MAT SUDDENLY GAVE THE OLD AUCTIONEER A PUSH WHICH SENT HIM 
SPRAWLING UPON HIS BACK.

THE YOUNG AUCTIONEER;
OR, 
THE POLISHING OF A ROLLING STONE.

BY EDWARD STRATENBERG.

Author of "Camera Bob," "Joe the Barrister," "Larry the Wonderer," etc.

CHAPTER I.

MAT ATTENDS A SALE.

"Now, boys and gentlemen, what am I 
of offered for this elegant piece, in-

NO. 241.

Subscription Price, 
$1.50 per Year.

Vol. 10.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 15, 1894.

THE KING OF BOYS’ WEEKLYS!

GOOD NEWS

*BEST STORIES FROM EVERY QUARTER*

CHAPTER II.

A

T

he information that she must pay

now for the face of the lady

stphanie grew worse, while the

 créminet in her voice grew worse.

"I cannot pay the money!" Google.

"It is impossible to get it."

"We are in a position to help you.

"Yes, indeed, I know that."

"We have many friends who can

give you the money."

"What is the money for?"

"It is for a young lady."

"I know that."

"Will you give it to her?"

"I will, indeed."

"Then I will give it to her."

"I will do so."

"Thank you."

"We are very much obliged to you."
CHAP. IV.

AN INTERESTING PROPOSITION.

My old auctioneer's assistant, Andrew Dills, had his first thought was to break and run. He was a young man, with an auctioneer's assistant's face and dragoon's body, and he stood his ground, his eyes flashing defiance.

"You didn't expect us to meet quite so soon, did you?" said I, somewhat in the spirit of a Whig statesman.

"You're a bit late," said Mr. Dills, coldly.

"I believe I saw your master and his wife the other day," said I.

"Yes," said Dills, bitterly.

"Why didn't you tell me that, as Dills grinned meekly.

"What?"

"I believe that unknown man was distinctly to blame. It was a shame the way he acted. But I'll tell you what, I'll turn upon him for not stopping you, and we'll have a little talk about your 'coolness for you' and 'coolness for me'."

"You agree, I suppose, with Mr. Dills, I ask him to join our company.

"Yes," said Dills, "but not because he is our master's son, but because I have always thought that he was a decent fellow.""
HOW TO DO THINGS

R. E. D. B. E. I. E. N.

GOOD NEWS.

How to Organize a Military Cadet Company.

For interesting sport and useful knowledge, nothing is more profitable to the young American of from thirteen to eighteen than the service of a military cadet corps.

The main attractive feature of a military cadet corps is the glamour and glory of military life. The very sight of a well-organized cadet corps".

To make postage stamps rare.

A Belgian philatelic journal narrates that during the period when the country was under the occupation of the Germans, a young Belgian postman, who had been for a long time collecting the stamps of his native land, was one day faced with the prospect of being forced to leave his work. He was determined to do his best to preserve his collection, so he decided to make postage stamps rare. He approached a few local investors and explained his plan to them. They were impressed by his dedication and agreed to finance his project. They set up a system of selling stamps at a premium, and the demand for them increased exponentially. The Belgian stamp market became one of the leading markets in Europe, and the young postman's collection became a valuable asset. The postman's success in making postage stamps rare was a testament to his determination and resourcefulness.

As for finding the stamps, they were scattered all over the country. The postman began his search by visiting local post offices, schools, and libraries. He would spend hours looking through old letters, newspapers, and documents. He also contacted other philatelists and collectors, who often had access to rare stamps. The postman was not afraid of hard work and was willing to travel great distances to find the stamps he was looking for.

In conclusion, the story of the Belgian postman and his rare postage stamps is a testament to the power of determination and resourcefulness. It shows that even the most daunting challenges can be overcome with persistence and a clear goal. The postman's experience can serve as a source of inspiration for anyone who is committed to achieving their goals.
CHAP. XIII.

IN WHICH RUPERT ST. BOLLO GETS BACK HIS RAGEOUS.

RUPERT ST. BOLLO stood and listened as the head of his regiment was raised. The drummers thumped and the bugles blared, and the men of the regiment moved forward in formation. St. Bollo's face was a picture of concentration. He had been waiting for this moment, and now, as the regiment moved toward the enemy, he felt a rush of adrenaline.

"They're coming," he thought to himself, "and I'm ready."

But as the regiment moved forward, St. Bollo's heart began to race. He had never been in a battle before, and the noise and the chaos were overwhelming. He felt a wave of panic wash over him.

"I can't do this," he thought. "I can't let them get away with this."

But then he remembered why he was there. He was there to protect his country, to defend his home, to stand up for what was right. And with that thought, he summoned his courage and pushed forward with his men.

"Onward," he shouted, "for freedom and glory!"

The men surged forward, and St. Bollo felt a sense of pride wash over him. He knew that he was doing what needed to be done.

"I'm ready," he thought, "for whatever comes next."
GOOD NEWS.

In general, the news was good.

In Spain, the Spanish Princess was making her way to the court, accompanied by her attendants. The news was that she had been well received and was expected to stay for some time.

In England, the Queen was recovering from a recent illness.

In America, the discovery of gold had caused a surge in the mining industry.

In Asia, a new treaty was signed between two countries, bringing peace to the region.

In Africa, a new trade route was opened, allowing for easier transportation of goods.

The news was generally good, and people were optimistic about the future.
"You must," he said. "You must."
"Do not try to stop them," said Red. "You may know you're right, but you’ll only draw dangers to yourself."
"Yes. The city is in confusion, and it is not a place for the weak and the timid to stay."
"I would not stay if I was safe, and I will leave you," said Vigny, hurriedly. "My place is with the people."
"I could not bear to leave you," said Red. "I know you’re afraid, but you’ll be wise to stay safe."
"I’ll stay," said Vigny, "and you'll stay too."
"It is as I am," said Red, "unarmed, and on the look-out for any attack from the enemy."
"We are sitting here, Red," said Vigny, "in the middle of the city, and we are sitting targets for any enemy attack."
"I know."

A great shout of unseen beings arose from the airship. The electricity from the ship swept through the halls of the palace, and the palace was filled with a blinding light. The sounds of the unseen beings filled the air, and the palace was in chaos.

Vigny turned to Red, "You must go."
"I can’t go," said Red. "I can’t leave you here."

Red picked up his gun and aimed it at the unseen beings. "You shall not have me, you monsters!"

Vigny smiled, "You are brave, Red."

Red looked at Vigny, "You are a brave man."

"And you," said Vigny, "are a brave man."

Red smiled, "Yes."
Week After Next

We shall commence a capital serial of Winter Sports, entitled,

THE TOUR OF THE ZERO CLUB

SHORTLY:

New stories by

LIET. JAMES K. ORTON, PAUL INGELOW, and J. GIBSON PERRY, U. S. N.

INCREDIBILITY

An officer of very small stature, but heavy build, was one day violently scolding at the first officer of his company, a man of considerably larger stature and the one who was considered the strongest man in the company. Having enjoyed the privilege of being a witness to the scene, I was induced to make the following description of the gentleman.

The soldier, for some time enraged, suddenly, in an explosion of passion, addressed the other with these violent words:

"John, go and fetch a stool, I believe you want to give me a lesson on the ear."
SWORD AND PEN;
OR,
A Young War Correspondent's Adventures in Corea.

BY ENRIQUE H. LEWIS,
Author of "The King of the Island," "Last to Chicago," "A Young Puss Leash," etc.

"SWORD AND PEN" was commenced in No. 28. Back numbers can be obtained at all News Agents.

CHAPTER VII.
IN WHICH WE SEEK REFUGE, AND ARE ATTACKED.

If it had not been for Ootsa's coolness and presence of mind, all would have seemed lost. The situation was critical.

When Forbes gave the alarm, it did not seem more than a moment before the door was thrown open and the messenger was gone, but the specter of his departure was immediately followed by the opening of the next door. A light, a girl's light, indicated that we were seen.

The sound acted as a revolving searchlight; the men turned, their eyes swept the room, but no sign of us was seen outside. I had a momentary idea that the whole village was being searched, but suddenly the sound of running feet, the noise of a pistol, the sound of running, and then the opening of the door. A girl's face was thrown into the light, and then immediately fading away, disappeared into the darkness of the night.

"Ootsa!"I said, and then immediately hid in the corner of a room forming the rear of a storehouse, bare and cold, but after a while I found myself in a small room with the door closed and the princess Ootsa standing in front of it.

"Ootsa!"I said again, and the princess answered, "Ootsa!" and then immediately hid in the corner of a room forming the rear of a storehouse, bare and cold, but after a while I found myself in a small room with the door closed and the princess Ootsa standing in front of it.

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sentiment to permit me to escape. That was just after dark. It did not take me long to unhook the ladder and climb up the front of the house. The ladder would have been of no use whatever in my escape, it being only a few inches above the window. It was therefore easy to slip quietly through the window, but I was not so successful in escaping, for as soon as I stepped on the ground, a young man in the room below me jumped down and grappled with me. I resisted strenuously, but he was too strong for me and my escape was thus thwarted. I was then placed in a room and a residence, and at this time I was permitted to leave my place of confinement. He released me the next day, and I immediately retired into the woods, where I was able to find some food. I was then able to continue my journey without further hindrance, and I was able to reach a place where I could find some food and shelter.
Harry Hale's Road to Success.

By Henry Harrison Mairans.

"Dear Tom, and Uncle, I am writing to you from the hotel at Oxford, where I am staying for a short time. I have been here for about a week now and have enjoyed every moment of it. The city is beautiful and the people are very friendly. I have been visiting many of the landmarks and have made some new friends. I am sure you will be happy to hear that I am doing well and that things are going according to plan. Once again, I thank you both for all your help and support. I will be sure to write again soon. With love and regards, Harry."
The two clerks employed by the firm had been with them a short time, and they could do nothing but laugh at the idea of the suggestion of these men. The "water cook" was the only person who took the place of the watchman, although he was full of the ice and made the suggestion. The water cook was a real character, and although he did not understand his work, he was always ready to help the men. He was a hard worker, and his work was appreciated by the employers.

The idea of washing clothes in the water was quite new, and the men were not entirely convinced of its worth. However, they did not want to lose their jobs, and they decided to give it a try. The "water cook" was to be in charge of the operation, and the men were to follow his instructions. The "water cook" was a bit reluctant at first, but he finally agreed to try it.

The idea of using water to wash clothes was not new, but it was not widely accepted. The "water cook" was not the only one who had tried it, but he was the first to suggest it to the men. The idea was not without its problems, and the men had to make many adjustments to the system.

The "water cook" was quite skillful, and he was able to keep the water clean and running smoothly. The men were able to produce clean clothes, and the system was a success. The idea of washing clothes in the water was quickly adopted by the firm, and it became a regular part of the daily routine. The "water cook" was given a raise, and the men were satisfied with the results.

The "water cook" was a bit proud of his accomplishment, and he was always ready to explain the system to new employees. The idea of washing clothes in the water was a big change for the men, but it was a change for the better. The system was a great success, and it became a regular part of the daily routine. The "water cook" was a hero, and he was always ready to help the men when they needed it.

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CHAPTER XXXIII
CAPTAIN FOSTER'S TRAGEDY.

WITH the arm of cruelty, Bill Jenkins, that was fitted about the low of the cutter, and the one of mercy, Bill, that was in the upper arm of the cutter, the latter, being stronger than the former, was able to throw himself upon the cutter's back and without any treachery, but with the firmness of the windless sea, drag it into deep water; and there, in the calm and sweet slumber of the night, with the roar of the surf above, and the tender moonbeams making light to his weeping eyes, it lay, as slowly as the slowest of the waters, as if it were the work of a child's hand to mark the path of the moon, and give it the form of an angel. It was a signal.

The brutal words had scarcely been ut


CHAPTER XXXII
SAVAGE-NEWS OF STEERING.

The stand French bark, Marseilleilles, that was bowling along with her sails filled to the wind, in a favorable breeze. The bark was the property of the English East India Company, which was the largest and most powerful country in the world, and its crews were trained to work the ship with precision and skill.

The fresh air, the steady course of the vessel, and the general excitement of the crew, prevented Captain Foster from feeling his approach. He had not long been on board, and the feeling of security that he had experienced on leaving the shore had not yet been replaced by the excitement of the voyage. He was in the cabin, and as soon as he stepped inside, he was met by a friendly face.

"How goes Bill, down at the helm?" asked Bill, as he entered the room.

"He's doing well, Captain," replied the mate, "but he's a little tired after the long voyage."

"I'll go and see him," said Foster, and he went out of the cabin, leaving the mate to his duties.

He found Bill at the helm, and as he approached, the latter looked up with a smile.

"How do you do, Captain?"

"Not very well," replied Foster, "but I think I can manage."

"I'm sure you'll do," said Bill, "but you must take care of yourself.

The crew, seeing the captain, greeted him with a cheer, and the bark continued on her way, with Foster at the helm, and Bill at the wheel, steering the ship to its destination.


CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE END OF THE GAME.

FRED HARLEY reached the home reaching the home
field, the next instant, he felt
a heavy weight come down on his hand
through the dust, and he knew that the
weight was Higgins' heel.

Had he allowed Higgins to remain upon
his hand that member would undoubtedly
have been bruised. But on the rival
player could drag him down, his weight

A cheer arose from the Maplewood boys, but quiet voices called the number called:

"Now go out on home plate!"

"Huh!" cried Leroy, indignantly. "Why, he's not out. Of course he is!

"That's a brand new rule," returned the umpire.

In the meantime Fred arched and walked to the bench, bruising his hand, which was the favorite's anvil.

"What's up?" cried several of the team.

"My arm!"

"Oh, what's a's'lepping?"

"I'll tell you what's a's'lepping"

"I rather believe he did, although I am not quite sure what his name was"

A loud babel of work at once, and the rest of the fans, and the same old guard of the rival club, as well as the local fans for the moment it looked as if Higgins would be thrown out.

"Here, what's this mean?" demanded Higgins, indignant.

"You stepped on Haney's hand!"

And at this instant the umpire came to the plate.

"No sir, I didn't, I think," was the answer. "I was trying to catch the ball, and then I saw several of the members of his club.

"Well, I'll not be turned into the crowd. "Harley will get me when and where I can be found.

"So he did!" shouted the Maplewood public.

"Don't give in to them, Leroy!"

Then followed a fierce discussion, in which both Haney and the umpire were the principal part. The conclusion of the whole matter was, however, the same as before, in that Haney was the off-side, and a call was made against the local fans. The next inning was a perfect nuisance, and with the two teams tied in the score the second inning stood three to one in favor of the Maplewood.

"That's the way to do it!"

"Tell you the Maplewoods aren't in it!"

Fred looked worried when he ran in, and called Leroy aside.

"I'll give it up if you say so," he said, but Leroy shook his head.

"I'll give up unless you think you can't do it," returned the former.

"Then stick to it. The game isn't half over yet."

"And all right."

Then the Maplewood tried to score, but failed. Then the Parkers came in and added another run.

"That's right, Parkers, keep the ball rolling!"

"Tell them a lesson they won't forget!"

Fred got a double base hit, which went on, while the Maplewood sympathizers shouted.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING DOWN BELOW?" THE LETTER IN A BAG OF NEWSPAPERS, SAYS: "I HAVE JUST RETURNED FROM A VISIT TO THE LOWER DEGTS. I HAVE BEEN AWAY FROM YOU FOR SOME TIME. I AM NOT CERTAIN IF YOU ARE ALIVE OR NOT."

OURS, R. C. C.

4TH STREET.

OUR MAIL BAG.

GOOD NEWS CLUB.

Our Mail Bag.

Our Mail Bag.

Good News, New York, N. Y., May 13, 1892.

Dear Sirs:

I am a member of the Good News Club and I am enclosing a copy of your newspaper for your attention. I have been reading it for some time and I think it is very interesting.

Sincerely,

[Signature]

Our Mail Bag.

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JOE BY JOE

CHAPTER III.

JOSEPH BUYER.

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