



# THE HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY OFFICIAL PUBLICATION NEWSBOY



*Horatio Alger, Jr.*

1832 — 1899

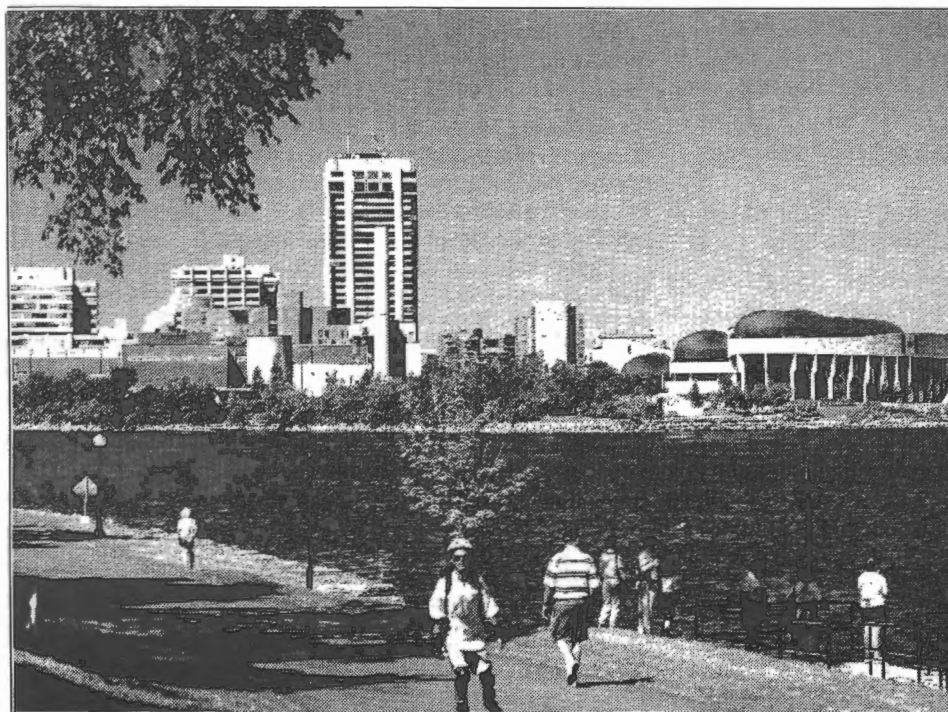
A magazine devoted to the study of Horatio Alger, Jr.,  
his life, works, and influence on the culture of America.

VOLUME XXXIX

JANUARY-FEBRUARY 2001

NUMBER 1

## 2001 — An Alger Odyssey



The Canadian Museum of Civilization, with the Ottawa River in the foreground.

### *The Ottawa convention:*

- \* *Registration form*
- \* *Hotel information*
- \* *Schedule of events*
- \* *A brief history  
of Canada's capital*

-- See Page 3

## THE DIAMOND RING

*A mystery story by 'Oliver Optic' — Second of three parts*

-- See Page 9

## ALGER-L: An update

-- See Page 8

## President's column

Onward to Ottawa! Convention time is coming soon! Doug Fleming has been gearing up for his role as host all year and, despite a hernia operation in early February, he's hard at work on final plans.

Doug has presentations by Brad Chase and Bob Huber in store on Friday, some sight-seeing and a variety show planned. You will find Doug's tentative schedule of events plus information about the hotel, the city, the area, and nearby attractions in this issue of Newsboy.

And most importantly at this point, please find the registration form enclosed. Please remember that the **deadline to reserve your room is April 3** — and mention the Horatio Alger Society when you call. After that date, the block of rooms reserved for HAS members is released, and you may not be able to get a room. There are several ways to make your hotel reservation, as indicated on the registration form.

Directors, please arrive in time for the Directors' Meeting at 4:30pm on Thursday.

Please do plan to bring books with you for the consignment auction and H.A.S. fundraising auction. As Doug has explained in the previous issue of Newsboy, it is not going to be difficult to bring books to Canada. He has made copies of a letter from Canadian Customs available to all those planning to attend the convention. The letter indicates that antique books are imported free of customs duties and that hardbound books are likewise free of duty. This letter includes tariff numbers for each of these categories, and this should be useful to you.

If you plan to bring books and have not received a copy of the Customs letter from Doug by early April, please get in touch with him to obtain a copy.

I look forward to seeing what you want to part with! I haven't made any new acquisitions in awhile.

You should have recently received the long-awaited new membership roster. It looks great, and I am especially grateful to have all the new area codes, address changes, and new members data. The directory was professionally printed this year and paid for by the Society. Thanks, Bill, for your hard work on this project.

For the last several years, we have been blessed with an embarrassment of riches: members waiting in the wings to host conventions. As we look toward the future, we would like to hear from those of you who are considering hosting sometime in the next few years. Please think about it, and let Executive Director Rob Kasper or

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## 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 newsletter of the Horatio Alger Society, is published bi-monthly (six issues per year). Membership fee for any 12-month period is \$25, with single issues of **Newsboy** costing \$4.00. Please make all remittance payable to the Horatio Alger Society.

Membership applications, renewals, changes of address and other correspondence should be sent to **Horatio Alger Society, P.O. Box 70361, Richmond, VA 23255**.

**Newsboy** is indexed in the Modern Language Association's International Bibliography.

### BOOKS RECOMMENDED BY H.A.S.

- Horatio Alger, Jr., A Comprehensive Bibliography*, by Bob Bennett (PF-265); republished by MAD Book Co., 1999
- Horatio Alger or, The American Hero Era*, by Ralph D. Gardner (PF-053).
- The Fictional Republic: Horatio Alger and American Political Discourse*, by Carol Nackenoff (PF-921).
- Publication Formats of the 59 Stories by Horatio Alger, Jr. as Reprinted by the John C. Winston Co.*, by Bob Sawyer (PF-455) and Jim Thorp (PF-574).
- Horatio Alger Books Published by A.L. Burt*, by Bradford S. Chase (PF-412).
- Horatio Alger Books Published by M.A. Donohue & Co.*, by Bradford S. Chase (PF-412).
- Horatio Alger Books Published by Whitman Publishing Co.*, by Bradford S. Chase (PF-412).
- Horatio Alger Books Published by The New York Book Co.*, by Bradford S. Chase (PF-412).
- The Lost Life of Horatio Alger, Jr.*, by Gary Scharnhorst with Jack Bales (PF-258).

**Newsboy** ad rates: Full page, \$32.00; one-half page, \$17.00; one-quarter page, \$9.00; per column inch (1 inch deep by approx. 3 1/2 inches wide), \$2.00. Send ads, with check payable to Horatio Alger Society, P.O. Box 70361, Richmond, VA 23255.

The above rates apply to all want ads, along with ads offering non-Alger books for sale. However, it is the policy of the Horatio Alger Society to promote the exchange of Alger books and related Alger materials by providing space **free of charge** to our members for the **sale only** of such material. Send ads or "Letters to the Editor" to **Newsboy** editor William R. Gowen (PF-706) at 23726 N. Overhill Dr., Lake Zurich, IL 60047.

# 2001 — An Alger Odyssey

## or, Onward to Ottawa

By Doug Fleming (PF-899)

In the November-December 2000 issue of **Newsboy** we gave you an overview of the upcoming H.A.S. convention on May 3-6, 2001. Following is some more detailed information on the hotel, our city, some May activities, and attractions.

Above all, please get your reservation to the Embassy West before the deadline of April 3. That's less than a month from now, so I recommend you make your room reservation immediately. Don't put it off, and risk not getting a room! After the April 3 deadline, rooms cannot be guaranteed because of the early influx of tourists for the Canadian Tulip Festival coming up shortly after our convention.

Please refer to Page 3 of the November-December **Newsboy** for the description of our efforts to ease your bringing books into Canada. Also, please leave your firearms at home; they cannot be brought into Canada. Also, radar detecting devices are illegal in Ontario.

On checking a map, you'll find that a trip to Ottawa is no farther for many of you than some convention locations in the past (depending, of course, on where you live!). Major highways are at least four-lane, and several roads lead to Ottawa from the border.

We earnestly hope that you will accept our invitation to enjoy Canadian hospitality, and join fellow members in this year's Alger Odyssey. I can be reached by phone or FAX at (613) 256-1414. I'd like to hear from you ... particularly by sending your registration form and check as soon as possible!

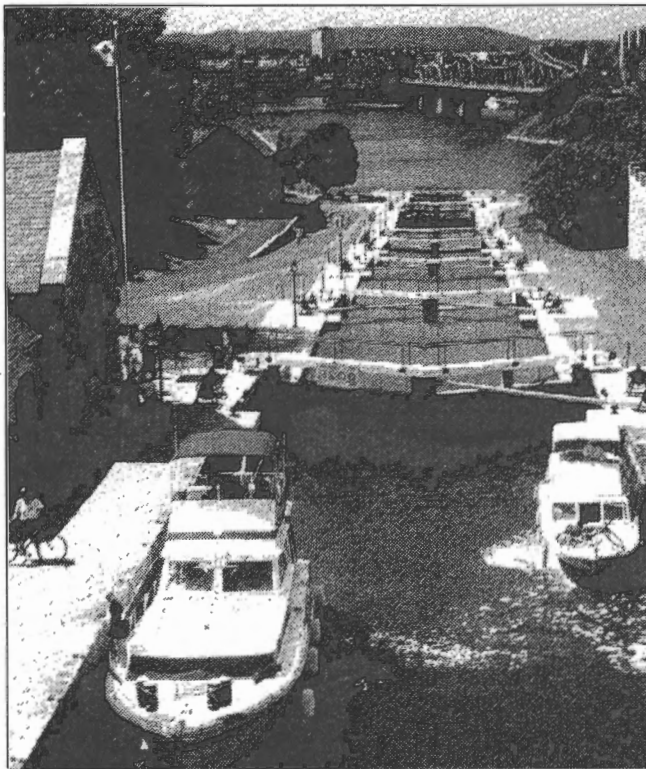
### The convention hotel

Our host hotel is the newly renovated Embassy West Hotel Conference Centre (see information at right and on the enclosed color brochure). Our block of rooms is being held until April 3. There is ample complimentary parking. Our convention registration desk will be in the main lobby, near the hotel check-in desk.

Located in the near-western section of Ottawa, there is easy access to the Embassy West from major roads and streets. Many of our sessions will be held there, and the hospitality room will be in the capable hands of Marg and Ivan McClymont, hosts of our first Canadian convention in Stratford in 1996.

For our book sales, fund-raising auction and Satur-

(Continued on Page 5)



The "staircase" of eight locks connecting the historic Rideau Canal with the Ottawa River.

*Make hotel reservations now!*

Note: On April 3, the Embassy West will start to release to the general public the Horatio Alger Society's block of rooms.

**Embassy West Hotel**  
1400 Carling Ave.  
Ottawa, ON K1Z 7L8      Canada

**Phone:** (613) 729-4331

**Fax:** (613) 729-3117

**Toll-free:** (800) 267-8696

**E-mail:** [reservations@embassywesthotel.com](mailto:reservations@embassywesthotel.com)

**Web site:** [www.embassywesthotel.com](http://www.embassywesthotel.com)

**Room rates (per night):**

One person — \$89 Canadian (approx. \$60 U.S.)

Two persons — \$99 Canadian (approx. \$65 U.S.)

These room rates are valid the entire month of May.

*Be sure to mention "Horatio Alger Convention" to assure the special H.A.S. convention rate.*

## Editor's notebook

Before we continue with a brief installment in our ongoing series on publishers and first editions we have a few items of more immediate interest to pass along.

As you read in the November-December *Newsboy*, our convention host, Doug Fleming, has an exciting time planned for us the weekend of May 3-6, when "2001 — An Alger Odyssey" takes place in Ottawa, the beautiful capital city of Canada. In this issue, Doug describes some of the attractions that make Ottawa one of the world's unique cities.

Also, this issue contains your official H.A.S. Convention registration form (the light yellow sheet). Doug hopes you'll return it as soon as possible in order to help him defray some of the early convention expenses. Note that the registration fee is in U.S. dollars. You can send him a regular personal check; don't attempt to convert to Canadian funds — Doug will handle that.

Our official convention hotel, the Embassy West Hotel Conference Centre (a full-color information card is enclosed) is holding our block of rooms until April 3, after which they will start to be released to the general public. Because the Canadian Tulip Festival starts less than a week following our convention, early arrivals for that event will be seeking hotel rooms. That's why if you're planning to attend the H.A.S. convention, contact the hotel *immediately* in order to assure yourself a room. The discounted room rates for our convention are outlined on Page 3. Incidentally, if you plan to arrive early or decide to remain afterward to attend the Tulip Festival, our special rates will still apply.

The best way to reserve a room is with a major credit card. The exchange rate will be calculated when the card is processed. You'll notice that under the current exchange rate, our double-occupancy rate of \$99 Canadian converts to around \$65 U.S., which is very reasonable. When you call the hotel, be sure you say you are attending the Horatio Alger Society convention.

If for some reason the yellow registration form was inadvertently not enclosed with this issue of *Newsboy*, or was misplaced, the form is reproduced on the H.A.S. Internet site at [www.ihot.com/~has/](http://www.ihot.com/~has/) — all you have to do is click on the "2001 Convention" line on the home page, bring the form onto your screen and print it out.

Also enclosed with this issue is the convention agenda. While some slight variations may occur, this schedule is pretty accurate. Doug has been busy planning our convention for well over a year, and it's obvious a lot of

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Bill:

Please let me use your Letters to the Editor to thank all of my Partic'lar Friends who — after reading of my recent illness in Carol Nackenoff's obviously well-read column — wrote and phoned to send me their best wishes.

I heard from old friends, new friends and friends I still want to meet. There were phone calls, letters and get-well cards, all of which cheered and delighted me. Even a Valentine's Day card from Carol!

I'm getting along fine now. Glad to be home from the hospital and back at my desk.

To all my dear Alger Society pals, my sincerest thanks for their messages and prayers.

Cordially,  
Ralph D. Gardner  
135 Central Park West  
New York, NY 10023

## President's column

(Continued from Page 2)

myself know if you have inclinations in this direction. That will allow the Board and the membership to begin talking about it in Ottawa.

I realize that for those three Society members who have recently been lounging in the sun in Mexico that the weather in Ottawa is likely to be just a little more brisk than what they recently experienced, but it looks like the convention will be well worth the slightly cooler temperatures. (I haven't been receiving any of your post-cards so I don't know what other exotic destinations you've visited this winter).

As for me, skiing in the Poconos will be about over by the time I go to Aruba for a week in mid-March. I'm ready with plane tickets in hand to head northward in early May. It will be a real pleasure to see you all there. Stay well and best wishes in the meantime.

Your Partic'lar friend,  
Carol Nackenoff (PF-921)  
302 S. Chester Road  
Swarthmore, PA 19081  
E-mail: [cnacken1@swarthmore.edu](mailto:cnacken1@swarthmore.edu)

thought and care has gone into it.

You'll note in Doug's article that Marg and Ivan McClymont of Varna, Ontario, will be managing our official hospitality room. We all owe Marg and Ivan a huge debt of thanks for taking on this task. Those of us who attended the McClymonts' 1996 convention in

(Continued on Page 7)



## 2001 — An Alger Odyssey

(Continued from Page 3)

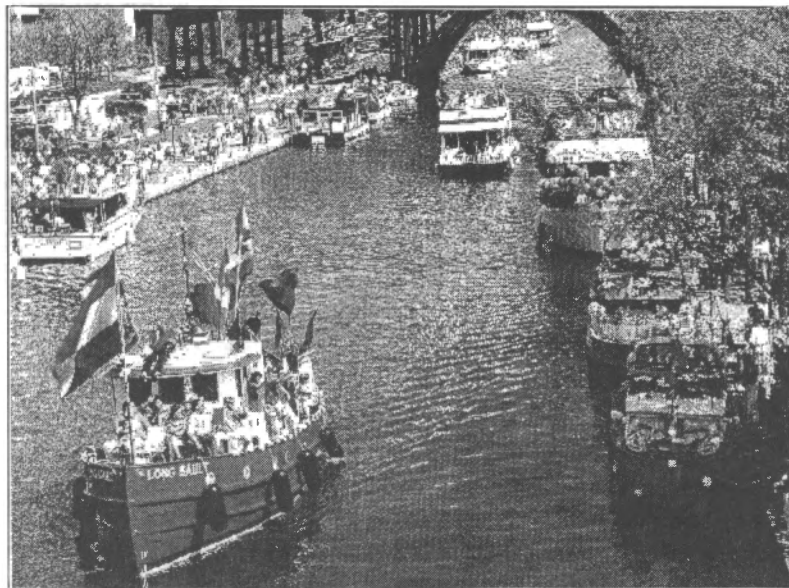
day banquet, we will move next door to the Travelodge Hotel Ottawa West, within easy walking distance.

### Getting to Ottawa

Many U.S. airlines come to the Macdonald-Cartier International Airport. Major auto rental agencies have kiosks in the airport.

It's about a 20-minute trip from the airport to the Embassy West, and major highways provide automobile access to Ottawa. Some distances, in miles (remember, Canada uses the metric system) are as follows: Cornwall (60), Kingston (105), Montreal (115), Toronto (236), Windsor (456), New York (475), Washington (680).

More detailed road information will appear in the March-April issue of *Newsboy*.



**A flotilla of pleasure boats passes through the Rideau Canal during the Canadian Tulip Festival.**

### The City

Bytown was named after Colonel John By (see **Rideau Canal**, below). In the mid-1800s, the name was changed to Ottawa, a native word. Reportedly, Queen Victoria of England selected the settlement as the capital city of Upper and Lower Canada by sticking a pin on a map. Whether this is true or not, Ottawa has become a major center, at the junction of the Ottawa, Rideau and Gatineau Rivers. There are tree-lined streets, lots of green space and fine homes. Winding through the city is the Rideau Canal.

### The Rideau Canal

The Rideau Canal is a chain of beautiful lakes, rivers and canal cuts winding 202 kilometers (120 miles) from Kingston, at the head of Lake Ontario, to Ottawa, Canada's capital city.

The Rideau Canal was conceived in the wake of the War of 1812. It was to be a war-time supply route to Kingston and the Great Lakes, because the international boundary along the St. Lawrence River was vulnerable to attack. The canal provided a secure water route for troops and supplies from Montreal to reach the settlements of Upper Canada and the strategic dockyard at Kingston.

In 1826, England sent Lieutenant Colonel John By of the Royal Engineers to supervise canal construction. Thousands of Irish immigrants and French Canadians were among the laborers who helped push the canal through the rough bush, swamps and rocky wilderness of eastern Ontario. Hundreds died of fever.

Completed in 1832, the Rideau Canal was one of the greatest engineering feats of the 19<sup>th</sup> century. When the fear of war had passed, the canal soon became a major

artery for regional commerce. Colonel John By was censured by the British government for overspending, and he died in obscurity in England. A statue in his honor stands in Ottawa.

Today, the log rafts, barges and steamers have given way to pleasure boats, while roads provide easy access to lock-stations by land. There are 24 lock-stations, with all but three continuing the tradition of hand operation. A vessel passes through a total

of 44 locks. The Rideau Canal culminates in a majestic staircase of eight locks to the Ottawa River, beside the Colonel By Museum and the Chateau Laurier Hotel, at the foot of Parliament Hill.

### The Canadian Tulip Festival

During World War II, Princess Beatrix of The Netherlands (Holland) came to Canada for safety. During her stay, she was to give birth. To be eligible for the future throne of The Netherlands, the baby had to be born on Netherlands soil. So, a room in the Ottawa Civic Hospital was designated Netherlands soil, and the baby was delivered.

Canadian troops were instrumental in freeing The Netherlands at the end of World War II. In appreciation of the safety of the members of the Royal Family, and the liberation of their country, the Dutch sent 100,000 tulip bulbs for planting in Ottawa.

This tradition continues to this day and has developed into the Canadian Tulip Festival. Thousands of tulips bloom along the parkways, at offices, and private homes. Many events are held, including the Craft Market mentioned in the "sneak preview" of the convention

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## 2001 — An Alger Odyssey

(Continued from Page 5)

in the November-December *Newsboy*. The dates for this year's Canadian Tulip Festival are May 11-21, and all Horatio Alger Society members and their guests are fortunate to benefit from the special Embassy West H.A.S. convention rates if you wish to stay ... hotel rates are at a premium during the festival.

### Parliament Buildings

Parliament Hill, dramatically situated on a limestone bluff in Ottawa, is the location of Canada's spectacular Gothic-revival inspired Parliament Buildings. The most prominent of these buildings is the Centre Block, home of the Canadian Senate and House of Commons.

The current Centre Block complex was constructed shortly after the original building was destroyed in a 1916 fire. In the middle of Centre Block is The Peace Tower, a free-standing carillon tower erected to honor the thousands of Canadians who lost their lives serving their country in World War I. The Peace Tower stands 92 meters (302½ feet) from its base to the bronze flagpole and contains four clock faces and a carillon containing 53 bells, the largest weighing 11 tons. An observation deck is open to the public.

### For the H.A.S. book hound

There are many reputable book dealers in Ottawa. I haven't found very many Alger's in good condition, but visitors have found Hentys and other series books in stock. On Saturday morning, after our annual members book sale, several local dealers are being invited to display their books in the same room. This sale will be advertised to the public. Who knows? You may find some gems!

### Naismith Museum; Canadian Basketball Hall of Fame

On Aug. 12, 2000, the ribbon was cut to open the Naismith Museum and Hall of Fame in nearby Almonte. Dr. James Naismith was the inventor of basketball. He

was a scholar, an educator, a minister, a doctor, a Canadian, and an American.

Born on Dec. 21, 1891, Naismith grew up on a farm near Almonte. The stone homestead is now privately owned. He attended McGill University in Montreal, Quebec.

An avid lover of athletics, he later enrolled in the YMCA International Training School in Springfield, Mass. He was hired as an instructor and was asked to develop a game for 18 disgruntled students. In an effort to keep them occupied indoors during the winter months, he had to find some activity which provided healthy exercise, avoiding contact, but required skill as well as providing fun for the players.

Naismith managed to combine all these ingredients, and in the process turned the sports world upside down. In 1891, Naismith invented the sport which was loosely based on a childhood game called "Duck on a Rock," in which stones were thrown at a rock or boulder.

Naismith's new game originally involved throwing a ball into an elevated peach basket. The open net as we know it today was not accepted until

1912. Naismith's original 13 rules remain in effect, but the number of players on each team is now five.

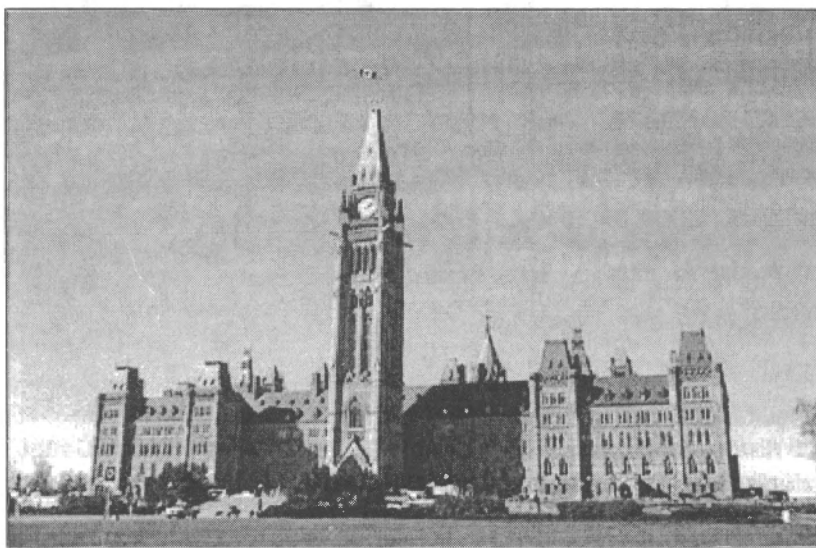
In 1891, Dr. Naismith wrote in his diary, "When the first game ended, I felt I could now go to Doctor Gulick and tell him that I had accomplished the two seemingly impossible tasks that he had assigned to me: namely, to interest the class in physical exercise and to invent a new game." Little did he know where it would lead!

Hopefully, you will have an opportunity to visit Almonte during this year's Alger Odyssey.

I'm looking forward to receiving your registrations!

Mail your completed form to:

Doug Fleming  
P.O. Box 221  
Pakenham, Ontario KOA 2X0  
Canada



**The Centre Block of the Canadian Parliament buildings is home of the Senate and House of Commons. The most striking feature is the free-standing Peace Tower, built to honor Canadian citizens who gave their lives in World War I.**

## Editor's notebook

(Continued from Page 4)

Stratford remember what a wonderful time we had in our historic first visit to Canada.

So, we hope to see you all in Ottawa! But do remember to register for the hotel, because the March-April **Newsboy** will probably not get to you until about April 10. Although we'll have more photos of Ottawa-area attractions (plus another article by our host), that issue will arrive in your hands too late as far as the hotel is concerned.

Our second piece of H.A.S. business concerns the 2001 Membership Roster, which you should have received about a month ago. Two Partic'lar Friends noted that several pages were blank, and we have sent them replacement copies. After checking the 90 to 100 extra copies of the roster on hand, we discovered six more defectives. That means several more with blank pages may have been inadvertently mailed out. Send me an e-mail at [hasnewsboy@aol.com](mailto:hasnewsboy@aol.com) or write to the Society's Richmond, Va., address located on Page 2, and we'll send you a correct copy. Incidentally, blank pages in a booklet do occasionally occur during printing when static electricity causes two sheets of paper to stick together while being fed through the press. Occasionally, this also happens with **Newsboy**.

Another item of "news" is the recent case of two employees at Chicago's flagship department store, Marshall Field & Co., who were in charge of decorating the store's State Street showcase windows, but stole many of the items scheduled to be placed on display. Instead of "fencing" them through the black market, they put them up for auction on eBay, and made tens of thousands of dollars.

When a particularly valuable woman's purse from Field's window was identified as being sold on the popular auction site, further investigation revealed that the pair of thieves had sold numerous items in this fashion. Many stolen items turned up in one of the employees' homes and they were duly arrested and charged.

Although eBay has strict rules against fraudulent transactions, it's impossible to intercept every sale of stolen goods. It all comes down to a "buyer beware" situation. In other words, if you see an item which seems too good to be true, be careful.

This is unlikely to be a problem in collectible books, unless items have been stolen from a library or private collection. Still, be sure you know what you're getting.

The best way to do this is through eBay's feedback system, in which a potential buyer can check out the reputation of the seller. If the feedback reports have been

universally positive, that's a very good sign that your transaction will not involve stolen or fraudulent goods. But eBay isn't perfect. Just be careful and enjoy this popular site for the "thrill of the hunt" it provides.

\* \* \*

We now continue our survey of prominent publishers of boys' and girls' books and their methods (if any) for identifying first editions. Sources used in this ongoing series were *A Pocket Guide to the Identification of First Editions*, compiled by Bill McBride (self-published, Hartford, Ct., 1995); *First Editions: A Guide to Identification*, third edition, edited by Edward N. Zempel and Linda A. Verkler (Peoria, Ill.: The Spoon River Press, 1995); and *How to Identify and Collect American First Editions*, by Jack Tannen (New York: Arco Publishing Co., 1976). Additional information came from examining the books themselves. The previous installment ended with Reilly & Britton/Reilly & Lee of Chicago.

### The Saalfeld Publishing Co., Akron, Ohio

Saalfeld, with offices in New York and Chicago in addition to Akron, is best known as a reprint publisher, with a dozen Algers among the hundreds of titles by various authors reprinted over the years. For more information on Arthur J. Saalfeld, his publishing company and its relationship with Paul E. Werner, the Werner Printing and Lithographing Company and six other reprint publishers of Alger's books, see Brad Chase's article in the November-December, 1999 **Newsboy**.

**Usual identification method:** While its reprints of series written by H.I. Hancock, Capwell Wyckoff, etc. had no proprietary edition identification (as with most so-called "cheap" publishers), Saalfeld's books at the turn of the century included four Edward Stratemeyer first editions in 1901-02 (two apiece under his "Arthur M. Winfield" and "Capt. Ralph Bonehill" pseudonyms), three first editions by Harry Castlemon (1900-02) and books (mostly "single" titles) by other authors. Saalfeld first editions contain identical years on the title page and copyright page (verso). Subsequent printings list the year of that particular printing on the title page. By the late teens, this practice was discontinued.

**Prominent series and authors:** Reprints of the following series — **Mystery Hunters Series** by Capwell Wyckoff; **Dave Dawson Series** by Robert Sidney Bowen; **Dave Darrin Series**, **West Point Series**, **Annapolis Series**, **Uncle Sam's Boys Series** and **Young Engineers Series** by H. Irving Hancock; **Webster Series** by "Frank V. Webster" (Stratemeyer Syndicate); the **Submarine Boys Series** by "Victor Durham" (probably Hancock).

In addition to the Edward Stratemeyer and Harry Castlemon books noted above, one of the few Saalfeld series published as first editions is the **Auto Boys Series** (1908-13) by James A. Braden.

(To be continued next issue.)

## MEMBERSHIP

### New members

John Kaler (PF-1051)  
220 Bond St. North  
Hamilton, Ontario  
Canada L8S 3W9 (905) 577-0055  
E-mail: [jkaler@sympatico.ca](mailto:jkaler@sympatico.ca)

John is the grandson of the renowned author James Otis Kaler. His biographical sketch of his grandfather was published in the December, 2000 issue of *Dime Novel Round-Up*.

Donald Bardella (PF-1052)  
310 West Grant  
Willcox, AZ 85643

Donald, who is retired, has about 100 Algers in his collection. His daughter found out about the Horatio Alger Society through our official Internet site.

Ken Broadie (PF-1053)  
3801 Diamond Loche W  
Fort Worth, TX 76180  
E-mail: [broadie@texair.com](mailto:broadie@texair.com)

Ken also learned about the Society by visiting our Internet site.

### Change of address

Marc C. Williams (PF-958)  
P.O. Box 670221  
Houston, TX 77267-0221 (281) 885-3255

Ronald A. Murch (PF-970)  
*New e-mail addresses:*  
[ramurch@midmaine.com](mailto:ramurch@midmaine.com)  
(personal)  
[habooks@midmaine.com](mailto:habooks@midmaine.com)  
(Horatio Alger Books, Limited)

## ALGER-L update:

By Bill Roach (PF-978)

ALGER-L provides a forum for discussing the work and world of Horatio Alger, Jr. Submissions on the novels, short stories and/or poetry are welcome. Works that deal with Alger or the philosophical or historical significance of his writing are appropriate discussion topics. Submissions related to Alger collecting are also welcome.

To join this discussion, send the following message:

SUBSCRIBE ALGER-L YourFirstName YourLastName  
to [LISTSERV@LISTSERV.WUACC.EDU](mailto:LISTSERV@LISTSERV.WUACC.EDU)

To participate in the discussion (or to initiate one), send your message to:

[ALGER-L@LISTSERV.WUACC.EDU](mailto:ALGER-L@LISTSERV.WUACC.EDU)

Send queries about difficulties with mail, or requests for technical assistance, to Bill Roach (Washburn University) at the following address:

[zzroac@washburn.edu](mailto:zzroac@washburn.edu)

There is a corresponding Web site, Horatio Alger Resources, at:

[www.wuacc.edu/sobu/broach/algerres.html/](http://www.wuacc.edu/sobu/broach/algerres.html/)

The above subscriber information and an e-mail link to [zzroac@washburn.edu](mailto:zzroac@washburn.edu) can also be accessed from the official Horatio Alger Society Internet site at:

[www.ihot.com/~has/](http://www.ihot.com/~has/)

One intent of the ALGER-L list is to build the Web site to include Alger electronic texts (e-texts), discuss current scholarly analysis of Alger, publicize university courses that focus on Alger, etc. The list owner has scanned most of the poetry of Alger and circulated that poetry on the list. The University of Virginia electronic text center will be making the e-texts of Alger poetry available on its Web site.

## Moving?

*Send your new address, e-mail address and phone number to:*

Horatio Alger Society  
P.O. Box 70361  
Richmond, VA 23255



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# ORIGINAL TALE.

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[WRITTEN FOR THE OLIVE BRANCH.]

## THE DIAMOND RING;

Or The Astrologer's Stratagem.

A TALE OF BOSTON IN 1775.

~~~~~  
BY OLIVER OPTIC.  
~~~~~

[Continued.]

The party all diligently examined the bottom of the cellar, but the earth appeared not to have been disturbed.

"This is singular," said Colonel Powell, "very singular. Could the body have been removed during the night?"

"There is a passage way to the street; but it has not been opened, to my knowledge, for years," said Waldeck.

The door way was examined, and there were evidences that it had been quite recently opened. A light was procured, and a more particular examination disclosed several smears of blood. It was plain that the body had been removed from the cellar. A further search was made to discover, if possible, anything which would throw more light on the foul assassination, but nothing was found, and the party returned to the shop.

Enough had been ascertained to convince all that murder had been perpetrated, and there was

strong presumptive evidence to implicate the murderer. The quarrel, and the threat, the knife and the absence of the nephew, all conspired to throw the guilt upon him. But even with this apparently overwhelming testimony, Mr. Waldeck continued to believe, or pretend to believe, that Robert Dewrie could not be the assassin.

The two neighbors, satisfied in their own minds that the young man had murdered his uncle, departed the shop to spread the news.

"Mr. Waldeck, I have a double reason for lamenting this unhappy occurrence. My daughter's ring, unless he removed it before his disappearance, was on the finger of the victim as I have said before — a ring which no money could replace; for whose loss nothing could compensate her. It was bequeathed to her by a dying mother under very peculiar circumstances, and she values it beyond comparison. I know not how I can tell her it is forever lost. These are the particulars connected with it, and they are such as to cause me much uneasiness."

"But, perhaps, Colonel, the body may be found," suggested Mr. Waldeck, looking into the face of the other with a blank expression.

"It is possible, but not probable. The villain has probably made his escape, and it will be long before he will show himself again — By Heavens! Here he is," said he as he saw Robert Dewrie, apparently ignorant of the painful circumstances which the last hour had disclosed, enter the shop.

The young patriot certainly appeared to be entirely unconcerned and at ease. Nodding to Colonel Powell, and with a word of salutation to Waldeck he was about to pass into the back parlor, when the officer placed his hand upon his shoulder, and haughtily bade him stop. Robert Dewrie turned around, and with a scowl upon his finely chiseled brow, was about to hurl his indignation at the Colonel, when the latter addressed him.

"Robert Dewrie, your crime has found you out? You —"

"Colonel Powell, I am not to be intimidated; you threatened me last night, but yet you see I do not fear you," interrupted Robert.

"Young man, I accuse you of a greater crime than even treason. You are a murderer!"

"No, no. Colonel, it cannot be true; do not accuse him," interposed Waldeck.

"What cannot be true, Mr. Waldeck; I do not

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*Editor's note: This is the second of three parts of an early newspaper serial by William T. Adams ("Oliver Optic"), first published in the Boston Olive Branch on Nov. 4, 11 and 18, 1854. Peter C. Walther (PF-548) reproduced "The Diamond Ring" in booklet form as a souvenir for the 1999 Horatio Alger Society convention in DeKalb, Illinois, and it is being reprinted in Newsboy for the enjoyment of the full H.A.S. membership.*

# THE DIAMOND RING

*(Continued from Page 9)*

understand you?" said Robert, calmly, but with an anxious glance of inquiry at the goldsmith.

"He knows nothing about it, I knew he was innocent — Thank God he is!" exclaimed Waldeck with apparent fervency.

Colonel Powell looked with surprise at the goldsmith, while something like a sneer rested upon his countenance.

"Of course he will deny it. After all the pains he has taken to conceal the deed, he is not likely to inform against himself."

"Deny what, Sir? Will you tell me the meaning of all this?" said the young man with a gesture of impatience.

"Then you do not know that your uncle has been murdered — basely, cruelly murdered?"

"Murdered! Good heavens! no," exclaimed Robert. "When and where was the deed done?"

"This pretended ignorance will not avail you, Robert Dewrie. The evidence already obtained leaves not a doubt as to the assassin," said Colonel Powell sternly.

"My God! Is it possible I am accused of the foul crime?"

"But perhaps, Robert, you can remove the suspicion which attaches to you," mildly added Waldeck.

"God is my witness that I am entirely innocent!" exclaimed Robert, shrinking back at the horrid thought.

"You act your part well, young man," remarked the Colonel, whose prejudices had convicted the accused, rather than the suspicious circumstances.

"Colonel Powell, I believe you are a soldier and a gentleman. Recent events have unfortunately made you my enemy. You have, in your rankling heart, already condemned me. Is this just? Is it generous? Can you not treat your foe with magnanimity?" and Robert Dewrie folded his arms in dignified composure, regarding with an eagle gaze the haughty man before him.

"Robert Dewrie," said the officer after a momentary pause — "it is true, you have attempted to injure me in a vital part, but I bear you no malice."

"It is false, Sir; I have never attempted to injure you in any manner. I love your daughter, but the affection is mutual; I have not intruded myself upon her."

"It matters not now? It has already gone forth to your fellow citizens — ay, to your fellow patriots, that you are a murderer —"

"Which is false, Sir," interrupted Robert, with an indignant flash of his bright eye.

"I am not your judge, but the evidence will consign you to the gallows and an everlasting infamy."

"Nay, nay, Colonel, let us not proceed to extremities with him," exclaimed Waldeck.

"Would you allow him to escape?" said Colonel Powell, with a glance of astonishment at the goldsmith.

"I would; but let us retire to the back parlor, the people will shortly interrupt us."

"I wish not to escape," said Robert calmly.

The three retired to the inner apartment where an examination of the merits of the case ensued. Robert was shown his own knife, covered with blood. He was horror-struck at the sight, and protested his innocence. He had left it in the shop some days before, he said. He was next reminded of the quarrel, which certainly tended to implicate him. His absence since the quarrel was then commented upon. But this, the young man vehemently denied, and appealed to Waldeck.

"Was I not in my room at seven o'clock last evening, Mr. Waldeck?" said he.

"I do not know that you were, Robert; if the fact can be shown, it would be greatly to your advantage," said Mr. Waldeck in a gentle and persuasive tone.

"Did you not come to my room about that that time?" exclaimed Robert, aghast with astonishment at the goldsmith's cool denial.

"Not that I remember, Robert," answered Waldeck, with a sorrowful air.

"And did you not let me have an hundred pounds?"

"Why, Robert, are you demented; you had no money of me."

"My God! What can this mean?" and the young man pressed his hands on his swimming head.

Robert Dewrie was overwhelmed by his unexpected evidence of the treachery, of the criminal duplicity of Waldeck, and for a time he endeavored to collect his scattered senses. A sudden thought inspired him with new energy, and more calmly than he had before acted, he examined his pockets for the purse handed him by Waldeck on the previous evening.

"Here are the purse and the money just as you gave them to me. Luckily I have not disturbed either." And Robert extended the purse towards Waldeck.

"Now, God be with you, Robert; this was your uncle's purse," exclaimed the goldsmith, as he took it from him. "Here are his initials."

Colonel Powell examined the purse and recognized the letters.

"The evidence is conclusive," said he, returning the purse to Waldeck. "Our duty is plain."

But Waldeck was unwilling to give the young man into the hands of justice, and, while they were deliberating upon this point, Robert, by a hasty movement, made his escape from the house through the back door.

He had taken this step, after a hasty, but thorough examination of his position. The disturbed state of the colony had materially affected the administration of justice. Before a jury of loyalists, he would have a small chance of his life. It was evident that Waldeck was conspiring against him, even when he was manifesting the deepest anxiety for his safety. The goldsmith's denial of the fact of lending him the money, was sufficient to convince him of the existence of a deep laid plot for his ruin. Waldeck had a motive, too, in desiring to get rid of him. Under these circumstances, he determined not to abide the combined action of conspiracy and partial justice. Trusting, therefore, in the future to redeem his name from infamy, he had made his escape, and folding his cloak closely around him, he directed his steps towards Cambridge.

Waldeck's arguments were so strong, that Colonel Powell yielded the claims of duty, and permitted the young patriot to depart unpursued.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE DISCLOSURE.

Amelia Powell had passed a night of the most painful anxiety. The sharer of her heart's fondest emotions had been banished from her presence — had been treated with the most undisguised contempt. To her devoted heart this was meet cause for anxiety. The future seemed robbed of its promised bliss, and only frowned in gloomy forebodings upon her brightest hope.

Her father's gay and luxurious habits compelled her to mix with the light-hearted revelers in the saloon of fashion; but, deprived of her soul's ideal, it was distasteful in the extreme. Inheriting the temperament and disposition of a meek and gentle mother, her happiness consisted in the most

simple enjoyments of life. The peaceful heaven of the fireside of home was more desirable than the giddy mazes of the dance, or the light revels of the drawing-room. The routine of fashionable dissipation to which her father was devoted, was a monotonous round of misery to her.

Her introduction to Robert Dewrie had been entirely accidental. She had met him scarcely a year before, in the hovel of poverty ministering to the wants of the suffering. Her heart sympathized with his in the mission of mercy. His manly form, and handsome face, lighted by a bright, intelligent eye, now beaming with gentle sympathy; his modest, graceful demeanor and the respectful but earnest gaze of admiration he bestowed upon her — all had contributed to engage her heart. Ere the name of the gentle god had been invoked, she loved him. In her daily walks of charity she met him; occasionally he attended her home, and she learned more of his character and pursuits. The intelligence that he was one of the most devoted of the agitators of the day, which she had obtained through other sources, fell heavily upon her heart. This would exclude him from her father's sympathy, this would be the dividing line between them. With much sympathy for the injured colonists, she could not but esteem her friend more highly for his devotion to the welfare of his country. There was a Roman virtue in his composition which increased her admiration, and appealed more strongly to her affections.

Various opportunities for intercourse occurred, and at a fitting time, Robert Dewrie had unfolded his heart, and offered it on the shrine of her affections. The offering was not disdained, and the record of their devotion and their vows was witnessed above.

The storm of war seemed to be rapidly gathering over the colonies, and Robert Dewrie found himself more and more alienated from the sympathies of Colonel Powell. It was a sad thought, but his soul was too elevated, his patriotism too noble, to be seduced from his duty even by the silken lure of love.

The young patriot's open heart could not conceal entirely the joys which animated it, and Waldeck was led to suspect the fact. By the adoption of a system of espionage, he had satisfied himself that Robert Dewrie was the rival most to be dreaded in his conquest of Amelia Powell's heart. On the preceding night he had followed him to Queen Street, and revealed to the astonished father the

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disagreeable truth, which had enabled him to surprise the lovers.

Amelia, with a sad heart, had seated herself in the sitting-room. The book she held, received no share of her attention. Her mind was overshadowed with anxiety for her lover. As she was thus pondering her clouded prospects, her father, who had just returned from the goldsmith's shop, entered the apartment. From the events of the previous night, she expected to be treated with cold sternness; but to her surprise, he greeted her with even more than usual gentleness, and imprinted a fatherly kiss of affection on her cheek.

"You look pale this morning, Amelia; you are ill!" said Colonel Powell, in a tone of solicitude; for whatever his faults, whatever the peculiarities of his nature, he loved his daughter, his only child, with an earnest devotion.

"No, father, I am quite well," replied Amelia, and the tears gathered in her eyes — her father's gentleness had melted her tender heart.

"What ails you, child? Why these tears?" and the fond father wiped away the reproaching drops.

"Forgive me, father; forgive me that I offended you last night."

"Nay, think no more of it, Amelia; forget him, he is unworthy your love."

"Do not say so, father; I love him fondly, truly."

Colonel Powell was distressed to find that the affair of the previous evening, which he had interrupted, was not an idle flirtation, as he had anxiously hoped. He saw with the deepest solicitude the inroads which a single night of sorrow had made. Whatever his own prejudices against the union of his daughter with a hot-headed rebel, the event was now rendered impossible by the infamy of the young patriot. His experience of woman's heart clearly indicated the danger of crossing a fond and tender affection like that of his beloved daughter.

"I trust, my child, you have not irretrievably bestowed your affections upon this young man," said Colonel Powell, after a long pause in which the painful realities of his daughter's position had rapidly flitted through his mind.

Amelia made no reply, but gazed with a look of inexpressible anxiety into the face of her father.

"You must forget him, Amelia, you must, indeed;

he is utterly unworthy of you," said Colonel Powell, in a sorrowful tone.

"No, father, he is all that is manly, true and just. I love him for his virtues, for his pure and noble nature. You cannot know him, father; you are prejudiced against him," pleaded Amelia from the mine of tenderness in her heart.

"I grieve for you, my daughter; but recent events have disclosed his true character. If he were a different man, I might look with favor upon him."

"What do you mean, father? What recent events? Do you refer to the Battle of Lexington? His heart is true to his country; if he is at fault, it is because he has been misguided. Do not condemn him for that."

"Alas, my child, he is even worse than a traitor to his country."

"Do not wound me with these dark words. Tell me all; I know he is incapable of any baseness."

"Your heart deceives you, Amelia. The man you love is a murderer!"

"A murderer! No, father, no! You wrong him," and the devoted girl clasped with compulsive energy, the hand of her father.

"It is too true, my child — may God be merciful to you — basely and cruelly Robert Dewrie has taken the life of his own uncle!"

The cheek of the stricken daughter blanched, and her frame trembled with the violence of her emotions. With painful effort she maintained her composure, while Colonel Powell narrated the revolting particulars of the tragedy at the goldsmith's. The suspicious circumstances which had criminated her lover, were placed in the most heart-rending minuteness before her. But she, still fond and true, refused to believe any ill of him, whose honor and happiness were all in all to her. With an inward determination to cling to him in his hour of peril, as she had when his sky had been comparatively bright, she heard the conclusion of the terrible relation. All this might be the invention of his enemies. They might have conspired to ruin him. Yet, with the evidence so palpably against him, she could not but realize the danger of his position — could not but recognize the *possibility* of his guilt.

"You see, Amelia," continued Colonel Powell, congratulating himself on the apparent fortitude with which his daughter had listened to his narration — "you see that Robert Dewrie, even while he pressed you to his heart last night, was a murderer! That his hand was stained with his uncle's blood!"



"O, God! His bloody hand!" exclaimed she, as the terrible incident of the previous night, rushed with appalling force to her mind, conveying the irresistible conclusion that her heart's idol was indeed a fiend.

Her delicate nerves, already strained to their utmost tension, could endure no more, and she sunk fainting into the arms of her father.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE INTERVIEW.

Notwithstanding the political excitement that pervaded the town, the murder of the goldsmith created a great sensation. The circumstantial evidence which criminated his nephew was deemed conclusive, even by the young man's most intimate friends. Of his present retirement, nothing was known, and his escape and subsequent absence, were regarded as but an admission of guilt. But as nothing further was ascertained in relation to the matter, the excitement among the townsmen gradually abated, and finally ceased altogether. Still there was one heart which yet bled with the wound it had caused.

Amelia Powell refused to be comforted. Her affections were too deeply lacerated to be easily, or speedily healed. Her father, by all the ingenuity of tenderness, strove to mitigate her sorrow; but in spite of all his exertions, she rapidly declined in health and spirits.

Mr. Waldeck was a constant visitor at the mansion of Colonel Powell. His attentions to Amelia were more marked, and more persevering. Her father had gently intimated his wish that she should accept the hand of the indefatigable suitor, and her daughter, with a desire to please him, had tolerated, rather than accepted his addresses. To her, the world and life seemed but a blank; she had nothing further to live for, but to make those happy around her. She had reluctantly resigned the hope of ever meeting Robert again. He had deceived her as to his true character, and her heart was broken, her affections were wrecked. Without any definite purpose of accepting his hand, Amelia had endeavored to regard without loathing, the man to whom her father wished to unite her. She was still true to the noble, beautiful ideal of truth and goodness which she had embodied in the character of her lover. The vessel was broken, but the ideal still existed in her heart.

About four weeks after the events related in the preceding chapters, Waldeck was seated in the back parlor. It was evening, and a flickering light threw its faint rays on the haggard features of the goldsmith. He had grown paler and thinner than we last saw him. He was uneasy and nervous, as he attempted with an unsteady hand to turn the leaves of an account book. Unable to fix his mind upon the business which claimed his attention, he rose and paced the room. But a vision of horror continually haunted him. At length, wearied with the torturing presence of his own thoughts, he took the candle and ascended the stairs. As he turned into his sleeping apartment, a rustling noise disturbed him.

"Who is there?" exclaimed he, in a sudden and nervous tone.

But no answer was returned. He searched the passage way without making any discovery. Ascribing it to the disordered state of his nerves, he entered his room and threw himself upon the bed. For an hour or more he tossed about, but sleep came not to him, until, wearied beyond the endurance of nature, he sunk into an uneasy slumber. Even then the terrible vision haunted him. With muttering sounds on his lips, he occasionally started, as from fear, and then groaned deeply.

The candle still burned on the table, the sickly flame curling around the long wick, so that the room was but dimly lighted.

Noiselessly the door was opened, and a man, closely enveloped in a black cloak, entered the chamber. Cautiously he advanced to the bed-side and bent over the slumberer.

"It is true, old man, my blow was sure," muttered the sleeper in disjointed phrases, and then turning on the bed he groaned heavily. For a time he lay in silence, as though his dream was ended.

The stranger listened awhile, and then snuffed the candle which was flickering as if going out.

Again he approached the bed-side, and again the slumberer turned into an uneasy posture.

"Away, old man, away! What if I did kill thee?" groaned he. "Off, off, unhand me —" and Waldeck started with convulsive energy from the bed, and awoke.

He saw the form of the man, and it seemed the waking continuation of his dream.

"Off! Off! man," screamed he, springing from the bed upon the form before him.

"Waldeck," said the stranger, as he flung his

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assailant from him — “Waldeck, are you mad? Rouse yourself.”

“Ah!” said the goldsmith. “Robert, is it possible you have dared to come here?”

“I *have* dared; I come in the dead watches of the night for justice — for justice at your hands; deny me at your peril,” said Robert Dewrie, for it was he who had thus intruded into the chamber of the other.

“Why, Robert, I do not understand you.”

“Understand me, villain! Not a world of equivocation with me. Answer me this question. Where is the body of my uncle?”

“Robert Dewrie, you are mad; these sad events have taken away your senses.”

“Your subterfuges shall not avail you. Here I am, hunted down as a murderer, as a friend; stigmatized wherever I go, and compelled to burrow in the woods, like a wild beast — and this for your crime.”

“Do you mean to accuse me of the crime, Robert?” asked Waldeck, with the manner of an injured man. “Would you accuse me? — me — when I have done everything to shield you from suspicion — and you owe me your present safety?”

“I do accuse you. Why did you deny our interview on the night of the murder? You are not only an assassin, but a base and dastardly one — a double murderer; for you have accused an innocent man. Where is the body? Tell me, ere I strangle you,” and the exasperated young man seized the goldsmith by the throat, with a fury which threatened the literal execution of the threat.

“Unhand me, scoundrel, unhand me,” said Waldeck, choking under the pressure of the other’s hand, as he drew from his pocket a short dagger. “Unhand me, Robert, or your blood will be upon your own head.”

A fierce struggle now ensued, in which Robert kept at bay by the dagger, was forced to relinquish his hold, after having received several slight wounds.

“Now, young man, if you have aught with me, say it quick, and leave the house, or I will consign you to the charge of the sentry,” said Waldeck, when he had freed himself from the clutch of his desperate opponent.

“I came, Mr. Waldeck, for justice. I came to

appeal to your sense of honor. As I entered this room, I discovered that your slumbers were uneasy and disturbed. I listened, and you confessed in your sleep the murder of your partner. My suspicions were confirmed, and I was overwhelmed with indignation at the baseness which could thus fasten the guilt of his own crime upon another. Mr. Waldeck, you are a murderer.”

“I am ready to answer before a court of justice,” replied Waldeck, trembling at the disagreeable intelligence. “But the words of a sleeper are not generally esteemed competent testimony.”

“Before heaven I will prove your crime.”

“Why not before a more immediate tribunal?” said Waldeck with a labored sneer.

“It would not avail me after you arranged every circumstance to my disadvantage. I leave you, Mr. Waldeck, in your guilt; but we shall meet again — as heaven is just, we shall meet again, where each shall appear as he is!” said Robert, with an energy and an eloquence which thrilled the blood of his listener, as he turned to depart.

“Stay, Robert, I have never borne you any ill-will; I have done all I could to relieve you from this foul charge. Let us be friends,” added Waldeck in a conciliatory tone.

“We can never be friends,” answered Robert, sternly.

“But your patrimony is in the estate of your uncle. Can I not make some advances?”

“No! My Patrimony shall be claimed in due time,” and Robert Dewrie left the room.

On the stairs he paused to ascertain if he was followed. On satisfying himself that he was not, he descended to the back parlor, where he seated himself. Reflecting upon the gloomy prospects which surrounded him, he spent a half hour. Having thus assured himself that all was quiet in the house, he found the tinder-box and lighted a candle. Proceeding through the shop, he raised the trap-door and descended to the cellar.

The object of his visit to the house of his late uncle was to obtain, if possible, any clue which might lead to the discovery of the murderer. Everybody else had supposed him the assassin, and had taken no pains to look farther into the matter. The unaccountable denial of Waldeck in relation to the interview on the night of the murder, had awakened his suspicions, had revealed to him the plan of the murderer. Armed with these suspicions, he had entered the house on the present occasion, to

explore the premises, and have an interview with Waldeck.

With the most minute attention, he examined every part of the cellar. He saw the black stains of blood, but nothing else appeared to throw light upon the foul transaction. Who the murderer was, he alone knew, but there was not a particle of evidence to criminate him. On the contrary, every circumstance from the quarrel to the purse, tended to criminate himself.

The present visit had confirmed his suspicion of Waldeck; but as he had obtained nothing by which he could make it appear to others, he left the house disappointed, and in deep mental agony.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE NECROMANCER.

The large number of British officers quartered in Boston, at the time of our story, rendered the town one continued scene of gaiety and excitement. Theatrical representations were given by them in Faneuil Hall, and nightly the beauty and fashion of the place congregated, to join in the mazy dance. It was in the Concert Hall, a fortnight after the event of the last chapter, that a grand ball was given by one of the most distinguished officers of the army. The *elite* of the town were there, and the light dance and the gay revel were proceeding with all the animation which the buoyant spirits of the guests could infuse.

A few days before, the garrison and citizens had been astonished by the advent of the great Rahab-ben-abel, the celebrated Persian necromancer, astrologer, and fortune-teller.

It was announced by the town crier that he could detail to the people with surprising accuracy, their past, present, and future history; that he could predict with unerring certainty, the character, station and fortune of the unseen, and unheard-of husbands and wives; that he could project horoscopes, and in fine, tell anything the people desired to know. The officers of the army regarded him as a fit subject for mirth, and accordingly, they made a good use of him in the promotion of their enjoyments. He had astonished many of them by the relation of the past incidents of their lives, but even this failed with them to establish his reputation as a conjuror. He was invited to all the balls and parties, and proved to

be a decided addition to the entertainments.

At the ball on the present occasion, Rahab-ben-abel was one of the most prominent guests. He was dressed in full Persian costume, including the flowing robe and the lofty hat. He was apparently, a very aged man; his long white beard swept his chest, and his form was slightly bent. He was a stern looking man, his brow was wrinkled with a perpetual frown, and his voice harsh and grating.

Among the guests assembled were Colonel Powell, his daughter and Waldeck. Amelia was an unwilling reveler in the gay scene; devotion to her father alone, made her consent to join in such festivities. She was still beautiful, still the belle of the town, but her heart was gloomy, and her spirit crushed. It was only by a strong effort of the will, that she appeared not wholly indifferent to the gaiety which surrounded her. Waldeck was as attentive as ever, hovering near her at every opportunity.

At each suspension of the dance, the astrologer was in great demand. With a mixture of wry humor and stern reserve in his manner, he related past histories, and predicted future destinies. He heeded not the merry peals of laughter which often followed his revelations; his whole attention was absorbed in the practice of his art. After supper, Colonel Powell, with his daughter leaning on his arm, and followed by Waldeck, reentered the hall which was comparatively empty. The renowned necromancer stood near the center of the spacious floor, with his arms folded, gazing intently at the ceiling of the room.

"Let us consult the astrologer," suggested Colonel Powell, with a smile.

"By all means," added Waldeck. "No doubt he has our future destiny at his tongue's end."

Amelia tacitly consented, and the party approached the old Persian, who deigned not to withdraw his eyes from the ceiling until addressed.

"Come, Mr. Astrolabe, let us hear your sage predictions concerning our past and future," said Colonel Powell.

The old man started, and with a profound salaam, asked the officer for his hand. In his shrill, harsh tones, he related to Colonel Powell the principal incidents of his life. Astonished and chagrined to hear his life thus minutely laid bare, he withdrew his hand and Waldeck presented his.

"Ha!" exclaimed the magician, as he examined the lines, and then cast a piercing glance into his face.

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"Well, old conjuror, what do you see?" said Waldeck, as he observed the sudden start of Rahab.

Drawing the goldsmith close to him, and placing the left hand upon the crown of his head, while the right still retained the hand of Waldeck, he whispered in his ear.

*"There is blood in the past!"*

Waldeck shrank from him, as though bitten by a viper.

"What is the matter?" asked Colonel Powell.

"Nothing, nothing," answered Waldeck, endeavoring to appear unconcerned, while his face was ghastly pale, and his knees trembled.

"Go on with your story then, old man; speak so we all can hear."

"It is all nonsense. I want no more of it. It will do very well to frighten children," said Waldeck, with a forced laugh.

"Children of a large growth, I should think," said Colonel Powell, with a smile. "Come, Amelia, give him your hand."

Amelia presented her hand, and the conjuror took it. It was a fair hand, and the old man might have been excused for the gentle pressure he bestowed upon it. Turning his eyes from the palm he had for a moment regarded with intense scrutiny, he gazed into her face. Amelia was struck with his air and the apparent interest with which he viewed her. That gentle pressure of her hand seemed no part of the conjuror's trade, and her attention was riveted upon him.

"Fair maiden, I would not remind you of happier days," said he, in a lower voice than he was wont to speak, "but you ask the secrets of my art, and you must have them."

"Speak out, sir, I fear not to hear all," replied Amelia, with a smile of encouragement.

"You have been crossed in love."

Amelia started, and her father would have drawn her away.

"Go on," said she, as her pale cheek lighted up with a crimson tint.

"Your former lover was cast off for a crime of which he was innocent."

"Speak louder, old man," interrupted Colonel Powell, approaching nearer.

"The future," continued the old man, heedless of

the interruption, "is bright. You will marry him who stands by your side."

"Bravo!" shouted Colonel Powell. "This is a most wonderful man. I say Mr. Rahab-ben-abel, do you happen to know where any valuable gold mine is located? Give me the particulars, and you shall have half the profits."

But the conjuror heeded not the Colonel's jest.

"Perhaps your list of sciences does not embrace geology," continued Colonel Powell.

"Ay the secrets of the earth are known to me," smiled the old man in a solemn tone.

The music now summoned the dancers to the floor, and Waldeck was obliged to leave the party and meet his engagement with a lady.

The conjuror retired to a corner of the room, followed by Colonel Powell and his daughter, who declined joining in the next dance.

"I have lost a ring," Mr. Rahab," said Amelia with a smile, and willing to prolong the adventure, "can you tell me where it is?"

"I can, lady. It was a valuable ring, as well as a curiously wrought one. It belonged to your mother, for whose sake, you esteem it more highly than all the riches of the earth."

"I do, I do," exclaimed Amelia, forgetting in her interest, the juggling trade of the man who addressed her.

"But where is it, old man?" asked Colonel Powell, forgetful, as was his daughter, of the circumstances of the interview.

To the astonishment of the officer and his daughter, the astrologer related all the circumstances under which the ring had been lost.

"The murdered man removed the ring before his disappearance," said he, as he concluded his wonderful statement.

"Where is it, then?"

"I cannot tell without consulting the stars."

"Well, my man, here are the stars; look out this window and tell us all about it," said the Colonel, reminded by this mention of a trick of the craft, that astrology was a "defunct science."

"Without my astrolabe?" said the old man, looking into the officer's face with a glance so innocent as to half convince him that the astrolabe was no "humbug" after all. "I will make a calculation tonight, and shall be able to answer your question tomorrow."

[TO BE CONTINUED].