

## THE HORATIO ALGER

SOCIETY

Vol. 4 No. 1

July 1965

A monthly newsletter  
published by the society.  
Free to all members.



Incorporated 1965

# Newsboy

5368 Heath  
Kalamazoo, Michigan  
49002

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Editor: Forrest Campbell - Adult membership \$5.00 Junior membership \$3.00 (Fiscal year)

### HORATIO ALGER MEMORIAL OBSERVANCE

On the anniversary of our hero's death, Max Goldberg, our Eastern States Representative, will conduct our second annual memorial observance, July 18th at Glenwood Cemetery, South Natick, Mass. Since the date falls on Sunday, the observance probably will take place in the afternoon so it will not conflict with morning worship services. Max is hopeful of having representation from Revere (birthplace), Marlboro (boyhood home), and from South Natick where he lived his adult life. He is hopeful that one of these representatives will be a minister to officiate at the service. Another wreath purchased by our society members will be placed upon his grave. Those attending from a distance may wish to arrive on Saturday and stay overnight. Please advise Max by telephone: 617-655-1856, or write to 728 Worcester Street, Natick, Mass. 01762 when you expect to arrive. Max would appreciate the assistance of those who are willing to participate in the service. A tour of the area is also on the program including side trips to Marlboro and Revere if time permits. You will enjoy the quiet little village of South Natick. You will enjoy the babbling brook and the cool shade which Horatio himself must have enjoyed.

### MICHIGAN MEMBER PICNIC

If you do not plan to attend the Memorial Service, due to distance, we hope you will attend our picnic designed for Michigan Members July 18th, noon to sundown. The site selected is in Eaton Rapids (home of Dr. Herman Van Ark, PF-117) because of its central location for Michigan Members. This picnic was designed to make it convenient for you to meet your fellow Michigan Members. Bring your own food, drink, table service. The site is a public park in the center of the village. We'll have a section reserved for our private use. PLEASE SEND ME A CARD STATING WHETHER YOU WILL OR WILL NOT ATTEND. President Butler has expressed a desire to attend. Bring your duplicate books if you like, and I'll pass out Partic'lar Friend pins to all who attend. Members from outstate are welcome. Prospective members are also welcome. If any of you overeat; don't worry. Herman, PF-117 is an M.D. also. If you will all attend, I'm sure that President Butler will not want to miss such a gathering of Partic'lar Friends. I understand there is a used book store there, and it is open on Sunday.

REMEMBER - THAT'S EATIN' RAPIDS.

### ABOUT OUR PRESIDENT

President Butler is also president of WAYSIDE PRESS. In addition to collecting Alger books, he also collects antique cars. Pleasant memories still linger from our recent Mendota Affair which was sponsored by Ken. After the smoke cleared away Ken took off for a short vacation trip. Where does an antique car collector go on vacation? Ken went to Nevada to visit with another antique car buff who has 1,030 of them. But Ken is back in the harness again and is working hard to get our society on the move. He has confirmed the re-appointments of our representatives, and letters of credentials will be in the mail soon. Articles of incorporation will be applied for in the state of Illinois. In order to comply, two more officers must be named. One or both may be auditors.

### CORRECTIONS AND CHANGES

Three errors in the June Issue of the newsletter were called to my attention. First, the street number of our Sec'y-Treas. The correct address is shown above. Second, we were not Ken's guests at the Saturday cook-out buffet-style lunch. We all paid. Third, Jack Row did not disqualify in the High Wheeler Contest. He dismounted, and has movies to prove it.

### IT'S 101 ALL THE WAY FOR JACK ROW

Jack, PF-101, Box No. 101 Clarion, Iowa came to the Mendota Affair with a credit of 99 titles, and left without adding to it. But now he proudly announces he has 101 titles. Jack suggested that we could double our membership if each member got a member. Well, he's got his already. Jack also offered to prepare a coded list of Alger book length titles for distribution among our members for published want list purposes. You know, his package almost beat me home from Mendota. THIS MEMBER GETS RESULTS! (more about the coded list in the next Issue of the newsletter.)

### 8 LORING EDITIONS FOUND IN KALAMAZOO

Due to my local Alger exhibit and our Society publicity, a local woman modestly admitted having some of our Alger books. Upon investigation, I found they were highly desirable editions. They may or may not be first editions. A further study will be necessary. They are from the first and second series. She was pleased to learn of her holdings. They are not for sale. She may become a collector and a society member herself.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS

PF-121 George W. May T- 18  
319 South Charlton Street,  
Peoria, Illinois 61605

PF-122 Mrs. Pauline Millen T- 00  
3325 Crescent Drive,  
Des Moines, Iowa 50312

PF-123 David H. Smith T- 00  
717 East 18th Street,  
Sioux Falls, S. Dakota 57100

MEMBERSHIP ROSTER

PF-052 Charlton H. Lyons, Sr. T- 00  
1500 Beck Bldg.,  
Shreveport, Louisiana 71102

PF-053 Ralph D. Gardner \*S-119  
135 Central Park West,  
New York, New York 10023

PF-054 (inactive)

PF-055 Alvin P. Rezelman T- 00  
828 West Oregon Street,  
Lapeer, Michigan 48446

PF-056 (deceased)

PF-057 Mrs. Ruth E. Seese, T- 00  
4520 Highland Avenue,  
Bethesda, Maryland 20014

PF-058 (inactive)  
PF-059 (inactive)  
PF-060 (inactive)

PF-061 Mrs. Marjorie Larson T- 00  
308 Kensington Avenue,  
Astoria, Oregon 97103

PF-062 (inactive)  
PF-063 (inactive)

All Partic'lar Friends -064 through -075  
please furnish me with your title totals  
before August 1st.

\* Naturally Ralph Gardner, the world's leading Alger collector has all 119 stories, but he hasn't actually counted all the different title variations he has. Although he has 119 stories in first editions, he, like the rest of us is always striving to upgrade his re-issue (title variation) titles.

Most members listed above were unreported however some may not go in for collecting but just like to belong and help support our programs, projects and activities.

Inactive members are eligible for reinstatement at any time. Their PF numbers are registered in their names and will always remain so. Names furnished upon request.

Only 16 states remain without registration. Another 6 states are without representation due to inactive members.  
Names of states furnished upon request.

GEORGE W. MAY read about our proposed Mendota Meeting in Van Allen Bradley's column. George attended the meeting; announced his decision to join with us; got on a committee, and was the first to pay membership dues for our new fiscal year. George wrote me later: "I came away from that meeting with a peculiar feeling of satisfaction, one of fulfillment. On my way up, I was dubious. More power to our new Society!" George has taught elementary school for 32 years. Currently teaching history & geography in Jr. High at Peoria. Born in Metropolis (Massac County) Illinois, 1909. Received B.S. & M.A. degree in history at Bradley Univ. He has had two books published: History of Massac County (1955) and Massac Pilgrimage, (1964) He has material for other books. He has almost complete collections of Henty & Castleton, and now anxious to build an Alger collection.

PAULINE MILLEN heard of us through Jack Row who has frequented her book shop in the past. She read many of the Alger books when a child. She does not collect them, but has a nostalgic interest in them. She also buys them for resale. In her stock of juvenile fiction she has a wide selection of Henty, Castleton, Trowbridge, Optic, Stratemeyer, Bonehill, etc. Also Civil War, Lincoln, Indians, and the early west. She specializes in local history, Iowa and the Midwest. She collects antiques and writes a column ANTIQUES for the Iowan Magazine. Her husband Clifford is an editorial writer for the Des Moines Register and Tribune.

DAVID H. SMITH is a staff writer for the Argus-Leader (Sioux Falls). He learned of us through an AP news release which announced our proposed Mendota Meeting. Before making contact with us he was inspired to write an editorial (May 27) which he entitled U.S. NEEDS ALGER SOCIETY which would be a prized item for any Alger scrap book. I quote his editorial in part: "...The Horatio (Alger) Society might well be a cleansing antidote to the poison spread by the literary cult of cynicism and degradation, which has some of our modern novelists as its chief priests and prophets.." David was born in 1911 at Owatonna, Minnesota. Accumulated and devoured many of the Alger books when a boy. Instead of keeping them, he passed them out among underprivileged boys in the neighborhood. David writes: "I'm not much of a joiner, but I couldn't pass up the Horatio Alger Society. It's the only group I ever went out of my way to join." Besides his wife Erma, they have three children and are also proud grandparents.

Our grateful thanks for the many complimentary remarks made in our behalf. Our society will be just what we make it. It can become dormant from inactivity with a mere existence, or it can grow if we nourish it with enthusiastic members. The verdict is yours. Inactivity is not always a lack of interest. Retired people must live on fixed retirement income. Let's not forget them.

PLEASE TURN TO PAGE FOUR FOR MORE NEWS.

An Alger short story contributed from the collection of Gilbert K. Westgard II,

THE YOUNG HERO; Or, The Fallen Bridge  
—by Horatio Alger Jr.

"I am sorry for you, Mrs. Hall," said the landlord, "I would give you your rent if I felt able; but you know I have a family to support, and it would not be doing right by them."

"Give me three days, Mr. Jones," said the widow, "and perhaps something may turn up during that time which will enable me to pay you."

It was scarcely a year since she had lost her husband. His income had been small, and, beyond a hundred dollars and the furniture, he had left his wife nothing. Yet by sewing, and what odd jobs her son Henry could obtain, she had been able to get along, and keep her children at school. Her heaviest expense had been the rent, which, however, she was enabled to pay out of the one hundred dollars above mentioned. At the commencement of the second year, however, she had no reserved fund, and found herself quite unable to meet the rent at the close of the first quarter.

After the landlord went out, she gave way for a moment to depression.

"I am afraid;" she said, "that we shall have to leave this house. It has been our home so long that it will be very painful; besides, I don't know where we shall go."

"God will provide for us in some way, mother," said Jane, the youngest child, "That is what you have told me often."

"And I have nearly forgotten myself," said her mother, taking fresh courage, "Yes, God will provide; we will not suffer ourselves to despair."

"To-day is Saturday," said Henry, "and as school don't keep, I mean to go out and see if I can't find something to do. Farmer Terry told me that perhaps he would give me a job at raking hay."

"Do so, Henry. I hope you will succeed, for with us every little helps."

Henry, who was a stout handsome boy of twelve, immediately took down his cloth cap from the nail where he usually hung it, and made his way across the fields towards the Terry farm. The distance was about a mile, and the route by which he went took him across the railroad track. The point at which he crossed it was about a mile from the station, and just above a bridge a hundred feet in length, over which the cars passed. He glanced in the direction of this bridge as he crossed the railroad.

"Why," he exclaimed to himself, "I believe the bridge has given way."

Running to the spot, he found that his suspicions were correct. The bridge, whether because it was badly constructed, or from some other cause not apparent, had partly given way, and must inevitably cause the destruction of any train which should attempt to cross it.

That many lives must be lost in this event was certain, since the ravine spanned by the bridge was some fifty feet deep. The thought fairly took away Henry's breath.

"What shall I do?" thought he, bewildered. "Shall I have time to get up to the station before the next train gets along? No; that is impossible, for it is about time for it now."

As if to verify his last assertion, he could just begin to hear faintly the sound of the approaching train.

"I must save it if I can," thought he. After brief thought, he ran along the track in the direction of the advancing cars. As he ran he waved his hat, and threw up his hands, and in every possible way endeavored to attract the notice of the engineer. Apparently they did see him, but supposing it was merely a boy's fun, took no notice of it.

"There is only one thing I can do," thought Henry; and he proceeded to do it. He placed himself between the rails, and continued the same demonstrations.

"They'll stop rather than run over me," he thought; yet the feeling of his own personal danger in case they should fail to think him in earnest blanched his cheek.

"Never mind," said he, resolutely, "better to risk my own life than let so many perish without warning."

Of course all this took place in much less time than I have taken to record it. Will the reader picture to himself the terrible situation in which our hero stood — in the way of a train traveling at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, waving his hat frantically, and exposed to the hazard of not being able to get out of the way in case he failed to succeed in stopping the cars! It was, indeed, a time to test the courage of the boy hero. But he maintained his ground firmly. Meanwhile the engineer perceived him. Even at this time he supposed that it was done in foolish bravado.

"The little fool!" he uttered. "We shall be compelled to stop or run over him." He hastily issued an order to stop the train. It was done just in time; they were only two rods distant from the boy.

"Now, you little rascal," exclaimed the angry engineer, "what do you mean by risking your foolish life, and putting us to all this trouble?"

Henry pointed mutely to the broken bridge, and then, overcome by the excitement through which he had passed, he sat back, fainting.

His motion was understood.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the engineer, "we have been saved from a terrible fate!" With remorseful eagerness, he now devoted himself to the task of recovering the fainting boy, and, when he had opened his eyes, asked his pardon for his rude address.

"Is the train safe?" exclaimed Henry, eagerly.

"Entirely so, thanks to your noble conduct, my little hero."

Henry found himself the centre of a group of passengers, who were profoundly

Alger short story continued from page -3-

shocked at the danger from which they had just escaped, and proportionately thankful to their preserver.

"Gentlemen," said one of the number, a fine looking man, calling them aside, "you perceive how narrow has been our escape, and you must be aware that it is solely owing to the courage of this noble little fellow. He has displayed a degree of nerve which I doubt whether any one of us is capable of. I believe that I shall only meet the wishes of many present when I suggest that nothing could be more fitting than a pecuniary testimonial of our gratitude."

So saying, he took off his hat and dropped a ten dollar gold piece into it. His example was speedily, and even eagerly followed. It chanced that the train was a very long one, and contained an unusually large number of passengers. To this fact may be attributed the large amount of the contribution which was taken up.

"Gentlemen," said the first spokesman, after counting the money, "you will be gratified to learn that I have in my hat three hundred dollars, the result of our united contributions, which in your name I have the pleasure of presenting to our young friend for his courageous conduct."

So saying, he placed the money in his own purse, which he emptied for that purpose, and amid the cheers of the crowd presented it to Henry.

"What, is it all mine?" asked our hero, bewildered with excessive joy.

"Fully and entirely. We have no doubt that a boy who has done himself so much credit as you have this morning, will dispose of it in a suitable manner."

"I shall give it to my mother," said Henry, his eyes sparkling with joy. "I am so glad -- she needs it so much."

Preparations were now made to reverse the cars and go back to the last station. The gentleman who had been the means of benefitting Henry so essentially did not go back with the train.

"If you are willing," said he, addressing our hero, "I will go back with you to your mother. I begin to feel a strong interest in you, and may have it in my power to be of service to you." On the way he asked various questions, to all which Henry answered frankly.

"There is my mother's house," he said, at length. "She will be very glad to get this money, for she has not been able to pay her rent for the last quarter, and now she can do it without any trouble."

"You must introduce me to your mother, Henry. To do this you must know my name, which is Gordon."

Mrs. Hall heard the story of her son's bravery with mingled pride and terror. Her cheeks blanched when she thought of the peril which he had incurred.

"Madam," said Mr. Gordon, at length, "I am a merchant doing business in the city. I want a lad for my counting-room. I have taken a fancy to your son, and if you will intrust him to me I will take care to advance his interest as far as may be in my power."

Mrs. Hall hesitated a moment. The offer was an advantageous one, but she did not wish Henry to leave school. When, however, Mr. Gordon promised to give him several hours a day to devote to study, and to take him into his family, she accepted with earnest gratitude.

Henry is at this moment junior partner in the firm, and his mother and sister are raised far above want. Mrs. Hall is justly proud of her son to whose boyish intrepidity all their present prosperity is due.

(Reproduced from typewritten copy; source of copy taken from "The Railway Anecdote Book" 1864. Reported to have been published first in "Gleason's Literary Companion," January 14, 1860)

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Another Alger short story will appear next month.

#### NEWS ITEMS CONTINUED FROM PAGE -2-

##### COMMITTEE APPOINTMENTS:-

By-Laws; Hartmann & Campbell.

1966 Convention: Langlois, Goldberg & Lloyd.

Want Lists: Row, Langlois & Sullivan.

Books for Libraries: Ristein, Sullivan & Gardner.

Ragged Dick Award: Gardner, Hartmann & Henry.

Newsboy Award: Row, Westgard & Campbell.

Memorial Service: Goldberg & Levy.

Membership Roster: Butler & Henry.

Membership Expansion: Gurman, Butler, Row & Campbell.

#### PUBLICITY: ARTICLES & EXHIBITS

An interesting article on Horatio Alger appeared in the July Issue of HOBBIES Magazine, page 106 entitled Stairway to the Stars. Alger exhibits are becoming popular among our members. Jack Row, on the occasion of Clarion's Centennial Celebration, and birthplace of 4-H Clubs, donated several of his Alger books for exhibition purposes. Robert Johnson, Bisbee, Arizona also prepared an Alger exhibit. On display are several of his Alger books, Gardner's Award winning book, copies of the Newsboy and Robert's own comments on Horatio.

#### RANDOM NOTES ABOUT OUR MEMBERS

Irene Gurman is back from her recent trip to Europe. Ralph Gardner is there now. Alexis Praus, PF-081 stopped off in Natick before taking off for Europe. When last heard from he was climbing church steeples in Copenhagen. Incidentally, he's a dead ringer for Robert Mitchum. Ed Levy is on the mend after an operation on his hands. Gilbert Westgard II, wife, and son Eddie, visited us early in June. They hope to attend the Michigan Member picnic, and Paul Alger, Gen. Mgr. of WSNJ Bridgeton, N.J. heard about us recently and wants to learn more about us.

## CHAPTER XXXI CAREY IS RESCUED

N. Y.

It was difficult for Judge Dixon to conceal his recognition of the watch in the presence of the merchant. He wished to call Mr. Jamieson's attention to the inscription without arousing suspicion. He turned toward the door and said, "Oh, is there someone at the door?"

Eb looked toward the door, and seeing no one, he walked over, opened the door and peered out. Immediately the judge pointed out the inscription to Mr. Jamieson, and held a finger to his lips as a signal for silence.

"You must have been mistaken," said Eb, returning from the door, "There is no one there."

"Sorry," replied the judge, "The watch appeals to me. How much do you want for it?"

"It's a nice watch; almost new, too," replied Eb, stalling, for he had not yet put a price tag upon it, "It's part of an estate, I'm told."

"Then you could identify the original owner?" the judge asked.

"Well, no, not exactly; one of the heirs borrowed some money on it to help pay the funeral expenses."

"Oh," replied the judge, "then perhaps it is not for sale."

"Oh, yes; it's for sale. Anything not called for by the owner in thirty days is put up for sale. In this case the owner is dead."

A dreadful thought, mused the judge. He hoped it was not so.

"Then if you will name your price," stated the judge, "I may be interested in it."

"It's a fine watch; all gold, too," responded Eb, hopeful of a nice profit. "The watchmaker is a well known reliable Firm. It hasn't lost a second since I've had it. It'll keep good time for you."

"I'll give you twenty five dollars for it," said the judge, making an introductory offer.

Eb hesitated; he was thinking of asking fifty dollars for it.

"It's worth fifty," replied Eb.

"I know," said the judge, "but I can get a new one for that price."

"Forty dollars then," replied Eb.

"I'll take it," said the judge, "will you take my check?"

"Ought to have cash; you being a stranger and all."

"But I introduced myself; you do remember my name don't you?"

"Dixon, wasn't it? John Dixon?

"That's right; however, I'll pay cash if you will make me out a bill of sale."

Eb, eager to make the sale reached for a pad of sale slips and filled one out.

The judge opened the watch, and said, "will you record the serial number of the watch please?"

Eb did so.

"Did you notice the inscription in this watch?" asked the judge.

"No," replied Eb, examining it, then looking crestfallen at the judge.

"Mister Hinkel, sir," began the judge,

ALGERTON  
THE YOUNG POSTMASTER  
BY FORREST CAMPBELL

"I am the donor of this watch, and I have reason to believe the recipient is not dead! We arrest you on suspicion of purchasing and offering stolen goods for sale."

"But I—"

"You will be given a fair trial under the laws of this state. Mr. Jamieson, I authorize you to take custody of this man, and turn him over to the authorities of this village. Now, Mister Hinkel, sir, tell us how to find the person who sold you this watch!"

Eb was a picture of defeat. "But I've run a respectable establishment. I'm being falsely accused. I—"

"The law of this state will hear your defensive statement. Now you must not obstruct justice by withholding the information we ask of you. I ask you again, how can we find this person?"

"But my shop. I cannot leave it unattended—"

"We will lock it up—and hold the key; in fact we will have it padlocked until a further search can be made."

Eb could think of no further resistance to his arrest. "The man's name is Jack. I'll show you where he lives."

"That's better. Now, my good man, don't cause a scene to arouse attention in the street. We will want to surprise this man Jack, if we can."

Mr. Jamieson escorted Eb through the door. The judge locked up the building, and with Eb's direction they departed up the street.

At a nearby corner, Eb paused, "Jack lives down that street," he said.

"All right; which house?" asked Mr. Jamieson.

"The one with the vacant lot on either side."

"Good," responded the judge, "Mister Jamieson, you escort Mister Hinkel, here, to the constable's office, and make the charge; after he is in custody, escort the constable to Mister Hinkel's place and see that it is padlocked."

"Very well; then what shall I do?"

"Return to this vicinity and take a station where you can watch anyone entering or leaving the house. In the meantime, I'll try to make an entry. Oh, yes, better not bring the constable with you. We don't want to attract attention to our movements."

"Very well, Judge."

Mr. Jamieson and Eb left the judge standing on the corner, and they soon reached the constable's office.

"Mornin' Eb," greeted constable Smith, "Mornin' sir," addressing his second greeting to Mr. Jamieson, "met up with Eb, did you, hey?"

"Yes, we've met."

"Eb able to help you, was he, hey?"

"Yes, he has been very helpful."

"Still need the assistance of the law though, hey?"

"Yes, we will need your assistance. I

said that you take custody of this man. The charge is suspicion of purchasing and offering stolen goods for sale."

"Hey?"

Mr. Jamieson repeated the charge.

"But I thought you and that other feller was looking for a couple of runaway boys? Where's the other feller?"

"That," said Mr. Jamieson, "is unimportant at the moment. Please take this man into custody."

"Put Eb behind bars, you mean?"

"Yes, that is exactly what I mean."

"You'll have to sign a charge."

"Of course."

"Must be some mistake, ain't they Eb, hey?"

Eb did not reply.

"Guilty, or not guilty, Eb, hey?"

Eb stood mute.

"We shall not decide this case at this time," responded Mr. Jamieson, anxiously, "place this man in custody; get a padlock, and come with me."

"A padlock, hey; what for?"

"You are to lock up Mr. Hinkel's place, and be responsible for it until a further investigation can be made."

"An investigation, hey; who got you into this mess, Eb?"

"I warn you, Mister Hinkel," replied Mr. Jamieson, "not to answer any questions until you have counsel, for anything you say may be used against you."

After some considerable time and effort, Mr. Jamieson was able to arouse the constable into action; and after leaving Mr. Hinkel's premises, the constable was urged to return to his office. Mr. Jamieson took a position near Jack's home as instructed by Judge Dixon.

The judge approached the door of Jack's residence, knocked, and listened. There was no sound of response to his knock; but he did hear muffled voices from within. He tried the door. It was locked. He examined the windows. The blinds had been drawn. He tried the back door. It was also locked. There was a window that could be reached from the porch. He tried it and found that it would open. He raised the window and looked in. It was the kitchen window and he could see evidence of poor housekeeping. He called out, "Is there anyone here?"

Again, he heard muffled voices, and at times it sounded as if someone was calling for help. This was encouraging. With some difficulty he managed to get himself through the window. He looked about cautiously. He called again.

"Carey, are you here?"

More muffled voices answered his call. The judge hurried through the house.

"Carey, where are you?"

He discovered the voices were much more audible near the bolted stair door. He drew the bolt and opened the door. Carey fell into his arms.

"Thank God!" exclaimed the judge, "You are safe!"

"Judge Dixon! You are heaven sent!" exclaimed Carey, "How did you find us?"

"Is?" questioned the judge, "Who is

this with you?"

"It's Flint. Squire Campbell's son."

"The Squire's son? Of course; yes, but, well you can explain later. I'm so relieved to find you alive. Are you well? Are you both all right?"

"Yes, I believe we are all right; although we've been confined to that attic room up there most of the time, and we haven't been very well fed--"

"I think I can understand that," interrupted the judge, remembering the condition of the kitchen, "but tell me, where is your captor; this man, Jack?"

"He is away most of the time. He is out now; but tell me, Judge Dixon, how is my mother, and my brother and sister?"

"They are well, Carey; but quite naturally they have worried some. Do you expect this man, Jack, back soon?"

"It is usually evening time when he returns; but tell me, Judge Dixon, how did you find us?"

"Your card, and this," said the judge, displaying Carey's watch, "I found this in a nearby pawnshop a little while ago.

"My card? and--Oh, my watch!" exclaimed Carey, "Oh, I'm so glad to get it back. Jack took it from me."

"And my overcoat! added Flint.

"And our money, too." added Carey.

"I'm not surprised to hear it;" the judge replied, "we may be able to recover your coat, my boy," addressing Flint, "but the money may not be so easy to recover."

"He has spent most of it for drink, no doubt;" Carey remarked, "he brought in very little food for us."

"You must have suffered. Has he harmed you in any way?"

"No, except for confinement upstairs, and having to sleep on the floor. When we were allowed to come down, we were continually at the mercy of his whip. This one." said Carey, picking up the whip.

"The beast!" declared the judge, "He shall be made to answer for his dastardly actions."

The judge consulted with them for some time; answering their questions and heard their story in great detail. He occasionally looked out of the covered window and was relieved to see Mr. Jamieson at his post across the street. He cautioned the boys to remain out of sight when Jack returned, and let him enter without any suspicion. He assured the boys that he and Mr. Jamieson, stationed outside, would be able to overpower and capture Jack. He was sympathetic to their hunger, for the wait might be a long one. He promised them a feast as soon as possible, and a good night's rest in a comfortable bed.

Suddenly, a step was heard at the door. A key was heard to turn in the lock. The boys moved back, and the judge stepped forward. The door opened and the bewildered Jack stood facing the judge.

"Jack, or John Doe, or whatever your name is, I arrest you for confinement and cruelty to these two boys, and robbery of their personal possessions!"

Jack, stunned from the sudden surprise, turned to escape, but dashed into the open arms of Mr. Jamieson.