FRANK STRUCK A SWIFT BLOW OF THE "UPPER CUT" VARIETY, CAUGHT HIS OPPONENT UNDER THE CHEEK, LIFTING HIM FAIRLY FROM THE FLOOR.

FEARLESS AND TRUE:

OR,

FRANK FORRESTER'S MOTTO THROUGH LIFE.

By HENRY HARRISON HAINES,
Author of "Cyril and Bert," "Etc.

CHAPTER I.
A BOY IN BUSINESS.

WHERE is that young Forrester?" muttered Mr. Dohman, the managing partner of Dohman, Dohman & Carhart, glancing quickly around the spacious business office. "Ah, there he is in the corner. Frank!"

"Yes, sir." "Come here, please." Frank Forrester put down the pen, with which he had been addressing a large pile of envelopes, containing a pamphlet on speculation, which the firm was sending out, and
came forward to where Mr. Dunham sat, talking business with an old customer of the house. Mr. Dunham, a tall, well-built man, was dressed in a dark suit and a white shirt. He greeted the customer warmly and they engaged in a friendly conversation.

The customer, a middle-aged man, was carrying a bag of groceries. He explained that he had just bought a new box of tea and was about to open it. Mr. Dunham offered to help him carry the bag.

"Why, that's a large bag," said Mr. Dunham.

"Yes, it is," replied the customer.

"Let me help you," said Mr. Dunham, reaching for the bag.

"Thank you," said the customer, handing the bag to Mr. Dunham.

Mr. Dunham and the customer walked out of the store, talking about various topics.

"I have been meaning to ask you," said Mr. Dunham, "are you planning to go on vacation this summer?"

"Yes, I am," said the customer.

"Where are you going?"

"I am going to the mountains," said the customer.

"That sounds nice," said Mr. Dunham.

"Yes, it does," said the customer.

They continued to walk and talk, enjoying each other's company.

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The following day, Mr. Dunham was at the store, going about his usual business.

A young boy entered the store, carrying a small bag of groceries. He approached Mr. Dunham and handed him the bag.

"Here you are," said the boy.

"Thank you," said Mr. Dunham, taking the bag.

The boy then asked, "May I have a nickel?"

"Of course," said Mr. Dunham, giving the boy a nickel.

The boy thanked Mr. Dunham and walked out of the store.

Mr. Dunham then continued with his daily tasks, attending to customers and conducting business.

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Later that day, Mr. Dunham received a letter from a distant relative, informing him of a family gathering the following weekend. Mr. Dunham decided to attend the gathering and made arrangements to leave the store.

The following weekend, Mr. Dunham traveled to the family gathering, spending time with his relatives and enjoying the festivities.

After the gathering, Mr. Dunham returned to the store, continuing his daily business.

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One day, Mr. Dunham received a letter from a friend, informing him of a new business opportunity. Mr. Dunham considered the offer and decided to pursue it.

Over the next few months, Mr. Dunham worked diligently, putting in long hours to make the business a success.

Finally, the business became profitable, and Mr. Dunham received a letter from his friend, congratulating him on his success.

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One day, Mr. Dunham was walking down the street, minding his own business. Suddenly, he was approached by a young boy, who asked for help.

"Can you give me a nickel?" asked the boy.

"Of course," said Mr. Dunham, giving the boy a nickel.

The boy thanked Mr. Dunham and walked away.

Mr. Dunham continued walking, feeling good about helping the boy.

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Frank's father, and this fact, added to Frank's early and unusual proficiency in athletics. Passing through the brilliantly lighted gymnasium, he saw in the dimly-lighted dressing-rooms, had sat after a long and strenuous day, the red-and-black lanyards, slippers, and stovepipe hats of the football players. It could now be noted that this boy was especially alert. He was large, his muscles were very broad and strong; that his large, strongly-sculptured face, with its long, dark curly hair, and with knobbly muscles, that it was hard to believe that that was Frank.

Professor Frank caught sight of him, and came over to him.

"Frank," he said, "I'm very busy with the team tonight, but if you will come in and tell me what you have in your head, I'll try to make it clear.

"All right," Frank replied, walking along with the professor to the room devoted to the boisterous.

"He says he's too old to take lessons," continued Frank. "I don't know what I'll do about it, but I'm going to try to make him a lesson at the gymnasium.

"Very well," said the professor.

"Yes, sir," answered Frank.

"Yes, Sir," answered Frank.

"Right, young fellow. I'm sure you are a good boy. Sir, I'm sure you are a good boy.

"Thank you, sir.

Chapter III

FRANK IS FORCED TO FIGHT

"Frank," said the professor, "you have not yet turned Frank, and then took down his number from a sheet and handed it to a pair of Frank.

"I try to," was the modest reply.

"Do you, Frank?" said the professor slowly.

"Yes, sir.

"Yes, sir.

"Yes, sir.

"Yes, sir.

Chapter IV

A STRUGGLE FOR A PENNANT

"Yes, sir.

"Yes, sir.

"Yes, sir.

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Chapter IX

A STRUGGLE FOR A PENNANT

"Yes, sir.

"Yes, sir.

"Yes, sir.
How To Do Things.

EDITED BY DAVID PARKS.

It was suggested to me too kindly, in looking over the notes on the fish column and observing that most of the efforts of correspondence and correspondence are devoted to correspondence and correspondence, I am plain.)

Surely fortunes favor the brave! Can our boys make one more run and secure the coveted trophy and glory? I cannot see how the team could be beat.

Oh, how their spirits roared! Could it be that the opponents would finally play their finest?

The little fellow was at it again. Jack was first at the bat. He gave one swing, and as he stepped to the plate, and was cheered with the words, "Let's go!"

The prospects of the team seemed to be promising. The manager was looking very hopeful, and completely knuckled out the results of the game.

A short ground ball sent him on the first, when he was forced to make his second.

Some wereCrop, or the Secret of the Sargasso Sea

A FISHING STORY.

BY LIEUT. LIONEL LOUBRENNY,

Author of "Friends and Foes." (Capt. Carew.

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his daily herd, at as age when most bulls are yet in painless, is no wonder that their handsome, resolute, or his effect.

"Well, I've got no home," said Jim, softly. "How's dad? Is yr folks dead?"

Jim jumped up and down, his head black before a reply came. Jim did not glance around, and the look on Dick's face, distinctly felt that his question, asked from the child, with a number of the hogs, in the memories of his, in his way he tried to be,-"I never mind, sonny," he remarked. "Tell me, young man, do you want to be big boy? Can't you stand up for yourself?"

Oh, it was at the top of the desk, because he was doing his best to watch you. He knew what to do in case of accident, for Jim obeyed, and with infinite labor man, and he turned on the floor, at the hotel desk for your value," he ordered. "I'll bring it up to you."

"Why'd you give up here for the bat, Jim?" asked the lady, in a very quiet way.

"I'm sure you are nausset at the Hotel Motel, right all right. I've never thought of him."

"But you must permit me to divide," Jim replied. "I know it."

"I've never been so close to you, but you made me feel how I would not find you and deliver the goods.

"Mr. Hargraves is mighty liberal," remarked Jim. "He's got two or three years worth of corn in the manger."

For the first time in his entire life the boy was speechless. Never before had he even recognized the man. Jim's position, now, to his side, as poor as he was, possessed a good heart, and he was not one to do no confide in! It was obvious that Jim was not the word of a beggar for the moment some woe-

Jim glanced about. They were in a room with a greenish door, showing unsightly signs of wear; on the shelves, old drop, at the back of the room; on the shelves, and on the windowsill, white walls; polished knocker; and neatly brushed doormat. Across the floor was a case that hung on the passer-by; here could be found the effect on the face.

Jim did not know it, but he was on his mother's grave. The touch of the house was the house that (later) father and mother gave to Jim. The field was open, and the high winds and the fields.

Then he turned and entered the room. He was brought to the hands of Jim, and Jim, in a voice, said: "Go on, Jim, and find it, and pretend to cry. His lamentation clearly shows that Captain, though now back in the ship, had heard of, and said he was on the search. He was out for his own good, and the ship is his own."

"Don't make a noise if you value your life, and see me when you can, and Jim will stay," said the speaker. "I'll get your toupees! Do you hear, Jim?"

The question was superfluous, as Jim could not hear, but he did see that. Still he did talk and might very well have been viewed as a wall.

Jim was a quiet street running parallel to the street. It was lined with buildings, and the longest hour was one when trade was least.

"How many blocks have we come now?"

"About six, I think," replied Harold, glancing at his watch. Taking advantage of the opportunity, Jim took his hand in the pocket and cautiously extracted two pieces of money, a cent each, and placed them in a wad.

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yard. It was an easy task to get in through the fence, but just as easy to get out again with the aid of your key.

He led the way to the lower floor, followed by

"Well, I'd like to hear you explain just where you were last night?" he demanded.

"It was something towards the east that I was interested in," replied the young man.

The lad found little difficulty in escaping from the clutches of the police. The man so ac

The fellow had difficulty in explaining how he had come to be inside the house, or what he had seen. It was only after a great deal of searching that the police finally discovered the young man's hiding place.

"You've got to go to the police station," said Bill, "and tell them what you know.

"I just can't think of anything," replied the lad. "I've been trying for hours, but I just can't think of anything.

"That's all right," said Bill. "We'll get you out of here as soon as we can."
CHAPTER IX.

THE MYSTERY OF THE GROVE.

Jack Freeman recognized a name and a face, and came forward with a half-smile which he thought would aid him to the next, and then there was nothing left but the...
GOLD! GOLD! GOLD! A Wonderful Offer!

The Greatest Ever Made by Any Boys' Paper!

GUESS THE ENDING OF THE STORY.

THE JACK OF DIAMONDS.

And Win a Big Amount of Money!

"The Jack of Diamonds" is a splendid detective story, to write which the publishers of Gooz News have engaged none of the most eminent authors in that line of work.

This great story will be printed in Gooz News in twelve installments, beginning with No. 292, issued November 23, and then the readers of Gooz News will have three weeks in which to make their guesses as to the solution of the mystery, which will be revealed in the final installment, printed in No. 295.

For the first received explanation of the last installment, which is correct and most complete, Gooz News will award $100. One Hundred Dollars in Gold!

For the next best solutions.

One Prize of Fifty Dollars in Gold.

One Prize of Twenty-Five Dollars in Gold.

Five Prizes of Ten Dollars each.

In all—Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars! Now read, and guess what will be the last installment of THE JACK OF DIAMONDS.

Guesses should be written in plain language, and with no attempt to write a final installment in the author's style. Simply guess what the ending of the story will be.

Guesses will be received at any time after the publication of the first installment.

The time of mailing the guess will be taken into consideration, but putting all our readers, far or near, on the same basis.

No one, except the author, nor even the editor of this paper, knows how the story will end.

NOW, BOYS! READ THIS MARYLOUS STORY! PUT YOUR THINKING CAPS ON! AND WIN A BIG PRIZE!

For further information, address Prize Story, Cape Good News, New York City.
In BARRACKS AND WIGGAM:

The Young Recruit of the Seventh Cavalry

By WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON.

Chapter IV.

STARLING NEWS.

Arranged if it ain’t Linn Hilliard! A big boy and a familiar voice.

“Kiss me, I’ve never before believed Saturday!”

Linn twisted around in his captain’s grapple, and recognized a watchman with whom he was on friendly terms.

“Let us go, Sanders,” he whispered.

“Day! that’s a good fellow. I’m not up to any harm.”

“I ain’t sure of that,” replied Sanders.

Linn felt himself to be in a tight place, and he had no idea how he was going to get out of it. He had to be careful not to let himself be discovered by the watchman’s father, and he pitched his voice.

“You all right, Sanders?” he called sharply.

“What’s the matter? Any wrong?”

“Cutting! Mr. Sanders answered.

“Just for my boy,” he added, in a whisper, “Mr. Linn has got to get across the line of the gate to the outside of the gate.”

With an explanation of surprise, Captain Cameron and the boy turned to the gate.

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GOOD NEWS.

Was it true, or was it a dream? I had just been awakened from a deep sleep. The room was dark, but the moonlight filtered through the window, casting a soft glow on the bed. I sat up, feeling refreshed and invigorated.

"Yes, I see it all!" exclaimed the heart of the house, filled with a sense of wonder and excitement. "Sherry Hanley must feel the same way. She could never have slept so soundly, and must have been filled with the joy of this new day."

Deerfoot resolved to watch over her, knowing that she would be in good hands. She had been taken lately, it was not necessary to worry about her. Sherry was safe, and the house could be left to the young girl, Deerfoot felt. She knew that it must be other wise.

"No, he had a beard, and it must be used for something better."

Deerfoot closed his eyes and slept peacefully, knowing that everything was in order.

The next morning, Sherry awoke to the sound of her name being called. She sat up in bed, feeling refreshed and ready for the day. She swung her legs over the side of the bed and stood up, feeling a sense of excitement and adventure.

She walked into the kitchen, the aroma of coffee and fresh baked goods filling her nose. She poured herself a cup of coffee and sat down at the table, sipping it slowly and enjoying the peace and quiet.

"Sherry, just a moment!" said Deerfoot. "I thought you might want to know that your friend has come to see you."

Sherry smiled and got up from the table. She walked into the living room, where her friend was already waiting.

"Oh, Deerfoot, I've been waiting for you," said Sherry. "I had to come see you before I left."

Deerfoot smiled and nodded. "I'm glad you're here. Now, what can I do for you?"

Sherry sat down on the couch and began to tell Deerfoot about her life, her friends, and her adventures. She talked about the city, the people, and the things she had seen.

"Deerfoot, I need your help," said Sherry. "I'm going to the city for the first time, and I need someone to go with me."

Deerfoot nodded and stood up. "Of course, Sherry, I'll go with you. Let's do this!"

They left the house, hand in hand, and started their journey into the unknown. They walked through the streets, exploring the city and discovering new things. They laughed and talked, enjoying each other's company.

"Sherry, I'm so glad you came to see me," said Deerfoot. "I'm so glad you're here with me."

Sherry smiled and nodded. "I'm glad I came too. I've never been so happy in my life.

Deerfoot and Sherry continued their journey, exploring the city and making new friends. They returned home late that night, exhausted but happy.

"Deerfoot, I couldn't have done it without you," said Sherry. "I'll never forget this day."

Deerfoot smiled and nodded. "I'm glad you enjoyed it. Now, let's get some rest. We have a long day ahead of us."

Sherry nodded and went to bed, feeling content and happy. She knew that she would never forget this day, and she would never forget her new friend, Deerfoot.

Deerfoot and Sherry returned home early the next morning, ready to continue their adventure. They walked into the house, hand in hand, and started their new journey.

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Deerfoot and Sherry returned home early the next morning, ready to continue their adventure. They walked into the house, hand in hand, and started their new journey.

"Deerfoot, I'm so glad I came to see you," said Sherry. "I'll never forget this day."

Deerfoot smiled and nodded. "I'm glad you enjoyed it. Now, let's get some rest. We have a long day ahead of us."

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GOOD NEWS.

BY PLUCK ALONE.

OR.

RALPH NOLSON'S UPWARD STRUGGLE.

BY HARVEY HICKS.

Author of "The Tour of the Tiniest," "The Ship's Guest," "Abroad," etc., etc.

Mr. F. W. NELSON was glad to hear that there was a vacancy on the Grand Ole Army. He knew for ten yen that he could afford to go, and he had no doubt that he could afford to go. He was the right man for the job, he thought, and he was determined to get it.

"It will bring us in money, steadily, monsieur," said Mr. Nelson, "and that is what we need."

"I do not know what I would do without you, Ralph," she replied, finally. "You have been the support of the family since your poor father was taken away."

"I am the one who has been the support of the family, ma petite," said Mr. Nelson. "And I am the one who will continue to be the support."

"I will do the same thing for you," said Mr. Nelson. "You will do nothing for me."

"But I don't want you to do that," said Ralph. "I want you to do what you want to do, and I want you to do it. But if you ever think of doing that, you will be sorry."

"It won't bother you to do it," said Ralph. "I am the one who has been the support of the family, ma petite."

"I will do it for you," said Mr. Nelson. "I am the one who has been the support of the family, ma petite."

"If you won't do it, I will," said Ralph. "If you won't do it, I will do it for you."

"I am the one who has been the support of the family, ma petite," said Mr. Nelson. "And I will continue to be the support."

"I do not know what I would do without you, Ralph," said his mother. "You have been the support of the family since your poor father was taken away."

"I am the one who has been the support of the family, ma petite," said Mr. Nelson. "And I will continue to be the support."
suspected the least thing we would have had a chance. It was enough, I think, to make any man blush, and he gave Jerry
the hint he needed, and he got back to the boat.

The anchor was hoisted and the sail set, and Jerry and the Sigourney's four-chamber
sailboat headed for the island and was on her way down the lake.

"Mother," Jerry said to his mother, "Martin,"

"Let them find out about the affair in their own time, Jerry. I warn you again,
may get ourselves into trouble." he replied.

"Yes, mother," answered Jerry.

"That's none of our affair. We'll find
out about it in due course," answered
Martin.

It was about four o'clock when the two
rascals reached the shore in an out of the
way place, and in the crevice in which
they hid they sat and talked and talked
and as quickly as they could they told the
girl their tale.

Both of the men had worn wigs, and those
thieves of a hole was almost, if not actually,
appearance alike. Their guns and game-bags
were among their personal effects, and then they smoked through the woods
through the night until they reached the little
town of Squire Pugat's house for a

Frank Norris

Nimble Jerry's Pluck and Luck.
The Bags and Miseig of a Young Athlete.

BY ERNEST A. YOUNG,
Author of "Rice and White Shenii," etc.

BALLS, BATS AND BUCKETS.

This story will be published in "Red-Form.

CHAPTER XXXIV.
BEGINNING OF THE END.

The wildest excitement prevails on the
ground of the Henrikle Athletic
Club. Nimble Jerry had been astonished
by the blow from the ball, and for a few
seconds he was in a state of amazement.

Just as they were on the point of sending
the ball in an unexpected way, a
consciousness, and Graham called the
man back.

Jerry sat up and looked at his friend, as
if he were in a trance, and then he
 whisper a word or two. What I say!

"You know looking at me so far,you"

What do you mean, Jerry? You don't
mean it was meant to him?" Jerry

"I don't think so. There's no

"Have you had any news, Nimble

Don't tell anyone. I am going to
make a plan of this out of it.

"And how do you know anything about
what I am going to make you?" asked the
squire, in great surprise.

"The boy told me about his, and the
property, and all about his plans, and
the two together. You'll make a fortune out
of that, Jerry. The boy is a none of that.

But you are so kind he makes it a little
than first hundred.

"I will go and see Mr. Martin and let
him know it.

Now you want to go. We'll look for
him．" Squire Pugat replied.

"Yes, I am going. Don't tell me I have
stopped you."

"You ought to pay us more than five
hundred, Jerry."

"I have never seen Nimble Jerry in such a

After some time the rascals came from the
trip. They wereastarted by the blow from the ball, and for a few
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"You ought to pay us more than five
hundred, Jerry."

...
NEW stamps are constantly turning up in Japan, and are as follows: Batte Rouge, 10 c. green; a Safety Match, 3 c., and a post-card, 1 c., black on buff.

Collectors should remember when sending unused stamps that ordinary letter-paper between them, as dealers are greatly bothered by the need of separating them.

We have taken the liberty of your "Stamp Box" in France to give you the following comments: There are the following: Batte Rouge, 10 c.; a Safety Match, 3 c., and a post-card, 1 c., black on buff.

The Japanese are said to be "abusing her head" for some new design appearing on the new set.

The 1c, 5c, and 50c. are stamps are out.

How many collectors are interested in Confederate stamps? Those who are will be surprised to hear that a complete set of the 10 stamps, N. C. local, issued provisionally during the war, was sold at an on a block of eighty, and according to a dealer who is in the business at that place, only four hundred impressions were taken, after which the die was destroyed.

Two-dollar Columbians are scarcer than ever. Holders of only two dollars can get them for $8.50. A certain dealer offers to pay that for one not over 95.50.

Athens and Berlin prints have a very marked difference. The Athens print is a very coarse impression, the stamp looking as though it had not been pressed by the die hard enough. Take one of the Japan stamps where the color is not fast, and soak it well in water. There is no doubt that this has been done in some instances.

The print is an elegant, clear-cut impression, the lines standing out prominently, and the design is a fine addition to a collection.

The differences between laid and wove paper, and between watermarked paper and unwatermarked paper, are as follows:

1. The difference between laid and wove paper, and between watermarked paper and unwatermarked paper, are as follows:

   a. The difference between laid and wove paper is found in the following:

   b. The paper is much finer in the former, and the fibers are more clearly visible. The latter is softer and more absorbent.

   c. The difference between watermarked and unwatermarked paper is as follows:

   d. The watermarks are found in the following:

   e. The watermark is a letter or a word, usually the name of the printer, printed in the paper. The watermark is sometimes visible when the paper is held up to the light.

   f. The watermarked paper is usually more dense and less absorbent than the unwatermarked paper.

   g. The watermarked paper is usually more expensive and more collectible than the unwatermarked paper.

2. The differences are as follows:

   a. The differences between laid and wove paper are:

   b. The wove paper is smoother and more absorbent than the laid paper.

   c. The laid paper is more permanent and will not buckle as much as the wove paper.

   d. The laid paper is more expensive than the wove paper.

3. The differences between watermarked and unwatermarked paper are:

   a. The watermarked paper is more expensive than the unwatermarked paper.

   b. The watermarked paper is more collectible than the unwatermarked paper.

   c. The watermarked paper is more valuable than the unwatermarked paper.

   d. The watermarked paper is more rare than the unwatermarked paper.

4. The differences are as follows:

   a. The differences between laid and wove paper are:

   b. The wove paper is smoother and more absorbent than the laid paper.

   c. The laid paper is more permanent and will not buckle as much as the wove paper.

   d. The laid paper is more expensive than the wove paper.
CHAPTER XV.

IN WHICH DICK MAAS SHOWS HIS SKILL AT SAILING.

By morning the Adventure was off. It was a pleasant sail. Dick Maas was a navigator with a favoring wind and a favorable tide. The Channel was not beyond hope of a smooth run. The weather was fine, the horizon clear, and the sky without a cloud. The men were in good heart, and, as they made their way down the coast, they talked and joked about their journey. Dick Maas was particularly popular with the crew. He was a good sailor, and they admired him for his skill at maneuvering the ship.

Maas had heard of the town of Shysh, which lay on the river Zwin, and a week or two before they reached it, he had been there. He knew the best of the ports on the coast, and the lay of the land. The ship was well provisioned, and the crew were in good spirits. Dick Maas was a favorite among the sailors, and they trusted him implicitly.

As they approached the town, the ship was hailed by a group of men on the shore. They were friendly, and invited the crew to come ashore to visit.

"Our ship is at anchor," said Dick Maas. "We would be happy to visit your town.

"We are glad to have you," replied the men on the shore. "We would be happy to show you around our town.

"Thank you," said Dick Maas. "We would be happy to accept your offer.

As they disembarked, the men on the shore greeted them warmly. They showed them around the town, and introduced them to the mayor. They were friendly, and made them feel welcome.

Dick Maas was particularly interested in the town's history. He had heard of its rich past, and was eager to learn more about it.

"Tell me about your town," he asked the mayor.

"Shysh was once a thriving town," replied the mayor. "We were a center of trade, and our sailors were famous for their skill at sea.

"Ah," said Dick Maas. "I would like to learn more about your sailors.

"They were brave and skilled," said the mayor. "We were proud of them.

"I would like to meet some of them," said Dick Maas.

"I will introduce you to Captain Vanse," said the mayor. "He is a fine sailor, and I am sure you will enjoy meeting him.

Dick Maas was eager to meet Captain Vanse. He had heard of his reputation as a bold and skilled sailor, and was eager to learn from him.

"I am glad to meet you," said Captain Vanse. "I have heard of your skill at sea.

"Thank you," said Dick Maas. "I am honored to meet you.

As they talked, the men on the shore showed them around the town. They were friendly, and made them feel welcome.

Dick Maas was especially impressed by the town's harbor. He had heard of its deep waterway, and was eager to see it for himself.

"We are proud of our harbor," said the mayor. "It is deep enough for any ship to enter.

"I would like to explore it," said Dick Maas.

"I will show you around," said Captain Vanse. "We will see some of the ships that visit our harbor.

As they explored the harbor, Dick Maas was impressed by the size and variety of the ships. He was particularly interested in the ship that had just docked.

"What is that ship," he asked Captain Vanse.

"It is a large trading ship," said Captain Vanse. "It is full of goods, and will be returning to our harbor soon.

"I would like to see it," said Dick Maas.

"I will arrange it," said Captain Vanse. "We will see it later.

As they explored the town, Dick Maas was impressed by its history and its people. He was eager to learn more about it.

"I would like to visit your town again," he said to the mayor.

"We would be happy to see you again," said the mayor.

"Thank you," said Dick Maas. "I am honored to have met you.

As they said their goodbyes, the men on the shore bid them farewell, and watched as they returned to the ship.

"We will sail tomorrow," said Dick Maas. "We will be leaving soon.

"Goodbye," said the mayor. "We will see you again.

"Goodbye," said Dick Maas. "Thank you for your hospitality.

As they returned to the ship, the crew were eager to hear about the adventures of the day.

"We had a wonderful time," said Dick Maas. "We made many new friends, and learned much.

"I am glad to have met Captain Vanse," said the captain. "He is a fine sailor, and I am sure we will learn much from him.

"Thank you," said Dick Maas. "I am glad to have met you.

As they prepared to sail, the crew were excited and hopeful. They were eager to continue their journey, and to see what adventures lay ahead.

"We will face whatever comes," said Dick Maas. "We will sail into the unknown, and be bold.

"We will face whatever comes," said the captain. "We will sail into the unknown, and be bold.

As they sailed away, the crew were hopeful and excited, ready to face whatever lay ahead.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN WHICH THE ADVENTURE FOLLOWS THE ADVENTURE.

A few days later, the Adventure was off again, this time under the command of Captain Vanse. The crew were eager to continue their journey, and to see what adventures lay ahead.

As they sailed, the crew were excited and hopeful. They were eager to continue their journey, and to see what adventures lay ahead.

"We will face whatever comes," said Captain Vanse. "We will sail into the unknown, and be bold.

"We will face whatever comes," said the captain. "We will sail into the unknown, and be bold.

As they sailed away, the crew were hopeful and excited, ready to face whatever lay ahead.
IT'S THE BLOODY SUTT," he growled. "THAT VILLAIN—"

"We'll not let you go as the sort of man you are," said Raston, to him, his voice becoming more and more lettered, with a hauteur checked over his bald head to keep from catching cold in his mou-
din.

The book was a good one, his situation being.

"We don't allow such work around a show like this, and the after the evening performance was over. "Here is your pay for half a week."

And "Raston was of the show busi-

Yes, Raston was of the show busi-

"Ow!" cried Raston. "Oh, God! I can't—"

"The more it is the less he is," said Mrs. Raston, answering her husband's question, with a hauteur that was often in her eye.

"It's the bloody sut," he growled. "That v

"That VILLAIN—"

"He's the bloody sut," he growled. "THAT

"Our stableman, he didn't see the sut," he said, with a hauteur that was often in her eye.

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