



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

MARCH-APRIL 2001

NUMBER 2

THE SUNBEAM.

VOL. IV. SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER, 1878. NO. 28.

DOCK THIEVES:

—OR—

THOMAS HARLAND'S ADVENTURE.

By Horatio Alger, Jr.



THOMAS HARLAND looked over the columns of the *New York Herald* to see if any situation was advertised which there was any prospect of his being able to obtain. He finally noted three, and starting out from the poor rooms where he had taken refuge with

his family, he proceeded to try his fortune.

He was a book-keeper by profession; but a few weeks previous the firm with whom he was engaged failed, and of course he was thrown out of a place. He had a wife and three children to provide for, and had but one hundred dollars saved up for a rainy day. He was anxious, therefore, to obtain a new place as soon as possible. But business was unusually dull—there were many out of employment, and wherever he applied, he found himself one of a large crowd of applicants.

So weeks of fruitless efforts passed away, and his money rapidly disappeared under the constant demands for rent, food, and other necessary expenses.

He was beginning to get discouraged. He had some time since thrown aside all pride, and was willing to accept any employment, however humble, that would bring in a few dollars a week for the support of the family whom he loved, and whose suffering he could not bear to think of.

On this particular morning his success was no better than usual.

The first application was for a bookkeeper. One had been accepted an hour before he reached the place, and he learned that there had been a hundred applicants. The second was for a clerk in an insurance office. But here too, there were several applicants who were recommended by past experience, and one of these was accepted. The third was for a light porter. When he saw the long line of men competing for the place he decided that it would be of no use to remain, and departed in sadness and disappointment.

On his way back he stepped in to a small hotel to rest. He took his seat beside a screen and soon became an involuntary auditor of a conversation which was going on on the other side. The speakers seemed to be rough characters. He soon became interested in what he heard, and felt that he had better continue to listen. This was a part of the conversation:

"It will be a good haul," said one. "If we can manage to carry off a couple of bales of cotton, it will fetch us in a neat sum."

"What is your plan?"

"We will bring a boat round under the wharf at one o'clock. We can then clamber up on the wharf, and I will push over the bales to you two who will remain below."

"Very good; but of course there will be a watchman."

"Certainly; but I have befriended him."

"What do you mean?"

"I found out who had been engaged, and went to see him. I found he was one of the right sort. He's to have fifty dollars, and will help us. He'll swear to old Crawford that he was set on by half a dozen men, and couldn't help himself."

"Are you sure of him? He may be playing possum."

"Never you fear. He'll serve us faithfully. The fifty dollars was too much for him."

"Old Crawford'll be rather astonished when he hears about it in the morning."

"Oh, he'll rave; but he's a rich man, and can stand the loss. We'll make five hundred dollars between us."

"Good!" ejaculated the first. "It'll come in good time, for I'm dead broke."

(To be Continued.)

Alger story
reprinted in
The Sunbeam

-- See Page 3

Convention
2001 update

-- See Page 5

THE DIAMOND RING

A mystery story by 'Oliver Optic' — Conclusion

-- See Page 9

President's column

A few words from our Vice President

The Ottawa convention will soon be upon us, and I always look forward to our annual get-together. Not only do we get to visit with friends who have similar interests, but we get to hit different book stores and antique malls in search of literary treasures! I haven't found anything of significance in months and months, and hope to change my luck in Ottawa. Of course, competition will be keen, but I think most of us have some book interests that are not shared by everyone else in the Society.

Speaking of books, Rob Kasper tells me that there will be a special consignment auction. It will include about 50 nice Algers (10 or 11 first editions) and a good selection of non-Alger books, mostly Stratemeyer but others, too. This is in addition to our regular consignment and donation fun-raising auctions, so there should be something for everyone.

This also will be the first convention where I have made a presentation. Doing the research for my talk about World War I and children's series books has been both informative and entertaining. I did not realize how dependent the Allied High Command was on the advice and suggestions of teenage boys. I thought they were just used for cannon fodder. I also found out that there are an awful lot of series books that deal with the war, both directly and indirectly. Hopefully I can give a good overview and go into some detail about some of them.

Art Young has an interesting article on Page 3 of this issue of *Newsboy* concerning a known Alger short story, "Dock Thieves," published in a previously unknown venue, *The Sunbeam*, a California publication. Finding Alger stories in unexpected publications is sometimes luck and sometimes hard work, but usually both. There is always the lure of finding a completely unknown Alger story to drive one on!

My father recently attended the Lansing Book Show, but as a customer this time, not as a dealer. He reported that there were quite a few Algers, but they were the usual reprints. It's tough to come away from a large book show without buying a book, but he did it! Dorothy Meyer's son, a dealer at the show, told him that Dorothy has cut back on her book selling activities. Maybe that is why I haven't received one of her juvenile book catalogs

(Continued on Page 4)

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

CAROL NACKENOFF	PRESIDENT
ROBERT G. HUBER	VICE-PRESIDENT
CHRISTINE DeHAAN	TREASURER
ROBERT E. KASPER	EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR
ANGELO SYLVESTER	(2001) DIRECTOR
THOMAS B. DAVIS	(2001) DIRECTOR
ROBERT L. KERSCH	(2001) DIRECTOR
DOUGLAS E. FLEMING	(2002) DIRECTOR
RALPH J. CARLSON	(2002) DIRECTOR
MARC C. WILLIAMS	(2002) DIRECTOR
RICHARD B. HOFFMAN	(2003) DIRECTOR
SAMUEL T. HUANG	(2003) DIRECTOR
JANICE MORLEY	(2003) DIRECTOR
LEO "BOB" BENNETT	EMERITUS
RALPH D. GARDNER	EMERITUS

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.

Alger story comes to light in *The Sunbeam*

By Arthur P. Young (PF 941)

Tom Harland, a good-natured, out-of-work book keeper, down on his luck and his savings, over hears a dockside plot by several men to rip off their wealthy employer. Tom decides to do the right thing by revealing the scheme to the intended victim. The plot is foiled, the plotters apprehended, and Tom Harland rewarded with several hundred dollars and a permanent clerk position in the cotton firm.

Another Alger story with the familiar themes of striving, good deeds, luck, honesty, and reward. This story, "Dock Thieves: or Thomas Harland's Adventure," is not unusual in terms of its theme, but rather for the publication in which it appears and the manner in which it is presented.

The story appears in a San Francisco monthly tabloid publication entitled *The Sunbeam*. Measuring 5½" x 8", the paper refers to itself as "the largest amateur journal published on the Pacific Coast."

Published by Upton Brothers, 518 Sacramento St., the masthead page, reproduced at right, indicates publication in September 1878. *The Sunbeam* is a general purpose publication with stories, fiction, and other brief news items, together with ads for a variety of household products and commercial services. This issue contains six pages, and the short story excerpt covers about one-third of the length of the full story, thereby suggesting the prospect of a three-part serialization.

This printing of an Alger short story in successive issues is highly unusual and possibly unique. The very nature of short stories and poems is that they appear in complete form at the time of publication. *The Sunbeam* may have lasted for only several years, and at this point in my research rates as extremely rare.

There are no copies of *The Sunbeam* in the Library of Congress, the Online Computer Library Center (OCLC) national library database, or the great west coast research collections including the University of California-Berkeley and the University of California at Los Angeles.

This story first appeared in the April 10, 1869, issue of *Gleason's Literary Companion* and was reprinted in *The Yankee Blade*, a Boston newspaper, on May 3, 1890.

THE SUNBEAM.

VOL. IV.

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER, 1878.

NO. 28.

DOCK THIEVES:

—OR—

THOMAS HARLAND'S ADVENTURE.

By Horatio Alger, Jr.



THOMAS HARLAND looked over the columns of the *New York Herald* to see if any situation was advertised which there was any prospect of his being able to obtain. He finally noted three, and starting out from the poor rooms where he had taken refuge with his family, he proceeded to try his fortune.

He was a book-keeper by profession; but a few weeks previous the firm with whom he was engaged failed, and of course he was thrown out of a place. He had a wife and three children to provide for, and had but one hundred dollars saved up for a rainy day. He was anxious, therefore, to obtain a new place as soon as possible. But business was unusually dull—there were many out of employment, and wherever he applied, he found himself one of a large crowd of applicants.

So weeks of fruitless efforts passed away, and his money rapidly disappeared under the constant demands for rent, food, and other necessary expenses.

He was beginning to get discouraged. He had some time since thrown aside all pride, and was willing to accept any employment, however humble, that would bring in a few dollars a week for the support of the family whom he loved, and whose suffering he could not bear to think of.

On this particular morning his success was no better than usual.

The first application was for a bookkeeper. One had been accepted an hour before he reached the place, and he learned that there had been a hundred applicants. The second was for a clerk in an insurance office. But here too, there were several applicants who were recommended by past experience, and one of these was accepted. The third was for a light porter. When he saw the long line of men competing for the place he decided that it would be of no use to remain, and departed in sadness and disappointment.

Oh his way back he stepped in to a small hotel to rest. He took his seat beside a screen and soon became an involuntary auditor of a conversation which was going on on the other side. The speakers seemed to be rough characters. He soon became interested in what he heard, and felt that he had better continue to listen. This was a part of the conversation:

"It will be a good haul," said one. "If we can manage to carry off a couple of bales of cotton, it will fetch us in a neat sum."

"What is your plan?"

"We will bring a boat round under the wharf at one o'clock. We can then clamber up on the wharf, and I will push over the bales to you two who will remain below."

"Very good; but of course there will be a watchman."

"Certainly; but I have secured him."

"What do you mean?"

"I found out who had been engaged, and went to see him. I found he was one of the right sort. He's to have fifty dollars, and will help us. He'll swear to old Crawford that he was set on by half a dozen men, and couldn't help himself."

"Are you sure of him? He may be playing possum."

"Never you fear. He'll serve us faithfully. The fifty dollars was too much for him."

"Old Crawford'll be rather astonished when he hears about it in the morning."

"Oh, he'll rave; but he's a rich man, and can stand the loss. We'll make five hundred dollars between us."

"Good!" ejaculated the first. "It'll come in good time, for I'm dead broke."

(To be Continued.)

The Sunbeam, in which this known story by Horatio Alger, Jr. appeared, was published by Upton Brothers of San Francisco.

Fortunately, this issue was in the present author's personal collection.

One might ask why an Alger story appeared during the 1870s in California. First, it suggests that Alger's fame was national and that he was known west of the Mississippi as well as the eastern seaboard. Second, and most likely, is the fact that Alger made a trip to San Francisco in 1877, thereby making himself known to some in the city. *The Sunbeam* was publishing during the time of his visit, and he may have suggested the reprinting of one of his stories. We shall never know, but the coincidence is a strong one.

Once again we have another example of Alger's writing in a heretofore unknown publication. If additional issues of *The Sunbeam* could be located, there might be additional Alger stories contained therein. And so the hunt goes on and new items keep surfacing, and the picture gets ever more complete.

Editor's notebook

Years ago, I bought a copy of Edward Stratemeyer's *Between Boer and Briton* for four dollars, in the 1900 Lee & Shepard first edition. I have subsequently picked up copies for \$10 to \$15. Today, that book, in this collector's opinion, is worth about \$25 to \$30, depending on condition.

But right now, if you put down that coffee cup and log on to the Internet, you can buy a nice copy through American Book Exchange (ABE Books) for a cool \$100.

So, if that's the only Stratemeyer first edition you're missing, be my guest. The dealer, by the way, is very reputable, but being an ABAA member, his prices are understandably higher than you'll find at some rural book barn. Prices of collectible children's books have been a topic here over the years. The one constant in all of these articles is they're not getting any cheaper, although prices seem to have leveled off in recent years from the surge of the early 1990s.

There are more than 100 of Edward Stratemeyer's books (those authored by himself, not those produced by the Stratemeyer syndicate) for sale on the Internet retail used book sites (excluding eBay, which is a story for another column). A search engine recently listed more than 260 Stratemeyers as being available, but many are duplicate listings, with many dealers offering the same book over ABE, Bibliofind and/or Alibris.

The latter is an interesting site; because of its arrangement with dealers which includes a "guarantee" that the listed book is available, a service charge is included in the asking price of the book. With ABE and Bibliofind, you deal directly with the dealer, so the prices tend to be much cheaper. For example, a recent Internet listing of Stratemeyer's *The Automobile Boys of Lakeport*, basically a reading copy, was offered for \$7 on ABE. The same book was concurrently for sale on Alibris for \$11.

I could tell it was exactly same book because its description of condition, etc., was identical word-for-word (Alibris does not list the dealer's name on the sales page). So, you can see there's a significant difference in price, which covers Alibris' processing and membership fees, etc. This commission as a percentage of the book's total cost seems to decrease as the base price of the book goes up. However, be warned — there's a first-edition copy of *Under MacArthur in Luzon* currently offered on Alibris for \$203!

My feeling is that if Alibris is the only place you can

(Continued on Page 8)

President's column

(Continued from Page 2)

for a while.

All of us in the book hunting hobby have dry spells at times, where we just can not find anything to excite us. I have been in one of these spells for quite a while, so I decided to build book shelves instead. The shelving is cut to fit tightly between the closet walls, and the shelves are held up by upright boards which are not nailed in, but are scattered among the books, which hold them upright. The weight of the books holds the whole thing together, and the sides of the closet act as the "case" of the bookcase. At least that is the theory, and as soon as the wood is stained, we shall see if the theory is true, or whether there will be a huge pile of books on the floor in my closet with broken spines! The closet is seven and a half feet wide, and with seven shelves, that will either hold a large number of books or make a big book pile. Hopefully, your book hunting activity has been more rewarding.

Looking forward to seeing you in Ottawa, I remain

Your Partic'lar Friend,
Bob Huber (PF-841)
205 Ozark Trail
Madison, WI 53705
E-mail: rghuber@mail.earthlink.net

MEMBERSHIP

New members

Thomas P. Kline (PF-1054)
8342 Northview Drive
Cedar Falls, Iowa 50613

Jeanette Routhier (PF-1055)
12186 Hill Road
Swartz Creek, MI 48473 (810) 621-3435
E-mail: jrouthie@gfn.org

Jeanette, the wife of longtime H.A.S. member and former Director Bob Routhier, has decided to join the Society. Welcome!

Moving?

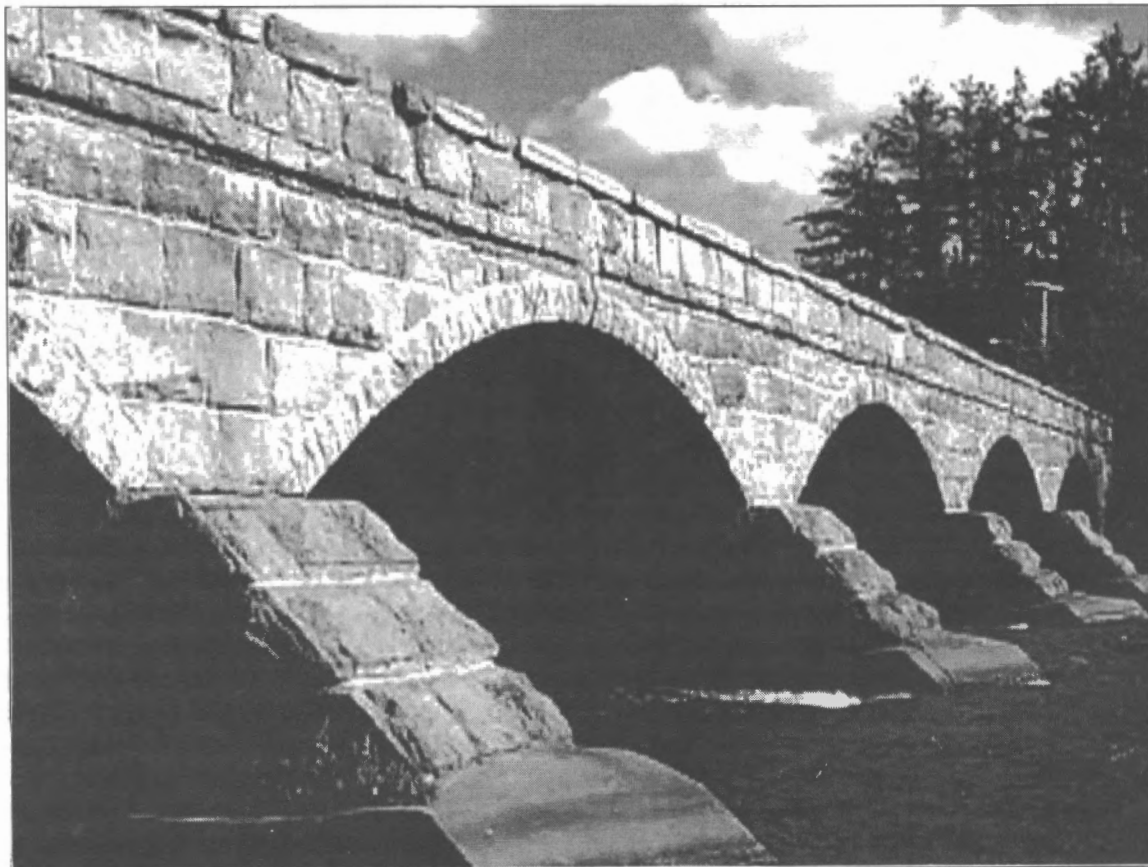
Please contact us with your new address, phone number and e-mail address:

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

Convention update

2001 — An Alger Odyssey

The 1901 Pakenham Five-Arch Stone Bridge, 268 feet long and 25 feet wide, is the only structure of its kind in North America.



By Doug Fleming (PF-899)

Thanks for all the registrations to date for the 37th Alger Society Convention May 3-6 in Ottawa. The Embassy West held our block of rooms for two more days, until April 6, so reservations are now on an "as available" basis. If you find you're able to attend, by all means get in touch with the Embassy West Hotel (see the yellow registration form for the phone number). A room may turn up, even at a late date. Should you experience any difficulty, please phone me at (613) 256-1414 and I'll see what I can do.

I'm looking forward to welcoming you as you complete your journey "Onward to Ottawa."

Expanding on an entry on the enclosed tentative schedule of events we now learn that several boxes of books are on their way to Ottawa for the Special Consignment Auction on Friday afternoon. I've been told these are top-quality books, including 10 or 11 first editions among the about 50 Algers from the estate of a longtime

H.A.S. member. This should be an exciting auction.

Flying to Ottawa

When you arrive at Ottawa's Macdonald-Cartier International Airport you will go through Canada Customs. The completion of a form may be required if you're bringing certain items (e.g., plants) into the country. You will talk with a Customs agent, and then exit the Customs area.

A few steps away are revolving doors and just outside are taxis for the 15-minute drive to the Embassy West for approximately \$20 Canadian. If you're renting a car, several kiosks are just past the revolving doors, and the rental agency will look after you. After picking up your vehicle, you will proceed north on the Airport Parkway, cross the Rideau River and the street becomes Bronson Avenue. You will cross the Rideau Canal, and turn left at the fourth traffic light onto Carling Avenue (four-lane). Just past Westgate Shopping Centre you

(Continued on Page 6)

2001 — An Alger Odyssey

(Continued from Page 5)

will pass under the Queensway (Highway 417), turn left at the next traffic light (Kirkwood Avenue), again turn left at the next traffic light onto Carling Avenue (going east) and immediately make a right turn into the Embassy West parking lot!

Driving to Ottawa

Highway 401 (four-lane) flows across Southern and Eastern Ontario. If coming from the east or west, take Highway 416 north from Prescott. In about one hour, Highway 416 ends, and you will exit east (right) on Highway 417. Proceed east, pass the Maitland exit, and at Exit 124 take the ramp to Carling Avenue. Ease left into the next lane, go through the next traffic light (Kirkwood Avenue) and immediately turn right into the Embassy West parking lot.

If you're driving on Highway 417 from the west take Exit 124 and proceed as above.

If you're driving on Highway 417 from the east, take Exit 124, down the ramp onto Carling Avenue and work your way to the left-hand lane, then left at the next traffic light (Kirkwood Avenue), then left at the next traffic light (Carling Avenue going east) and immediately turn right into the Embassy West parking lot. If there is a lot of traffic when you come down the ramp onto Carling and can't get into the left lane easily, go through the next traffic light (Kirkwood Avenue), pass the fire station and the ramp to Highway 417 West and ease into the left-hand lane. At the next traffic light, turn left, and it's a very short distance to Carling Avenue (one-way east), then turn left. Go through the next traffic light (Kirkwood Avenue) and immediately turn right into the Embassy West parking lot.

A new city

On January 1, 2001, all 22 municipalities surrounding Ottawa combined to form a mega-city called Ottawa. This means one city hall, one fire department, one police department, etc.

The population is 750,000 and with other nearby regions, close to one million people live in this metropolitan area. The 22 municipalities will always be known by their previous names within the new city as each has its own traditions.

The Rideau Canal

In the January-February *Newsboy* we told the story of the Rideau Canal, which winds through Ottawa. A bit of trivia: the Canal was completed in 1832, the year of Horatio Alger, Jr.'s birth!

The Parliament Buildings

The original Parliament Buildings were destroyed by a fire in 1914. The only section saved was the Parliamentary Library, due to the quick thinking of a security

guard who closed the huge metal-clad doors to the library. The Parliament Buildings were rebuilt, and a Peace Tower (see photo in the January-February *Newsboy*) constructed to honor those who gave their lives in the World Wars. Tours of the Parliament Buildings and Peace Tower observation deck can be booked.

The Parliament Buildings are the seat of Canada's government. There are 361 Members of Parliament representing electoral districts across Canada. The Prime Minister is the leader of the party with the most elected members. In the same building is the Senate, whose members are appointed by the Prime Minister. They are supposed to scrutinize legislation and give a sober opinion in case the members of Parliament try to pass something too controversial! Many Canadians believe the Senators should be elected, or that the Senate be abolished altogether.

The Hamlet of Pakenham

On Friday afternoon we will travel to my "home town" of Pakenham. The hamlet (it's too small to be designated a village) has a storied past. In 1822, Colonel William Marshall traveled down the (Canadian) Mississippi River, naming the falls at the present hamlet as "Little Falls." The township had been named for Sir Edward Pakenham, brother-in-law to the (British) Duke of Wellington, who died in the battle of New Orleans. A clearing in the woods was made at "Little Falls" and mills and a potash plant were constructed. Shortly thereafter, settlers began arriving from areas south, or were new immigrants from the British Isles.

By the time Andrew Dickson had moved north in 1831, the settlement at "Little Falls" was well established. Dickson opened a sawmill, a store and a post office and called it "Pakenham Mills." His stone house still stands at the east end of the magnificent five-arch stone bridge, which straddles the Mississippi River, and now is a craft and gift shop.

The Five-Arch Bridge

The Five-Arch Stone Bridge is the only one of its kind in North America. Built in 1901 with stone from a local quarry, it replaced a series of rickety wooden bridges spanning "Little Falls." This much sturdier bridge is 266 feet long, 25 feet wide and 22 feet high. There are five 40-foot arches and the piers are eight feet thick with abutments of 18 feet. The largest block weighs five tons.

You'll be crossing the Five-Arch Bridge on the way to the country supper late Friday afternoon. On the way back to Ottawa following "Variety 2001," you'll marvel at the lights under the arches. This community project was initiated by the Pakenham Business and Tourism Association.

A celebration later in the year is being planned to mark the 100th anniversary of this unique structure.

Horatio Alger Fellowship for the Study of American Popular Culture

Northern Illinois University

The University Libraries, Northern Illinois University, in cooperation with the Horatio Alger Society, invite applications for the Horatio Alger Fellowship for the Study of American Popular Culture. Funding is available to scholars who will be using materials from the Libraries' major holdings in American popular culture. These holdings include the Albert Johanssen Collection of more than 50,000 dime novels, and the nation's preeminent collections related to Horatio Alger, Jr., and Edward Stratemeyer. Many other authors are represented.

Topics which could draw on the collections' strengths might include the plight of urban children, image of the American West in popular literature, widespread use of pseudonyms, and stereotypical portrayals. Preference will be given to applicants who signify an interest in conducting research related to Horatio Alger, Jr. The Fellowship award consists of a \$1,500 stipend, and may be used between July 1 and December 31, 2001.

Candidates should submit a letter of interest, a curriculum

vitae, a brief proposal for their research, and two letters of recommendation to:

Horatio Alger Fellowship, Department of Rare Books and Special Collections, University Libraries, Northern Illinois University, DeKalb, IL 60115-2868. Deadline for applications is May 18, 2001.

For more on Northern Illinois University Libraries and its Rare Books and Special Collections Department, visit <http://libws66.lib.niu.edu/rbsc/>

**Founders Memorial Library
at Northern Illinois University
DeKalb, Illinois**

Northern Illinois University photo



Editor's notebook

(Continued from Page 4)

find a book, and the price is within your budget, go for it. It may be your only chance. But if you find the same dealer offering the same book on **Alibris** and **Bibliofind**, it doesn't take a genius to figure out where to go.

Speaking of **Bibliofind**, that site recently stopped accepting credit card numbers directly through the its site because of a security leak. I ordered a book from a dealer in Oregon not knowing this and was surprised when the credit card "prompt" window did not appear on my shopping cart page. I called the dealer, because her **Bibliofind** home page said she did accept Visa and MasterCard. She explained the problem, and happily took my credit card number over the phone (another option in this case is sending the dealer two or three separate e-mails with partial credit card information). She did not know if or when **Bibliofind** would fix its security problem and resume accepting credit card numbers through the site.

We have feared for years that the Internet is a potential haven for credit card fraud. If a "hacker" has the expertise to invade the Pentagon's top-secret computers, I'd guess **Bibliofind** is a piece of cake. Just a word of caution: know your Web sites and dealers, and you should be OK. If any Partic'lar Friends have been the victim of Internet credit card fraud when attempting to buy books, I'd like to hear from you.

* * *

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 covered the Saalfield Publishing Company.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York

Scribner's is one of the legendary names in American publishing (there is also a Charles Scribner's Sons, Ltd. in the United Kingdom). Founded in 1846 on New York's Park Row, the company is still in business today as part of the Gale Group, in turn, part of the Thomson Corporation. Scribner's is particularly strong in reference books, although the Scribner's imprint is still found on trade books of all descriptions. Believe it or not,

selected titles in the well-known **Charles Scribner's Sons Books for Young Readers**, many of which contain famous N.C. Wyeth illustrations, remain in print for around \$25. **Amazon.com**, for example currently is selling James Fenimore Cooper's *The Deerslayer* for just under \$22. Of course, early Scribner's editions in this series are highly collectible.

Incidentally, Charles Scribner, Jr., died in 1995, one year prior to his firm's centennial.

Usual identification method: Scribner's used several methods to identify first editions. Prior to 1930 (the period of most interest to collectors of children's series books), the firm used matching corresponding years on the title page and copyright page (verso). Also, no additional printings were listed on the copyright page.

To indicate the company's somewhat casual attitude on the subject at that time, a 1928 statement says:

"We have no fixed plan for designating our first editions of general publications. If a book runs to more than one printing we usually print somewhere in the 'front matter' Second Printing, Third Printing, Fourth Printing, whatever it might be. From this it might be assumed that a copy containing no such printing notice might be considered a first edition."

In the 1930-73 period, the capital letter "A" appeared on the first edition's coyright page. Later, a code system was used to identify the printing, a somewhat complex ascending/descending number and letter system.

In 1984, Scribner's became part of the Macmillan publishing group and at that time adopted Macmillan's procedure of indicating its printings in a sequence of numbers at the bottom of the copyright page. "The *lowest numeral* in the sequence generally indicates the printing for that copy," the publisher said in a 1989 statement.

Prominent series and authors: In addition to the **Charles Scribner's Sons Books for Young Readers**, among the best-known series are Arthur Stanwood Pier's **St. Timothy's Series** (only the first volume, *The Boys of St. Timothy's*, was published by Scribner's); also popular was the eight-volume **College Years Series** by Ralph D. Paine.

Another famous Scribner's series is the four-volume **Boys of the Service Series** (1903-09) by Charles Townsend Brady. These highly collectible books are titled *In the Wasp's Nest*, *In the War with Mexico*, *A Midshipman in the Pacific* and *On the Old Kearsarge*.

Less well-known is the two-volume **Jack Hall Series**, originally published by Jordan Marsh & Co. in 1887-88. For the subsequent Scribner's editions, illustrations were by the noted artist Frank T. Merrill.

So now, after more than a year, we near the end of our marathon "series" on series-book first editions. We'll conclude it the next issue when we also wrap up "2001: An Alger Odyssey." I hope to see you in Ottawa!

ORIGINAL TALE.

[WRITTEN FOR THE OLIVE BRANCH.]

THE DIAMOND RING;

Or The Astrologer's Stratagem.

A TALE OF BOSTON IN 1775.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

[Concluded.]

"Colonel Powell, a lady in the drawing room desires to see you," said a waiter to the officer.

"Come, Amelia."

"I will remain here; I am interested in this man's art."

"Very well, I will return in a moment," and Colonel Powell departed.

"Amelia, do you not know me?" said the astrologer, bending over her end speaking in a whisper.

"Know you? Good heavens! Who are you?" exclaimed the lady, looking at him with surprise.

"Speak low, and do not start. I am Robert Dewrie — as innocent of the crime charged to me as the angels of heaven."

"Robert! Can it be!" and Amelia regardless of the caution started back.

"Do not shrink from me. As God is my judge, I am innocent — it shall be proved, if you follow my directions."

"I will, Robert, but I am so agitated I shall expose you."

"Be calm; advise your father to invite me to his house tomorrow morning. Here he comes."

"Yes, lady," continued he, as the Colonel approached, "The stars rule the destiny of mankind. Zoroaster, Confucius, Foe —"

Here he was interrupted by Colonel Powell's good-natured ridicule. Amelia did as the conjurer had requested, and he was invited to be at the mansion the next morning with the calculations concerning the ring.

A halo of hope was shed over the path of Amelia, and that night her prayer ascended that Robert might redeem his promise to establish his innocence.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE RING.

Rahab-ben-abel, agreeably to his appointment, was at the mansion of Colonel Powell on the following morning; but the officer had not yet returned from his customary military duties. Amelia was alone.

"The stars are favorable," said the conjurer, as Amelia entered the apartment in which he had been waiting. The frown that had before wrinkled his brow was not there, and a smile, the first he had seen to indulge, played about his long white beard as he took her hand. "Venus is in the ascendant."

"O, Robert, Robert; are you indeed innocent of this awful crime?" said Amelia, after an affectionate salutation.

"As innocent as you are, Amelia, whose gentle nature shrinks from the thoughts of crime," replied he. "Can you not believe me?"

"O yes, Robert, but how cruelly this event has lacerated my heart. Thank God, you are innocent; I shall, I must believe you."

"Bless you, Amelia; I could have borne all with fortitude but your detestation," said he, with a fervent pressure of her hand.

"You must acknowledge that the circumstances very strongly implicate you," added Amelia, with an air of hesitation.

"They do, very strongly; and I wonder not that even you should credit them."

"O, Robert, I heeded nothing, till the thought of your bloody hand came to my remembrance. On the very night of the murder you remember your hand was stained with blood. Against my reason almost,

(Continued on Page 10)

Editor's note: This is the final 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)

I refused to believe you guilty, till this appalling circumstance forced me to the terrible conclusion. But you cannot blame me?"

"No, Amelia? The evidence was enough to have convicted a saint, much more an erring creature like myself. That stain on my hand was given me by Mr. Waldeck," and the disguised young man related the particulars of his interview with that person, on the night of the murder, describing how Waldeck in the darkness of the room had shaken hands with him, and thus imparted the ominous stains. The other particulars, including his midnight visit to the goldsmith, were all detailed.

Amelia was satisfied. If her affections had not prejudiced her in his favor, she could not but have noticed the impress of the truth which was craven on his manner, and fixed in his statement. She was again happy. The terrible load which had oppressed her heart was removed. The trials, the dangers, the doubt, that attracted her future course, were all unheeded. She was convinced of her lover's innocence, and she was happy again, in permitting her affections to wander back into the old channel. They could love each other; and what if difficulties, separation, even death awaited them; they could still rejoice in their mutual fidelity.

"Throw off this disguise Robert; my father, for my sake, will not again spurn you," said Amelia.

"Nay, dearest, I fear your father would not give the same credence to my statement that the fear of affection has given. I must yet prove my innocence; I must bring the real murderer to justice."

"And can it be done?"

"It can; but I must depend upon you for aid. Your ring was upon the finger of my murdered uncle. This ring must be the means of convicting him. You must beg him to examine the shop more minutely; assure him that your life is bound up in that ring."

"I fear I should not have the courage to confront a murderer."

"My life depends upon you. He is not a running man, and will produce the ring."

"Hush, here is my father," said Amelia, as she heard the door open.

The frown resumed its way on the conjurer's brow, and he was again the same stern, immovable old man, he had been in the ball-room.

"The celestial science, lady, is as old as the world. The ancient Kings of Persia, of Syria, of

Egypt, all encouraged it, and the most renowned men of antiquity devoted all their talents to the divination of —"

"So, Mr. Rahab what's your name, you are punctual to your appointment," said Colonel Powell, as the soothsayer broke off his sentence and made a profound obeisance to him.

"The stars always meet at the appointed times; they are my mentors."

"You are a star yourself, perhaps. But what of the ring?"

"The night was cloudy, and the stars were hid from my vision," said the conjurer with stately emphasis. "When the veil is removed the secret shall be revealed."

"Bah!" exclaimed the Colonel. "But tell me, old man, where you picked up the incidents of my past life?"

Rahab-ben-abel pointed upward, but vouchsafed no other reply.

"No doubt of it," said the Colonel with a light laugh.

Some further conversation took place after which the astrologer took his leave, and, heedless of the shoutings of a group of little vagabonds, whose minds contained but little reverence for the occult sciences, he wended his way to Hanover Street, in which was located the sanctum of his incantations. Here he found a crowd of men and women, who had congregated to ascertain the ups and downs which the future had in store for them. But the astrologer with dignified reserve, informed them that the stars were not favorable and dismissed them without displaying any of his wonderful wisdom. Seating himself in an easy chair, he relaxed the frown, and turned his attention to the consideration of sublunary things.

His reflections were soon disturbed by a vigorous application of the huge knocker on the outer door of his sanctum.

"The stars are unfavorable; there is no knowledge to be obtained today," said the astrologer, with kind of sneering smile on his face,

"Never mind the stars; I wish to see you," said a voice he recognized.

The astrologer opened the door and Waldeck entered.

"Well, Mr. Rahab, you have seen me before, perhaps you will remember," said the visitor.

"I have, years ago," replied the astrologer indifferently.

"Why, Mr. Conjurer, you are announced by the crier as having just arrived in the country."

"I have seen you from the nations of the East."

"The devil you have; you are the most long-sighted man I ever saw."

"Mine is not a mortal vision," returned Rahab in a solemn tone.

"Perhaps not," replied Mr. Waldeck, awed in spite of himself at the solemn bearing of the conjurer; "perhaps not. I have come to ask an explanation of the extraordinary words you whispered in my ear last night."

"What explanation is needed? You understand them," said Rahab in a tone so stern as to startle his auditor.

"I do not, on my honor. Here is my hand; tell me more."

"Nay, you would shrink to hear the awful revelations of the stars in relation to your past and future life."

"No matter, we are along, and no comments can be made."

"As you will," said the conjurer, as he took the goldsmith's hand. "The past is plain, the future must be won from the celestial bodies. There is blood here, as I have told you before. You are a murderer!"

"Fool!" exclaimed Waldeck, pale and angry at the intelligence, "but go on with your gibberish."

"You have taken the life of an old man, and concealed his body. You have buried it" — and the conjurer paused to consider whether he should risk a guess at the locality — "near the fortification on the neck."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Waldeck, evidently relieved from the oppressive doubts which disturbed him. "I suppose someone has told you that my partner was murdered?"

"I needed not to be told."

"And you have invented this story to frighten me."

"Did it not startle you?" said the old man suddenly.

"No, old dotard. But you are so wise, let me invoke your aid on another point. When my partner disappeared, he had on his finger a ring which —"

"He had not," said the conjurer, readily.

"Such was supposed to be the case."

"The ring was removed before his disappearance."

"And do you happen to know where it is?"

"I do not precisely; but it is somewhere in the shop. When the stars are favorable, I shall make a calculation which will determine its precise locality."

"You seem to be aware of my purposes."

"There is no conjuration about this, for the lady who was in your company last night, requested it," replied Mr. Rahab with unexpected candor.

Mr. Waldeck took his leave, satisfied that the conjurer, though he had told some truths, was not infallible. He was a little inclined to be superstitious; he had been startled the previous night by Rahab's ready statement, and he had sought this interview to relieve his mind. His wisdom was certainly wonderful, but, to his knowledge, he had made several mistakes, which was quite enough to overthrow his claim to supernatural intelligence. View it as he might, however, there was something mysterious about the man, something he could not fathom, and his own disturbed judgment did not at all diminish the wonder.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SECRET VAULT.

Amelia, agreeably to the instructions of the pretended conjurer, had begged and entreated Waldeck to institute a rigorous search for the lost ring. She had so well acted her part, that the goldsmith was fully impressed with the value of the service he should confer by the discovery of it.

As to the fact of the ring being on the finger of John Dewrie at the time of his disappearance, he had no knowledge. The first intimation he had of it, was from Colonel Powell. He had reviewed all the circumstances connected with the murder, endeavoring to satisfy himself whether, consistently with his own safety, he could produce the ring, and propitiate the favor of Amelia by restoring it. The parties interested believed the ring to have been on the murdered goldsmith's finger; but could he not say he had found it concealed in the shop? So strong was his desire to conciliate the young girl that he resolved to venture the act, and trust to circumstances to verify his statement in case there should be any doubt.

It was the night of the day following his interview with the astrologer, that, having brought his mind to this resolution, he lighted a lantern and descended to the cellar. He had scarcely disappeared, when the door communicating with the back parlor, was steadily opened, and a man groped his way, with a noiseless step, through the shop to the trap-door. It was Robert Dewrie. He was dressed in the garb of a seaman, his face half concealed by a huge pair of false whiskers. While the terrible imputation of the murder was attached to his name, he ceased not for a moment his vigilance in the attempt to criminate the man, through whose crime he suffered. Having

(Continued on Page 12)

THE DIAMOND RING

(Continued from Page 11)

a key to the back door of the house, which he had procured to favor his nocturnal excursions in the cause of liberty, he had frequently admitted himself to the house for the purposes of watching Waldeck. All his hopes depended upon his success in exposing the true criminal.

Waldeck had closed the trap after his descent, and Robert stood some time near it, perplexed for the means of opening it without noise. The singular movements of Waldeck assured him that something more than was known to him was concealed in the cellar. His promise to Amelia to institute a new search for the ring, inspired him with the hope that the present visit to the cellar was connected with that object. He must enter the cellar, even at the risk of exposing his presence in the house. He cared not for his own discovery; he only feared to retard the goldsmith's operations.

Procuring from the table at which his uncle had formerly worked, a small can of oil, he felt for the hinges of the trap and poured its contents upon them. Thus prepared, he raised the door very gently about a foot, and placed a stick under to sustain it. Cautiously he laid down upon the shop floor, and thrust his head through the aperture.

In this position he obtained a full view of the goldsmith, and of his operations. He was engaged in taking down the wall of the cellar, in front of the secret vault. Enough was already removed for the young man to obtain a view of its contents. When a sufficient portion of the wall was removed to permit his ingress to the vault, he took a knife from his pocket and entered it. His purpose, before suspected, was now apparent. But Robert could not see him distinctly, for he had penetrated to the farthest corner of the vault.

After the lapse of a few moments, Waldeck emerged from the vault. In his hand he held the ring and the knife. Stooping down he examined the former by the light of the lantern, and then rubbed it with his handkerchief as if to remove some stains. Apparently satisfied with the operation, he deposited the ring in his pocket, and proceeded to relay the stones in front of the vault.

Congratulating himself that he had at last obtained a clue to the guilt of the goldsmith, he closed the trap with the utmost caution, and crept out of the shop as he had entered.

The position of Waldeck, decided as he was to restore the lost ring, was surrounded by uncertain-

ties. After closing up the vault he returned to the shop, and seated himself at the work-table. Drawing the ring from his pocket, he proceeded to a more minute examination of its condition. The smallest sign of blood would criminate him. With brushes, and various other implements, he gave it a very thorough cleansing. He was about to make the repairs which it needed, when his attention was arrested by a slight knock at the street door. Suspending his labor, he listened for a repetition of it, scarcely believing that anyone would desire admission at that hour of the night. But the knock was repeated. In the shattered state of his nervous system, he trembled with apprehension, and connected the visitation, as he was wont to connect every unusual event, with the one great topic of his reflection — the murder.

"Who is there?" asked he in a tremulous tone.

"Open the door, Mr. Waldeck."

"Who is it?"

"It is I — Robert Dewrie!"

"Go to the back door and I will admit you," answered the goldsmith, wondering at the object of the visit, as well as the temerity of the young man.

Passing to the door in the rear, he admitted Robert, who had removed his false whiskers, and they both entered the back parlor.

"Robert, I believe you are mad," said Waldeck. "You will yet expose yourself in spite of all my exertions to screen you."

"If I am not mad, it is no fault of yours. But no matter; I will not reproach you; I am in distress — in deep distress. Fearful for my life, I have not dared to approach the habitation of man, in my own garb," said Robert, in an humble tone.

"Are you not safe in this disguise?"

"No, I tremble for my life, and wander about half starved, like a friendless dog."

"Why not go to another part of the country, or to England?"

"I am a beggar without name or means," replied the young man in a desponding tone, so naturally counterfeited that the goldsmith was completely deceived.

"I offered to furnish you money," said Waldeck, exceedingly rejoiced to find that Robert's lofty spirit had been humbled.

"Will you now?" said Robert, in a supplicating tone.

"I will — any sum you require in reason, if you will give me a lien on your estate, whenever it comes to light."

"God bless you, Mr. Waldeck; you are indeed my friend."

"I have always endeavored to be, Robert, notwithstanding your unjust suspicions of me."

Robert could hardly smother his indignation at Waldeck's gross hypocrisy, but his great purpose compelled the utmost circumspection.

"Now, Robert, perhaps in your altered frame of mind, you will be willing to do me a service."

"Gladly, sir. If you are the murderer of my uncle, I forgive you from the bottom of my heart."

"I find that you still persist in that unjust suspicion."

"Pardon me, I will not mention it again," said Robert, a little fearful that he might overdo his part by acquiescing too readily in his own guilt. "What can I do for you?"

"You remember on the day of your uncle's disappearance — I will not pain you by saying murder — that Colonel Powell left a ring in his charge for repairs?"

"I do," said Robert, hardly able to conceal his satisfaction at the mention of a topic, which he had been studying to introduce.

"You remember that he slipped it on his finger and was unable to remove it?" said Waldeck, intently regarding his companion.

"I distinctly remember it," replied Robert, apparently bestowing but little attention upon the subject.

"You were with your uncle after Colonel Powell left him!"

"I was."

"Now do you know what he did with that ring? Colonel Powell's daughter is exceedingly anxious to recover it. Do you know whether he succeeded in getting it off his finger?"

Robert, feeling that the critical moment of the mission had come, paused to reflect.

"I saw him take it off in the heat of his anger, but if I mistake not, he replaced it again," said he.

"Replaced it again! What, after all the trouble that had been made about it?"

"I am not sure about it. I was too much excited myself to observe very accurately; but during our dispute he was all the time at work on his finger. My impression is that he removed it."

"It is probable that he did, for he has a peculiar talent for displacing a tight ring," said Waldeck. "Have you any idea where he could have deposited it? I have searched the shop over several times without success."

"I have not; as you are aware, he had a great many places of concealment for little articles of jewelry."

"He had; I have found valuable ornaments hidden

away in corners. Do you know any particular place of concealment?"

"No, he rarely used the same place twice, though, now I think of it, there is an aperture on the under side of his table, from which I have seen him take a watch."

"Under the table! I have not looked there; it is possible the ring may yet be found."

Waldeck was satisfied now that Robert knew not whether the ring was on the finger of his uncle or not; and if *he* did not, why no one else could know. Robert was abundantly pleased with the success of his night's adventure, and departed after receiving a liberal sum of money, satisfied that Waldeck would produce the ring, and thus relieve him from the odium of the terrible crime!

CHAPTER X.

CONCLUSION.

On the morning succeeding Robert Dewrie's startling discoveries, Colonel Powell and his daughter were seated in the parlor of his house in Queen Street, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the astrologer. He had engaged to reveal the locality of the precious ring, and although the intelligent officer gave no credence to the mysteries of the science, his curiosity was excited. The seer had certainly made some astonishing disclosures. There was a wonderful wisdom in the man, obtain it from whatever source he might.

Amelia thought not of the juggling pretensions of the astrologer; she looked upon him as the character and mind of her lover, laboriously obtaining the means of washing the stains from his name. She thought not of the juggler — only of the lover — the abused, the persecuted lover. She regretted the deception he was compelled to practice, but it was in a good cause, and even her sensitive nature could pardon it.

He came, "The stars had been favorable"; the coveted knowledge had been vouchsafed to him, and he was ready to point out the hiding place of the ring. Amelia trembled at the boldness of the Astrologer — she felt that he had promised more than he could perform. With nervous anxiety she anticipated the result of his machinations.

"Well, Mr. Rahab, reveal the locality; and, as we are not likely to be impressed by the mummeries of your art, you can omit the usual trickery, and come directly to the point," said Colonel Powell, with a

(Continued on Page 14)

THE DIAMOND RING

(Continued from Page 13)

good-natured laugh.

"We must go to the shop of the goldsmith first," returned the astrologer.

Colonel Powell, having no objection to this arrangement, but rather thinking it desirable, the carriage was called, and the party was driven to Newbury Street.

Mr. Waldeck was seated at the work table. Of course he manifested a great deal of pleasure at the visit.

"The stars have been favorable," said Colonel Powell, after the customary salutations had been interchanged; "if they restore my daughter's ring, I shall be exceedingly obliged to them."

The astrologer heeded not the officer's sneer or the goldsmith's incredulous smile, and only inclined his head in a respectful obeisance.

"Let us proceed to business, Mr. Rahab; you will pardon our anxiety, if we desire you to hurry the forms," continued Colonel Powell.

The astrologer looked up and then down; assumed a mysterious air, made various strange gestures and sudden starts, all of which were regarded by Colonel Powell, with a smile of good-humored contempt. Amelia was too anxious to bestow a thought upon the incantation. Mr. Waldeck was very uneasy, though he manifested his apparent incredulity by interchanging glances of sly humor with the officer.

"I see it!" said the seer, in the midst of his gyrations; "I see it!"

"Where?" said the Colonel.

"Where?" repeated Waldeck.

"Ha! My eyes grow red, there is blood here!" continued the astrologer, placing his hands over his visual organs.

"Never mind the blood; where is the ring?" said Colonel Powell.

"The ring," added Waldeck.

"I see it still, but it is red with blood," continued Rahab, pointing to a spot, in which, he said, the ring was concealed.

Waldeck, with more deliberation than suited the Colonel, examined the place indicated, but no ring was there.

"The blood confused me," said the astrologer in apology for the error.

Again he pointed out a spot, but it proved to be wrong, and a third time, with the same result.

"Enough of this," said Colonel Powell. "We are

greater fools than you, Mr. Rahab, to listen to your nonsense."

Mr. Waldeck laughed in derision at the apparent discomfiture of the wise man. Amelia was so agitated at what she deemed the failure of the scheme, that she could with difficulty conceal it from her father. The watchful eye of the astrologer, however, noticed it, and he whispered a stolen word of encouragement in her ear which did much to restore her.

"Colonel Powell, I must beg your indulgence for concealing from you a circumstance which came to my knowledge last night. *I have discovered the ring!* And without any aid from this miserable impostor," said Waldeck, taking from his pocket an ornament.

Amelia trembled again with agitation, but a glance of intelligence from Rahab restored her composure.

"Ha! The ring!" exclaimed the astrologer, with a well-acted gesture of astonishment.

"Yes, the ring," answered Waldeck, "how are the stars now?"

"The stars are red with blood; there is good reason for the failure of my experiment."

"No doubt about it, Mr. Rahab," said Colonel Powell, examining the ring he had just taken from Waldeck; "no doubt of it, the best reason in the world."

"May I look at the ring?" asked the astrologer, extending his hand.

"Certainly you may, if you will promise not to run away with it." And Colonel Powell handed him the ornament.

"It is red with blood!" said Rahab, with a tragical gesture.

"Fool! Idiot!" exclaimed Waldeck, whose nerves seemed to have a decided antipathy to the mention of blood.

"There is murder here!" continued the seer, regardless of the goldsmith's epithets.

"Let us drive the fellow out, Colonel Powell," said Waldeck, trembling with alarm.

"O no, don't be harsh with him; he is a harmless fellow; besides, there has been murder here, you know."

Mr. Waldeck did know it, but he very ungraciously neglected to notice the remark.

"There is a corpse here!" continued the astrologer, holding out the ring at arm's length, and regarding it with tremulous horror.

"Where is it," asked the officer quietly.

Mr. Rahab performed sundry fantastic feats and then with a strangely marked effort at dramatic effect exclaimed —

"Buried under the bottom of the cellar, in the north-west corner."

Waldeck breathed more freely, and expressed his contempt for the prediction, but at the same time suggested that an examination should be made. Colonel Powell opposed it as folly. A look from the astrologer brought Amelia to the rescue, and she begged her father to favor the search.

"I am not mistaken this time," said the astrologer.

If that simple and comprehensive word "humbug" was in use in those days, we have no doubt Colonel Powell made it express his sentiments on the present occasion. Without any faith in Mr. Rahab's wisdom, he at last consented to the search, and Waldeck procured a couple of laborers to do the work. The party descended to the cellar, and the seer pointed out the spot where the body was buried. The laborers commenced their task, while the party, not very deeply impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, indulged in idle jests at the expense of the occult sciences.

The laborers excavated the earth to the depth of about two feet; while occasionally to divert the attention of the company, the astrologer gave directions to the workmen. At last with an ominous look into the pit, he informed his companions, that the body would shortly appear. Amelia, not understanding the tactics of Mr. Rahab, was frequently startled by his abrupt gestures and singular demonstrations.

Mr. Waldeck and Colonel Powell, in the absence of other occupation, stood by the pit, watching the laborers at their work. The astrologer walked up and down the cellar, stopping at every turn, in front of the wall which concealed the vault. He had fixed his eye upon a stone in the lower part of the wall, upon which the stability of the structure seemed to depend. It was evident, the work had been executed by an unskillful hand. On this binding stone, the astrologer occasionally bestowed a kick, and once, while the others were looking into the pit, he stooped down and worked it up and down with his hands.

Approaching the cavity in which the workmen were engaged, he exclaimed with startling vehemence —

"Stay! The body is at hand; the stars are favorable."

Again the juggler performed some incantations, and bidding the laborers resume their task, he approached the secret vault. But no body appeared, and Colonel Powell, impatient at the long continuance of the trick, and disgusted with the perfor-

mances of the astrologer, began to vent his appreciation of the occasion:

"Let us end this farce; I shall be ashamed to meet a sensible man after having made such a fool of myself."

"Be patient; the body shall yet appear," replied the seer, striding across the cellar.

"I had hoped that through collusion, or some other means, this fellow might bring the body to light," said Waldeck.

"And your hope shall be realized!" thundered the astrologer, giving a powerful thrust with his foot at the loose stone before mentioned.

To the astonishment of the whole party, and to the utter dismay of Waldeck, the wall in front of the vault came down with a crash, almost burying the astrologer in the mass!

"Good heavens! What is this?" exclaimed Colonel Powell.

Waldeck, overcome by the sudden and unexpected revelation of his fatal secret, was speechless. Amelia was startled, but her hopes supplanted her fears, and she waited with tremulous anxiety for the denouement of Rahab's plot. The contents of the vault were only partially exposed, and the astrologer, leaping into the aperture, threw hither and thither the various bags and kegs; *and raised up the body of John Dewrie, so that it could be seen by all in the party.* Calling the laborers to his assistance, the corpse was conveyed from its concealment to the open cellar.

"The stars are indeed propitious," muttered the astrologer, as he bent over the body.

"This is astounding," said Colonel Powell; "but, Rahab, how knew you this? No more of the stars, scoundrel; I suspect you are an accomplice."

"Ay, an accomplice," stammered Waldeck, trembling with the violence of the trepidation.

"An accomplice!" thundered the astrologer to Waldeck. "Villain! Murderer! In the presence of Heaven, *I charge thee with the murder!*" and Rahab's eyes flashed fire to the goldsmith's confused gaze.

"Oh, father! Let us go out of this place," said Amelia, thrilled with horror at the ghastly sight which the body of the goldsmith presented.

Colonel Powell assisted Amelia up the stairs, followed by Waldeck, the astrologer, and the laborers.

"This is strange," said the officer, when they had reached the shop.

"Very strange!" repeated Waldeck, ghastly pale

(Continued on Page 16)

THE DIAMOND RING

(Continued from Page 15)

with fear. "This man must have been connected in the murder."

"Mr. Waldeck," said the seer in a mind tone, "concealment is useless; *you, you are the assassin!*"

"Pshaw, man," remarked Colonel Powell, "you are mad; you know not what you say."

"Where did he get the ring?"

"I found it in the shop," answered Waldeck, striving to recover his composure.

"Liar!" exclaimed the astrologer. "You took it from the finger of the corpse. Ay, you cut off the finger for the purpose of obtaining it."

"It is false! False as hell!" replied the goldsmith.

"That can easily be determined," said Colonel Powell, descending to the cellar.

He had scarcely disappeared, when Waldeck made a sudden movement towards the door.

"No, villain!" shouted the seer, seizing him rudely by the collar, "you shall not escape."

"By heavens! He is right. The finger is gone!" exclaimed Colonel Powell, convinced of the truth as he hastily entered the shop from the cellar. "Now, I see, my excellent Mr. Waldeck, why you were so willing that Robert Dewrie should escape the hands of justice."

"You wrong me, Colonel Powell, on my soul you do," pleaded Waldeck; "I will explain the means by which the ring came into my possession," and the miserable man related the interview he had had the preceding night with Robert Dewrie.

"He must have amputated the finger himself, and concealed the ring in the shop."

"And you happened to find it immediately?" sneered Colonel Powell, upon whom the goldsmith's ghastly face, and shaking form had produced a strong impression. "I am satisfied; and the money you procured for me was obtained from that vault? But, Mr. Astrologer, who are you that seem to be so familiar with this bloody business?"

"I am Robert Dewrie!" and the pretended astrologer threw off his disguise. Removing the white wig, and long beard, he went to a washstand, and effaced the stains from his countenance.

"By heavens! So it is," exclaimed Colonel Powell.

Waldeck glanced at him, but his shattered nerves and wildly throbbing heart had overcome him, and he sunk fainting upon the floor, from which he was removed by the laborers.

An examination of the circumstances convinced

the officer that Waldeck was undeniably guilty.

"Young man," said he to Robert, "I have wronged you; but the circumstances were against you."

"I know it, sir; I acquit you of every unworthy motive," replied Dewrie.

"You are a good fellow, after all, if you are a rebel," and Colonel Powell extended his hand, which was readily accepted by the other.

"Amelia," said Robert, "I have proved my innocence."

"Thank God! Robert, you have," and the next moment the lovers were clasped in a fond embrace, which Colonel Powell did not attempt to prevent.

The carriage still awaited them, and the party returned to Colonel Powell's mansion. Robert gave a minute explanation of the means by which he had been implicated in the murder, and the course he had taken to criminate Waldeck.

Though every stain was removed from the character of Robert Dewrie, Colonel Powell could scarcely consent to the proposed union of his daughter with a rebel. Robert was now the heir of all his uncle's immense wealth, and thus in this respect, rendered a fit match for his daughter. Separate them, he could not; therefore he determined to permit the young man's visits, while he withheld his consent to their union — an accommodation which the lovers interpreted as an unqualified permission.

Waldeck, unable to endure the loathing of his fellow men, died by his own hand, and a few days after the funeral of John Dewrie, his remains were consigned to an unhonored grave.

In the Battle of Bunker Hill, which occurred shortly after the events we have narrated, Robert Dewrie and Colonel Powell were in the ranks of the combatants. But both escaped unhurt. Before the evacuation of Boston, the latter was seized with an epidemic fever, which, notwithstanding the devoted care of his daughter, carried him and left her with no protector in a foreign land. Robert, in disguise, visited the city, and contrived to convey her with her own consent, to the house of a relative in Cambridge. After the departure of the British, they were married.

In the war of the Revolution, Robert Dewrie was an active participant, and at its close, was a colonel in the Massachusetts forces, having attained to his honors with his own good sword. When the din of the battle was no more heard in the land, he retired to private life, to rejoice in the love of his devoted wife, who still wears on her finger the precious jewel which established her husband's innocence — the "*Diamond Ring.*"