

Newsboy

EDITOR

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Volume 14
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Monthly Newsletter of
the HORATIO ALGER
SOCIETY. The World's
Only Publication Devot-
ed to That Wonderful
World of Horatio Alger.



Founded 1961 by Forrest Campbell & Kenneth Butler



RETURN OF HORATIO ALGER

The likes of Horatio Alger and Jules Verne have returned — in new, hardcover editions, complete with the original woodcuts and engravings (above from Alger's "Brave and Bold").

Aeonian Press is reprinting many reading favorites of yesteryear. In addition to numerous

Verne and Alger titles, the books currently available include the historical novels of Bruce Lancaster, Charles Alder Seltzer's tales of the West and the novels of Taylor Caldwell, Faith Baldwin and Elizabeth Seifert.

A list is available from Aeonian Press, Leyden, Mass. 01337.

Horatio Alger Society Past President Jack Row sent your editor this advertisement from the February-March, 1976, issue of Modern Maturity, the publication of the American Association of

Retired Persons.

The "Aeonian Algiers" feature individual introductions by HAS member and Alger biographer Ralph D. Gardner. Each volume is cloth bound.

HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY

To further the philosophy of Horatio Alger, Jr., and to encourage the spirit of Strive and Succeed that for half a century guided Alger's undaunted heroes - lads whose struggles epitomized the Great American Dream and flamed hero ideals in countless millions of young Americans.

OFFICERS

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Newsboy, the official organ of the Horatio Alger Society, is published monthly (bimonthly January-February and June-July) and is distributed to HAS members. Membership fee for any twelve month period is \$10.00. All members' inquiries about their subscriptions (including requests for missing issues) should be directed to the Society's Secretary, Carl T. Hartmann, 4907 Allison Dr., Lansing, Michigan 48910.

Newsboy recognizes Ralph D. Gardner's Horatio Alger or, The American Hero Era, published by Wayside Press, 1964, as the leading authority on the subject.

Manuscripts relating to Horatio Alger's life and works are solicited, but the editor reserves the right to reject submitted material.

* * *

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

PF-014 Judson S. Berry
Box 163
Howard, South Dakota 57349

If HAS members visit South Dakota in the future, stop in Howard and browse through "Berry's Book and Antique Den" at 207 So. Section Line Street. Judson lives in a trailer house alongside his place of business.

Zella Fry writes to correct her address. Although the street address as noted in the roster is right, she lives in New Jersey, not in New York.

* * *

NEW MEMBERS REPORTED

PF-472 Roger Scimé
P.O. Box 227
Hollywood, Calif. 90028

Roger, a manager of a consumer finance office and owner of twenty-seven Algers, is a particularly enthusiastic new member of the Horatio Alger Society. In a letter to Ralph Gardner, who told him of the Society, he writes: "Reading Algers is like eating peanuts; they go down so easy, and it's so hard to stop! I'd heard of Horatio Alger's 'rags-to-riches' stories since I was in high school, and earlier this year, out of sheer curiosity, managed to find one or two reprints in my local library. That was it. I was hooked!"

Roger's other hobbies include reading fiction, song writing, and playing the guitar.

PF-473 Owen R. Cobb
115 Ramble Road
Cherry Hill, N. J. 08034

Dave Kanarr, who corresponds frequently with Owen, persuaded him to join HAS. Owen has begun collecting Algers in earnest, and plans to attend our May convention in Rosemont, Illinois, so he can meet other devotees. He presently owns sixteen Algers, but is swiftly adding rare titles. In a letter to Carl Hartmann, Owen relates: "Had a good Alger day yesterday. I stopped in a book shop in Philadelphia that I visit regularly. Found a good Mershon Young Captain Jack and a very good Jed, The Poorhouse Boy in a H. T. Coates edition. These two along with a "Rover Boy" first and a "Henty" Scribner first set me back a total of \$5.00!"

Owen is also interested in acquiring other boys' series books. A construction foreman, his other hobby is involvement with Little League baseball.

PF-474 David H. Mills
221 Williamsburg Dr.
Silver Spring, Maryland 20901

David, owner of twenty Algers, learned of the Horatio Alger Society through a book seller. He is a professor/psychologist and enjoys indoor light gardening.

PF-475 Helen M. Gray
% Horatio Alger Awards Committee
1 Rockefeller Plaza - Suite 1609
New York, N. Y. 10020

Helen is Executive Director of the Horatio Alger Awards Committee, which annually awards medals "to nine or ten Americans whose careers typify the results of individual initiative, hard work, honesty and adherence to traditional ideals." [Quotation from tenth edition of Opportunity Still Knocks, published by Horatio Alger Awards Committee of the American Schools and Colleges Association, Inc.] She owns thirty-eight Alger titles, and is interested in "everything related to Horatio Alger - his works, biography, etc." She learned of the HAS through member Ralph D. Gardner.

* * *

THE YOUNG OUTLAW; or,
ADrift IN THE STREETS
by Horatio Alger, Jr.

(The following Alger book report is by PF-314, who wishes to dedicate it to deceased HAS member Willard Thompson, as it was one of his favorite stories).

The Young Outlaw was first published by A. K. Loring in 1875. The page numbers as used in this report are as published in the Mershon edition.

In The Young Outlaw we find a different sort of Alger hero. His name is Sam Barker, and this is how he is described after he has been in New York for three years. (Excerpt pages 1-2):

The boy addressed was leaning against a lamp-post, with both hands in his pockets. His clothes were soiled and ragged, and a soft hat, which looked

as if it had served in its varied career as a football, was thrust carelessly on his head. He looked like a genuine representative of the "street Arab," with no thought for tomorrow and its needs, and contented if he could only make sure of a square meal today. His face was dirty, and marked by a mingled expression of fun and impudence; but the features were not unpleasing, and, had he been clean and neatly dressed, he would undoubtedly been considered good-looking. (End excerpt)

But our story really begins when our hero is living in the small town of Dudley in Connecticut. Sam is a poor, homeless twelve year old orphan. His father had been an intemperate man, who, during fits of drunken fury, had often beaten him. This may have had something to do with the forming of our hero's character. He is, I'm sad to report, a hard case; far worse than "Ragged Dick" or "The Bully of the Village." Deacon Hopkins, a Dudley farmer, took Sam into his home rather than sending him off to the poorhouse. He was in hopes of gaining some useful labor from our hero and teaching him some moral sense. These goals were to prove difficult indeed. (Excerpt pages 20-21):

The deacon went to the mantel-piece and took therefrom the catechism. "You ain't had no bringing up, Samuel," he said. "You don't know nothin' about your moral and religious obligations. It's my dooty to make you learn how to walk uprightly."

"I can walk straight now," said Sam.

"I don't mean that—I mean in a moral sense. Come here."

Sam unwillingly drew near the deacon.

"Here, I want you to study the first page of the catechism, and recite it to me before you go to bed."

Sam took the book, and looked at the first page doubtfully.

"What's the good of it?" he demanded in a discontented voice.

"What's the good of the

catechism?" exclaimed the deacon, shocked. "It'll l'arn you your duties. It'll benefit your immortal soul."

"I don't care if it will," said Sam perversely. "What do I care about my soul? It never did me no good." (End excerpt)

The deacon soon gave in on the catechism lessons. He also quickly discovered that our hero had a healthy appetite for food and little or none for honest toil. Here we get some idea of Sam's (and Alger's) feelings in regard to work. (Excerpt page 53):

Sam reflected that the deacon was a very obstinate man, and decided that his arrangements were very foolish. What was the use of living if you'd got to work all the time? A good many people, older than Sam, are of the same opinion, and it is not wholly without reason; but then, it should be borne in mind that Sam was opposed to all work. He believed in enjoying himself, and the work might take care of itself. (End excerpt)

After a month of farm work Sam is so unhappy that he is ready to run away if only he had the money. He is given the errand of taking an envelope to the deacon. The envelope comes open and inside is ten dollars. Our hero can't overcome temptation and decides to use the money to take French leave of the deacon and his farm. It is here that Alger has something to say about such a hero as Sam. (Excerpt pages 75-76):

"What'll the deacon say when he comes to wake me up?" thought our hero, though I am almost ashamed to give Sam such a name, for I am afraid he is acting in a manner very unlike the well-behaved heroes of most juvenile stories, my own among the number. However, since I have chosen to write about a "young outlaw," I must describe him as he is, and warn my boy readers that I by no means recommend them to pattern after him. (End excerpt)

Our somewhat tarnished hero uses a portion of the stolen money to pay for

his transportation to New York. Sam isn't in the big city twenty-four hours before he is the victim of another thief who steals the balance of his ill-gotten gains while he sleeps. Sam is talking of his misadventure to a new friend. (Excerpt pages 154-155):

"I'll tell you about it. I was robbed in my sleep."

So Sam told the story of his adventure with Clarence Brown. Tim listened attentively.

"He was smart, he was," said Tim approvingly.

"He's a rascal," said Sam hotly, who did not relish his spoiler praised.

"Course he is, but he's smart, too. You might 'a' knowed he'd do it."

"How should I know? I thought he was a kind man that wanted to do me a favor."

Tim burst out laughing.

"Ain't you green, though? he remarked. "Oh, my eye, but you're jolly green."

"Am I?" said Sam, rather offended. "Is everybody a thief in New York?"

"Most everybody, if they gets a chance," said Tim coolly. "Didn't you ever steal yourself?"

Sam colored. He had temporarily forgotten the little adventure that preceded his departure from his country home. After all, why should he be so angry with Clarence Brown for doing the very same thing he had done himself? Why, indeed? But Sam had an answer ready. The deacon did not need the money, while he could not get along very well without it. So it was meaner in Clarence Brown to take all he had than in him to take what the deacon could so well spare.

I hope my readers understand that this was very flimsy and unsatisfactory reasoning. Stealing is stealing, under whatever circumstances. (End excerpt)

Tim is a "baggage smasher", and he teaches the trade to our hero. Sam is quick to pick up some of the finer points of carrying baggage, especially lying about his circumstances to gain sympathy and thus a larger fee. Sam

soon learns of the Newsboys' Lodging House, and takes advantage of its very economical board and room. (Excerpt pages 173-174):

So Sam was admitted to the privileges of the lodging-house. Now he found it much easier to get along. For eighteen cents a day he was provided with lodging, breakfast, and supper, and it was not often he could not obtain as much as that. When he could earn enough more to buy a "square meal" in the middle of the day, and a fifteen-cent ticket to the gallery of the theater in the evening, he felt happy. He was fairly adrift in the streets of the great city, and his future prospects did not look very brilliant. It is hardly necessary to say that in a moral point of view he had deteriorated rather than improved. In fact, he was fast developing into a social outlaw, with no particular scruples against lying or stealing. One thing may be said in his favor, he never made use of his strength to oppress a younger boy. On the whole, he was good-natured, and not at all brutal. He had on one occasion interfered successfully to protect a young boy from one of greater strength who was beating him. I like to mention this, because I do not like to have it supposed that Sam was wholly bad. (End excerpt)

Our hero is lazing about on the streets one day when he has the good fortune to witness an accident. An old man is slightly injured and Sam assists him up to his office. The grateful gentleman turns out to be a chiropodist and he hires his rescuer to compensate him for his thoughtfulness. Sam's first chore is to dispense circulars advertising the corn doctor's services. Later, he is promoted to office boy at four dollars per week. The doctor gives him some second hand clothes, so when he had cleaned himself up (at the good doctor's suggestion) he looked quite presentable.

LIKE TO LASSO
A FEW
NEW ALGER TITLES?



THEN COME
TO ROSE MONT
MAY 6, 7, 8, 9, 1976!

But Sam couldn't stand success. In one incident he tried operating on a patient himself while the corn doctor was out of the office—with almost disastrous results. Though this episode didn't cost Sam his position, his next impropriety did. He stole twenty dollars from his employer, again out of a poorly sealed envelope, and when found

1	2	3	4		5	6	7	8	9		10	11	12	13
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124	125	126			127	128	129	130	131	132	133	134	135	136
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137	138	139			140	141	142	143	144	145	146	147	148	149
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Above is the solution to the Alger crossword puzzle that Herb Risteen made for the March, 1976, Newsboy.

first came to the city!" he reflected. "How easy I was took in! I didn't know nothin' about life then. How sick I was when I smoked my first cigar! Now, I can smoke half a dozen, one after the other, only I can't raise the stamps to buy 'em."

Sam plunged his hands deep down into his pockets. There was nothing to hinder, for, as usual, they were empty. . . . he was just even with the world. He had neither debts nor assets. He had only daily recurring wants, and these he was not always able to supply. (End excerpts)

In the final chapter, entitled "Conclusion," our

-(The Young Outlaw-Continued)-
out, deemed it expedient to resign. Our hero then obtained another place, this one distributing handbills for Pipkin's Dining-rooms. But he soon lost this job too, probably due to his hearty appetite. Over the next couple years our hero had various jobs, selling newspapers or blacking boots; and falling back on smashing baggage if it came to that. I shall have to mention that at least twice he had tried strong drink, but whether he persisted in this horrid habit, Alger doesn't say.

After three years in America's greatest city, our less than perfect hero soliloquizes thusly (excerpts pages 243-244):

"What a greenhorn I was when I

hero has the good fortune to find a little boy lost. As a reward for returning Bertie Dalton to his home, Sam is given another chance. (Excerpt page 248):

He felt that he was in luck for once in his life, and was convinced of it when, on the arrival of Mr. Dalton, he was offered the post of errand boy at five dollars a week, with a present of five dollars in advance. He asked no time for consideration, but accepted at once.

"You may report for service tomorrow morning," said Mr. Dalton.

"There is my business card. Can you find it?"

"I know where it is," said Sam.

"I'll be there."

Sam's chance had come. He was

invited to fill a humble but respectable position in life.

THE END

(And end of excerpt)!!

Your faithful reader promises to bring you more of our somewhat tarnished

hero's adventures in the next report which will be Sam's Chance. Knowing Mr. Alger as we do, we can look forward to rather more exemplary episodes than your reader has had to recount with The Young Outlaw.

CHARACTERS IN THE YOUNG OUTLAW

<u>Name</u>	<u>Page number(s)</u>	<u>Description</u>
Sam Barker	1, 7	Our hero (A liar and a thief)
John Hopkins	1, 7	A deacon, our hero's guardian
Mr. Barker*	10	Our hero's drunken father (deceased)
Major Stebbins	11	Big frog in a little pond
Martha Hopkins	20, 21	The Deacon's wife
Ben Warren	66	A boastful youth
Mr. Comstock	70, 79	A gentleman who trusted our hero
Clarence Brown	102, 105	A thief (will suffice for a villain)
Mr. Jones	123	A restaurant customer
John	123	? (Could possibly be Mr. Jones . . .)
Mr. Chucks	121, 124	Restaurant proprietor
Peter	118, 125	"A colored waiter" who bounced our "dead beat" hero
Mickey	126	A "street Arab"
Pat Riley	126	A "street Arab"
Tim Brady	150	A baggage smasher
Mr. Glenham	160, 164	A kind gentleman
Clara Glenham	160, 164	Mr. Glenham's naive child
Tom*	162	One of our hero's imaginary, made-up siblings
Jim*	162	One of our hero's imaginary, made-up siblings
John*	162	One of our hero's imaginary, made-up siblings
Sarah*	162	One of our hero's imaginary, made-up siblings
Maggie	162	One of our hero's imaginary, made-up siblings
Lucy	164	Clara Glenham's aunt
Mr. O'Connor (Charles)**	172	Superintendent of the Newsboys' Lodging House
James Cooper*	173	Our imaginative hero's fictitious uncle
Felix Graham	175, 177	A corn doctor or chiropodist
Eliza	180, 181	An evidently cornless young lady
Miss Winslow	187, 188	An amused young lady
Dennis O'Brien	197, 201	"Doctor" Sam Barker's first patient
Jim Nolan	205	Our light-fingered hero's partner in crime
Mr. Clement	222, 224	Who discovered that our hero was a thief (and told)
William Clark	235	"Ready-money Bill", a bootblack of means
Mr. Pipkin	237, 238	Restaurant owner
Bertie Dalton	244	A lost four year old
Marie	245	Bertie Dalton's nurse
Mrs. Dalton	246	Bertie's mother
Maggie	247	A Dalton family servant
Mr. Dalton	247, 248	Bertie's father, our hero's benefactor

*Doesn't actually make an active appearance in our story

** NOT a fictitious character (as of course we Alger fans know very well)

"You're right there, honey," said Chloe, showing her teeth.

A little after eight o'clock, Pat, being fatigued with his long tramp, went to bed, and was soon fast asleep. Mrs. Stanton and her daughter sat in a room on the second floor, one working and the other reading aloud, when the daughter approaching the window descried to her alarm a company of men, ten in number, approaching the house.

At this time it was not uncommon for small roving bands passing themselves off as Confederate soldiers, but really only robbers intent upon plunder, to scour the country, forcing their entrance into lonely houses, and carrying off whatever of value they could find.

Now it happened that Mrs. Stanton, who had recently received a large payment, had no less than two thousand dollars in Northern greenbacks in her house, and these she feared would be discovered in ransacking the house, and carried off. This money was uppermost in her mind and that of her daughter.

"What shall we do with the money, Jennie?" she asked, in a tone of distress. "Where can we hide it?"

"I know of no safe place. The house will be thoroughly searched."

"But I can't afford to lose it," said Mrs. Stanton, in dismay.

"Give it to me, mother. I have thought of a way of saving it. There is some risk about it, but it may do."

From a bureau drawer the mother took a roll of large bills, and with trembling hands delivered it to her daughter.

"What are you going to do, Jennie?"

"I will tell you afterward. Now there is no time."

The young lady summoned Chloe, briefly explained her purpose, and proceeded to the room occupied by Pat Roach.

Pat awoke, on being shaken, and stared in surprise at his visitors.

"What's wanted?" he asked.

"Are you an honest boy? Can I trust you?" asked the young lady, abruptly.

"I never stole a cent in my life," said Pat, proudly.

"I will trust you then," said

Jennie, briefly. "There are some robbers approaching the house, who will enter and carry off whatever they can find. Now we have two thousand dollars in the house."

"Two thousand dollars!" ejaculated Pat, in amazement.

"Yes. The only place they won't think of searching is your pocket. Dress as quickly as possible and put this money in your pocket."

"Yes, miss. What will I do then?"

"These men will probably stay all night. Early in the morning—before sunrise—you must leave the house, and stay away till ten or eleven o'clock. Chloe will give you some food to carry with you. Do you understand?"

"Yes, miss."

"By ten probably these men will be gone, and you can bring back the money."

"Yes, miss. I'll bring it back faithfully."

Loud knocks were heard at the door, and the two hurried away. Opening the front door, they confronted the troop of marauders.

"What do you want at this late hour?" asked Jennie.

"Supper and shelter for the night," answered the leader.

"Who are you, sir?"

"Captain Jones, of the Confederate army."

"Why are you away from the main army, sir?"

"That's my business," answered the so-styled Captain Jones, impudently.

"If you insist on entering, you must, but we object to turning our house into a camp."

"Can't help it, miss. It's one of the necessities of war. File in, men."

Chloe was obliged to produce from the pantry all the cooked food in the house, and the men did justice to it. Jennie Stanton remained up, feeling in no humor to go to bed. When the repast was over Captain Jones said:

"Miss Stanton, I learn that you have a large sum of money in the house. We must have it."

"What, would you plunder us?" asked the young lady, indignantly.

"We don't take it for ourselves. It is for the cause," said the leader,

hypocritically. "You may as well bring it at once, and save the trouble of a search. You can't deny that the money was paid you last Monday."

"I don't deny it," said the young lady, intrepidly, "but it has already passed out of our possession."

"I don't believe it," said the captain, looking very much disappointed.

"Then you can search the house," said Jennie, outwardly bold, but inwardly trembling lest the money should be discovered.

"I will," said Captain Jones. "Of course, where such a large amount is concerned, we cannot trust the word of any one."

"Very well, sir, proceed. Chloe, go with these gentlemen."

She slipped away to inform her mother of what she had done, and put her on her guard.

In the course of the search they came to Pat's room.

"Who sleeps here?" asked the leader.

"A poor Irish boy, who asked for a lodging."

"Let me see him."

The door was thrown open, and Pat stared at his new visitor.

"What's your name, boy?" asked Jones.

"Pat Roach."

"Do you live here?"

"No sir; the ladies let me slape here to-night. They gave me a good supper besides."

"Where are you traveling?"

"I'm seekin' my fortune."

"Are those your clothes?"

"Yes, sir."

To Chloe's great alarm, Capt. Jones took up Pat's poor garments, and thrust his hands into the pockets. But she need not have been alarmed. Pat had taken out the bills, and put them under the sheet upon which he was lying. Only a cent was found in the pockets.

"You are not very rich!" said Jones.

Pat laughed.

"If I was, what would I be sakin' my fortune for?" he answered.

"There's nothing here," said Jones, unsuspectingly.

The search continued, and a few articles of small value were discovered, but the great prize was not to be found. Captain Jones concluded that Miss Stanton was right after all, and contented himself with what he had found.

About four o'clock in the morning Pat was called by Chloe, who gave him some provisions in a paper, and let him out.

"You'll come back?"

"Nivir fear," said Pat.

About nine o'clock Captain Jones and his party, after an ample breakfast, left the house. Still Mrs. Stanton felt nervous and anxious about the money.

"Jennie," she said, "that boy will never come back."

"I think he will, mother."

"It was a crazy idea, trusting a poor Irish boy, whom we had never seen before last night, with so large a sum."

"It was the only thing we could do, mother. If we lose it, it will be no worse than having Captain Jones take it."

"Two thousand dollars will be a great temptation to a boy like that."

"Mother, I like that boy's face. I will stake a great deal on his honesty."

"When you have lived as long as I have, Jennie, you won't be so ready to trust a stranger. Why, the boy is only a tramp."

"Even a tramp may be honest."

Mrs. Stanton sighed.

"Depend upon it," she said, "we shall never see the money again."

Two hours passed. It was after eleven, and still nothing was to be seen of Pat. The young lady herself grew nervous. After all, perhaps her mother was right.

But at half-past eleven there was a knock at the door. It was opened and there stood Pat.

"Have you got the money?" asked Chloe, breathlessly.

"Every dollar of it," said Pat, promptly.

"What made you so long?"

Pat explained that he met Capt.

Jones and his men, who made him black all their boots, and this detained him an hour. For this service they gave him a five-dollar confederate note, which was far from being an extravagant remuneration for the labor, depreciated as it was.

"He didn't think I had such a big pile of money in my pocket," chuckled Pat. "I could have paid him better for blackin' my boots."

"Did you come here directly after you left him?"

"No, miss, I didn't dare, for fear he would suspect something. I came as soon as I could. Here's the money, miss, and I'll bid you good-by."

Jennie said a few words to her mother. Then she turned to Pat.

"How would you like to live with us?" she asked.

"Tip-top!" answered Pat, promptly.

"Then you shall do so. You shall not be wholly a servant, but we will see that you are educated and prepared for a good position hereafter. You have shown yourself worthy of our confidence, and you will find us not ungrateful."

So Pat found a home and friends. He had sought his fortune and found it. He is now a prosperous and thriving man, and has been able to provide for his parents, and help along his younger brothers and sisters. Had he abused the confidence reposed in him, and carried off the two thousand dollars, it is hardly likely that his future would have been as bright.

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MORE ON "AEONIAN ALGERS"

(Editor's note: The following few paragraphs are excerpted from "A Publisher Who Ressurects Rarities; Horatio Alger and Jules Verne May Make the Best-Seller List Again," an article appearing in the February, 1976, American Collector. Thanks go to HAS member Dick Bales for sending me the clipping.

"Collectors of rare and out-of-print works of 19th and early 20th century fiction may be surprised to learn that authors such as Horatio Alger, Jules Verne, O. Henry, Tex Burns, Clarence Mulford and other quondam name writers

are on the market again—as reprints. The reincarnated editions come from a small publishing house in the hills of Leyden, Mass., called Aeonian Press. Recent releases include eight Horatio Alger works and nine Jules Verne volumes which have been lost to generations of readers—for nearly 100 years. . . .

"How did the books come to be reprinted? That is best answered by telling how Aeonian Press itself came about. John Clauss, Aeonian's president, went searching a few years ago to buy his favorite childhood book, Frances Carpenter's Tales of a Chinese Grandmother, to give as a gift to his son. When he learned it was out of print, he decided to find out how prevalent this problem was.

"Clauss soon realized that the works of many of our most popular 19th and 20th century novelists are in danger of virtual literary extinction as a result of their being considered no longer commercially viable by their original publishers. Subsequently, Clauss went into partnership with a noted antiquarian, now deceased, to determine exactly which books were most in demand.

"Thus, all titles Aeonian selects are based on extensive research and 30 years of antiquarian files. Titles are selected with the aid of the late antiquarian's client list and sales records, which have been computerized. The demand for a certain author in old-book circles can be determined at the flip of a switch. . . .

"The address, for further information, is simply Aeonian Press. Leyden, Mass. 01337.

* * *
CARL'S (Hartmann) COLUMN
[by our Exec. Sec.]

(Editor's note: Gary Scharnhorst recently wrote to ask about the cheaper Alger books—volumes which were notoriously edited by their publishers, leaving much abridged editions. I immediately thought of Carl Hartmann's

article on the subject which he wrote for the February, 1967 Newsboy, and I reprint it here, as I doubt that many of our long time members will recall it, and newer members of the Society can obtain much beneficence from it).

 Horatio Alger, as we all know, was a prolific writer. His stories had many publishers and were reprinted under many titles. Of course our authority on this, Ralph Gardner's Horatio Alger or, The American Hero Era, gives us the many publishers and titles. Since most of us can't obtain all the first editions and have to be satisfied with reprints, the contents of the reprints become of prime importance. Most of you I am sure have read the Alger stories you have. Once read it is seldom picked up again, and because of this it is important that you read the whole story the first time.

Say for instance that the only copy of Making His Way that you have is a Goldsmith. Did you realize that you missed out on (approx.) 6,000 words? Or if your copy is a Values Book, all of Chapters XII, XIII, XIV, & XV are deleted? The Penn edition (The World Before Him) is of course complete as is the Hurst. This paragraph from the Hurst edition will illustrate what I mean: [Chapter I]

"Two boys were walking in the campus of the Bridgeville Academy. They were apparently of about the same age - somewhere from fifteen to sixteen - but there was a considerable difference in their attire."

Now the same paragraph from the Goldsmith edition: "Two boys were walking in the campus of the Bridgeville Academy."

As you can see, most of the descriptive passages have been left out. Now this brings up a question: Have these so-called experts that pan Alger after reading one book read only the abridged editions? Have they missed the character buildup? I like to read Alger, but I want to read all that he

wrote - of every story he wrote. Alger wrote to be read. To collect him and not read him is like collecting paintings to hang in a dark closet. So, unless you have or can obtain the uncut editions, you are missing some of his best writing. I've only compared six stories so far, but every one was cut in the cheaper editions. Those of you that have first editions and reprints of the same stories, check them over and let us know what you find.

* * *

RANDOM REPORTS FROM ALGERLAND

by Jack Bales

COMING UP SOON — The ROSEMONT TWELFTH TIME, the 12th annual convention of the Horatio Alger Society. Hosted by Gilbert K. Westgard II, the convention will be in Rosemont, Illinois. By now each member should have received a map and motel reservation form, as well as the schedule of events. The registration fee is \$15.00. Please remit as soon as possible to Gilbert at 764 Holiday Lane, Apt., 1, Des Plaines, Illinois 60018.

Jack Row writes: "You stated in the current Newsboy [January-February, 1976] that Herbert R. Mayes was named an honorary member, and that Senator Everett Dirksen was the only other so named. NOT TRUE. If you will refer to Volume 5, number 10, June, 1967, paragraph 3, front page, you will note that Harold E. Hughes, then governor of Iowa, was named an honorary member. Governor Hughes was presented with a tile membership plaque just prior to the Des Moines Convention. He went on to become U.S. Senator, with quite a bit of fame." I stand corrected, Jack! Thanks for writing.

Dale Thomas, Horatio Alger Society Treasurer, recently gave me the latest developments of his ever growing Alger collection. Quoting from his letter: "I can now report 100 first editions. Among the better of eight firsts this past year were Out for Business and The Train Boy." Congratulations, Dale - you're now a member (along with Bob Bennett) of the "Super 100 Club!"

CONVENTION PLANS ARE NOW TAKING FINAL FORM

Since the inclusion of the tentative schedule for the convention in the last issue of the NEWSBOY, several items have either been revised or rescheduled. One of our most popular events, the combined book sale, was inadvertently left out, but is now back in its regular place.

THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1976

Welcome early arrivals! You are invited to stop by the home of your host, Gilbert K. Westgard II, 764 Holiday Lane, Des Plaines, to view his 5,000 volume library containing all of Alger's books and a fine collection relating to the city of New York in the Alger era. There will be light refreshments.

FRIDAY, MAY 7, 1976

Morning: The HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY GENERAL STORE will open for a two day run of business. This will be our hospitality room, and such a center of activity has been urged by several members who wanted a place where they could get together to talk ALGER while having a cup of coffee.

THERE'LL BE A MAMMOTH SUPPLY OF HORATIO'S BEST BOOKS WHICH YOU CAN PUT IN YOUR TRUNK AT THE ROSEMONT TWELFTH TIME!

We had intended to have our 1976 Convention of the Horatio Alger Society at the Camelot Inn, but that institution has had to change their name to the WINDSOR INN. The name change will have no effect on our reservations, rates and activities, but so that you do not spend too much of your time driving around senic downtown Rosemont in search of the Camelot Inn, you are now notified that you should go to the WINDSOR INN, 6565 N. Manheim Rd., Rosemont, IL, May 6-9, 1976.

Everyone is urged to bring something in the way of food or beverage to contribute. Dick Seddon has promised two wheels of cheese, and the Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co. has generously donated ten cases of their excellent Schlitz Beer for consumption by our members.

At this time we will also have our Board of Directors meeting. This meeting is not a closed affair, and if you are interested in attending you will be welcome.

Afternoon: Free time. Probably some time spent getting to know your fellow Alger collectors, welcoming those who are just arriving, or visiting some of the many Chicago area book stores would be an excellent way to fill this time. This could very well be the time when you may find that long-sought-for Alger book that you've needed for several years!

Evening: Dinner at Hapsburg Inn, 600 River Road, Mt. Prospect, IL. This famous German restaurant, located in a barn, features real mouth-watering home-style cooking. We have a private room, and there'll be entertainment following the dinner. The cost is moderate, and don't fail to notice the house just to the south of the restaurant . . . it was once owned by the notorious prohibition-era beer-baron, Roger "the Terrible" Touhy.

If this convention holds true to form, you'll get back to the Windsor Inn just in time to continue buying, selling, or swapping for those prized Alger volumes.

SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1976

Morning: Here's one of our popular events . . . the combined book sale for everyone. Meet in the Buckingham Room, where plenty of tables will have been set up for our needs. Now will be the chance to see two different copies of the same volumes almost side by side. Please remember when dealing with those who have brought volumes to sell that they have brought them to SELL, and if you want to read them from cover to cover, please purchase them before undertaking such a project!

Afternoon: Free time . . . but if enough interest is expressed, maybe we could have a ball-game . . . Newsboys vs. Baggage-Smashers. Several have expressed an interest in being on the teams. This is all in fun, so knock a homer for Horatio! Rain-checks will possibly be honored next year?

A tentative site for this great sporting event has been chosen in Des Plaines. It's only a few minute's drive.

Evening: Twelfth Annual Horatio Alger Society Awards Banquet. These have been the highlights of previous conventions.

We will meet in the Buckingham Room for an appetizing dinner of Breast of Chicken Kiev. The complete meal includes a choice of Appetizer, Salad, Vegetable, Potato and Desert.

Following the dinner we will hear the report of our President, Bob Bennett, on what has been happening in our society during the past year. It is always very interesting to hear this concise summary.

The names of the winners of the LUCK AND PLUCK AWARD and the NEWSBOY AWARD will be announced.

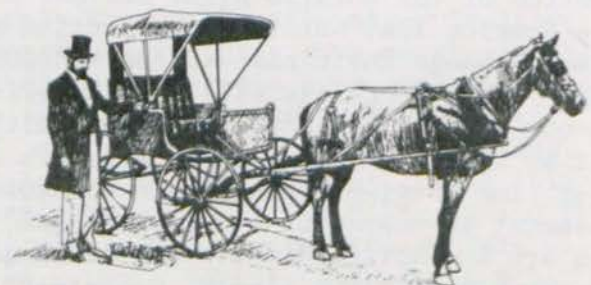
Do you have any items to contribute to our auction? Alger books, books by other authors, antiques, white elephants, etc. are most welcome!

Once again we hope to have that fearless auctioneer, Ralph Gardner, to auction off the donated items for the benefit of the Horatio Alger Society. This helps to make up the difference between our dues and the ever increasing cost of running the several projects of the society.

If everyone contributes just one item, the success of the auction will be sure!

Following the festivities of the evening you will have a final night of trying to buy, sell or trade those Alger books with your fellow society members.

Also, great discoveries have been made in the wee hours of the morning following these banquets. It's exhausting, but it is always interesting!



SUNDAY, MAY 9, 1976

Morning: Our traditional farewell breakfast for those who must leave at this time. But, the convention activity is not yet over.



For those who wish to see Ken Butler's TIME WAS Village Museum, in Mendota, Illinois (the city where the first Horatio Alger Society Convention was held), a special invitation has been extended to us by Ken to drive out (it's only a couple of hours away) to spend the day as his guests.

There's a lot to see at TIME WAS, and those who make the journey will be sure to enjoy the experience of reviewing 12,000 yesterdays in eight buildings of fascinating displays.

Quite a few Alger books are on exhibit, as well as books by the other popular writers of days gone by.

Afternoon: Final farewells until next year in ? ? ? ? ?

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REGISTRATION FEE: \$15.00 per person. Please mail your checks made payable to Gilbert K. Westgard II, 764 Holiday Lane, Des Plaines, IL 60018, at your earliest convenience. There are certain convention expenses which must be paid well in advance of our meeting. Your prompt attention to this important matter will be appreciated. A few have already made their payments.

ROOMS AT THE WINDSOR INN: \$17.80 per single per night, or \$19.80 per double per night. This includes all taxes.

Fill out the enclosed reservation card and be sure to show your arrival and departure dates. This was left off of the cards which were included with the last issue of the NEWSBOY. Send in another card if you used the previous one.

Restaurants are available in the Windsor Inn offering a wide variety of tasty meals at reasonable rates if you are not too full from spending time in the Horatio Alger Society General Store.

All registrants will receive a Horatio Alger commemorative souvenir which is designed to be the first in a series of fine items available each year at future conventions. Extras will be available for purchase.

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There are better than 20 used book dealers in the Chicago area. They range in size from the small, one-room kind to those with over 200,000 volumes available.

Don't count on finding any Alger books outside of those offered at the convention. Your host makes the rounds of these stores with a great deal of regularity.

What other kinds of books do you want? Several stores specialize in books on one particular field.

Two stores specialize in theology, two others have quite a trade in books concerning railroads. One specializes in books from England, another handles only books from the Peoples Republic of China, while still another only deals in first editions.

The Salvation Army Store in Chicago has a remarkably good selection for this type of operation. It is worth a visit. And, the prices are usually moderate.

How many of these stores will be worth visiting? That depends upon your interest in fields outside of books by Alger. A listing will probably be available.



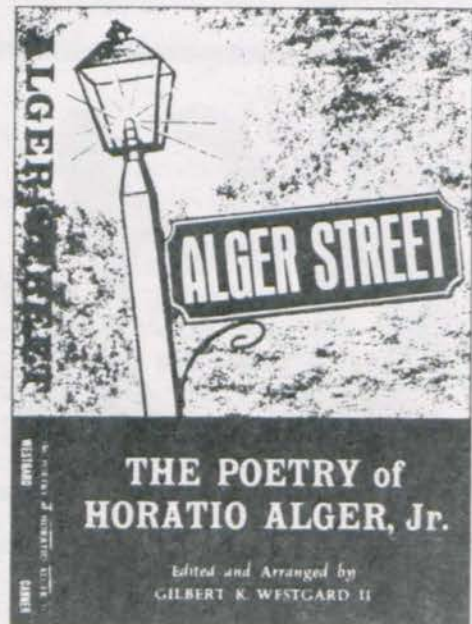
Gilbert K. Westgard II, our host for the ROSEMONT TWELFTH TIME, will probably need no introduction to most readers of the NEWSBOY. Once the youngest collector of Alger's books, he has long ago left that distinction to others.

Born in Chicago, and raised in the suburb of Park Ridge, Gilbert obtained his first Alger book over 20 years ago. For some time it remained a solitary volume, but at the age of fifteen he began the task of obtaining all of Alger's works.

Several book stores in Chicago, (sadly, no longer in existence) had large sections devoted to Alger. With such sources available his collection grew rapidly.

One day a dealer showed him an ad in a newspaper advertising "Alger's Poorhouse Club." He wrote to Forrest Campbell just in time to receive the first issue of the NEWSBOY.

While doing research at Harvard College, Gilbert gathered Alger's poetry which was later published under the title ALGER STREET. This volume received the 1965 Newsboy Award.



Over the years additional research has resulted in his obtaining virtually all of Horatio's short stories and has resulted in the discovery of seven previously unknown Alger novels. These were the first full-length serials written by Alger, and appeared in the pages of the New York SUN.

In December, 1973, Gilbert presented the first Alger novel, HUGO; THE DEFORMED, for the first time published in one source as a complete story in the pages of the NEWSBOY. This issue, now out of print, is a collector's item.

At New Philadelphia, OH, he received the Luck And Pluck Award two years ago.

His research continued and resulted in the identification of the MABEL PARKER manuscript as being the source for the later rewritten JERRY, THE BACKWOODS BOY.

A prized item in his collection is a copy of the original manuscript of OUT FOR BUSINESS in Alger's handwriting, and showing clearly where Edward Stratemeyer took over completing this novel.

Although all of Alger's novels are in his library many titles are missing. This is because Gilbert collects the stories, rather than variations of the titles of the same story. Also, all the Alger's in his collection are in hard-cover editions.

What are some of his prized volumes? Some of his favorites include: a first edition of \$500 CHECK autographed by Alger, GRAND'THER BALDWIN'S THANKSGIVING with an inscription by the author, a first edition of THE WESTERN BOY which is the volume that cost him the most (\$140), a first edition of VICTOR VANE obtained for 75¢ in a Chicago antique store he entered to get out of the rain, and a first edition of NOTHING TO DO.

In addition to collecting Alger, he has nearly a complete set of the works of William Taylor Adams, "Oliver Optic."

In the non-literary field he enjoys taking rides on his high-wheeler, and photography. This latter interest has resulted in a program of slides of the symbols used in stained glass. Lasting over an hour and a half, it is called THE GOSPEL IN GLASS. It has been shown professionally to a number of groups in the Chicago area.

Gilbert is employed by a large Chicago based fastener manufacturer as manager of advertising.

He is looking forward to welcoming you to the ROSEMONT TWELFTH TIME.

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The following short story by Horatio Alger, Jr., is from the collection of our President, Bob Bennett. It originally appeared in The Flag of Our Union, July 14, 1855, and was later included in BERTHA'S CHRISTMAS VISION in 1856 with the title changed to LOST AND FOUND.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE BURGLAR.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

CHAPTER I.

A HOME AT THE FIVE POINTS.

WE are apt to look at the Old World exclusively for startling contrasts between fashion and splendor on the one hand, and squalid wretchedness and crime on the other. With an air of complacency, we speak of our great and happy republic, as affording a retreat for the homeless, and a refuge to the oppressed. Yet, in the face of all this, it would be difficult to find in any European city, a more thoroughly vicious district than that of the Five Points, in New York. Few, doubtless, of the fashionable crowds who daily promenade Broadway, have ever penetrated its recesses. Few but would shrink in dismay from horrors of which they had not even dreamed, if they should do so. But it is not our purpose to moralize upon that which has already begun to attract the attention and inspire the exertions of philanthropic hearts and hands. That task we leave to able pens. Enough that we have hinted at the character of the locality in which our story takes its rise.

One of the worst recesses of this notorious district enjoys the singularly euphonious name of Cow Bay. The entrance to it is a filthy, arched passageway, round which are crowded miserable tenements, so miserable that the scanty sunlight, which finds its way through the dirt-begrimed windows, seems to shrink away, as if it were more than half ashamed of the company it is in. In front of these houses you may see men, whose faces betray no evidence of intelligence or virtue; women, whose miserable and woe-begone expression, perchance loud voice and angry vituperation, attest that from them all that render the sex attractive has forever departed; children—and this is the saddest sight of all—dirty and sickly, and who are children only in size and in years, for upon their hearts the happy influences of genuine childhood have never fallen. For them, alas! life is a rough pathway, paved with flinty stones, which pierce their feet at every step.

A tall man, with a slanting gait, and hunched over his eyes, walked swiftly through the arched passageway, above alluded to, and, muttering an imprecation upon a child who got in his way, entered one of the houses, whose front door stood invitingly open, and, groping his way up the staircase, which was quite obscure, although it was mid-day, opened a door at the head of the staircase, and entered.

It was such a room as the appearance of the house might lead one to expect. It was, however, furnished more ambitiously, as at least one half the floor was covered with a rag carpet, and what little furniture there was, was arranged with rather more taste than might have been anticipated. By the window sat a girl of twelve, sewing. Between her and the children, who were playing outside, there was a wide contrast. She was perfectly clean and neat in her attire, and her face, though pale—as it might well be, shut up as she was in a noisome quarter of a great city, with no chance to breathe the fresh country air, or roam at will through green fields—in spite of this want of bloom, her expression was unusually winning and attractive.

The man we have referred to, threw himself with an air of weariness in a chair, near the door, and muttered, ungraciously:

"Why haven't you got dinner ready? I'm hungry."

"Is it time?" asked the child, springing from her seat, quickly, as if afraid of having neglected her duty.

"Time enough," returned the man; "for I've been at work this morning, and have got an appetite like a wolf. Besides, I want you to be through soon, for I shall send you out shopping this afternoon. Has any one been in to see me this forenoon, Helen?"

"No," said Helen; "for that was her name."

"Good. I don't care to have visitors."

Helen quickly brought out from a closet hand by a plate of cold meat, some cold vegetables, and a plate of bread and butter. The man drew his chair to the table, and during the next quarter of an hour, in which he was so busily occupied with satisfying his appetite, that he had no time for anything else, he said not a word to the

child, who, on her part, was too much accustomed to his manner to utter a word.

At length, having accomplished his task, in a manner so satisfactory that very little remained on the table, he drew his chair away, and motioned the child to take her place at it.

"Take your place and eat, Helen," said he, a little less gruffly than before; "and while you are eating, I will tell you of a little plan I have formed for you."

"How do you like living here?" he resumed, when she had seated herself.

She looked into his face as if to know whether it would do to express her real opinion. His face was not so forbidding as it appeared at times, and she ventured to say:

"I—I think there are some places which I should like better."

"No doubt, no doubt, Helen. I think I have known pleasanter places myself. But where do you think you should like to live best—that is, supposing you could live wherever you chose?"

"O," said the child, her eyes brightening, and her whole face glowing with excitement, "I should like, above all things, to live in the country, where I could run about the fields, and hear the birds sing, and—and— O, the country is so beautiful! I think I lived there once; did I not, uncle?"

"Yes, Helen, but it is a good while ago. How would you like to live there once more?"

"May I? Can I? Will you let me?" asked the child, eagerly.

"Perhaps so. But it will depend on whether you will be good, and try to please me."

"O, I will do whatever you say."

"Well, that sounds well. Then I'll tell you what my plans are, and where it is that you are to go."

So saying, he drew from his pocket a copy of the New York Tribune, and read aloud the following advertisement:

"WANTED.—A young girl of from twelve to fourteen, to serve as nursery maid and companion for two young children, by a family a few miles distant from the city. Address
"P. H. GREGORY."

"There," said the reader, laying down his paper, "is a situation which will just suit you. You like children, and pretty much all you will have to do will be to attend to them. Then Mr. Gregory lives in a beautiful place. He is a rich man, and can afford it. Would you like to go?"

"Above all things," said Helen, eagerly; for to her the prospect of a release from the dismal place in which she lived, was most pleasing.

"And you wouldn't miss me, your affectionate uncle?" said the man, with a peculiar expression.

The child's eyes fell. She blamed herself frequently for not holding in higher regard the only relative of whom she knew anything; yet so ungenial was his nature, and so harsh and forbidding was he nearly always, that it would have been singular if he had inspired affection in any one. So it happened that in the joy of the anticipated change, she had not for a moment thought of the separation which it must occasion between herself and her uncle.

"Of course," she said, timidly, "I shall be sorry to leave you—"

"You needn't say anything more, child," was the reply. "I don't profess any particular affection for you, and I don't believe you feel any for me. And you may be sure I shouldn't have proposed this removal to you, if I had not had some object of my own in it. Would you like to know what that is?"

"Yes," she said, hesitatingly.

"Well, I will tell you, because it is necessary that you should fully understand before you go, on what conditions I allow you to do so. But if you dare to impart to a breathing soul a hint of what I tell you, I will seek you out, and—well, no matter," he continued, seeing that his threat made her turn pale. "You must know that this Mr. Gregory, with whom I am going to place you, once cheated me out of a large sum of money, which I cannot hope to regain, except by stratagem. Now I want you to get in there, and I will then give you instructions how to manage. They keep a large amount of valuable plate in the lower part of the house. It will be comparatively easy for you, when you are once there, to

render me essential service by opening the front door to me, so that I may be able to secure it without detection, and then—"

"But," said the girl, shrinking in dismay from this proposition, "would not that be robbery?"

"Robbery? Pooh, child! Didn't I tell you that he had cheated me out of twice the value of the plate, and as I can't get my pay in any other way, it's perfectly proper to get it in that."

Helen was no casuist. She had never had any one to teach her right principles, but she had an instinctive feeling that this was wrong. She wished to renege, but dared not. Her uncle saw her embarrassment, and queried its cause; he rose from his seat, and stood sternly confronting her.

"Helen Armstrong," said he, in a compressed voice, "unless you promise me faithfully to perform the part I have assigned you, I will blind you out to Brady Tim, the grocer!"

This Brady Tim was a repulsive character, and kept a grocery of the lowest kind, nearly opposite the rooms occupied by the girl and her uncle. He was a complete tyrant, and would often beat his children in the most unmerciful manner. Their shrieks, which she was often doomed to hear, would always make her blood run cold, and inspired her with an inconceivable dread of the man who occasioned them. This her uncle well understood, and he was well aware that no threat which he could utter would make so deep an impression upon the child's mind.

"You have your choice," said he. "Shall I tell Brady Tim that you will come to-morrow morning, or will you go to Mr. Gregory's?"

"I will go," said the child, overawed.

"And you will follow my directions?"

"Yes."

"Then preparations must instantly be made. I shall have to buy you a few things to have you go decent. Have you got a good bonnet?"

"Only my old one, and that is bent every-way."

"Well, I will get you a new one. You will also want a shawl, and some gloves. As you are to be a companion to the children, it will be a recommendation if you come looking neat and comfortable. It won't take long to purchase them, and whatever else you need I can send you afterwards. Wait a moment, and I will be ready to accompany you."

He went into the inner room, and quickly emerged, completely metamorphosed in his personal appearance by a white wig and whiskers, and a staff, on which he leaned heavily. The girl looked at him in astonishment.

"What sort of a grandfather do you think I shall make?" said he, laughing. "I shall go out with you to Mr. Gregory's, and I have no doubt that, in consideration of my gray hairs, they will be induced to take my grand-daughter into their service."

So saying, he left the room, accompanied by the child, who had improved the interval in smoothing her hair, over which she placed an ugly straw bonnet, which, however, was shortly to be displaced by one of a prettier pattern. Their purchases completed, they stepped into an omnibus, which would convey them within half a mile of Mr. Gregory's. What afterwards transpired will be found in the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

A VISIT IN DISGUISE.

A few miles distant from the city was a tasteful, brown cottage, having a piazza on all sides, and surrounded by a carefully-trained hedge. This was the summer retreat of P. H. Gregory, a New York merchant, already referred to.

It was a warm day in June. Two children, a boy and girl, respectively of six and eight years, were playing in the yard, when they espied through the hedge an old man, with hair and whiskers white as the driven snow, accompanied by a young girl, toiling, apparently with great difficulty, towards the house, notwithstanding the assistance he derived from a stout cane, on which he leaned heavily.

Attracted by the sight, they ran into the

house, calling on their mother to look out and see. She had scarcely done so, when to her surprise, she found that the pair had entered the gate, and were coming towards the house.

"Is Mrs. Gregory within?" asked the old man, of the servant who answered the bell.

Mrs. Gregory anticipated the reply by herself coming forward.

"Poor old man!" said she, compassionately; for the attitude which Armstrong had donned for the occasion was singularly threadbare, and evinced the lowest depth of destitution. "Poor old man, what can I do for you?"

"I have brought my grand-daughter with me, good lady," said the old man, feebly, "in answer to your advertisement. She's a good girl, and I wish I could keep her with me; but the times are hard, and it costs a sight to live, and so I've been thinking the best thing I could do is to get her a good place, and a good mistress, as I am sure you would be to her, madam."

Mrs. Gregory's sympathies were enlisted in the child's favor by this artful address, as well as by her own modest and downcast look. She was not aware, however, that not a little of her confusion arose from the dissimulation in which she was compelled to take a part.

"What is your grand-daughter's name?" asked Mrs. Gregory. "She seems young."

"She is only twelve; but she's capable—very capable. When her poor grandmother was sick for nearly a year before she died," and Armstrong wiped his eyes with his ragged sleeve at the sorrowful thought, "Helen took the whole care of her and of me, and no one could find a better nurse."

"It must have been a great care to you, Helen," said Mrs. Gregory, kindly.

Helen had been so much taken aback by the last fabrication, respecting a grandmother, of whom she had never heard, that she was barely able to say, in a low voice:

"Yes, ma'am."

"But you will never regret it, my child," said the lady. "God will not fail to reward good children. So your name is Helen?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I like the name. I had a child of that name once. Were she living, she would be about your age. But," and the lady sighed deeply, "she disappeared one day, and we never could find any traces of her."

Had Mrs. Gregory been an attentive observer, she would have seen a gleam of intelligence pass over the old man's face at this moment, but she was too much absorbed by her sad thoughts.

"I think," said she, after a pause, "that I will engage you, Helen, although you are rather young for my purpose. When can you come?"

"She is ready now," said her grandfather.

"I can send her the rest of her clothes."

"Very well. Then you may come in, and take off your things."

"Come, Helen, and give a parting kiss to your poor old grandfather. He will be very lonely without you, my dear child; but he knows that he has left you with a kind lady, who will care for you."

Helen advanced to her grandfather's embrace with very little alacrity. As he pressed his lips lightly to her cheek, he whispered so that she only could hear:

"Keep your eyes open," and then added aloud, "be a good girl, Helen, and mind the kind lady who has engaged you, in all respects. Remember all the lessons I have taught you, and do not forget," he continued with a meaning look, "what I told you before I came away."

Helen replied feebly in the affirmative. Mrs. Gregory attributed her evident embarrassment to the fact that she was about to leave her only relative to go among strangers, and she resolved in her heart to lighten as well as she might the sorrow of the child.

"I will bring your clothes to-morrow, my dear grand-daughter," said Armstrong, as he rose slowly from his chair, and resuming his cane walked feebly from the house.

As soon, however, as he was fully out of sight, he straightened his bowed form, and walked rapidly onward till overtaken by a passing

omnibus, which he entered, and was soon carried back to the city.

CHAPTER III.

THE PROGRESS OF THE PLOT.

Helen was not long in making acquaintance with Ellen and Frank Gregory, the children of her employer, over whom she was expected thenceforth to have oversight.

Those who have always lived in the country, or to whom frequent visits have made it familiar, can hardly appreciate the depth of enjoyment which it brought to a child, who, like Helen, had been confined for years in the most noisome portion of a great city. To her the most common objects seemed invested with an interest altogether new, and she plucked with as much eagerness the dandelions and buttercups which covered the greensward in profusion, as if they had been the rarest exotics. There is a freemasonry in children which does away with formal introductions, and the barriers of etiquette. When, two hours after her companion's departure, Helen, and her own children came bounding in flushed with exercise, Mrs. Gregory had an opportunity to observe, what before had escaped her notice, that Helen was more than ordinarily pretty. Something there was in her expression, that seemed to strike the chords of memory, but Mrs. Gregory dismissed it as only a chance resemblance.

"Helen," said she, calling the child to her side, "have you always lived in the city?"

"For a long time, madam. I cannot remember ever to have lived anywhere else."

"And do you like it as well as the country?"

"I do not like it at all. It is so dark, and dirty, and close. The sun does not shine there as it does here, and I could not run out into the fields, but all day long I had to sit alone."

"Alone? Wasn't your grandfather with you?"

"Yes," said Helen, casting down her eyes. "He would come home to meals, but he had to attend to his business."

"He seems too old and infirm to be able to do much," said Mrs. Gregory, compassionately.

Helen was about to disclaim the age and infirmity, when the thought of the near relation in which Armstrong stood to her came over her mind in time, and she only answered, "Yes, ma'am."

"How long since your grandmother died?"

This, too, was an embarrassing question for Helen, but the necessity of saying something prompted her to reply, "A good while."

Perceiving, though she could not conjecture why, that her questions confused Helen, Mrs. Gregory desisted.

It was about four o'clock on the succeeding afternoon, that Mrs. Gregory, who was sitting at the window, detected the bent form of the assumed old man slowly making his way up the hill.

"Your grandfather is coming," said she to Helen, who sat beside her.

Helen tried to look as joyful as the approach of her only relative might be expected to make her; but the thought of the deception which she was even then practising towards a family who were showing her great kindness, and the still greater wrong which she was required to do them, made it a difficult task for one so better versed in dissimulation.

Mrs. Gregory noticed it no farther than to form the opinion, that she was a little odd in her manners.

As Helen expected, Armstrong requested her to walk a little apart with him, and then, dropping at once the whining tone he had assumed, inquired quickly and peremptorily:

"Well, what have you discovered?"

"Nothing," said Helen, timidly, and as if deprecating his anger.

"Nothing?" he echoed, his eyes lighting with indignation. "What am I to understand by that?"

"Come, child," said he, softening his tone, as he saw that she was terrified by his roughness, "I don't mean you any harm; but, the fact is, I have placed you here to help me, and help me you must. Otherwise, I shall be compelled to carry you back to live with me in New York. Perhaps you would like to go!"

"O, no, no!" said Helen. "Don't carry me back. Let me stay here."

"Well, so I will, if you behave well. Now tell me truly, have you no idea where they keep the silver? I know they have a large quantity of it."

Helen reluctantly admitted that, although she did not know, she could form an idea.

"Where?" asked Armstrong, eagerly.

"In the pantry, at the west corner of the house."

"Humph! And do they lock the door at night?"

"Yes, but the key remains in the lock."

"So far, so good. Does any one sleep in the lower part of the house?"

"No one."

"Better still."

A moment afterwards, Armstrong added, a new thought striking him:

"I have not seen any dog near the house. Do they keep any?"

"No."

"That is lucky. A determined dog is sometimes a troublesome customer. I recollect, one night, Dick Hargrave and I had planned a little expedition of this kind, when it was all broken up by a cursed bull-dog, who rushed out upon us as if he would tear us to pieces; and, to tell the truth, he did tear Dick's coat off his back."

Helen listened in dismay, for it revealed to her what she had not known, that her uncle had been implicated in affairs of a similar kind before. It will be remembered that Armstrong, in proposing to her to co-operate with him, had used the pretext that Mr. Gregory had cheated him, and that he was resolved to repay himself. This Helen had believed at the time, but his present unguarded remarks had led her to entertain strong doubts of its truth. Her strong natural dislike for the duplicity and treachery required at her hands, determined her, in spite of her habitual timidity and fear of her companion, to venture a remonstrance. This, however, she delayed till he had made a specified demand upon her.

"Then," said he, "I don't know but there's a pretty good chance of success. To-night is Tuesday night. I can't very well get ready before Friday. On that night you must contrive in some manner, taking care to incur no suspicions, to come down stairs and unlock the front door. I shall be on hand at one o'clock. Be very particular about the time, for what I do, must be done quickly."

"But, uncle—wouldn't that be robbery?"

"Robbery! Didn't I tell you that old Gregory had cheated me out of more than the sum I shall take?"

"But they have treated me kindly, and it makes me feel ashamed to know that I am trying to injure them, uncle—"

"Don't call me uncle again! I'm no uncle of yours," said Armstrong, roughly; noticing the child's look of surprise, he added: "There, the murder is out. I had intended to treat you as a niece, but you don't deserve it. It is time to talk to you in a different strain. I declare to you, Helen, that unless you comply with my command, I will make you repent it most bitterly. Do you hear?"

"Yes," said Helen, terrified no less by his looks than his words.

"Then take care that you remember. Friday night at one. And now, as we understand each other, that is all that is necessary."

They returned to the house in silence. Armstrong with a hypocritical whine, thanked Mrs. Gregory for her kindness to his dear grand-daughter, who, he was glad to find, seemed so contented and happy in her new position.

"You will pardon an old man's tears," said he, drawing his hand across his eyes, "but she is all that is left to me now."

"What a good old man," thought Mrs. Gregory, as she hastened to assure him that whatever she could do to add to the comfort of his grand-daughter, would cheerfully be done.

As for Helen, she was astonished and confused at what she had discovered. She had always been led to believe that Armstrong was her

uncle, and she had more than once reproached herself for the dislike she could not help entertaining for him. Now he had himself disclaimed the relationship, and Helen was left to conjecture fruitlessly who and what she was.

CHAPTER IV.

A GLANCE BACKWARDS.

We must carry the reader back some nine or ten years. In front of a pleasant country-residence, a child of two or three years, sat on the grass plucking the flowers that grew at her feet, and then tossing them from her. Ever and anon she would utter a cry of childish delight, as a gaudily painted butterfly flew past her, and would stretch out her little hands to arrest its flight; but the wanderer of the air found no difficulty in eluding the tiny hands of the child.

At length, as if weary of her pastime, she rose from her grassy seat, and tottered towards the open gate, out of which she passed, and strayed along the path by the roadside, pensive where fancy prompted. Her disappearance had not been noted by those in the house, partly because their attention was occupied by a tall, swarthy woman, with fierce black eyes, who was at that moment asking or rather demanding aims of the mistress of the house.

"We are not in the habit," said the latter, "of giving money, but whatever food you may require, will be cheerfully given."

"I don't want any food," said the woman, abruptly. "You talk as if victuals was the only thing you could need. I have had something to eat already. I want money, I tell you."

"Then, why don't you work for it?" asked the lady, somewhat offended at the boldness of her speech.

"Because I don't see why I should work my life out while others are living in plenty. There are plenty of fine ladies who wouldn't lift their fingers if it was to save a life. Am I not as good as they? Why, then, should they fare any better than I?"

"That I do not pretend to say. I only know that he is most happy who strives to content himself with that station in which the Almighty has placed him."

"O, it is all very well for those to talk of being contented who have everything to make them so. Very praiseworthy it is, to be sure," said the woman, laughing scornfully.

The violence of her language increased to such an extent, that Mrs. Gregory, for it was she, found it necessary to order her to leave the house. She did so, but not without many imprecations. As she strode along with hasty steps, she espied by the roadside a little girl, holding in her hand a flower that she had just plucked.

"Isn't it pretty?" said the child, holding it up.

A thought struck the woman, and she arrested her steps.

"Where do you live, little girl?" she asked, softening her voice as much as practicable, so as not to alarm the child.

"I live there," said the little girl, pointing to the house the woman had just quitted.

"Yes, yes," muttered the latter to herself; "you're the child of that proud lady that refused me what I asked. Perhaps she may regret it."

"Would you like to go with me?" she asked, turning once more to the child. "I will show you where there are flowers a great deal prettier."

"Yes," said the unsuspecting child, gaining her feet, and placing her hands in the woman's.

Was there no magic in the soft touch of that little hand that could turn away that bad woman from her wicked purpose?

Alas! when the heart becomes familiar with crime, all the gentler parts of the nature become hard and callous.

"Would you like to have me take you in my arms, and then we should get there quicker?" said the woman, who knew it would not do to accommodate herself to the child's slow pace.

The latter made no resistance, and with the little girl in her arms walked swiftly along. She soon turned aside from the street, for fear of attracting a degree of observation, which, under present circumstances, would be embarrassing

to her, and took her way by a less frequented road to the city.

The child soon became restless, and wished to go home. The woman assured her that she was carrying her there. Before long the regular motion of walk acted as a sedative upon the child, and she fell asleep. Her bearer made the most of this opportunity, and walked with quickened steps towards her haunt, for home she had none, in the great city which she had already entered. Some whom she met gazed with curious eyes at the woman and her burden, and could not help noting the contrast between the two in dress, but no one felt called upon to interfere, and so she reached her destination.

The next day saw Helen, for this the woman discovered to be the child's name, stripped of her tasteful attire, and clothed in a ragged and dirty dress, suited to the company into which she had fallen. At the same time her abundant curls were cut off close to her head, principally to render more difficult a chance recognition.

The woman found Helen of essential service in her line. Though disfigured by her uncouth dress and the loss of her curls, her beauty was sufficiently striking to draw many a coin from compassionate strangers, which would not otherwise have been obtained. This little episode completed, we resume the main thread of our narrative.

CHAPTER V.

THE DEMONSTRATION.

Notwithstanding the kind treatment which Helen received in her new home, she did not seem happy. Although the companions among which she had been thrown, had not been of a nature to give her very elevated ideas of moral rectitude, something within told her that the act required of her would be one of the basest ingratitude. The more she thought of it, the more her heart recoiled from it. Yet, so accustomed was she to obey the man Armstrong without question, not so much from affection, as from fear and a sense of duty, that she had hardly admitted to herself the possibility of refusing to comply with his demands. Now, however, that he had himself confessed that no relationship existed between them, the force of the latter consideration was not a little weakened, and as fear decreases in the absence of those who inspire it, she began now to consider in what way she could contrive to avoid it.

Circumstances occurred before the dreaded Friday night, which served to hasten her decision. On the day previous, while roaming through the fields with Ellen and Frank Gregory, in jumping hastily from a stone wall, her foot turned, and her ankle was severely sprained. The pain was so violent that she nearly fainted, and was quite unable to make her way to the house, which was some quarter of a mile distant. The children were exceedingly frightened, and returning in breathless haste, gave an immediate alarm.

Two men were speedily obtained, who, constructing a soft litter, conveyed Helen to the house, without occasioning her much additional pain. A physician was at once summoned. Meanwhile, Helen was put to bed, where she received every attention. Mrs. Gregory had a warm heart, which suffering in any form was sure to reach, and had Helen been her own child, she could not have been more tenderly cared for.

The physician decided that it was nothing very serious, though he recommended, as a necessary precaution, that the injured member should not be used for a fortnight or more, lest inflammation might ensue.

Helen did not hear him pronounce this sentence. When, however, she was informed of it by Mrs. Gregory, after his departure, her mind at once reverted to the fact that it would be an insuperable obstacle to her performing the part assigned her. Actuated by the relief which the thought brought to her, and without thinking of the manner in which it would be construed, she involuntarily exclaimed:

"O, I am so glad!"

"Glad!" exclaimed Mrs. Gregory, in astonishment. "What can you mean? You surely cannot mean that you are glad you will be confined in the house by sickness!"

Helen was embarrassed. She knew she could not explain herself, without telling all; and that she had not yet determined upon. At length, she said:

"Because it will prevent me from doing something that I did not want to do."

"But why did you not want to do it?" asked Mrs. Gregory.

"Because I do not think it would have been right."

"Then why would you have done it at all, even if you had been well enough, if it was wrong?" asked Mrs. Gregory, more puzzled than ever.

"Because I was afraid to refuse," said Helen, in a low tone.

"It was nothing that I required of you, I am sure," said her mistress.

"No."

"It surely could not be that your grandfather would require of you anything improper?"

Helen was silent.

"Then it is so. My dear child," pursued the lady, kindly, "I have lived longer than you, and naturally have more knowledge of the world. I need not say that I have every disposition to befriend, not only for your own sake, but for the sake of my own little Helen, who, had she remained to me, would have been about your age. Will you not, then, confide in me so far as to inform me what it was that your grandfather required of you?"

Helen considered a moment, and then, with a rapidity of decision which sometimes comes, after long and anxious thought, decided to communicate everything.

"I will tell you everything," she said, "if you will promise that no harm shall come to the man who brought me here."

"Your grandfather?"

"Will you promise?" asked Helen, anxiously.

"Yes, Helen," said Mrs. Gregory, "though I cannot conceive what is to be the nature of your revelation, I will promise that no harm shall befall your grandfather."

"You are so good and kind," said the child, "that I can trust to what you say. Then I will tell you, first of all, that the one who came with me is not my grandfather."

"Not your grandfather?" echoed Mrs. Gregory, in surprise.

"No. He is not even an old man. He only dressed himself up so when he came here."

"And what made him do that?"

"Because he thought you would pity him, and be more ready to take me."

"Is he any relation to you?"

"I thought he was my uncle," returned Helen, "until he came here last. Then he told me that he was no relation."

"Where are your relations?"

"I don't know," said Helen, thoughtfully. "I suppose I must have had some once, but I can't remember anything about them. I have lived with my—I mean with Mrs. Armstrong, ever since I can recollect."

"And what was it he wanted you to do? Why was he so anxious to have you come here?"

"Because—you mustn't blame me," said Helen, earnestly, lifting her eyes to Mrs. Gregory's face, "for it made me very unhappy to think of doing it—but he wanted me to leave the door open to-morrow night, so that he could get in, and take off the silver!"

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Mrs. Gregory. "And he wished to implicate you in such a crime?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Helen. "He told me that was what he wanted me to come here for, and then I didn't want to come at all. But he threatened me, if I did not. Then, when he was here last time, I tried to persuade him not to, but he wouldn't listen to me, and I didn't dare to say anything more."

"You said, Helen," remarked Mrs. Gregory, "that you never knew about your relations."

Can't you remember anything that happened when you was a little child?"

"No," said Helen, "not much; but I think I must have lived in the country once, though I can't remember when. There was an old woman, very cross, that I used to be with, before Mr. Armstrong took me. She used to beat me, sometimes."

"How did she look?" said the lady, feeling a strange interest, for which she found it difficult to account, in the child's story.

"She was very tall, and she used to look at me, O, so fiercely!"

"And is there nothing—no little keepsake—that you have, to remind you of those childish days?"

"Yes," said Helen, "there was one. It was an ivory ring that I have always carried around with me. The tall woman tried to take it away from me, one day, but I cried so, that she let me keep it."

"Have you got it with you?" asked Mrs. Gregory, in great agitation.

"Yes," said Helen, surprised at the strange effect this communication appeared to have upon her mistress. "I always carry it in the pocket of my dress."

Mrs. Gregory, with trembling hands, sought the receptacle indicated, and drew out an ivory ring, on which were inscribed the letters, "H. G." Without a word, she sprang to the bed, clasped the bewildered Helen to her bosom, and exclaimed, tearfully:

"It is as I thought. You are my child—my long-lost Helen!"

When her emotion had in some measure subsided, she made Helen acquainted with the circumstances mentioned in the previous chapter, and also informed her that the ring, which had served as the happy means of restoring a long-lost child to her parent, was the gift of a brother of her's, who had had inscribed upon it, "H. G.," as the initials of Helen's name, and that the child had had it with her on the day of her disappearance.

The happiness of Helen, in being restored to her mother, and the joy of the children, on ascertaining that the one whom they had learned to love so well, already, was their own sister, may better be imagined than described.

One leaf remains to be added to this chronicle. It relates to Armstrong, hitherto the guardian of Helen. Although the latter had received at his hands so little for which she had occasion to be thankful, she could not reconcile herself to the idea of his being imprisoned. We cannot look with indifference upon the punishment of one with whom we have been intimately associated, however well deserved it may be.

As Armstrong had no intimation of the check which his projects had received, and as he was convinced that Helen's fear of him would lead her to carry out his commands, he stealthily approached the house the following evening, as he had intended. The door had been purposely left unlocked; but in the room adjoining, four stout men had been stationed, who at once seized upon the unsuspecting burglar, and in spite of his violent struggles, bound him. Thus secured, Mr. Gregory, who was one of the four, explained to him in what manner his crime had been detected, and added:

"Although you have been detected in crime, and richly deserve the penalty which the offended law affixes to it, I have been induced by Helen to afford you a chance of escaping. I will furnish you a ticket entitling you to a passage in the next California steamer, and will not reveal your guilty attempt, if you will engage to leave the country immediately. Should you fail to go, I shall feel released from the promise I have made to Helen, and at once cause you to be arrested."

It is needless to say that Armstrong at once accepted these terms, and the next steamer bound to the Pacific bore him a passenger.

As for Helen, the cloud which shadowed her earlier years, has quite disappeared, and in the affection of the home circle, to which her many good qualities endear her, she finds all that can make life pleasant and agreeable.

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