A GREAT WRONG;

The Mystery of Black Hollow Grange.

By EMMA GARRISON JONES.

Chapter I.

Bow near the secret I have to tell. I am the late Sir Geoffrey Threaperson's only son!"
THE NEW YORK WEEKLY.

TEXAS JACK.

By NED BENNET.

Chap. XX.

"You mean to attack me?"

"Yes," said Texas Jack, smiling.

Chap. XXI.

"And you think you can kill me?"

"I think I can," said Texas Jack.

Chap. XXII.

"And you think you can kill me?"

"I think I can," said Texas Jack.

Chap. XXIII.

"And you think you can kill me?"

"I think I can," said Texas Jack.

Chap. XXIV.

"And you think you can kill me?"

"I think I can," said Texas Jack.

Chap. XXV.

"And you think you can kill me?"

"I think I can," said Texas Jack.

Chap. XXVI.

"And you think you can kill me?"

"I think I can," said Texas Jack.

Chap. XXVII.

"And you think you can kill me?"

"I think I can," said Texas Jack.

Chap. XXVIII.

"And you think you can kill me?"

"I think I can," said Texas Jack.

Chap. XXIX.

"And you think you can kill me?"

"I think I can," said Texas Jack.

Chap. XXX.

"And you think you can kill me?"

"I think I can," said Texas Jack.

Chap. XXXI.

"And you think you can kill me?"

"I think I can," said Texas Jack.

Chap. XXXII.

"And you think you can kill me?"

"I think I can," said Texas Jack.

Chap. XXXIII.

"And you think you can kill me?"

"I think I can," said Texas Jack.

Chap. XXXIV.

"And you think you can kill me?"

"I think I can," said Texas Jack.

Chap. XXXV.

"And you think you can kill me?"

"I think I can," said Texas Jack.

Chap. XXXVI.

"And you think you can kill me?"

"I think I can," said Texas Jack.
A WASTE OF MONEY.

By MARGARET ROBB.

"The plans I am almost ashamed. I have never been so myself as yet," said the pretty young girl, who was the object of all the attention of the two women who stood with her in a crowded street.

"What do you mean?" asked one of the women, who had been listening to the story of the girl's past.

"I mean that I must have a new dress for the party," replied the girl.

"But why? Don't you have enough already?"

"Yes, but I must have a new one. It's for the party."
Detective Against Detective.

By DONALD J. MCKENZIE.


Chapter XXI.

A MURDERER FOUND.

The telephone rang, and a man said, "Detective, I have just seen a man who looks like the man you are after. He left the office building where I was working.

Chapter XXII.

THE END.

The end of the story will be found in the next issue of THE NEW YORK WEEKLY.
TO A DINGY SPARROW.

By Emma Turner.

"Take care, my child, that

Three clouds on the wings will

When summer on the earth doth

The sun in his golden glory

When storms rage through the

Till thou art on the wing of

What thing is the light of

And how the gale, with

And so through this vale,

Till death doth come to

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY.

TWO "FAMOUS" GIRLS.
A STORY OF THE
Trials and Triumphs of Two Poor Girls.

By John D. Morgan.

Author of "Sally, the Mil-Maid," etc.

Chapter I.

"Wormwood's Veil."