice here on this spot, about which in this neighborhood there gather so many his-torical suggestions and incidents, to cele-brate not a victory in war but one of those whether a victory in war but one of those what the great day will reveal as the fruit of what these modest but plous and courageous men have done here in the in-stitution of the Log college. We lose the choice of the events. Only the eye of God can follow it. If it could be re-vealed to us here today, how many in this great audience gathered from remote sections of our country would be able to trace the silver thread by which they had been drawn into the church of God, and continue to multiply the influences of the efforts that were begun here? It is pleasant to believe that that which i-iden to our eyes here will some day be to realize what these mean wrough fo-tor alize what these mean wrough fo-tod a and mankind."



HINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS LAFAYETTE FIRST REPORTED FOR DUTY.

LAPAYETTE FIRST REPORTED FOR DUTY. and a guard of Grand Army veterans pre-vented intrusion from thousands who pressed close to the tent on every side and gazed with wide open eyes at the spectacle of the president of the United states and the distinguished people about him engaged in the every-day oc-eupation of eating. Some of the people's comments were amusing. One sub-burned yeoman watched the president demolish a chicken croquette and, turn-ing to his wife, said : "Welt, he cats just like other folks; he doesn't seem to be different from anybody size!" The president and his party then drove back along the same road to the post-master general's residence, while the other exercises incident to the celebra-tion were carried on. Postmaster General Wanamaker and Governor Beaver each made addresses, and were listened to with much interest by the big assemblage present. Many of those in attendance at the

Inde addresses, and were instend to with much interest by the big assemblage present. Many of those in attendance at the celebration exercises proceeded for a mile northward along the Old York road to the Neshaminy Presbyterian church. This church, of which the Rev. William K. Preston is the present pastor, is one-quarter of a mile west of Hartsville, on Neshaminy creek. It is said to have been founded in 1710, but the first authentic record makes it date from 1725. when William Tennent, the founder of Log college, became its pastor. He continued to fill fits pulpit during his conduct of Log college until 1743, two years before his death. The grave of William Tennent is in the burlal-ground of the Neshaminy church, near the site of the original church building, in which the famous Whitfeld preached in November, 1739, before a congregation of 3,000. That was a very large gathering for those early days, when the country was so thinly settled. Beside the grave of the founder of Log college, the Neshaminy Freshyterian churchyard contains the remains of John Seott, the great grandfather of Mrs. Harrison, and once the owner of much land in the neighborhood, including, it is said.

A GENEROUS GOBLIN.

A CHARTERIOUS CODIFIN. Nick Nickson was a woodshopper. He had lived close to the forest for many years with his wife and children. It was seldom Nick went to town or any-where clease because he had a great doal of work to do to keep his family alive. Wood-hewing never was much of a pay-ing business and Nick found it no better. But he never complemed; he did the best he could in the best manner, and for the rest he trusted to a kind Providence to assist him and his wife and children. Mick had now been going into the woods for twenty-five years, and as he was walking along this morning he was think-ing of that fact more than once. "Thew worked very hard," he mut-bered to himself as he stopped before a beautiful oak tree ready to take of his jacket and start operations. "I havo worked very hard," he said again, "and t think tought to be pensioned off very soon. But I don't think there is much chanee. Where should I get the money to keep my folks at home without work.



'HOW DID YOU GET INTO THAT TREE? ASKED NICK.

"HOW DID YOU GET INTO THAT THEE?" ASKED NICK. But there, It is no use growing now on the day of my twenty-fifth anniversary in the wood-chopping line. Providence has stood by me so long, and I don't think I shall be forgother in the future. Do your duty with all your ability, and with an unwearying spirit of energy and perseverance; that is my moto, and success is bound to follow some time or other." By this time Nick had taken his top-coat off and laid it and his hat down in the grass. Them he took his axe in his hands, and, after looking at the tree from its base to its crown, he gave the first blow. Thick spinters flew in all direc-tions and Nick dropped his axe and jumped back from the tree. "What's the matter," he said; "did I not hear a noise somewhere like the whining of a child?" Then he resumed his task. But he had only made one more blow at the tree when he was stopped again. This time he he had these words: "Get me out!" "Who is it that calls there?" Nick asked, who was not in the loast afraid. "It is I, the goblin of Blinkingdale!" a thin voice replied. "But where are you to be found?"

"It is I, the gobin of binningeau." thin voice replied. "But where are you to be found?" "I am in the oak you have been hew-ing at and I hallood out because I was alraid you might kil me." "Well, tell me where I ought to strike in order to extricate you without doing you any bodily harm," replied Nick Nick-son.

you any bodily harm," replied Nick Nick-son. "The axe is too big and too sharp alto-gether," now said the voice from th-tree; "take your pocket-knife and start cutting the bark about two feet from the ground. But be very careful or you will hurt me." Nick now took his knife and he began cutting the bark. Piece by piece flew out, until at last he got to a hollow space, when the voice inside the tree let out a shrick that was so loud and torrible all the trees in the wood seemed to be shaken by it. "Now, you have cut my beard, you old villain of a woodchopper," cried the gob-lin. "Oh, i will kill you if you are not eareful."

villain of a woodchopper," cried the gob-lin. "Oh, I will kill you if you are not careful." "Look here, Mr. Goblin." said Nick, "if you mean to kill me when you get out, I think I will leave you where you are and go home. Good-by." "For gracious sake don't do that, my good man l'haleoet the goblin; "I did not mean what I said then, but you did hut me, and no mistake. But be care-ful of my beard; it is very long, and it in tres very much if you pull only one of the hairs out. Now I will tell you some-tidng me any more harm I will give you a great reward, and make you the rich-est man in the world." Nick was well satisfied when he heard that, and he worked with renewed vigor. In a few minutes the hole was large enough and the goblin came out. The swoodchopper was astonished when he saw the creature. The little fellow was just eight inches high and his appearance was very funy. A long cap with a plume at the end hung down over his back and his beard reached down to his toes. Nick looked very much surprised when he re-membered that this little man had heen looked very much surprised when he a membered that this little man had be

"How did you get into that had been asked Nick of the gobin. "To tell you that would be a very long of the works."

In. The neighbor was a pretty shrewd old man, and no sooner had he leoked at the handwriting on the box than he knew, what it meant. He had read it backward. But he never said so to Nick. When he went home he quietly put the box in his pocket. Nick did not notice it. He was too hones himself to suppose any one cleae a thie.
When the neighbor got into his cottage he immediately got a chisel and a hammer and smashed the box open. Inside he found a piece of paper, which was wraped around a tiny little silver kay. On the paper he read these lines:
In the forest by the broat the suppose any one will made the neighbor got into his cottage he found a piece of paper, which was wraped around a tiny little silver kay. On the paper he read these lines:
In the forest by the broat these lines:
In the forest by the broat the where the box came from, and he knew that the goblin who had been in the one thad estore. Why did us not be the solid when the silver maple tree. Exampling to iff the treasure. Why did the ford be liver maple tree. Examing the ground, he noticed a tiny ksyhole. He had altered yput the key into the hole; he turned it around and he saw the shing silver in the nook, when his hand was suddenly arrested by the gob. lin

"You are not the man who liberated me from the oak tree!" said the little

The from the oast tree, share the here man. The thief then had to confess that he got hold of the box because his neighbor Nick could not read backward. "Well, you had no business to be a thief, and you certainly had no right to take that box which did not belong to you."

thick, and you certainly had no right to take that box which did not belong to you." "I am sorry," replied the man; "If you will forgie one I will go home and tell Nickson all about this silver treasure and he can come and reat th limisoit." "No, there is no necessity for that. Anyhow, I donot believe you would keep your word. But now that you have found this silver treasure, take it and carry it to your home; it shall be yours." Then the goblin vanished. The man at once began to fill his pockets with silver. When they were filled he took his cap, then his handker-chief, then he took of his cost and used it as a bag. But when all was filled he could not carry the load; it was too havy. So he had to leave some behind. He hurried home and gave the silver to his wife, then he took a wheelbarrow and returned to the work by the brook. He loaded the wheelbarrow to its utmost capacity before he left for home. On his way to his cottage, however, he silver and the man fell down into the deep. The load had been too heavy. The man was too greedy; he wanted too had nothing at all. Now we will return to Nick Nickson, the wood-chopper. He never missed the little black box at all. Next morn-ing he returned to the forest and worked away at chopping down trees as hard as ever. Sometimes he would think about

way at chopping down trees as hard as ever. Sometimes he would think about the goblin, and then Nick would mur-

The world is very ungrateful. The stgeblin I find in a tree has to stay

After he had chopped down one tree has to stay After he had chopped down one tree he was astonished to find again a little black box at the roots. He picked it up again, and on the top these words could be read again: "Open me." But this time the writing was straight, and not backward; so Nick read it at once, and, of course understood

backward; BO Kick read it at once, and, of ourse, understood. "Open yur! All right, that is easily lone." He put the box on the ground, ook his axe, hit it one stroke and the yex was smashed. Inside Nick found a loce of proper yound round a beautiful because similaries. Inside the found a diece of paper wound round a beautiful golden key of the finest workman-hip. Nick took the paper, and looking at it close he saw that it contained the follow-ing verse:

At the castle on the mount Is a golden treasure, Where golden red treasure, olden treasure, golden rod is often found ng for your measure.

slip of paper was signed, ful Goblin." Nick looked a



NICK FINDS THE KEY TO A FOR TUNE.

THE SETTLING UP IS CERTAIN.

- You may take the world as it comes and gees. And you will be sure to find That it will square the account she owes Wheever comes out behind. And all things bad that a man has done, By whatsoever induced, Return at last to him, one by one, As the chickens come home to roost.

You may scrape, and toil, and pinch and save, While your hoarded wealth expands. Till the cold, dark shadow of the grave Is nearing your life's last sands: You will have your balances struck some night, And you'll find your hoard reduced, You'll yiev your life in another light When the chickens come home to roost.

You can stint your soul and starve your heart With the husks of a barren creed, But Christ will know if you plays part, Will know in your hour of noed; And then as you wait for death to come, What hops can there be deduced From a creed? You will the three dumb While your chickens come home to roost,

Sow as yon will, there's a time to reap, For the good and the tad as well, And conscience, whether we wake or slow Is either a heaven or hell, And every wrong will find its place, And every mong will find its place, And every mong will find its place, More the chickens come home to roost.

Drive tasks When the chickans come home to rooss. Whether you're over or under the sod, The result will be the same; You cannot escape the 'hunds of God; You must bear your sin or shamo. No matter what's carved on the marble slab; When the items are all produced You'll find that St. Peter was keeping tab, And that chickens come home to roost. —Exchange.

UNDER THE APPLE TREE.



ground that was all the garden the small house behind her could bo as t. Freity May Grierson and picking to pieces a sprig of appie blossoms, there was that in her beauty to make the heart ache. She was lungry; she was almost des-parate. The large, brown eyes, whose natural exprossion was all gentleness and timidity, were bright and eager; the face was thin and white, the lips parched with fover.

"Just a mile to the liver, she was thinking-"'one little mile-and once un-der the waves, rest, peace and oblivion." Out upon the soft summer air there came from the window behind her a hol-low cough. As she heard it, her face softened, and a rush of tears filled her over

eyes. "I could not die and leave him! Ah the way is hard, the cup is bitter, but will walk the one, and drain the other for his sake. It will be only for a little while, and then there will the shear."

Is still the river." While, and the way She was not yet nineteen, and the way before her was to lead to the church; the cup to be drained her marriage, and for her wedding portion she was meditat-ing sulcide. suicide. oes it seem exaggerated? I will tell

Does it seem exaggerated? I will tell ou her story, and you may judge. Her ther, Paul Grierson, had been a su-essful artisticand May was his idol, after is wife died, years agone. May had een carefully educated, and upon a roundwork of useful knowledge her ther had reared a fairy palace of ma-c, poetry and painting. Without being ch, they had plenty, and they had trav-ed far and wide with a companion May ad loved from a baby, her father's noll and namesche, Paul Grierson Hall, distant cousin.

a distant cousin. When May was 17, and Paul five years older, the young artist joined an explor-ing expédition to make sketches, and the trie separated. That was the first heart wrench. They were all in Paris when the parting came, but a few months later Mr. Grierson's health began to fail, and be became homesick. The tiny cottage in Hamilton—smallest villages—was his inheiritance from ms mother, and he came back to it to ice for consumption grasped him in its iron folds, and when he struggled with slokness, the bank in which were all his savings failed, and save for the cottage and its furthure, he was destitute. Then began that fierce discipline of life that had robbed protty May Grierson's check of its bloom, and driven her step by step over the rugged road of poverty and suffering to the boundarles of des-peration. She sourced for the villagors at atarea When May was 17, and Paul five years

by step over the rugged road of poverty and suffering to the boundaries of des-peration. She sewed for the villagers, at starva-tion prices; she carried her father's pic-tures to the great city, nine miles away, walking one way always, but rarely find-ing a sale. She saved and starved to give food and wine to the invalid, and at ne last, in sheer despair, she resolved to marry Cuthbert Holmes, from whom her soul shrank in positive horror. It was useless to write to Paul, wan-dering in Central America, and whose letters to Paris were forwarded; before he could come they would be dead from hunger and starvatio. Cuthbert Holmes was rich, and had failen in love with May in the church choir. Ho had a deep bass voice and had supported her clear soprano week after week, till she woke in him a desire to keep her ever beside him, his wife and **mistress of his large, handsome house.** He was a coarse, illiterate man; and there were rumors that his/dead wife dieu of an obsolete disease called decline by the profession, broken heart by the son-timental. But he had a sort of clumsy tact, and "MV grandfather is dead." "Well' I thought you quarreled with him because you would become an artist." "Too true, yet he relented and left me sll his money. We are rich, my dear." "We I"she schoed. "You are rich." "It is all in the family, my love, for I am going to have a wedding in Hamilton gair

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Sunder the river that had been the ean of release. Surely Heaves had wed her once, and some way would ben for the future—the future the gr:1 > mied by the father's life. Beyond at separation, the dread of which yor left her. May had no thought of a

ver left her. May had no thought of a curre. Dusk was gathering when Paul Grier-on rose feebly and set his face home-ard. When the cottage came in sight ther and daughter stopped short in the ad. There being little to tempt burg-rs, they had not fastened doors or wm-was, and evidently some one was in the buse. There was a light in the sitting-tom, and when they entered it a table us spread such as they had not seen c many long days. The service was oillar, the old-fashioned china that old rs. Grierson had cherished since her on wedding day, the well-kept damask, But here had broiled chickens, muffins, diden preserves, huge red strawborries, di crisp waler-creases rained down

where had brolled chickens, mufflas, relden preserves, huge red strawborries, ind crisp water-cresses rained down from: Who had henped the sugar bowl diled the cream pitcher, replenished the butterdish? Who was coming with a 3rm step from the kitchen, bearing triumphantly a coffee pot whose ra-raases as wafted upon sammer breeze-to greet astonished noses? A tail man, a brown-bearded man, a broad-shouldered man, with great blue eves full of mischief, and yet softening ddly at the sight of his host and hostess, us if cars were not far away. May gave one ecstatic ery. "Paul!" and would have rushed for-ward, but he waved her back, deposited the coffee-pot with a dramatic flourish, and then opened his arms. She nestled there like a bird who has found her nost of er a storm, and looking over her head. Paut held out one hand to his god-father. "My little wife?" he asked, and knew wy Paul Griereson's eves and May's quick what the houge he had cherished in his long exile would soon be a reality. "Come!" he said, or longed with a pocket full of silver. You know I have a natural genus for cooking, and it has been euitivated to full perfection in our explorations." "But how did you find us?" asked Mr.

seen collivated to full perfection in our synorations." "But how did you find us?" asked Mr. trierson, when the two were seated. "Came direct from Paris. May wrote you were coming to Hamilton, so to Jamilton I came. The natives told me where Mr. Grierson lived." But Paul did not mention how the one mative he had interviewed had described to have the dreadful poverty in the little-mitted.

"May!" he commanded, "eat more, "May!" he commanded, "eat more, and stop drinking coffee. You are the arme old coffee lover as ever, I see." "This is simply delictous," she cried, "Nobody ever could make coffee like-ures."

"But we will train our slaves," he an wered, majestically; "for, May," and aughed like a boy, "what news do out think I found in New York?"

I cannot guess." My grandfather is dead." Well! 1 thought you qua



HOUSE NEAR HARTSVILLE IN WHICH THI FOUNDER OF LOG COLLEGE LIVED.

FOUNDER OF LOG COLLEGE LIVED. in double line, forming a lane running from the entrance to the tents to the gateway of the field. Just in front of the tent a huge American flag, sus-pended from two tall poles, one of fir and one of spruce, floated in the breeze. This spectacle of a cityful of people in an open field waiting to greet the pre ident was a novelty in the record of re-ceptions he has encountered. It looked more like a big country fair than any-thing else, aithough the semi-religious thing else, although the semi-religiou character of the celebration lent an air of subdued decorum to the gathering.

Scott, the great-grandfather of Mrs. Har-rison, and once the owner of much land in the neighborhood, including, it is said, the ground on which the Log college stood. The chapel connected with the church stands in the graveyard and con-tains a window which was the gift of John Wanamaker. All the country through which the pres-ident drove is historic ground. George Washington encamped near Neshaminy church in 1777, and his headquarters were in a house near the church and near the Old York read, and it was here that La-fayette first reported for duty. It is also an interesting tradition that while return-ing from Neshaminy Presbyterian church one Sunday, after listening to a sermon by the second pastor of the church, Rev.-Samuel Irwin, John Firch conceived the idea of using steam for navigation. His first steamboat, it will be remembered, antedated the one wilt by Robert Fulton.

antedated the one built by Robert Fulton. The Faith of the Gypsy. When a gy sy dies that is the end. Every member of the race has a horror be induced to contemplate it. No gen-be induced to contemplate it. No gen-sisten and the state of the second second be induced to converted one. In all outries, as is true of a goodly number of other folk, they occasionally profess a sort of attachment to the ruling creed. For instance, we hear of a "gypsy shor-ter" in Ohio, and the other day a good beholo, and the other day a good beholo of Delaware was allowed to ohristen a gypsy child in a camp near Wilmington. But these little hypocri-sies are all in the way of gypsy thrity. The entire race belongs to the lowest or-an.

story to relate. Be it sufficient for vo story to relate. Be it summinent for you to know that I have been in that free twenty-five years today. You have got use out of my long imprisonment, and I will give you a reward when the time

With the last word the goblin had van-

With the last word the goblin had van-ished. "Well, but where is my reward?" cried Nick. "It is all very well to say I shall have it when the time comes, but when will that be? Oh, you mean little scamp of a goblin, to get me first to extricate you from an oak tree, where you were buried for twenty-five years, and then to run away from me because you are too stingy to thank me for it. Al: this is an ungrateful, cruei world. Just when I thought that I was to be made rich, too. Ah, well! nover mind; let me continue at my work of woodchopping, but I will be careful not to have any more to do with goblins."

In a few moments the roots of the tre by bare, and behold what did Nick find In a few moments the roots of the tree lay bare, and behold what did Nich find? At the very base of the oak he saw a little black ebony box. He picked it np and noticed there was no lock to it. On the top was written the two words: "Open me!" But the words were spelled back-ward, and when Nick looked at them it read in his mind, "em nepO." Nick never had been very sharp in book learn-ing, and it never struck him to try and make some sense out of the words "em nepO." He saw that he did not know what it meant and he did not trouble any more. When he went home he took the box along with him, thinking it would make a to for one of his children. Arrived at his little cottage he found one of his neighbors sitting on the door seep. Nick showed him the little black box, told him where he found it and re-lated to him his adventure with the gob-

NIGK FINDS THE KEY TO A FOR TUNE. writing long and intently. "Well," he said at last, "I will at once go and find out whether that gobin has played an-other trick on me. I might as well be fooled twice as once." Ho immediately ran toward the moun-tain, which stood not far into the forest. Arrived there he climbed up the steep ascent, and when he got to the walls of the castle he walked all around until he found the yellow golden-rod growing ound the yellow golden-rod growing werywhere. Then he examined the wall. everywhere. Then he examined the walf. In a moment he noticed a small hole in the wall, which seemed to have been made for his golden key. Putting it in the hole and turning it round was done a second. Nick already beheld the glittering mass of shining gold before him when the goblin appeared. "So here you are, then," he said to Nick; "so you did not give the box away this time. Why did you not keep the other?"

this time. Why did you not keep the other?" Nick explained to the goblin that he did not know what the box contained. "Why did you not open it?" "I don't know." "Well, your neighbor did, though, and he got a silver treasure. But I punishe i him before he was able to enjoy it, and he is now dead in the stream. Now, look here, Nick, you fancied that I did not mean to give you your reward as I promised."

well, it looked like it, did it not?" "Well, it looked like it, did it not?" "Looked like it has nothing to do with it. You should have trusted me and have a little patience. However, you are a pretty good fellow, Nick, and now here is your treasure. Enjoy it with your wife and children, live long and be happy; good-by, and remember sometimes the Grateful Goblin." Nick was now alone with his treasure He took a good lot home with him, ar a he and his dear once lived in the futur-as happy as happy can be.—N. Y. Mori-ing Journal.

the profession, broken heart by the sen-timental. But he had a sort of clumsy tact, and he wooed the girl through her father; alking of what he would do if he had the invalid in his care, sending flowers and fruit to the cottage, and all the while ating Paul Grierson as a coarse mind hates a relined one, smarting under a sense of inferiority, though ne called the Griersons beggars in his heart. I think, had Paul Grierson known all that was in his daughter's heart, as she vicod under the apple tree, he would have bidden her go to the river, leave him for he suicide's lot, rather than put her heard in that of Outhbert Holmes and swear to love and honor him. But he guessed nothing of this crowning act of welf-sacrifice the girl meditated. He looked from the window find saw her standing quictly alone, and he said, gontly: "Shall we walk to the Grove, darling?" "Do you feel strong enough?" she asked, aoming quickly to his ide. "It is not far, and I sleep better after a wank."

The show has, and resep better after a wark." She wrapped him carefully in a soft travelling shawl, brought him a taste of the shawl better and the soft and that there was no disease in her young frame, only the weariness of unger and suffering. They walked slowly to the Grove, a cluster of trees upon a public common, and where one bench at the foot of a signatic oak tree was a favorito resting-place. They were hidden there from gassers-by upon the narrow foot-path,

to have a wedding in Hamilto

'Oh, Paul !" she gasped. "It is too

Then I'll be off for Central America

"Inten 11 be on for certral America gain, and give you two or three years nors to think about it." "Dare to go!" she cried, wondering if er singing heart was the one so full of insery only a few short hours before. But before she slept she made her con-

misery only a few short hours before. But before she slept she made her c.n-tession, and was forgiven, and Paul had his way about the wedding. He had been urged to haste by Mr. Grierson's ghastly face and racking cough, but the Angel of Death passed them by. With money used lavishly the physicians and remedies, with the most ioving of care, his children nursed faul Grierson back to life and health, and the studio in the great house, where there are baby voices now to great Paul and lar, is as much for the use of the elder rists as for his son and pupil. And May, is as much for the use of the elder artist as for his son and pupil. Sometimes they make summer visits to the thy cottage and live in Arcasian simplicity for a few weeks, but May's theams under the apple tree are no onger of despalr and suicide, but full of roseate visions of a fair, happy future -happy in her father, husband and children, and the home love encircling them all.-N.Y. Ledger.

Dwellers in Florida who are fortunate ave discovered that they are alert night watchers. No tramp or thief can ap-proach the premises without hearing a plear bugle note of alarm. The cacking of a goose saved Rome and the cry of a sand hill crane performs the same ser-vice for the Florida hen roost and smoke bause.