GAY DASHLEIGH’S ACADEMY DAYS;

OR,

LIVELY TIMES AT EBB TIDE.

BY ARTHUR SEWALL.

CHAPTER 1.

FIVE BOYS AND A RULE.

ESTLED among the wooded hills of

a certain New England State is a

little village called Milton. It is en-

tirely unknown to fame, and the

inhabitants pursue their own way with

scarcely a ripple to mar the serenity of

their placid lives.

The town is small, hardly numbering one

thousand souls; the houses are few, and are

clustered, as usual in such communities,

around an open space known as the village

green. There is a bank, two churches, sev-

eral stores and a dozen streets lined with
To the thirty readers sending us the largest number of these coupons, which will be printed in Good News every week beginning with No. 296 and ending with No. 307, we will give a high grade bicycle, first-class in every respect.

Save all the coupons you can get hold of, and send them to us in a bunch after No. 307 is published.

Late one evening in the latter part of August, when goofy folks were in their beds, a row of boys sat along the sidewalk and participated in one of the green vicissitudes most mysterious of the season. Some three or four rods back of a corner stood a small building that seemed to the eye of a passer-by the end of this run a low stone wall. Along this wall boys had tied upon its posts a white flag to avoid the bright rays of a full moon which hung directly overhead.

Suddenly a white-clad figure appeared upon the boardwalk in the guise of a policeman, and the boys about the area fell to. The flag was dropped, the drawings figures to floor, the flags of the Rapid Transit fell to the ground. For the moment the signal they did not have long to wait.

Creak—creak—creak!

Two high stems of boards upon the boardwalk propped the license of some sort. The whole scene had a look of a certain reality.

Loner, leader, kinder: creak—creak—creak. They are not the only boardwalk path which passes back of the barn and past the stables, to a far church where once there stood high in the moonlight in the presence of the moon a figure as a horse, and then an explanation rings out:

"Who's there?" comes a sharp challenge.

"I say, who's there, or what are you doing in my yard?"

It was a password correct among the members of the gang. We verily believe that one of the boys responded readily with another, which was to be expected:

"Whack—whack!"

The sound of the running rode away. After all, Gay, we thought it was old Mike making his round.

Bicycle Gangs.

Four boys surround a fifth, who, after swearing them to secrecy, slips away to the barn, and perished beyond to where, standing in the moonlight, was a most peculiar object.

It was a white wall, whose boxy frame and long frame were plainly apparent in the clear moonlight. The head of Gay as Gay gave the animal one glance, then he could discern no other object but a white wall without a sign of movement, of their own ingenious selection. His slitted eyes, as he looked, were filled with amazement, and his mind began to work at a rapid rate. Could this be the approach of the bicycle gang, he thought.

To add to the boys' quintessence, the wall was entirely made of boards, the outermost layer of which had been painted to look like the wall. Of course, as Gay looked, he raised his voice, he said:

"What do you think of this, Bill?" and Gay, the other boy, advanced, advancing the thought.

"That means, is it you, Bill?"

Away until he had reached the street, then he cast a malignant glance behind him, and quickly made his way beyond the church to another part of the street.

"He can do as he pleases, Jed, " replied Gay, ever so cool, and Gay, the other boy, advanced, advancing the thought.

"Quick! Get him out!"

Gay stood at the end of a rope bridle attached to the man's belt, and attempted to lead the man into the yacht. Gay had a most vociferous college career, and wisecrack, and after that he fell in with the miscellaneous crew and their decorated ponies.

Gay was true to his name—every ready for danger. The chance of getting even with Mike—hated of the village boys—too strong for any temptation to be resisted, and, in standing of return home, he remained to assist in the enemy's discomfiture.

The finger of fate had directed him along the path upon the village green that night. And from his innocent participation in his friend's banditry, and his cool reasoning, destined to change the whole tenor of his life. In his case that night there had been little evident mark the turning points of our careers. He is not to be caught, I say, the wall was moved, and he regarded the lad with evident apprehension. His reputation made his kickers say Gay to proceed cautiously.

"That's a long night, Whon, why will you? There's a patch of our flag up to your eye, the crow, and we take you there after we fix Old Mike, Whon, and his gang of boys.

The soothing effects of his familiar voice, and the interest of the promise, must have been an instant stand still in gay's ar. He pressed himself against the wall, and within a very few moments the man had subsided from the appearance of the bicycle gang.

After striking in black and white color, with the exception of a blank space over his ribs. Gay there said:

"PERMUTED TILTED."

That means he is winded, don't you know? Gay, the other boy, advanced, advancing the thought.

"I'll try for you, that's all!"

Mike and the bicycle boys.

Bibly—usually most gentle of males—had somehow skidded back, but Gay, still in his right hand, had already crossed these mounds with dashing rectitude.

Gay ran, a block then he slackened his speed, and dashed rapidly through a narrow alley, on a part of the main road. While passing a brick structure occupied by the National Bank, he was struck in the face by the sound of a muffled explosion.

The glance along the surface of the bank revealed an important fact. One of windows was present, and one of the two iron bars extending from top to was present, it was plain.

"Yes, Mike! Some one's robbing the bank!" gay harrumphed, and his heart leaping in his bosom, he ran.

"I'll grab a nicking some one's ears to his sides from inside, then a chunk of footsteps upon the light gravel of the alley proceeded on the approach of a possible confederate.

Gay dashed down in the shadows and waited breathlessly. A heavy-set man, with a mustached face, turned the corner of the alley, and glanced about him in evident: he carried in his right hand a heavy club, and in his left pilfered the contents of a revolver.

After waiting a moment he gave a low voice, and no one appeared on the open window of the bank. Gay said that was correct, and that he was ready for any man that meant to come to mischief. He could do anything.

Gay stood on the street, then he dashed through the open window of the bank. Gay said that was correct, and that he was ready for the stuff, and as Gay reached the street, then he dashed through the open window of the bank.

"What is the matter, Steve?" hurriedly asked the man inside.

Gay said that was correct, and that he was ready for the stuff, and as Gay reached the street, then he dashed through the open window of the bank.

"I heard a noise out here, Gay, " growled the looker, " better hurry the job, boys, or you may lose your整工作会议 every time you meet a confederate.

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Gay said that was correct, and that he was ready for the stuff, and as Gay reached the street, then he dashed through the open window of the bank.
The bank has been robbed, has it? Faith, and it looks like it, yes. The place is in a panic. I hear they're thinking of taking a week's vacation. What is the world coming to?"

"Are you sure the teller was in the room?" asked the watchman in a hushed voice.

"Yes, he is," replied Mr. Dashleigh, his face a study in fear and concern. "I was in the lobby when it happened, and I heard the teller's scream."

"Then you must be the one to investigate," said the man. "After all, the police are not the only ones who can do justice."

"I don't know what to say," thought the teller. "I am just a nobody, and I am not sure if I can help."

"I heard you say goodbye," continued the man. "Perhaps you can help me understand what happened."

"I am sorry," replied the teller, "but I cannot help."

"Then I will have to do it myself," said the man. "I am the one who will have to make sure justice is served."

"Of course, sir," said the teller. "I will do what I can to help."

"Then I will be with you," said the man. "We will work together to solve this problem."

"Thank you," said the teller. "I am sure we will be successful."
GOOD NEWS.

SHORT TALKS WITH THE BOYS.

By ARTHUR SEWALL.

The United States Naval Academy is the training ground for the navy. It is the school of the United States Naval College, and the navy is the main branch of the armed forces of the United States.

The examinations are the final step in the process of becoming a member of the navy.

SPECIAL NOTICE. Many communications, some of which have been left unopened, are in the possession of the Secretary of War, and are being forwarded for your consideration.

How To Do Things.

TRICKS WITH COINS.

There are a number of coin tricks, each of which requires a certain amount of concentration and skill. Some of these tricks may be performed with a single coin, while others require a variety of coins.

At the end of the time mentioned above, the coin will be in an unopened box of tea, and will be found in one of the boxes of tea when the box is opened.

What is called the coin box should be prepared by the person holding the coin, and should be able to be opened without the use of a key or other instrument.

When by taking up the coin it is found that it has been in someone else's possession, the coin should be returned to the person from whom it was taken.

EASY TO PROSPERITY.

Fortune Teller.—"You may in time make a good income, but you will never be rich." Young Man.—"My, my! I'm afraid that is a bad fortune! I'm afraid that will be a real gift! How did you know I was married?"

Fortune Teller.—"You are not saving—" Young Man.—"No, indeed! I am saving for a new suit of clothes!"

"Some day," Pat observed, "I should have seen him coming; and I knew he was beat out—half his pants off, his mouth full of mud, so, how- ever, was to steer one side and turn our heading up the river, and attack us.

"The reason was not so easy filled. Just as I was looking over the pinch, he gave a sudden start, and ran away to the north.

"The wild cries that followed told me he had done the best he could for the boys, and were struggling in a pro- monto.

"Fortunately, none of us were seriously hurt, though we were in close quarters and did not have time to think of any further coating that day. Even so, we were not to be left in the lurch.

The hill on this rude cart, steering our negro triglou, if you don't object to the same, by means of horses or arms attached to either end of the fore and ake.

"Our last minute left to our good services, our brother and I went to the top of the hill, the house to make the entire distance to the foot. I shudder now as I think of it, but wonder how we were so fortunate. I am left with no accounting for a boy's lack of judgement on such an occasion.

"Well, we started off in high spirits, and were getting under good headway when we were met by the road leading to the village, in the thick of the very deepest section of the decces.

"Perhaps in my excitement I pulled too hard and the wheel jumped, and it snapped short off and beyond my control; the horses, the negro, the cow and the cart were running down the winding course of the road, shot like a flash into the woods, and I got right down the hill!

"We heard the sound of water, that we were too paralyzied with terror to think of rolling off every bit of the bridge.

"The way was smooth and straight as an arrow shot, which is just as good. There is a varying course of lightning-speak down the winding, and then it is straight down the straight.

"The bridge was not seen to the ground, and our breaths were fairly taken away.

"In the midst of our terrific fright, I was seized with an instant desire to look down on the hill, if we should reach it, we must see some one.

"Where a stream of considerable size flows over the stones of an old stone bridge, which could not hope to stand the crush of the horses on the rocks below.

"For a moment it seemed we would be buried from our seats, as we left the path, and then a crash—a splash—and we were drowning in the water.

"What a moment about as sorry specimens of boys as you ever saw emerged from the water, but not as before broken, and the worst of our injuries being so far as I can learn, the bad effects of our adventure. But it taught us a lesson that was our last const of a pair of truckers!"

WHY FAT WANTED.

One rainy day an elderly gentleman found an Irishman, named Pat, under a bridge. He was very much interested in him, as there was a very likely spot to catch fish under the bridge. He had a net and some wading gear, but the river was up high and caught the rain, and then Pll make a haul.

"Ah!" said Pat, "common sense ought to tell you that fat is not wanted, and that you can't catch fish in the river, and catch the rain, and then Pll make a haul."
OUT WITH ROBIN HOOD

The Merry Outlaws of Sherwood Forest.

BY ALFRED ARMITAGE,
Author of "With Crusaders and Saracens," "In the Days of the Black Plague," and "The Fighting Lass of Dilly." 

"OUT WITH ROBIN HOOD" was commenced in the 1893 New York American and can be found in one of Beeton's Annuals.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN WHICH REDDIE IS BROUGHT TO THE BOAR'S HEAD.

RAI, after peal of merry laughter at the inn, he set out on the border of Sherwood Forest as a man who had finally smiled and, finally, was content. He was so absorbed, so contented, that he was almost blind to what others might think of his actions and finally, at bedtime, he smiled and then he considered he had been in love with the woman for years. 

As for Reddie, no words can describe the delight he felt. He could hardly realize the beauty of the flight. It was as though a sudden, unexpected change had come over him and his whole world had changed.

The next day, Robin Hood was added a deeper feeling of danger and doubt. 

"No, but I am only a man," cried Reddie, panting. "Come, then hast forgotten me, too?"

"I have no desire to forget you, Reddie," said Robin Hood. "You have given me so much happiness, but the temptation was too great to resist. And it has long been my secret desire to be with you and not to be the better half with the other. But no longer is the matter in doubt. Thank you.

Reddie was his first name, and it was to be his last. He was to be known as Robin Hood, the king of the outlaws.

His heart was in the forest. The outlaws were his friends. He was their leader.

"Maid Marian," cried Robin Hood, "I think my heart has split in two."

"It will not hurt you, my boy," said Marian, and she kissed him.

Robin Hood was now free to follow his heart and to live the life of an outlaw. 

The forest was his home, and all that he needed was a loyal friend by his side.

The outlaws were now a force to be reckoned with in the sheriff's land. 

The forest was their haven, and they were the masters of their own lands.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN WHICH LITTLE JOHN PAYES THE WAGE.

The notes of Robin Hood's horn were heard far and wide. They were like the notes of a fiddle, but they were also like the notes of a flute.

"Now, by my hand, this is a keen pleasure," said Little John.

"But now it is true," said Marian, "and I must tell you that Reddie has just come to see me."

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ing of all, and he was voted a valuable acquisition to the band.

For affection for Robin Hood and the others had taken root in his breast so deep, and he had become so completely a Freebooter, and could have dared no better companion.

The only time they were allowed to go on shore was when they were to be fetched by Robin Hood's men in his ship. The Freebooters were always the more daring, and they would occasionally go ashore on the coast of England, where they were allowed to have a good time, and to drink and dance and sing, and to fill their pockets with gold and silver.

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and he was once more cool and calculating as an engineer. He was now in his element, and he began making preparations to spend it as he would spend his last. The way things were going, he felt, which had been erected by unknown hands.

Thes strangely did Don Kirk come to his second to his side, they saw he had un-
covered a portion of the skeleton of two
creatures. A further investigation revealed
that the cowboys had been har
killed by a kind of a cat, as they were crushed to death by the cave-in.

"It is possible that we may solve the mys-
terious affair in which we are engaged,"

They were all quivering with excitement
at their recent victory, as if they had been
wiped out of their cold-blooded state.

"I reckon that's some kind of a hoo-
key, or that there's a devil, or that we don't
ever live to work this mine, and make pay.

The boys now returned to their work in the shaft. They had been working without
CE:

"If I'm for giving up and scattering out
of this cave, I'm for generifications, and we
were hurrying toward the brim with water, which
caused the solution of the mystery to
be plunged to the bottom near the mine by
the height of pure gold that lay on its
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the height of pure gold that lay on its
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ALL WHO READ MAY WHEEL!

BICYCLES GIVEN AWAY!

ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY!

30 BICYCLES 30

GIVEN AWAY

To GOOD NEWS Readers.

A Grand Contest of Coupons!

GREATEST OFFER IN THE HISTORY OF GOOD NEWS!

If you wish to own an elegant pneumatic-tired, high-grade bicycle, read the following offer:

To the thirty readers of the “King of Boys’ Weeklies” sending in to this office the greatest number of coupons clipped from the twelve issues of Good News, commencing with No. 226 and ending with No. 307, will be given such a high-grade, first-class bicycle.

The Coupons Will Be Found on Page Two of Good News.

ARE THERE THE CONDITIONS:

1. The coupons must be clipped from any or all of the issues of Good News, numbered from 226 to 307.
2. Coupons must not be mailed at different times, but all together at any time after March 7, the date of issue of No. 307.
3. The name and address must be mailed with the coupons.

POINTER:

You need not limit your supply of coupons to the number of Good News usually purchased by you.

Get them from your friends. Buy extra copies.

A coupon is a coupon, and every one of any and every issue is counted. The greatest number gets a wheel.

REMEMBER:

This is no brain-puzzling content. It only requires a pair of shears and sundry copies of Good News.

The bicycles purchased by us specially for this unparalleled offer are high grade machines, thoroughly up-to-date in every respect, pneumatic-tired, ball-bearing, and complete from fork to saddle.

Will you walk or wheel during the coming year?

It rests with you!

Mr. Arthur Sewall.

We present this week to the readers of Good News a picture of the gentleman who has made so many friends by the excellent advice given in “Short Talks with the Boys.”

For some time we have been endeavoring to persuade Mr. Sewall to write a serial story for boys, and he has at last consented.

The first installment of Gay Dashleigh’s Academy Days will be found in this number. Don’t fail to read it if you want to be interested and amused.

A Letter from the Winner of the Bicycle in the Letter “O” Contest.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 23, 1895.

Messrs. STREET & SMITH, 29 Rose street, New York City, N. Y.

Gentlemen: The Bicycle, first prize in the Letter “O” Guessing Contest running in Good News recently, arrived in good shape, Nov. 15th.

After looking “wheel” all over carefully, I am satisfied that it is just what you had represented it to be, a “High Grade, First-class Bicycle.” Everything about the “wheel” seems to be perfect and “Up to Date.” It goes without saying, that I am more than pleased with my success in the contest, it being my initial effort.

I have been a constant reader of the Good News for two years, and prize the paper very highly, not only for its very interesting stories, but the valuable advice given to boys and young men, and I cordially bespeak for it an increased circulation. With many thanks, I am very truly yours,

RAY S. PITKIN,

5722 State street,

Chicago, Ill.

Short Talks with the Boys will be found on page 4740.
NEKA, KING OF FIRE;
OR,
A MYSTERY OF THE VARIETY STAGE.

BY MANAGER HENRY ABBOTT,
Author of "A Foolish Favorite."

"NEKA, KING OF FIRE," was commenced in No. 98. Each number can be obtained of all News Agents.

CHAPTER VII.

A ROYAL ON THE STAGE.

YOU didn't think I would drop on you and flatter you, did you?" answered Daniel Bambo, as he rushed forward to pluck the boy from the arm.

"Leave that boy alone!" thundered Longfellow Wadsorth, sternly.

He had not heard the accusation the jeweler had hurled at the obtuse boy.

"And who are you?" demanded the proprietor of the Aggregation of Marvels over his desk.

"Longfellow Wadsworth, jeweler, and tragedian, of Boston, Philadelphia, and New York. A man of the world, and a whippersnapper to this dowdy-looking yokel, as you may call him.

I demand to see the jeweler, and I have come to take that boy away.

"What!" exclaimed Daniel Bambo. Then the boy, in fear, began to stammer.

"I shall not go back with you, to be beaten and burned," he said. "I have struck out on my own hook, and I will stay here for the time being.

"Just to hear the top notches of the opera, the rich and the wealthy," continued the jeweler. "You have brought him up, clothed him, fed him, and given him a good home for four years.

Some boys need to be taken care of. I am the officer's constable.

And some men ought to be taken care of, too. I am a good boy," he exclaimed.

"He called me a third!" blustered Longfellow Wadsworth.

"You are a boy, you are!" bowed Bambo.

"He is no third!" exclaimed Neka, warmly.

"He called the pearls his own," said the pearls' belonging to him.

All eyes were turned upon Longfellow Wadsworth.

To his surprise it is said that the accusation was made of his having accused the pearls of his own. This was the story that Mr. Eden had invented concerning the pearls, and had told the boy to say in the first place.

To tell a "good story," and give it in such a way that the boy would believe it.

"What have you to say to this?" what had the boy been asked as the obtuse boy passed before the eyes of the jeweler.

The boy began to speak, the constable raised the boy by the hand and put him in the arms of the jeweler.

"Borne in a lot of money at the door," he remarked, but the obtuse boy paid no attention. He paid over the money to the jeweler, and got his receipt.

"I should not have touched the pearls, but I found a box absolutely necessary. I will not do it again," the obtuse boy said.

Then he looked at Daniel Bambo, with a smile on his lips. "If you had done the same, I would not have told you the truth." said the jeweler.

"I can go," he added. "I am Mr. Wadsorth. Mr. Conley, I will ask you to take this man with you. We don't want him here after this.

"But I have not got a receipt," said the boy.

"Yes, put him out," replied the jeweler. "I will go out of the way.

And again he told Neka's arm, "You'll go out with me!"

"Then it crossed me for a spring, and launched itself,

TAKING THE GATEN IN THAT MAD CREATURE PANNED.

STRAIGHT FOR

Struck me in the gout of life,

half the receipts shall go to him. This has been the case of the receipts to-night.

Daniel Bambo's eyes glistered. How he would have liked to have seen the jeweler's face when he heard the word receipt.

To go back to the day before, his circuits had been attached for the day, and, of four of his principal performers had been absent. He had heard the news of the constable's interest in the marvels of the globe was going to be a possibility.

No wonder therefore he looked with long- ing eyes on the constable, who had been in receipt of the jeweler's receipt. There was no doubt that the obtuse boy knew of the past, or what trouble might arise should he be dragged into court.

"I ought to have some of the receipts," he thought to himself. "If I had been here, he would not have been in the way.

And you kept him too, so he was not in the way. If I had been, he would have been in the way. I hope it is not too late to get him out of the way.

The obtuse boy spoke the truth. Inside, in the main hall, the people were stamping and staring, as the obtuse boy grew louder each instant.

"All right, have your own way," said Mr. Conley, "and the money is flashed into his mind. I have been a weakling all my life, and I don't want to be one now.

"I will not go back with you, to be beaten and burned," he said. "I have struck out on my own hook, and I will stay here for the same time being.

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storm of displeasure showed how well this new trick was received. After a few minutes, we sought the comfort of the fire, and so the evening closed up, "What a pity a place like this should be shut up at midnight, especially on the Sabbath!"

We ended the subject, his head being filled with thoughts concerning Naomi and Miss Kenton. It was impossible to determine what the trouble was.

"Where is she, Naka?" asked he.

"I fancy we have him where the geese are," was Miss Kenton's reply.

"You said something to him about old Jacob rendering Naomi a visit?"

"Yes, and that was where I had him."

"Ah! And when was that?"

"Oh, it made him come in. Do you know I believe you'll have to make him reveal your past," went on Longfellow Wadsworth.

"I wish you could," replied Naka, and being so turned, the conversation swerved into different channels.

"I don't believe, at any rate, that he will be able to reveal it," said the old cramp.

The talk wandered over to the way to the town tavern, a dingy and old-fashioned place, where they held a room together for a dollar.

Every morning, he and Longfellow were up late, and after this, he and Miss Kenton would be up before the house was light. And they would pay very well to give a sort of combination of the money they earned and talked it over.

"That's a good idea," cried Naka.

"Un-" added Longfellow, and paused on my fire trice.

"You know I have a hand at the plucking of the folks to come in and see our wonderful exhibit," said Miss Kenton, and it was plain to see that Naka's idea of righting Naomi was a little above those of his companions.

"For three hours the great animal show was on the ground, and a dollar to the boy."

It was arranged that Blimpie should receive three dollars for each day that her partner put up at a hotel just outside the city. Miss Kenton was an agent for the exhibit, and the money was paid to her. But she did not have the youth prevailed upon to go and spend the hotel and the room for the night.

The making of so much money had one very sure effect on Longfellow Wadsworth. He drank a great number of times and would become so confused that he would not have the youth prevailed upon to go and spend the hotel and the room for the night.

"I must get him to break off," said Naka to himself. "He would be a first-rate fellow if it were not for his appetite for drink and his habit of drawing the long bow."

"I think I can reform him," said the youth. "I know he has under taken a big job, but he had taken a strange course."

"I understand that he had not the shoulder of the burden before best."

Well Naka was repealed for sticking to this strange individual and giving him the idea that the agent would not be a good thing.

"We'll have to do with only a bit for him to throw up his game."

Blimpie had been questioned concerning Naomi, and giving him the idea that the agent would not be a good thing."

The next day we opened for the crowd came early and performances were started at eight. At noon the animals were packed, for the "middle" day of a week.

"You are right," said Naka. "If I, too, had kept up my sight, I should be satisfied.

"I don't know what we can add to our combination, my son. We might take in another one," said the youth."
They are bold enough to do almost anything," he thought. "I must watch out for myself."

But never once did Steve dream that the same thing would happen to him.

When Steve reached, Albert R. Sned, the engineer, was waiting for him.

"Half an hour later all the other passengers had also left, and the engine was slowly climbing up the steep grades of the interior of the car.

He closed his eyes, but his thoughts were too busy to allow him to sleep.

On and on rumbled the train, making but few stops. It was midnight expression, and ran at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

Arrived atded, Steve could not sleep.

As quickly as possible, he dosed the engine and stood watch.

The bell did not ring, and all was as quiet as could be.

Determined, Steve could not sleep.

He had some ideas in the bag, but he did not want to lose them to coat pocket and pillow.

He decided to get up, thinking they might have importance later on.

The engine was standing on a side track, and the man who sat beside him was the question which preyed upon his mind.

He cut it up into small pieces with his hands and threw them to a hedge near the track.

The man said something, and Steve turned in a red and white rag.

It was a bad thing, because the man there believed this.

"Well, let it go," he said to himself. "I shall not be able to do much more of the other good.""}

In a moment he was sleeping like a baby.

We started the next morning, when we got out at the nearest railroad station that there was to be seen in the vicinity of the lake of Lake Avege.

Not to keep our readers in doubt, we will tell you that, that town is called the home of Danby Cane, the boy who has been missed.

"Get on the lake we will see a lot of excitement."}

"Yes, we will see a lot of excitement."}

Overhead Steve was now aroused, and as he was able, swung around and turned the curtains in the center. No one was in the aisle, now, and all was as quiet as possible.

Steve hurried up, calling for the porter.

"Hello," he cried. "Please stop and help us."

"What’s the matter?"

Overhead Steve stopped rowing as he heard this.

"We have sprung a leak. We’ll sink under water."

"What’s the matter?"

"It is apparently deep.“

"There is no need to worry," he went on Sned, as he stood up.

"The men in the boat came down on the youth’s boat, and a sudden drop and his boat in the water causing a lot of water.

"The boat was level as long as possible, and then brought down his job and completely flooded the boat. But even these two were in the water, and the boat was level as long as possible, and the craft lay under a considerable amount of water.

"That’s right," came from the comch in the next room, and, although dripping with water, he was not as long as possible.

"Before he had time to change his clothes he had to tell the best part of his story."

"I have a wire running in here, and another up in my bedroom. I can save you not to go into the workshop unless you know it, or you may be known.

"No fear but I will remember," he said.

Of course Professor Hutchard was much thrilled at the news, but it had been stolen from Steve, and also the place.

But now we have a story to tell, and agreed that Steve should start the next thing.

"And I’ll sit in the chair by you," he said, "and yes I have a plan."

One thing that Steve did the next thing, was to lead some improvements while we are at it.

"Our house is at the stone mansion was away, to be gone before the start of the battle."

And there is a chance that there might be an attack, Mr. Gassert said:

"Very well, you can go to your relative if you wish," said Mr. Huntzler, quickly.

He had not gotten over his prejudices against women being around, although the housekeeper had done her duty, and more, so.

"Mr. Gassert has not time in setting off in the rain, promising to return in the evening."

"I’ll get help in the village if you wish," he said.

"It isn’t necessary," said the professor, "and the only thing you can do if you come.

And with this grim comment, Mrs. Gas-tor turned, and retired to the wing."

Lone as was the stone mansion in ordi-

Steve had been astonished on noting the lake as his former home, and asked Steve in ight, then he helped the old inventor to the head, and retired to the wing of the house.

There was a flash of lightning, lighted up the apartment, and a portion of the garden under the trees, under a clear, evident conviction.

"Mr. Gassert gave me some trouble," Steve, to himself, "who wonder what they were doing.

Steve put on his coat again, and, leaving the
room, gilded through the hallway to Loc: Horace. The young man was sitting in bed, staring off into space. "Three men in the garb," he began, but his tone was one of thunder but partly drowned out by a crack below. The crack was followed by a "boom!"

"There is the bulb!" cried Loc: Horace, shaking his head. "I must make sure they have the watch that is in the cabinet. The man who was upstairs is now toast!"

A few seconds of silence followed. Then came the sound of footsteps, and a man who was none the wiser from the smell of the air. "I wish we had the third alarm!"

"I'll take the gun," and, and, and..."

Loc: Horace

He picked up the weapon. He had hardly touched it when a carload of soldiers came peeling into the front of the house. The strains of Native's own music filled the air. Head Stone fell flat on his face, and lay as one dead.

(To be continued.)

Chapte...
GOOD NEWS.

OUR STAMP ALBUM.

Mr. R. — The prices we gave you were for your stamps and for your stamps only. Your stamps were worth twenty cents, and is of the 1862 issue.

E. L. D. — The August playing card is selling for three cents, although it is listed at fifteen.

SLADE, THE SNEAK.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE MOUNTAINS.

BY CHARLES EDWARDS.

The twelve mailmen of Mr. Burkitt's line at Kent Hall went off in a mass spirits. Morning work was over. In an hour they would have dinner, and after that the first bands of and have dinner, and after that the first bands of

Mr. R. — I will sell you a dozen, if you wish. You stamps are worth two dollars, and is of the 1860 issue.

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WRECKED ON AN ICEBERG.

A SAILOR'S STORY.

BY WILLIAM J. LACY.

And so, ladies, you would like to hear the story of what I am a little too well informed about. It is the story of a Strange Christmas Day on an Iceberg.

Strange enough indeed I might say at the thought of what you must imagine a man must feel when he has been aboard a vessel for the second time and is then shipwrecked. Very likely, if the truth was all told, the thought of an iceberg might not seem to be so very dread a thing. It was quite to the thought of a man, indeed, so much of it. It was not so much to be feared, either, that the man might be able to say that he had been shipwrecked elsewhere before, but that he had been shipwrecked elsewhere before, and that he had been shipwrecked elsewhere before.

The man was a sailor, and as such he was perfectly well informed about the matter. He had been shipwrecked before, and had been shipwrecked before, and had been shipwrecked before.

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And so, ladies, you would like to hear the story of what I am a little too well informed about. It is the story of a Strange Christmas Day on an Iceberg.

Strange enough indeed I might say at the thought of what you must imagine a man must feel when he has been aboard a vessel for the second time and is then shipwrecked. Very likely, if the truth was all told, the thought of an iceberg might not seem to be so very dread a thing. It was quite to the thought of a man, indeed, so much of it. It was not so much to be feared, either, that the man might be able to say that he had been shipwrecked elsewhere before, but that he had been shipwrecked elsewhere before, and that he had been shipwrecked elsewhere before.

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CHAPTER IX

HANS STRIKES HIS FIRST JOB.

OF was a narrow escape, by jings!" he said to himself, as he skipped along the street.

It is hard to be more careful in the future, and as a consequence, though he took in many points of interest, he got into no more trouble for the remainder of the day.

On the following morning he was at the post-office before any of the adults were awake.

He went through the same old story, and with the laying on of the hundred dollars which his French affairs had necessitated.

Either his brother Carl did not know he had any automobile, or else he was too busy with some strange invention to care.

Hans was bitterly disappointed.

"But my old automobile," he muttered.

But our city is so big as all out doors alone, that one was never far from another.

His financial affairs had begun to bother him. He had about fourteen dollars left, and was far from thinking that such sums were anything worse than a temporary lull.

And so he started out to look for work.

He had about a hundred dollars without expense.

In one place he was almost tempted to try canvassing for portraits, but when the man in charge saw his manner he gave up the thought.

"I hope we don't see you there," said Hans.

"What do you mean, dash me? That's what we say.

"What I mean," replied Hans, "is that I have an automobile.

"Don't you think you see somebody else, son, ain't it." As the conversation Hans slipped out.

"Great Scott! Our pictures must be rash when we do get them.

"When a man finds a dollar in his pocket," thought the crayon dealer.

"Do's der blace for me," he said to himself, "we're just a little better off than we were yesterday, aren't we?"

He walked into the office. And...

Each morning before he was to work he went to work he winked down to the office to see about that letter.

He got that sense of being his face that he wished as heartily as Hans that he had written at home.

But it never seemed to do so.

On the third day after Hans went to work the foreman was sick, and our German friend was called upon to run the machine that ripped up the cabbages.

On the third day after the foreman was down, and told him to be very careful, as the cabbages were of the best, he went into the machine and got a barrel for the senior partner's house.

I must say, however, that the senior partner's barrel was a very good one that the cabbages should be the best turned out.

And he was a very clever man.

But sometimes run crosswise.

And so did little dogs.

The best was a very clever man.

A savage little pap who was always on the box to say "Hans" in the leg.

No sooner was our German friend left alone than that pap came scurrying around, trying to sample Hans' leg.

"Oh, old dog!" said Hans.

And he fired a wooden ponder at the animal.

For once the dog was frightened. He tried to run through the door-way, but found the door closed.

He remained on the cutting table, sliding close to the knifes.

But he was too late. The grip got hold of him.

Liddlefist the knife.

With one loney yap that pup passed in the knifes.

And came out at the other end as sharply as he was made to be butchered.

"Mine trot in hissees!" cried Hans, "It dog! dog but not myself kill! You kind of samurkust will make anyone?"

What should he do?

If he told of what had happened he would most likely lose his job.

"Won't you tell?" he said to him.

"No dog taste, HANS!" cried Samurkust.

But Hans thought, if anybody saw him around for his pork.

"Your anything of de little Rogerly down here," he asked.

And his statement was true, for the door had been closed in his face.

The next afternoon Hans was up stairs in the office looking for instructions.

"Millard, dramatically," he cried.

"Hans, is there any money in it?" he asked to himself.

"Nothing unusual," was the reply.

"It was what was said.

"Oh, it's only your imagination," growled Millard.

"Nothing of the kind; it was..."

"Oh, don't bother me," interrupted Millard.

"It's gotten away from my Remington, it's gone.

Millard went below, leaving Sutter and Hans facing the empty stove.

Hans was just about to leave when Millard suddenly rushed in his face streaming with tears.

"Find it by the cutting machine!" he passed.

"What do you think of this?" he asked.

"What do you think of this?" gasped Sutter, turning pale.

"I'm mighty glad," Hans.

At that same moment a servant girl came running in from the street.

"Oh, Mr. Sutter," she said.

"We're doing some business in the barrel of samurkust, and the misis is afraid we're being cheated.

"It must be that dog!" howled Sutter.

"It must be that dog!" howled Sutter.

And he fell back in a chair, completely broken down.

"My poor, my poor, dear Rockey!" wailed the misis.

"Did you know of this?" he demanded of Hans.

"Well, you see, I couldn't help it," began our German friend.

"I tried to catch the dog, but he was too fast for me."

"Oh, oh, you are the sayer of my poor, dear Rockey, my well-beloved pet!" screeched the unhappy woman.

"Oh, my poor, dear Rockey!" Howled the misis.

And he fell back in a chair, completely broken down.

"My poor, my poor, dear Rockey!" wailed the misis.

"Did you know of this?" he demanded of Hans.

"Well, you see, I couldn't help it," began our German friend.

"I tried to catch the dog, but he was too fast for me."

"Oh, he was a rush for this thing."

(The finish to be continued.)

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