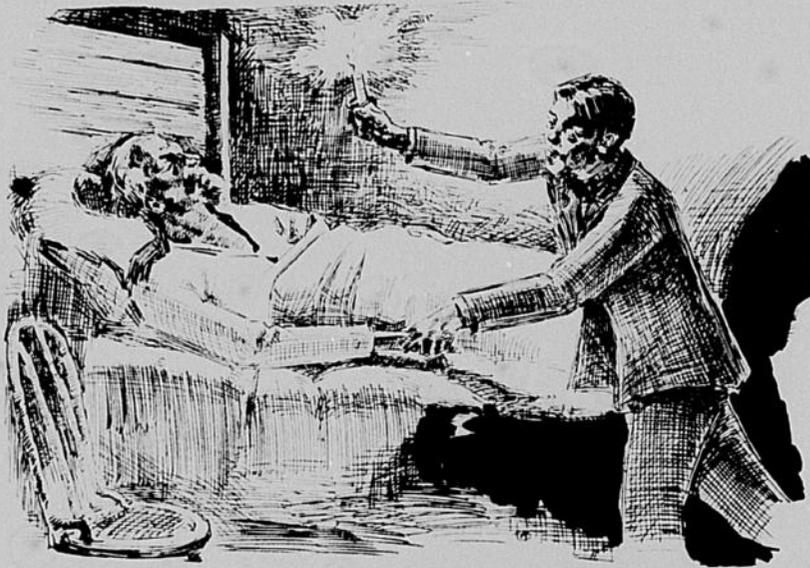


open to conviction and had but a short time maintained business relations with Mr. Justin before his opinion of him was altogether changed. For the miser's instructions to leave off this or that collection, to abstain from pressing a pending settlement, or to pay a large sum of money to a church enterprise, ill accorded with the reports that had come to his ears.

"At length Mr. Justin was taken ill. 'Old money bags is about to die and leave his gold,' the people said, 'What a pity to leave such a barren record as his.'



"Yes, Mr. Justin was dead."

"After the first acuteness of the attack was over and he was pronounced convalescent, he sent for young Wallace to commit more fully his business to his management.

"How many people you have befriended, Mr. Justin," he said one evening, as he sat by the invalid's bedside overlooking some important papers.

"Some—praise the Lord," he replied, "but not

one too many or a cent too much," and he forthwith changed the subject.

"What does this mean?" asked the astonished agent, on opening an envelope and reading on some bonds the name of the Orphanage. 'It was you, Mr. Justin, who made that large contribution, and never mentioned it?'

"It was not necessary," he replied. "Mr. Justin—" He paused. There trembled on his lips a full confession of the injustice he had done him in his mind, and a torrent of abuse, both to himself and all the ignorant gossips who had wronged this generous man. But the words died before they were uttered. 'I will tell him some other time not now,' he concluded.

"Take the lamp out, my boy," said the old gentleman, wearily, "and the papers—take them all out—I want to sleep."

"The young man gathered up the bundles and shading the glare from the bed went into the adjoining room to continue his labors. He was thorough and painstaking and made out a clear and concise memorandum, after overlooking it, of the contents of every envelope.

"Oh! that good, misjudged man," he said aloud as he laid down a package of receipted bills which told their own story. In consideration for a home for Mrs. Spencer and her children, he was

giving yearly to the Christian Home for its use in other charities, fully one-fourth of the proceeds of his farm. 'This is astonishing—astonishing,' he continued, reading over again the short record of this benefaction expressed *simply in figures*. How little the world knows—how poor her judgment. Oh! why did we' (for he included himself in the deed) 'why did we stab with suspicion this noble, generous man!'

"He sat for a long while in deep study before making out this memorandum, and when he finished it he wrote below:

"Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? To his own master he standeth or falleth."

"Another package was untied.

"What can this mean?" he exclaimed excitedly, reading his own name on check after check—tuition—for board—for books! For it was not his mother's rich friends, but Mr. Justin who had borne his college expenses—the man whom the world had misjudged and ridiculed.

"A deep blush of shame overspread his face, his hands trembled. 'I must see him at once, I must tell him'—and, springing to his feet, he went into the next room.

"Forgetful that the old man had asked for quiet, he leaned over him unable longer to restrain the flood of words that were ready to burst from his lips.

"Mr. Justin—Mr. Justin," he called, laying his hand on his arm. There was no response. Leaving down nearer, close to his ear he called again.

"Can he be dead?" the young man cried—"dead and not know—"

"He hastened to the lamp and lifted the shade. His fears were true. The light fell on a face white and still, but not the face of one taking rest in sleep."

"Oh, Mr. Burrows!" cried Fred, coming close to the smith, and seizing his arm. "Mr. Justin wasn't dead, was he?"

"Yes—Mr. Justin was dead."

"And Mr. Wallace couldn't explain—he couldn't never make it right with him?"

"He could never make it right with him. We can't always mend what we have broken, boys there's no anvil in the world big enough. Remember that."

The boys resumed their homeward tramp thoughtfully and silently.

"Well," said George at length, "I'm glad I didn't snowball old Mr. Spruell."

"I'm glad I didn't," echoed Fred.

# How Coal Was Discovered.

By Albert Gilman.

Ask almost anybody up in the Pennsylvania coal regions who first discovered the commodity, and the answer will quickly come, "Phil Ginter."

The story is an interesting one.

What Rip Van Winkle was to our grandfathers along the Hudson, Phil Ginter was to the hills forming the roof of the Lehigh valley. He was a tramp of the Mauch Chunk region—a lazy old Dutchman, who would rather loaf than work, and who was fonder of his gun and dog than of cleanliness and sobriety. He despised city ways and society, and had built for himself, away back in the mountains, a rough old cabin, where he resided with his family, which he supported by the fruits of his unerring aim. Game was plentiful in the Mauch Chunk mountains in those days, but occasionally old Phil would get tired of it; and sometimes his family got tired also.

One day, in the year 1791, Phil had been out on one of his hunting expeditions and was returning home. As usual, most of his hunting had been done under a tree, where he had gone to sleep and endeavored to dream of choice coverts. He had lain there until it began to rain, and as the rain awakened him he rubbed his eyes, swore at his ill luck and meandered homeward.

That rain storm in the mountains that woke the old Pennsylvania Dutchman proved a God-send to him and to the world at large. As he ambled homeward the rain became more furious and washed away large portions of earth. Pick-

ing his way through the mud and over fallen trees, Phil suddenly stumbled on roots, and as he did so he displaced a number of "black stones" that had become uncovered by the washout.

Old Phil had heard the legends of the existence of "black stones that would burn" in the mountains, but he had never seen any of them, and he and the older mountaineers looked upon it as a fairy story. He was of an inquisitive turn of mind, however, and when he unearthed the stones he searched for more. Beneath the roots of a fallen tree he found many of them, and he filled his pockets with them and lugged them home.

Colonel Jacob Weiss was the oracle of that bailiwick at that time. On the following day Phil took his find to the Colonel. The Colonel saw at a glance that a wonderful and valuable discovery had been made, but he obtained Phil's permission to have the "black stones" examined by somebody who knew more about such matters than he did. Philadelphia then, as now, was the home of learned scientists, mineralogists and savants. To them Colonel Weiss went, taking with him several specimens of Ginter's find. Among the savants was Charles Cist, a printer, who at once pronounced it "stone coal," and who told Colonel Weiss that there was a fortune in it. They at once determined to buy Ginter off, upon his showing them the place where he had found the specimens.

But Ginter was coy. He reasoned with himself that if the find was worth the sum they offered him it was worth more, and he held back. He told them, in Pennsylvania Dutch, that they might hunt until doomsday and they would never find it. Finally they agreed to Ginter's proposal that they give him a title to a tract of land in the locality upon which he could, and afterward build a small mill. He had scarcely built the mill, however, when he ascertained that it was owned by somebody else, and that his title was worthless.

In the following year, 1792, Weiss, Cist and a man named Hillgate formed themselves into the Lehigh Coal Mine Company. They had no charter of incorporation, but they took up eight thousand acres of land in the locality and began to work the mine in a rude way. They sent small quantities of coal to Philadelphia, but it proved next to worthless, and, in a number of instances instead of burning, put the fire out. This disheartened the company, and for a while nothing was done to develop the mines.

These mines now give employment to hundreds of miners, and there are hundreds of miles of coal lands, all the result of poor old Phil Ginter's find for which he was given a tract of land from which he was afterward ejected, and for which the rent of one ear of corn per year was afterward paid.