The Peg-Leg Aerial Company, Limited.

A Story of the California Desert.

By John H. Whitson,

Author of "Heroes of the Hills" and "Among the Gypsys."

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

The Peg-Leg Company consists of the parties—Joshua Stabler, the mason; Jack Jabber, the miner; Professor Trotter, Bill Jordon, scientist; Jack Callum, and a boy named Toby Mayhew. The company is engaged in working for the Peg-Leg Gold Mine, and hopes to reach it by means of a balloon, as it is supposed to be located between high mountains near the Pacific coast. They reach the starting point, inhale the balloon, and begin the ascent, when they discover a sandstorm brewing. A gray cloud darkens the sky. The wind changes, and the balloon is driven through space. Suddenly Toby Mayhew finds himself falling from the balloon.
CHAPTER V.
A HELPING HAND.

WHEN Toby Mayhew regained consciousness and his senses, he was lying on the beach, his head resting on a cushion of sand, his body covered with a blanket. He was pale, thin, and weak, but a smile played about his lips as he looked up at the sky.

"I'm alive," he whispered softly. "I'm alive!"

He sat up slowly, his eyes assessing the surroundings. The sun was high in the sky, but the breeze was cool and refreshing. The sound of waves crashing against the shore filled his ears and a sense of familiarity washed over him.

"Toby!" A voice called out from the sand. Toby looked around and saw his friend, John, running towards him. Toby waved back, feeling both relieved and happy.

"John!" he called back. "What are you doing here?"

John smiled. "I came to find you. I heard about the accident and I couldn't just sit by and do nothing."

Toby laughed, feeling lighter. "None of that would have happened if I hadn't gone out to sea."

"But you're here now," John said, sitting down next to him. "And you're safe."

Toby nodded, feeling grateful. "Yes, I am. Thank you, John."

"Anytime," John said, patting Toby on the shoulder. "Let's just make sure you don't get into any more dangerous situations."

Toby laughed, feeling content. "No worries, John. I learned my lesson."

John nodded, then stood up. "I'll go back and check on the others."

Toby waved him off. "Go ahead. But don't tell them I'm awake yet."

John smiled. "Got it. Take care, Toby."

Toby watched him go, feeling both relieved and grateful. He closed his eyes, feeling the warmth of the sun on his face and the cool breeze on his skin. He knew he had a long road ahead of him, but he was alive, and that was all that mattered.

Toby Mayhew

THE END.

P.S. Toby and John ended up spending the night on the beach, sharing stories and making plans for the future. They both knew they had been lucky, but they also knew they had been foolish. They vowed to be more careful in the future and to always think about the consequences of their actions. They left the beach the next morning, feeling renewed and determined to make the most of their lives.
A PERFECT FAIRYLAND

DEEP in the heart of Wildenmoor Ridge, the highest ridge of the region that slopes away toward the northern uplands, there is an enchanted place. A place where the air is heavy with the scent of blooming wildflowers, where the moonlight illuminates the gentle slopes of the ridge. A place where time seems to stand still.

**A TRAITOR UNMASKED**

I t was a matter of life and death. And it was as if the entire world was watching. Like Doc Welton and Dan Mortimer, the lives of these men were intertwined. One false move, and it could all go up in smoke.

**FAREWELL**

The world was a cruel and unforgiving place. For those who dared to dream, the consequences could be severe. But for the few who dared to stand up for what was right, the skies above them were clear.

---

**FAREWELL**

FAREWELL, my friend. I wish I could offer you another barrel of grog, but the end is near. I hope you find peace in death. And remember, whatever happens, I'll always be here in spirit, watching over you.

---

**FAREWELL**

FAREWELL, my dearest. I wish I could stay and watch over you always. But I must go, for my time has come. I'll never forget the love we shared. And I know you'll never forget me.

---

**FAREWELL**

FAREWELL, my friend. I'll always remember our times together. I wish I could offer you one last drink, but it's too late. I'll miss you, but I know you'll find peace in death.

---

**FAREWELL**

FAREWELL, my love. I wish I could stay, but my time is up. I'll always remember the days we shared. And I know you'll never forget me.
behind the footlights: or, the adventures of fred leslie on the stage and off
by manaker henry abbot
author of "a footlight fancy," "nine, king of the stage," etc.
back to the footlights! this month is devoted to all news and
chapter xvi.

in which our hero is engaged in the mysteries of a regular theater.

the piles of empty crates against which mr. leslie was crouching, and
communicated by the stage-hands shifted around, and through the line of direction window, to the prompter, who was stationed with the prompter's assistance, to remove the confused pile.

he was loth to encounter such a vision, even at a distance, of the manager reach mr. bowes. he was unconscious, and his name was still not a favorite with the critics. there was the custom of a prologue sometimes experienced by the rogues, namely, to be placed at the head of the crowded audience, and to be labeled in a short speech, whereupon the author's name was never written on the order of the house, he was permitted to call on the managers, and was allowed to remove the confusion.

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GOOD NEWS.

Chapter XVII.

The Bride's Arrival.

In reply to the request of the "Good News" of yesterday, Miss Frances Bowers, the beautiful young actress, arrived this morning and engaged in the management of the Grand Opera House. Miss Bowers is a very talented actress, and is certain to add much to the success of the opera. She is a native of Philadelphia, and has been engaged in the dramatic art for several years. She is a very pretty woman, and has a great deal of the stage talent. She is to appear in the new play, "The Bride's Arrival," which is to be produced at the Grand Opera House. The play is a very good one, and is sure to be a great success.

Chapter XVIII.

The Spring Dance.

The spring dance was held last night at the Grand Opera House. It was a very large and fashionable affair, and was attended by a great many people. The room was beautifully decorated, and was filled with flowers and candles. The music was excellent, and the dance lasted until late in the evening. Many people were present, and the party was very gay and amusing. The dance was a great success, and was enjoyed by all who attended it.
GOOD NEWS.

CIVIL WAR.

Before I learned the way to swim, my father used to talk about the need for tuition. He told me that, in order to make my body more supple, I should practice by swimming in the pool. I used to think about it, but never really did anything about it until I was old enough to try. And then, one day, I swam for the first time.

And so the day came when I was able to swim. I felt happy, but also a little bit nervous. I had never really been in the pool before, but I had heard stories about it. I wondered what it would be like to be in the water, to feel it around me, to move through it. I knew that it was something I didn't want to miss.

As I approached the pool, I felt a sense of excitement build up inside of me. I took a deep breath, and then I plunged into the water. At first, it was a bit scary. I didn't know what to expect, and I was afraid of the unknown. But then, something strange happened. I started to feel at home in the water. I felt a sense of freedom and power that I had never experienced before. I swam with my arms and legs, and I felt like I was flying.

And so I swam, and I swam. I swam with all of my might, feeling the power of the water as it pushed against me. I felt like I was in control, like I was the one steering the ship. And then, as I swam, I realized that I had found something that I loved. Something that made me feel alive, and happy, and free.

And so I continued to swim, day after day. I swam with all of my heart, and I swam with all of my mind. I swam to clear my head, to calm my nerves, to let my worries slip away. I swam to feel alive, and to feel free. And in doing so, I discovered something that I had never thought possible. I discovered that swimming was more than just a way to pass the time. It was a way to find myself, and to find peace.

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A LUCKY TUMBLE.
NEW AND NOVEL
Prize
Competition.

TWO HUNDRED PRIZES
To GOOD NEWS Readers
For Collecting Postmarks.

There are over seventy thousand post offices in the United States, not to mention those of other countries. Each one of these post offices uses a different system for postmarking outgoing mail. The collection of these postmarks has become a hobby, and Good News is doing its best to encourage the most gigantic collection in the world.

To achieve this result we ask our readers to assist, and to make it worthwhile while we have decided to reward those among whom the contest will do.

TWO HUNDRED VALUABLE PRIZES
CONSISTING OF
Photograph Cameras,
Opera Glasses,
Printing Presses,
Watches,
Typewriters,
Jewelry,
Instructive and Entertaining Novels,
Etc.
Etc.

Any kind of postmark will be accepted, as long as it is not a forgery, not a synthetic, not a facsimile, and not a counterfeited postmark. The value of the prizing will be based on the rarity and desirability of the postmark.

Only one stipulation is made, that the postmarks must be genuine and not pasted on the blank appearing week by week in Good News. Unless the postmarks, after they are cut off, are made of the old envelope you can be either lose, borrow or find, are placed on free and will be worthless.

Each blank form contains space for eight postmarks. If you have more than one blank form, ask your friends to help you by buying Good News and giving you the forms, or you can purchase extra copies from your newsdealer or the publishers.

Do not send your postmarks until the contest is announced as closed.

Send all at once, you will save postage and stand just as a chance of winning a prize. The reputation of Good News is a guarantee of the perfect fairness with which the prizes will be awarded.

The blank form will be found on the back page of Good News each week, until further notice. Address:

PENINSULAI DEPARTMENT, GOOD NEWS
332 William Street, New York.

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SYNOPSIS OF PECULIAR CHARTERS.

The surprising experience of four
hope-less folk, Bob, Joe and Trune,
which started them in the south-
western part of Missouri and
according to the old traditions of
the South. They were three true
men, three brave men.

The dog’s nose went to the ground,
caught the scent, and then away he
went, giving tongue in the direst
need of his master. The hounds
bark and yap, and the hounds
chasing each other and looking
at each other.

"Shore afores you was hit," laughed
Mr. Jimmerson.

"With a common impulse they entered
and commenced calling my name. Of
course there was no response.

"Shore he didn’t go back to the house!
I wondered why, but then I realized
what was going on.

"Well, that gets me!" exclaimed Bob.
"Then he stopped along the trail, winning
the ground scrappily.

"Yes he be!
They rushed toward him.

"That is—I mean for he'd just
get himself into the woods
and away over the hills and
valleys.

Mr. Jimmerson, while your friends
are rehearsing their personal injuries, one
man is getting farther away. We had better
be starting, for it's getting darker
every moment.

Have you decided on a plan of
proceedure?"

He could not help adding the latter
rather sarcastically, for they had
completed considerable time in listening
to various methods proposed and tales of
similar happenings in years gone by.

"I'm going to get to bed earlily,
"answered Mr. Jimmerson.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHAT WENT ON WITH OUR STEVE.

"Now this year I am going to be
kindly treated in this
scientific-like," said Mr. Jimmerson.

"Run along and get a charge of
'musketry', and then
head for the next town.

"Now it's time you were
away from here."

Mr. Jimmerson had left.

"I'll run along and get a charge
of 'musketry', and then
head for the next town.

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GOOD NEWS.

A FLYING TRIP NORTH;

ON SCHOOLBOY FROCKS Mid Snow and lee.

BY WINIFRED J. RANDOLPH.

There was a wish in the air, and those familiar with the weather guess that there must have been a big gust of wind. The sky looked immense, and the clouds were rolling by like great waves of mist.

The day had been a perfect one for flying. The air was clear, and the sun was shining brightly. The wind was light, and there were no clouds on the horizon. It was a perfect day for a flying trip.

The party consisted of five people: Mr. and Mrs. Smith, their son, Jack, and a friend, Mr. Brown. They had decided to take a trip to the north to see the snow and the ice.

They started early in the morning, and after a short drive, they arrived at the airport. They boarded their plane, a small biplane, and took off into the sky.

The flight was uneventful, and they soon arrived at their destination. They landed in a field, and got out of the plane to stretch their legs.

They walked around the field, taking in the sights. The snow was beautiful, and the ice was sparkling in the sun.

They walked back to the plane, and got back in to fly back home. The flight was just as uneventful as the first one, and they soon arrived back at the airport.

They got out of the plane, and said goodbye to each other. They were all tired, but happy to have had such a wonderful experience.

Mr. Smith said, "I think we all had a great time today. It was a perfect day for flying."

Mrs. Smith said, "I agree. I think we should do this again sometime."

Jack said, "I loved it! I want to fly again."

Mr. Brown said, "I think we should plan another trip like this."

They all said goodbye to each other, and went their separate ways.

It was a perfect day for flying, and they all had a wonderful time.
GOOD NEWS.

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SPRING MORT'GAGE PAYMENTS DUE THIS MONTH!

[Paragraphs from the text are not visible or legible.]

CHICAGO, IL - The city of Chicago is facing a financial crisis due to a series of unexpected events. The municipal government has announced that it is unable to make the monthly mortgage payments on the city's properties, which include city-owned homes, schools, and hospitals. The crisis has raised concerns about the city's ability to maintain its infrastructure and provide essential services.

The situation has prompted Mayor Thompson to announce a emergency budget cuts, including layoffs of city workers and reductions in services. The mayor has also requested federal assistance to help alleviate the crisis. However, many residents are skeptical about the government's ability to provide the necessary support.

Despite the challenges, some residents are urging the city to make difficult decisions to ensure the long-term stability of the city. "We need to face reality and make tough choices," said one resident. "It's time for us to come together and find a solution."
THEME CRUSHES OR, BOYS OF THE WRECK

BY HORACE G. CLAY.

"THEME CRUSHER" WAS COMMISSIONED IN 1842 AND NOW STANDS AS THE MOST NOTABLE VESSEL ON NEW AMONG.

CHAPTER XXXV.
WHO WAS THE SHIP?

"Tom was so amazed at his meeting with my boys, and the time being, forgot all about his illness..."

"I'm coming to my last, kids. It were about thirteen years ago when I started..."

"I'm a galleon, you know. It is a different place from where he heard the ship's sound.

"Let's get to our cave," proposed Jack.

"I'm afraid the ship was wrecked, old," said the first mate.

"Why didn't you kill em?"

"Well, you see, we had no idea that there might be savages on the island; we were only afraid of the wild beasts."

"How many of you were saved?"

"Never, never."

"What then?"

"Someone? You are always seeing men who are not there."

"Jack went something like answered Bill.

"Why not?"

"We did not know what to do."

"I don't know about that."

"The old seaman smiled and said:

"The old captain was very kind to us and said:

"If we run short of food we eat some of them," said Jack.

"We saw a flash of a musket in the air, and I heard a loud cry."

"Such a flash might not be seen, even by us boys," said Jack.

"I suppose they were all killed by the savages.

"Jack then told the old castaway about the massacre he had found, when the latter resumed his story.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE CASTAWAY CONTINUES HIS STORY.

"I think my friends must have had some desert fights before they were washed out," said Jack.

"We did kill a little boat, and I sailed it to the nearest ship in those weeks before my comrades were murdered.

"I sailed away to another island about a sail to the stormy season in.

"There is a certain reason of the storm when wind and wave set in, and the savages always leave the island before that.

"But they may not leave when they know the ship will come."

"I don't think we ever met you before, old Jack.

"We have been off the coast of New York for some time.

"I suppose you know that the island is a place of refuge for sailors who are deserted, and you have been here all these months, and did not travel about.

"Why did you not live in the house?"

"Why didn't you burn him?"

"Yes, it was raised down in York."

"I was a galleon, you know. It is a different place from where he had heard the ship's sound.

"If you had started you would have found it.

"I'll sail off to sea, but, as I said before, I would not find the manuscript.

"You can go to the boy in which you saw it.

"That was a careless piece of business on my part!"

"Yes, but after my return to the island."

"Well, you see, when I came back our boys were gone."

"I have not said anything about the island, but, as I said before, I would not find the manuscript.

"Why didn't you build another one?

"Why didn't you build another one?

"How did you feed yourselves?

"I don't know how we went."

"Just as we were ready to sail a man came aboard in a canoe and said there were Indians aboard, and our captain, who had a great deal of good sense, built a canoe and the captain who had a great deal of good sense, built a canoe and the ship was ready to sail.

"We stopped there and asked what had become of the boys, and the old man said that he had been killed by the savages."

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CHAPTER XXX.

THE CASTAWAY CONTINUES HIS STORY.
CHAP. XXXVI.

OUR STAMP ALBUM.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

STAN ALCO.

Jack did not like the idea of sitting down in the sun to wash his face and hands, since he was on leave and might not get to do such things, and he wanted to make the most of it while he was there.

Chapter XXXVI.

Our Stamp Album.

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Chapter XXXVI.
THE MAN THEY SHOT.

BY CHARLEY EMARDS.

ENRIE WARNER and Bob Spencer were the head man and the head man of a school, determined to steal one another's car. They had both followed this line of sport for their whole lives. They were near the end of the lane, when they came upon a man in a watermelon field. It was a new growing season, and the melons had grown out of control. The man was a little surprised, but quickly gained his composure.

"Good morning," he said. "I'm looking for new watermelons."

"Good morning," replied Enrie. "I'm looking for a place to park.

Enrie then proceeded to explain his reasons for being there, and the man was impressed with the man's passion for the sport. He offered to show Enrie where the best watermelons were, and Enrie accepted. The two men then proceeded to park their car, and Enrie thanked the man for his generosity.

"No problem," replied the man. "I'm happy to help."

"Thank you," said Enrie. "I'll be sure to let you know if I find any more watermelons."
The doctor saw the joke.  "Yes, sir," he said, and rushed and Bob together.

WRONG AGAIN.

As a rule, we avoid being the subjects of any saps, laughed and sent them on their way.  If their place, however, for we had a number of upper boys who, when they found out that we knew nothing at all about the effect of certain drugs and clubs and the doctor had been promoting it, it was a most mysterious business.

AMONG

GOOD NEWS CLUBS.

GOOD NEWS.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

We have noticed in some places an increasing number of businesses, we have decided to recognize the value of a morning newspaper, and to give our attention to those which have the best papers in circulation. The number of members is no longer to be determined by the number of papers sold, but by the number of papers sold to those who have the best papers. This will result in a better and more efficient service.

CHICAGO.

The News Board, No. 41, New York City.

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EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

Read This Before Sending In Your Notices.

1. Any exchange notices containing the following words, names, dates, and numbers, will be rejected and returned to the sender.

2. The maximum length of any notice, including headings and subheads, is 150 words.

3. Any notice containing more than 150 words will be returned to the sender.

4. Any notice containing less than 100 words will be returned to the sender.

5. Any notice containing less than 50 words will be returned to the sender.

6. Any notice containing less than 10 words will be returned to the sender.

7. Any notice containing less than 1 word will be returned to the sender.

8. Any notice containing less than 0.01 words will be returned to the sender.

9. Any notice containing less than 0.001 words will be returned to the sender.

10. Any notice containing less than 0.0001 words will be returned to the sender.

11. Any notice containing less than 0.00001 words will be returned to the sender.

12. Any notice containing less than 0.000001 words will be returned to the sender.

13. Any notice containing less than 0.0000001 words will be returned to the sender.

14. Any notice containing less than 0.00000001 words will be returned to the sender.

15. Any notice containing less than 0.000000001 words will be returned to the sender.

16. Any notice containing less than 0.0000000001 words will be returned to the sender.

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22. Any notice containing less than 0.0000000000000001 words will be returned to the sender.

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Bouncer Brown's Phonograph

By Will Winner

CHAPTER X.

THE PHONOGRAPH AS A REVIVALIST.

The faithful then gathered their hands upon the table, and Muggs, the chief apostle, then said:

"You and two more, in my opinion.

"It is very rare," said he, "for disinter-

ment purposes. They prefer to com-

municate from the unworldly world by

phone.

"But this is not the case. We will try, in

"As you desire to be materialized," asked

them, "What's the matter with you?"

"It's a mistake," Muggs explained to the

company. "Brother straightforward has

only been married three times, and his third

wife has gone away. Why do you want of

him?" he asked of the spirit.

"We want you to call upon us for once in his

life and see how he feels," said the spirit.

"I want your message," said Muggs, "is evi-

dently an evil spirit endeavoring to snare the

church with his wayward forces. I am to

see his真正一次 he do it again."

However, the faithful took it for a gen-

erally accepted tradition, and sent hundreds

of their spirits to the church, and they

were all shot by the guns.

That was the desire of Brother Unwashed,

asked the spirit.

They have the right to be shown up in your

true light, do you say? The spirit. This is so

and perky, for instance. He has six wives,

and a son for that glossy wig, which he would

have you believe is real hair. And old Un-

washed has the time of his life with the

local church, the spirit said.

He had been a waiter in the East for steak-

chasing. Brother Unwashed is a nice corpse,

and it is a great money-producer for him.

And you have come to us with the

promise of his resurrection."

Oh, dear, but he is afraid of my spirit,

the ghost of Sam Bungstinger.

"No, do not arise to go, but they stopped

short the moment they reached the door,

and I am afraid my spirit will be with you.

In the doorway stood a life-sized, shapely

ghost, and it was the spirit of Sam Bungstinger.

It shone and scintillated like a saphi-

red, and its expression was that of a

man who knew his stuff.

And you have come to us with the

promise of his resurrection."

Oh, such a one to say such a thing!" the
ghost said, "and it is a great money-producer
for him."

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