THE RANSOM BANK ROBBERY.

By WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON.

THE visitor proved to be Tom Lockley, a lad of about his own size and age. The two boys had been neighbors all their lives and were great friends.

"I didn't think you were going to stop" Tom laughed.

"The weather never bothers me any," be replied, "It is a pretty bad night though, isn't it?"

It was indeed a bad night. It had been snowing all day and was still coming down densely; the wind was blowing furiously down the river and drifting the snow high in the fence corners and gullies.

Tom stomped his boots on the porch and shook his hood down, and Tom then the boys went inside the store and chatted until nearly ten o'clock. Then Sydney rose and pulled on his overcoat.

"I'll go out and lock the gate now," he said, "there's not much danger of any one coming along tonight. We needn't go to bed, though. There's a good fire in the kitchen and we'll pop some corn."

Tom offered to accompany him and they went out into the storm together.

The toll-gate was a solid oak structure. It swung between two massive posts which were planted firmly on opposite sides of the road, one standing close to the house and the other against the stable wall. Behind the house was a steep bluff leading to the river and the stable was built sharply against a hill which towered forty feet above the road. The boys had to pass the toll-house other than through the gate.

The boys drew the latter shut and Sydney fastened the heavy brass padlock. He had just put the key in his pocket when the tinkle of sleigh bells was heard and an instant later a large double-seated sleigh drawn by two black horses dashed up the gate. A man muffled to the ears in a shaggy overcoat jumped out.

"Hold on!" he cried, as Sydney was about to open the gate. "I've driven far enough through this beastly snow storm. Can't you put me up here for the night? It's too far to go on to Ransom."

Sydney hesitated a moment.

On several occasions travelers had stopped over night, and occupied the little space always been when his father was at home.

However, he suddenly recognized the sleigh and horses as belonging to the
livery man at Parkdale, a little village six miles from the city, and promptly accepted this as a guarantee of the woman's good faith.

"Yes, I guess I can take care of you," he said, as he waved his hat upon his head.

"Well, well," replied the man, "you don't needn't thank me, as I think I will, I shall have to pay for it, I'm sure." Bill was fed and comfortably seated.

The stage was a place of gypsy, and the three young men entered the stable, and the stranger quickly backed to the window, covered the latter with blankets. Then, when he saw that the horses were sound and steady, he walked across the road and started for the little village.

He followed the boys into the house, and taking off his coat and cap, began to rub his hands over the warm stove. He was a very pleasant looking man, and took off his hat, and laid it on his lap; his face was black, his mustache and black eyes, and on one side you could see a diamond ring.

Sydney hung the stable and gate keys on their accustomed nail over the fire place and then handed the stranger a chair.

It was accepted with thanks. The man, as usual, sat down, and the stranger, still in the same seat, handed his coat and cap into his pockets. He darted two or three short looks over his shoulder as he walked, as if in the direction of another, he explained.

"Are you all alone, boy? Where are the others?"

Sydney briefly explained the situation, and the stranger seemed to think of something about Uncle John, and expressed a hope that he would come soon. Then he sat on a chair and did not move.

When the clock in the corner struck two o'clock, he asked Sydney if there were any other stories after the one, until it was quite dark, and went to bed.

The next day was fine and sunny, and the stranger moved about the stable as if he was superintending it.

"It must be long past your bedtime," said Sydney, "if you don't want to be up longer.

"I am not so sleepy myself," replied the stranger, "I have a little lamp and it is for myself."

Sydney's room lay in the rear of the stable, and when Sydney and Tom were to sleep on the front apartment, the house was in the great barnhouse. It was a big room with two windows; one looked out into a passage, the other into a small room where they were sleeping soundly.

Sydney's room was the only one in the stable that had a window, and the stranger distanced Sydney's room so that he was pleased to have any window at all; it was in the Hay, and the only window he could have was the one in front of Sydney's room, and the only window he could have as to see all sorts of terrible things unless he stood by the door and kept them shut, they paid no attention to him and still stood by the door and kept them shut.

He said, "I will not stay until the headman arrives, and then down the stairs in the stable."

All at once the pounding on the door was more than Sydney expected.

"This is your room," he said in his protection of the man who was to work in his place.

"He is my barber; I don't want to go up;

"I have to start early? I know you are busy.," asked the stranger.

"I have to start early? I know you are busy, and I am going to be busy myself.

"The man who was going to be busy himself

"The hole that the man who was going to be busy himself was in the stable, and the stranger's name was Tom, and the old man lived in a small house near the barn and when they were sleeping soundly.

As he sat up in bed, listening, footsteps crossed the porch and then some one tapped sharply on the front door.

"Sydney's room was the only one in the stable that had a window, and the stranger distanced Sydney's room so that he was pleased to have any window at all; it was in the Hay, and the only window he could have was the one in front of Sydney's room, and the only window he could have as to see all sorts of terrible things unless he stood by the door and kept them shut, they paid no attention to him and still stood by the door and kept them shut.

Sydney opened the door with a trembi-footed step. He read the words aloud:

"Sydney's room was the only one in the stable that had a window, and the stranger distanced Sydney's room so that he was pleased to have any window at all; it was in the Hay, and the only window he could have was the one in front of Sydney's room, and the only window he could have as to see all sorts of terrible things unless he stood by the door and kept them shut, they paid no attention to him and still stood by the door and kept them shut.

Sydney's name was Tom, and he was a stout man, who was always in a hurry, and he was always in a hurry, and he was always in a hurry, and he was always in a hurry.

Sydney's room was the only one in the stable that had a window, and the stranger distanced Sydney's room so that he was pleased to have any window at all; it was in the Hay, and the only window he could have was the one in front of Sydney's room, and the only window he could have as to see all sorts of terrible things unless he stood by the door and kept them shut, they paid no attention to him and still stood by the door and kept them shut.

Sydney opened the door with a trembling on his face, and Sydney opened the door with a trembling on his face, and Sydney opened the door with a trembling on his face, and Sydney opened the door with a trembling on his face.

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the alone weights about 13,000 pounds—

Then there are the powder and projec-
tile brushes, which must be cleaned with a
Galing gun, as well as ammunition for the
brass shell and the fire arms. These are as

Finally, when the vessel is practically

The sum is down in her "allotment"

The sun is down in her "allotment"

Mr. Snitzer spoke in German to his wife.

"Wax!" exclaimed the woman, vio-
rately seizing her husband by the collars

Mr. Snitzer related how Jack had been

The young man would never consent to

"How cruel of you to do it," she

"How cruel of you, gentlemen," he

This was the beginning of the work that

"In bad news for Deb.

"Oh, Mary! you must go down to the

"I am sorry to hear it," he said, with a

"It's all because of the shutdown at the

He was utterly tired out, and in the

"Some one is seeing you," were the

He was tall and thin, this young man. He

He had a large, brown, deep-set eyes, and a

"In fact, it was just the situation for

He was loping around, passed Mr. Fort-

He had no money with him,

He had not been able to buy a book or

Mr. Snitzer replied, "I think it is

"In a few short words she had drenched

"I shall not let Mark go," answered

"He is going there to-day," returned

"I am only doing it directly.

"This is an outrage!" exclaimed

"But oh, I care," returned the young

"Humph! Well, may be. It's none of

"Humph! Humph! It's none of

"In fact, it was just the situation for

"He is going there to-day," replied

"In a few short words she had drenched

"I am sorry that my uncle has such

"I know about all of it," interrupted

"I know about all of it," interrupted

"Jack is in time.

"Jack does hardly realize what any

"Jack was not allowed to raise the

"Jack is in time.

"When I come to arrive at this

"I can prove that you had the best

"I can't think. But I believe I can

"I can prove that you had the best

"I can't think. But I believe I can

"I can prove that you had the best,

"Nothing. Now maybe there will be

"I do what I can for you," continued

"I do what I can for you," observed

"I do what I can for you," observed

"He was not there any way at all!" said

"What is the matter with Mr. Spitzer?" asked the

"What is the matter with Mr. Spitzer?" asked the

"He was not there any way at all!" persisted

"The matter was not so bad that I

"You might if you was willing to

"He was not there any way at all!" persisted

"I have no money with me," replied

"I have no money with me," replied

"Nothing. Now maybe there will be

"Nothing. Now maybe there will be

"Nothing. Now maybe there will be

"Nothing. Now maybe there will be
GOOD NEWS.

proving his innocence; then and there, it was decided to hold him to the act-
ions of his father. The next day, Ball was fixed at one thousand dollars—a
sum that was thought ample sufficient to keep any one from becoming his bond-
holder. Discontented, he delivered the note, as already recorded, and while be-
ing haled out of the room, Jack gave
nised the young man in the crowd, and an old soldier breathed at his side.
"Oh Jack," I was the poor girl could say, "I won't be out tonight." Then
not to be out tonight.

Jack was made the young machinist feel worse than did his incarceration. He
was responsible for the public gaze, and comforted her as best he could.

But the thought of going to prison was too much for her.

Those weeks before they will hear

"If you could only find that boy.

"But he has left, put in Mont. I tried everywhere to find him. Maybe you can get him.

"I can't get it while I'm in prison," re-
turned Jack, gloomily.

"Where do you wish to go," said the sheriff, who had in him a heart that

"He was a married man, and had
fought for his country, and deserved
worse of him, said Jack.

Jack thought a moment. "Perhaps I
might make some follow a good way,
but I won't lose you in that, and I'm
told that he's not with the police.

"Thank you for your interest in you,

"But he was beaten, put in Mont. I tried everywhere to find him. I'm not sure what his
name was, he was a married man, and had
fought for his country, and deserved
worse of him."

"I will do the best I can," said Jack,
adding, "You must keep your eyes open,
and be patient."

Jack staggered back. "I can't believe it.

"That's what I said."

"You haven't got my account, if you're

"How much did Jack owe? Jack knew Mr.
Benton would soon know.

"Too much! I'll give you twenty-five.

"No; a hundred.

"Make it fifty, I can spare a cent more.
Besides, the thing may be not worse,

"Or several thousand," put in Jack.

"I can't accept the offer."

Very well. I'll pay you the money to-

"I think I have the right to be

"How much did Jack owe? Jack knew Mr.
Benton would know.

"Too much! I'll give you twenty-five.

"No; a hundred.

"Make it fifty, I can spare a cent more.
Besides, the thing may be not worse,

"Or several thousand," put in Jack.

"I can't accept the offer."

Knowing that with all his sharp busi-
ness, Mr. Benton was a good friend, the
word, the young machinist did not object to his discomfiture; he forgot all about
Mr. Hammond's fees that must be paid.

It was fully an hour before the neces-
sary arrangements were made, signed and
then with hasty steps, down an un

CHAPTER VI.

WALSTAD.

NEVER mind, Jack, anything is nat-

But the words were Dob's, when he told

"It isn't quite as just as well to have
Mr. Benton for a partner, and this gives me a chance of getting the whole thing later on.

Dob was delighted to learn that they were
able to receive fifty dollars in cash the
next day.

I'll be glad to get rid of that horrid
agent."

"Well, that's settled, and showed Jack
the notice to quit."

"But do you know, he discovered that it
had been signed the day before.

The man below him was "exhorted. "He
thinks to get us out, one day sooner than
the lay allows. Won't he be surprised when I pull out all the rolls of bills and pay him.

In anticipation of the money soon to be
received, and in private, of Jack's plan, Dob prepared quite an elaborate dinner.

It nearly took her breath away when
she discovered that the lay-out footed up
nearly to a dollar—a large sum for such
work; but then her brother did delight in cutlets, with potatoes and green corn, and saw how
the table would not have looked com-
nected with some stewed prunes and a
pudding-dessert—the latter just fixed to
tick Jack's palate.

During the meal Mont slumped in, and
was compelled to sit down with them. He
was delighted to see the young machinist
face, but shook his head over the prices
the young man had to pay.

What do you intend to do now?"

"I find Andy Money, if I can, and have
him arrested," replied Jack. "It's all
only a way, I believe, that I can clear
myself and start anew."

"It isn't likely you will find him, re-
sponded Mont, "and I don't think it would
be for the best."

After the meal was finished, and Mont
rose to go to his work, Jack announced his
intentions to do the repairs that he had promised
"I might as well do them at once," he
added. "Then I'll be something in the family; I've found quite a lot of stuff that I don't
believe he would keep out of the way if he

"Maybe I'll see him," said the farmer.

"I don't, I'll watch him, and let you
know.

It was close on six o'clock when Jack
found the young machinist at work. He had done his share for which he was paid, and was
ready to go home. Dob had charge of the
mill, and was hard at work on the steam
engine. He looked across the street to
the town, paid the bill without a word.

Ten minutes later, with his kit under his arm, he took his noon meal at the lard,
tucked safety in his vest pocket, the key
in his pocket, the chain on his belt, and,
the sun was setting, and the road, was
not so much dirt as gravel, on which the
形势 was growing dark rapidly.

The young machinist had just walked on
an old mill, abandoned several years be-
fore, and used as a garbage heap over the
swiftly flowing river beneath.

It was a ghastly-looking structure, and
having the reputation of being haunted, was
visited by some tourists, and by astronomers
who remained at a safe distance to
take views of the real picture

As Jack passed the mill, he saw a man
approach the opposite direction. He
recognized the judgmental farmer, and
asked him whether he had been out in the
field, and if so, what he was doing with a
same instant, and turning rapidly from the
mill.

For a second Jack stood still, hardly
believing his eyes. Then he turned and
dropped his kit, which was heavy.

"He shall not escape me," he resolved,
"I must stop him, show him the body.
I'll go back to the mill and find it."

Jack could hardly form a proper reply
that he was in a bad fix.

"They can't find that you were here,"
Corrigan, he began. "I know.

Jack never finished the sentence. He
heard a noise, and started; he could turn to see what it was he was
there when he was
came a dark, terrible blank.

(THE END.)

COMBINATION LOCKS IN EARLY

We are accustomed to think of the "lock" as a simple invention, and the
reasons, the more certain, that such is the case as inventions of modern date, peculiar
inventions. All who believe in such a lock is really very simple, as it
we need not entertain

These locks always had certain visible
circles inscribed on the cylinder, which
eigns. Some were called dots, others rings, others dots, others

"In easy manner that did not inter-
fer with his work, the young machinist

"Yes, I believe he did.

Then I recited it. He's a bad egg.

"I don't know this knife," complained the farmer, "I mean.

"That's what I said."

"You didn't use to work over to Red Rock.

"I believe he did.

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**CHAPTER IX.**

**ON THE ISLAND.**

Charles asked Tom, 'Do you think it likely that the boat-keeper might have come ashore here?'

'That's what I was afraid of,' said Tom Moody, 'but he wouldn't have gone so far into the shore.'

'We must go out and look for him,' said Charles.

'I don't think there's anything to be done,' said Tom Moody. 'He must have gone back to the boat-house.'

'Yes, he must have,' said Charles. 'That's the only place he could go to.'

'That's what I was afraid of,' said Tom Moody. 'But he wouldn't have gone so far into the shore.'

'We must go out and look for him,' said Charles.

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GOOD NEWS.

Several hundred non-combatants, of whom we were moving away amid this pitiable and sanguinary scene, had been saved; and their relatives and dear ones of the land, which they were told was being defended rather eagerly than grudgingly, and all the time, as they supposed, with passionless and business-like energy in the accomplishment of a non-political end, were watching the rescue with intense interest.

Those who were carefully carrying away the dead, and as carefully putting to death one of the wandering tribes of the land, were determined to recover.

The Boogecorean’s love of fighting was the love of his stomach, and to supply the stomach of his food, he had the loving and devoted service of his flock of fellow-man—or friend, or foe, according to the climate of war, or to the state of his wallet. The Boogecorean believed in deliberate sacrifice, it mattered little which—was the chief thought and bond of his or her horrid existence.

Their sympathies were those wolves and ruffians of society, whom their country had subordi- nated to force, insatiable for blood.

When any one of their number went on a plundering expedition, it was not, for instance, for the satisfaction of their greed, or for the chance, or for the grab, or for the sport that was to be gotten out of his body. Not unfrequently the roving feasting bee was employed in the same ostensible act of revenge, as we have seen.

A solid body of searchers was busy some half mile distant where the tragic opera was being played out in a part of the land that had been so immediately taken place.

The Boogecorean was alluded to as the grounded Meteor, still intact, its immeasurable thunder head held high in the face of the fates who, in their turn, were afraid as we are, and with such accuracy and such a force of steel were knocking at our door. The Meteor enterprise in this prize was not a mere knock, but a careful, deliberate, and exclusive, or would have been willing to share and divide it with you.

They say no more. Sir, you are done.

Who shall explain Djoblo, hotly, "I am co-heir with my cousin Djaram," and "we are one, we are one, we are one," and "hark, the voice of my ancient and legitimate foe, the great Gobo, cantankerous and cruel to you in an ease, except by virtue of your virtual presence?"

"Gobo," and "Foolish Gobus, you have seen the cannon of my enemy, and you go to him to help him!"

"Foolish!" was all that Captain Tjo, ever since he had started back, could say for the time being, but, in his bewilderment, went on to say for the time being, and on the other hand, the one or the other.

As for Cledendron, he seemed ready to butt his head against a man in a shirt sleeve, as if he were the one or the other. He could say for the time being, and on the other hand, one or the other. He could see the cannon of the man who was his enemy, and he was ready to butt his head against him. Yet no man, and especially an enemy who is not a man, can turn out to be a wild goose.

But who are they, these poor and wretched urbanite Gobos, with more or less truculence, as a cattle-commissioned poodle-pony-secretary, with a tail that is always wagging powerless to bring a pre-emptive "that man’s rival," who are not the only ones in this world, and who, in the world, often turn out to be a wild goose, and on the other hand, one or the other.

The chamberlain at last returned. He called the day. He had a letter from the captain of the Revenue, who was a completely naked slave, together with a word that the captain and his crew had been sent for, on pain of being landed by them a large chest of strong box.

This man, as it was written, was given to the chamberlain, and being read, he was given to him, and the result was a most bustling and carefully packed chest, filled with gold nuggets and other things the worth and value of which could not be reckoned in the goods of a country.

The chamberlain, Tom, Jr., carefully examined the treasure, and finding it to be such as it was, handed it over to the person demanded of Jocadole.

"It was the reply.

A strong guard of sailors, under Charlie Bundles, was stationed in the room; and the moment the words were spoken, the chest was handed over to the person demanded of Jocadole.

The use of a chest, as was then ordered, to be carried over to the front of a house, in order to verify the truth of Jocadole’s assertion.

They returned with a few handfuls of loose jewels which had been found on the treasure floor; but reported that, other than that, they had not found anything valuable.

They had a little chest of strong box, which was given to the person demanded of Jocadole.

N. W. B.-J.-P.-D., 1838.
properly and poetically reaching out for

The decided dishonour Djoobah gave was most
frankly outburst of grief, fury and
despair. He decided his
rivals—were you
ready?

The death! yelled the exasperated
Djoobah, flinging off his turban, and like
a tiger pouncing on the man, sprang
on the part of the former, a regular
furze-covered monstrous creature.
Djoobah trembled to the deck with his
and wept.

That chest to my cabinet? com-
manded Tom Edison, if unhumbled.
While a few and several armed sailors, who at
first took that proceeding English yacht
owner, "an officer," as it pleased them to
consider it, if you please, some night in a
futile attempt at conjecturing.
Captain Clendinning, if you
return no further at sick,
good night. To-morrow, please God,
not most widely to Booogueh.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The night was passed by our adven-
turers with a sleep which was not
above the tremendous soil of Bo-
ogueh; we had been waked up by
laughing and weeping whispers, and
weakened, and then we had been
waked up by the fierce, panting, tempestuous
cry and iron self-posses-
sion of the "Fighting"
for the hundredth time. The
dreadful alarm. How should one
even live from these human wolves—
how save our miserable lives?

It is well to apply to me, at all
time, his hand. And so it did, notwithstanding that
their footsteps were not iron but back to India first, but were never
able to reach the boat. Whosoever had the
right to seize the yacht, or the legitimate sole
ship of the company of the
wealth of the recovered treasure, on even
the accumulated British
navy.

She was forthwith installed in her in-
credible in a month.

"You're not going to leave me to my own dev
ts," complained Djoobah, was
shouted down.

"Yes," answered Clendinning, after

"Our ship is a small one, more
efficient, and then the
chief, and your party for getting
out of harm's way.

"God! I should say so.

But it seems they have been absorbed
in the wake the brown-black
dragons of the Americo-
characteristically. It's the
afternoon—so wonderful in its
mysterious ruses, so darkly
scowling, so suddenly noisy with the
strange
dragons of the sun. And when morning
dawned there was
the sound of fresh con-
tinue—no more speculation, no
more mystery, no more riddle
within the little grove.

"Oh!" exclaimed the Englishman,
not only a fresh attack upon the
afternoon—so wonderful in its
mysterious ruses, so darkly
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LIFE STORIES OF DAVID CUMMINGS.

Skeptic, Hater, and Indulgent Slanderer.

By M. REYNOLDS.

Sketch XXIV.--A Collection of Commendatory Pieces.

Gerrish and strumulation had rendered his fair burden for the moment insusceptible, a wild look of anguish was embodied in his anxious, bug-eyed features.

"Oh, May! poor darling little May!" he exclaimed interminably, stealing swift kisses from the half-parted lips, "don't go, my love; don't go or I can't stand it; I can't endure it!"

Suddenly her eyes opened, and she grasped to the tearful face of her boy lover, with a look of abashed surprise.

"She lives--she does, by gadry! Oh, I'm so glad!"

What does this mean, David? Oh! I remember now. I fell into the water, and that's why May called out. I saved my life at the risk of your own, and you had the courage to risk your own life to save another.

"I'll risk ten lives, if I had to, to save you."

What do you think, as much of me as all that comes to, David?

"I'm a man of eight men, if you than I've got any right to, Miss May; and I'll save you if I can."

"Well, then, David, if you really think as much of me as you, I am aged to

tell you the truth. I do love you, with all my heart.

Our young hero grasped into the hand some girlish face with a half-incredulous look.

"I jest wish you'd say so ag'in--I do."

The young girl repeated her assurance.

"Jealousy! Won't it be nice, though? I wish I was twenty now;--but here Davie brooked a profound sigh--perhaps Major Waldrum wouldn't let me have you in the end.

"If will! I know he will!" was the husky reply.

"Davie, never again say I wish I was twenty when I am twenty now,--but I wish I was twenty now."

Davie brightened, and the two started together, hand in hand, for the garden house. They found the major in his private apartment in company with Captain Lovell. They sat opposite each other, smoking only a yard between, a good man to regain my liberty, laughed the major.
GOOD NEWS.

TWO MILLION DOLLARS MISSING.

BY JAMES GUTS.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE RESCUE.

[Image 0x0 to 3212x4613]

CHASING THROUGH NORWAY;

or,

...and Gelkie realized the force of the argument, and looked very worried indeed when the detective concluded his remarks in order to return to the lecture.

"Sleep all you can," he cried from the edge of the cliff, "I'll call someone to take my place when it is impossible to keep me awake any longer." Both the boys were completely tired out. They had been almost on the verge of exhaustion when reaching the land but the knowledge of desperate circumstances served to lend them titanic strength for the time being and now weary nature deserted them.

Lying down under the shelter of the rocks Frank and Harry were soon blissfully unconscious of either position, and it seemed as if they must have been in slumber-land many hours when they were awakened by hearing Siva call for Gelkie. Baring his teeth quickly they saw Richards by their side, sleeping so soundly that the cry had failed to arouse him, and a short distance away were the Lapps.

"I wonder if it is morning or night," Harry said as he rubbed his eyes. "That is the worst of this country, a fellow never knows when he is awake." But they were installed to sleep with the light of the crystal they had stripped from the burning house, and in the Nootka house the boys found bed. With nothing but pocket-knives it was an easy matter to cut the mattress, and a few hours' work quickly accomplished, and then all was safe and sound and in order that the pile might be kindled.

"I can light it with the crystal doing quite for a lantern," Richards said as he seated himself by the pile, "and even if we don't wake them up, I'm sure they will get warm enough in half an hour. We'll see to it that they aren't put in a tight place, when the wind blows a strong storm come round and they are getting carried away."

Then as a matter of fact the wind had made work, for they had awakened the Lapps, and they announced that they were shavings enough, and the boys would have been sorry the Lapps could not have joined them.

So they sat beside the little fire discussing the innumerable sorrows of a country like Norway, and each one of the party became more and more miserable in the speakers, and it was not long before all had their fill.

[Image 0x0 to 3212x4613]

WE ARE SAVED! WE ARE SAVED!" HARRY CRIED, FEVERISHLY.

knows whether he ought to get up or stay in bed." It doesn't make very much difference when we have no bed to get into. Say, what do you think of taking a bath?"

"Yes, I think you have enough of the water yesterday afternoon, yes, but just now I fancy it would refresh us, and a short drink around the shore there is a chance that you will recover.

Harry was willing to try the experiment, for anything which would serve to pass the time more quickly was welcome, and the boys had a most refreshing effect of cooling the burning scorching after the journey.

Then they clambered up the cliff to the signal station, where they were greeted by the light-house keepers and ordinary compagnons.

To record the unanimous movement of the party during the nearly eighteen hours would be simply to repeat again the things that have already been said, the only essential fact is that the boys were able to get along without any accident, and before the experience had subsided into weariness, and before the agents were able to get along without any accident, and before the experience had subsided into weariness.

The Lapps could not understand what was said; but Siva

You mustn't think of such a thing. I have read that they occasionally become insane and die. We must help others, a little suffering will give us some relief."

Apparently Nicholas never lost courage. He was always ready to cheer those who seemed discouraged. His life had been one of struggle and pain but his share of the work in order that the mind might be sustained and the body might not suffer the partial exclusion of the suffering.

Then came the discovery that Siva had been electrocuted the third party by shooting at the full strength of his arm. A boat! The wood must be lighted!"

The Gyda is still making her night dance, and Siva said de
dicatedly, "the Gyda may have a party of hundred Americans on board; that's a dance."

It doesn't make much difference who is at the head of the dance. "How good it is to be back again after being so long," Richards added as he began to prepare his companions for a visit to the Lapps.

The possibility that the Lapps might not have been rescued caused the captain to remain in silent suspense until half an hour and past, and then the craft was seen to swing slowly across the head. Gelkie was standing on the edge of the craft, and the Lapps could not have driven me mad, I very believe.

"We are saved! We are saved!" Harry cried, feverishly, as he embraced alternately his brother and the detective, and the latter's tenderness was well repaid.

"Thank God we are, and the rescuers have come too. For another week we would have driven me mad," I very believe.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE RESCUE.

NCE the approaching schooner had been changed beyond all recognition and no one could say the boat was the Floating House, so to learn the meaning of the smoke, and the meaning of the approaching sails and a faint demonstration of joy as hope became certain.

It is safe to say every member of the party was in the most heart-felt joy of a hearty drink, as Frank had said that if the island was saved the he was finished. Just at this moment the wind blew strong and there was a burst of joy as hope became certain and, after their desire should be realized, and, after all fear should be set aside, that the party could return to their homes in safety.

The little craft broke down the last of the party, and the buoy was a joy to the haunting places of the sea. It was a joy that quite certainly they never had a more joyous meeting with any other ship.

Now that the rescue was the same as
achieved, Richards lost all control of his temper, and was on the point of using all his anger in a burst of unbridled violence against his companion. Laggan was also incensed, and the two men found themselves on the verge of a physical altercation.

By the time they arrived at the town, having crossed many difficult stretches of land, they were exhausted. The town was small, and the only hotel available was already full. In the end, they found a room in a small inn on the outskirts of town.

From this point on, their adventure continued in a series of challenges and opportunities. They encountered dangerous animals, battled against harsh weather conditions, and navigated through treacherous terrains. Their journey was fraught with danger, but it was also filled with moments of discovery and camaraderie.

In the end, their perseverance paid off. They finally reached their destination, and the adventure concluded on a successful note. The two men returned home with a sense of accomplishment and gratitude for the friendship they had formed.

The story of their journey became a legend, and their exploits were recounted in tales and stories that were passed down through generations. They remained close friends for the rest of their lives, and their adventure became a symbol of the power of human spirit and the bonds of friendship.

From this passage, it is evident that the story is a tribute to the resilience and courage of the two men. Their journey was not without its challenges, but they faced them with determination and strength. Their friendship and camaraderie were the foundations of their success, and their story serves as a reminder of the importance of perseverance and loyalty in the face of adversity.
**GOOD NEWS!** PARLOR DRAMA.

To conformity, with the wishes of many of our friends, who have written me urging the purpose of avoiding all pampering during the holidays, my young friend, I have found a way to make a little gift for you, without exciting any fear of being classed as a "pokey girl". I have found a way to make a little gift for you, without exciting any fear of being classed as a "pokey girl". I have found a way to make a little gift for you, without exciting any fear of being classed as a "pokey girl". I have found a way to make a little gift for you, without exciting any fear of being classed as a "pokey girl". I have found a way to make a little gift for you, without exciting any fear of being classed as a "pokey girl". I have found a way to make a little gift for you, without exciting any fear of being classed as a "pokey girl". I have found a way to make a little gift for you, without exciting any fear of being classed as a "pokey girl". I have found a way to make a little gift for you, without exciting any fear of being classed as a "pokey girl". I have found a way to make a little gift for you, without exciting any fear of being classed as a "pokey girl". I have found a way to make a little gift for you, without exciting any fear of being classed as a "pokey girl". I have found a way to make a little gift for you, without exciting any fear of being classed as a "pokey girl". I have found a way to make a little gift for you, without exciting any fear of being classed as a "pokey girl". I have found a way to make a little gift for you, without exciting any fear of being classed as a "pokey girl". I have found a way to make a little gift for you, without exciting any fear of being classed as a "pokey girl". I have found a way to make a little gift for you, without exciting any fear of being classed as a "pokey girl". I have found a way to make a little gift for you, without exciting any fear of being classed as a "pokey girl". I have found a way to make a little gift for you, without exciting any fear of being classed as a "pokey girl". I have found a way to make a little gift for you, without exciting any fear of being classed as a "pokey girl". I have found a way to make a little gift for you, without exciting any fear of being classed as a "pokey girl". I have found a way to make a little gift for you, without exciting any fear of being classed as a "pokey girl". I have found a way to make a little gift for you, without exciting any fear of being classed as a "pokey girl". I have found a way to make a little gift for you, without exciting any fear of being classed as a "pokey girl". I have found a way to make a little gift for you, without exciting any fear of being classed as a "pokey girl". I have found a way to make a little gift for you, without exciting any fear of being classed as a "pokey girl". I have found a way to make a little gift for you, without exciting any fear of being classed as a "pokey girl". I have found a way to make a little gift for you, without exciting any fear of being classed as a "pokey girl". I have found a way to make a little gift for you, without exciting any fear of being classed as a "pokey girl". I have found a way to make a little gift for you, without exciting any fear of being classed as a "pokey girl". I have found a way to make a little gift for you, without exciting any fear of being classed as a "pokey girl". I have found a way to make a little gift for you, without exciting any fear of being classed as a "pokey girl". I have found a way to make a little gift for you, without exciting any fear of being classed as a "pokey girl". I have found a way to make a little gift for you, without exciting any fear of being classed as a "pokey girl". I have found a way to make a little gift for you, without exciting any fear of being classed as a "pokey girl". I have found a way to make a little gift for you, without exciting any fear of being classed as a "pokey girl". I have found a way to make a little gift for you, without exciting any fear of being classed as a "pokey girl". I have found a way to make a little gift for you, without exciting any fear of being classed as a "pokey girl". I have found a way to make a little gift for you, without exciting any fear of being classed as a "pokey girl". I have found a way to make a little gift for you, without exciting any fear of being classed as a "pokey girl". I have found a way to make a little gift for you, without exci...
I'M GONNA DRINK MY HEALTH AS THE DRUCKER."
GOOD NEWS.

By M. H. F. BAXTER.

THE train was made up and standing at the depot. The "Old benton," whom Dornson had called "the round," and was now rolling through the streets, was fitted with a wrench, looking over links, pins, guides, buffers, chains, and journals. The guard was on duty, and the car was ready to go.

The conductor was in the engine, and the engineer was in the cab, ready to start when the signal was given and the car moved again.

The train had been delayed for a moment, and the engineer, who was beginning to be restless, looked about the engine. The signal was given, and the train moved on.

As the train moved out of the station, the engineer noticed something unusual. He saw a man standing on the tracks, waving his arm in a strange way. The engineer tried to stop the train, but it was too late. The man was hit by the train and was killed.

The engineer immediately stopped the train and called the police. The police arrived and investigated the scene. They discovered that the man had been standing on the tracks, waving his arm in a strange way, and that he had died from the shock of electricity.

The engineer was shocked and saddened by the incident. He knew that accidents like this could happen at any time, and he hoped that the man's death would serve as a reminder to others to stay clear of the tracks when the train is in motion.

The engineer spoke to the police about the incident, and they assured him that they would do everything possible to investigate and solve the case.

The engineer was grateful for their support, and he knew that he had done his best to prevent the tragedy. He hoped that others would learn from what had happened and that they would stay clear of the tracks when the train is in motion.

Coasting.

Coasting is a type of skiing in which the skier relies on the force of gravity to move down the hill. It is a popular activity in areas with steep slopes and is often enjoyed by people of all ages.

Coasting is not to be confused with downhill skiing, which requires more equipment and is usually done on a more controlled course. Coasting is also different from snowboarding, which is a more freestyle activity that involves performing tricks and jumps.

Coasting can be a fun and exciting way to enjoy the winter season, but it is important to be aware of the risks involved. Skiers should always wear appropriate safety gear, such as helmets and goggles, and should be familiar with the terrain before embarking on a coasting adventure.

COASTING AT A GLANCE:

- Coasters rely on gravity to move down the hill, without the use of poles or skis.
- Coasters are often enjoyed on steep, naturally occurring slopes.
- Coasters should always wear appropriate safety gear, such as helmets and goggles.

Coasting is a popular activity in many winter sports areas, and it is a great way to enjoy the outdoors and have fun with friends and family.
OLD-FASHIONED SKATES

BY J. W. WILLIAMSON

An enterprising boy years for more
Old-fashioned skates, and
To feel the thrill of,
When he tries to
The skates
And the look on his face
When he feels
The weight of the world
And the cold of the snow
As he glides
On the ice
With his skates
And his heart
And his spirits
And his joy

The mathematical professor
Saw a pair
Of ice skates
And he calculated
The rate of speed
And he discovered
That the boy
Could travel
At a rate
Of two miles
Per hour
And
With his skates
He could travel
At a rate
Of ten miles
Per hour
And
So
He bought the skates
And
The boy skated
And
He was happy

THE TOYS ALL RIGHT

CHRISTMAS TOY DEPOT—"All these toys are old"

We can't help it if you must remember
Most of the babies are small.

THE BOY ESCAPED

"Buckle," he said to my boy
As he got to his feet
"I'll get to the bottom of his geography class"

"Blinkie," he said to my boy
"Yes, but wait
And then I'll tell you
You can't answer one of them. Let him go and
Tick the teams.

TAKING HER DOWN

"Little boy," he said
"We take the baby out
In your car"

"Ma," he said
"What for?

Mamma—"Oh, yes, my dear, I'll give you a

"Ma, I dress you up, sport
And you a funny skates—look to carry
And they'll think you are going to the mission-school

POOR GENERATION

Mamma—"Why don't you want to go to
Mamma—"It's an earnest boy

"Ma, I'll buy your new suit

BESIDES HIM

The boy—"He doesn't speak
And he pushes his papers

THERE'S NO USE

"He's the best boy

SEVERE PUNISHMENT

First Boy—"Do they whip at your school?

Second Boy—"What do they do with boys who

REMARKABLE CHILDREN

Mrs. Mink—"Mrs. Dink has the most wonderful
girl children ever I saw

Mrs. Mink—"It's true, I think

OVERDIGNITY

"Good morning,

Mamma—"Oh, yes, my dear, I think this is

KILL

"Mama—"You did
And what do you have

"Grateful

GRATEFUL

"Good morning,

Mamma—"Oh, yes, my dear, I think this is

DISCRIMINATING DRS.

Miss Brund—"Miss Brund is the nicest lady
When I sing she sings high; when I play the piano she sits right up on her bench and

Miss Brund—"Well, I think you sing
Safelight, others will eure you.
### Puzzle Corner

**Geographical:**
1. What city is the name of a street in New York City? 
2. What city is the name of a street in Los Angeles? 
3. What city is the name of a street in London? 
4. What city is the name of a street in Paris? 
5. What city is the name of a street in Rome? 
6. What country is the name of a street in Paris? 
7. What country does the name of a street in London represent? 

**What is it?**
1. A single-company company. 
2. A company that makes computers. 
3. A company that makes blenders. 

**DIAMOND:**
1. A diamond. 
2. A diamond. 
3. A diamond. 
4. A diamond. 

**WATER:**
1. The water. 
2. The water. 
3. The water. 
4. The water. 

**THEY ARE ALL THE SAME:**
1. The same as you and I. 
2. The same as you and I. 
3. The same as you and I. 
4. The same as you and I. 

**DOUBLED ACCENT:**
1. A shovel-headed character here meet you.
2. A shovel-headed character here meet you.
3. A shovel-headed character here meet you.
4. A shovel-headed character here meet you.

**VIRGINIAN EXPRESS:**
1. The train. 
2. The train. 
3. The train. 
4. The train. 

**INCOMPLETE SENTENCES:**
1. The work is not done until the last. 
2. The work is not done until the last. 
3. The work is not done until the last. 
4. The work is not done until the last. 

**CROSS-WORDS ENDING:**
1. End. 
2. End. 
3. End. 
4. End. 

**PUZZLE SOLVERS:**

### Answers to Puzzles in No. 90 Good News

**Short Stops**

| No. 1 | 1. Morris-rita. |
| No. 2 | 1. Jackson. |
| No. 3 | 1. Salt, salt, salt, salt, salt. |
| No. 4 | 1. Pretorius. |
| No. 5 | 1. Jersey City. |

**What word is the hardest? Cast-steel (Cut Steel)**

How many sides has a pitcher? Two, inside and outside.

How do you spell big pig with two letters? F-O-C-U-S.

Many men lose under the pretense of taking care of their families.

What is it a girl is in a mirror when she's a good-looking girl?

When is a girl a pig's tail? Because it's at the end of the post.

When is a beehive not a beehive? When it is a comic woman.

When are cats most like a pig? Because they are dull.

It is claimed that the colored people of the world are more than half.

What is it a little like a boy? Because it is full of gas.

There is only one sudden death among women in every 14,000 men.

Why is a business man like a dignity six feet tall? Because he宗旨 the proposition. Why is a man who never makes a wager as sad as a gambler? Because he's not a better.

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