

THE HORATIO ALGER



Newsboy

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RECOGNITION OF AN HISTORICAL EVENT

This issue has been slightly delayed that we might view the TV broadcast of the historical occasion of Pope Paul's visit to the United States. Recognition is also due to our Jewish friends who are currently (Tishri 5726) observing Rosh Hashanah, and Yom Kippur. Congratulations to the residents of Kansas in the recent selection of our current Miss America. Condolences to the rest of you. We also express our concern for those disaster areas resulting from the recent hurricane Betsy.

THE MILWAUKEE EVENT

The subject of the date of our 1966 Milwaukee Event is being reopened for your consideration. The date previously named was selected with concern for those who might be deprived of attendance because of school commitments, and weather conditions in the month of May. Some of you may not be able to attend with the meeting scheduled in June. Ralph Gardner informs us that it will be inconvenient for him to attend a June meeting, and prefers a May date. Some of you—having no commitments—will be able to attend either date that is chosen. Naturally, we wish to select a date on which the majority of members can and will attend. We wish to be guided by your individual desires. Please consider the facts carefully, then send a postal card to our Vice President, Leslie Langlois at the address listed above, stating your choice of a May or June meeting. If you can and will attend either date selected, please vote accordingly:

- I can and will attend a May meeting.
- I can and will attend a June meeting
- I can and will attend either date.

Results will be published in the December newsletter.

GARDNER'S DUPLICATE ALGERS FOR SALE

Ralph informs us by way of this newsletter that he has sold many of his duplicate Alger books to a book dealer friend for resale; from inexpensive reading copies to some real rarities. This dealer has prepared a "pre-catalogue" special price list for Society members only. They will be offered to us at reduced prices. Identify yourself as a Society member and send for this specially prepared list to: THE HERITAGE BOOKSHOP, BOX 578, LAKE ZURICH, ILLINOIS.

This newsletter is desperately in need of news. We want your opinions, reports of progress, activities, criticism, etc.

PRESIDENTIAL PONDERINGS

HORATIO ALGER — Is there now living, anywhere in the United States, a man by the name of Horatio Alger? The Society is anxious to learn if there is a real, live H.A. Check your telephone directory, at home or when visiting nearby metropolitan centers. None is listed in the Chicago directory. In fact, Alger is an uncommon name, it appears. Only seven Algers are listed in the Chicago phone book.

MEMBERSHIP ROSTER --- In late October we will definitely issue a complete roster of our members. It will list only paid-up members and be mailed free, to the same list. We hope to include PF numbers and name of spouse if you will supply me the information on post card. Needed at once.

BOOK MART --- This free listing to members can become a valuable service. Please use the service. It helps those who have useless duplicates; encourages those who are seeking titles to build their collections. Our code showing name of publisher and condition of book, is helpful. So please use the code system explained in September Newsboy. It would be wishful thinking, however, to expect the genuinely rare ones to appear in these lists of offerings.

THE HOBBY --- Collecting Alger titles, though of prime interest, is only one phase of the hobby. We should do more research and publish it, as the followers of Sherlock Holmes do. Is anybody interested in doing a piece on the cities that Alger heroes came from? How about a study on the people to whom Alger dedicated his various stories? Who were they, how did Alger become acquainted with them? Interesting would be a list of some of Alger's boners or mental lapses...the errata in his stories. All this would make good reading and contribute to our accumulated knowledge of Our Hero!

TITLES BY PUBLISHERS --- Which of the Alger titles were issued, at one time or another, by the largest number of publishers? Would it be "Risen from the Ranks" or one of the other titles that proved most numerous in offers to Ralph Gardner during a year and a half count of his mail? To learn this and to develop a basis for an Alger catalog or values blue-book, the help of Alger Society members is hereby solicited. In my own count, so far very incomplete, the title for ubiquity,

NEW MEMBERS REPORTED

- PF-129 Mrs. Alla T. Ford T- 15
114 South Palmway,
Lake Worth, Florida 33460
- PF-134 Phil H. Klein
P.O. Box No. 123
Plymouth, Indiana 46563

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

- PF-027 Morris Teicher
TILDEN PROJECTS Apt. #8A
275 Livonia Avenue,
Brooklyn, New York 11212

MEMBERSHIP ROSTER REPORTED

- PF-091 Inactive
PF-092 Inactive
- PF-093 Leslie Langlois T-125
1571 West Mitchell St.,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53204
- PF-094 Mrs. Clara E. Gwynne T- 9
71 College Street,
Battle Creek, Michigan 49017
- PF-095 Inactive
PF-096 Inactive
PF-097 Richard L. Lundsted T- 57
31 Dorothy Ave. Holden, Mass. 01520
PF-098 Mrs. N.L. Meaghers T- 78
Box 306
Stevenson, Washington 98648
- PF-099 Paul L. House T-102
3516 North Chester,
Indianapolis, Indiana 46218
- PF-100 Inactive
- PF-101 Jack W. Row T-101
Box No. 101
Clarion, Iowa 50525
- PF-102 Carl T. Hartmann T- 78
4907 Allison Drive,
Lansing, Michigan 48910
- PF-103 Stanley Matteson T- 60
486 Parker Street,
Manchester, Conn. 06043
- PF-104 Herbert L. Risteen T- 94
P.O. Box No. 161
Baraboo, Wisconsin 53913
- PF-105 Inactive

Will Partic'lar Friends -106 through -120 please furnish me with your title totals before November 1st.

INTRODUCTION OF NEW MEMBERS

Mrs. Alla T. Ford is a dealer but I have received no information for introduction purposes.

Phil H. Klein heard of us through George Setman. He has over 300 editions but only six first editions. No other information has been heard.

is a tossup between "Andy Gordon", "Phil the Fiddler", "Strong and Steady", and "Try and Trust." Gardner, in his book, adds "Only an Irish Boy" as among the most reprinted.

Don Wallace, PF-017, of St. Paul, who has 119 Alger titles, has catalogued over 1,500 editions of Alger books. My list, to date, is scarcely half as complete.

I need lists of titles published by the following: Penn, Saalfield, Whitman, International Book, Thompson & Thomas, Cupples & Leon, Mershon, Lovell, Wanamaker, and Superior Printing. If some of your editions carry these publishers' title lists, would appreciate information for this study.

REGIONAL DIRECTORS --- I announce with pleasure the following five appointments in the program of establishing national regions, each with regional directors.

- New England --- Max Goldberg Mass.
Great Lakes --- Carl Hartmann Mich.
Hiawatha --- David H. Smith S. Dakota
Southwest --- William Murrell Texas
Mountain --- W.P. (Park) Larson Utah

Other appointments will be made from time to time and announced in these columns.

Your Partic'lar Friend,
Ken. Butler, President

BOOK MART

Your President and your Editor have started off. There were no other books offered. Won't you share your duplicates with our less fortunate members. Please.

PF-006 (your President) offers: G28H&C, F123MAD, G140JCW, E142CPC, G150JCW, E165ALB, F171MAD, F177H&C, E185ALB, F185MAD, G186H&C, G188MAD.

PF-000 (your Editor) offers:
F81H&C, F148H&C, F150P&C.

Explanation: First letter indicates condition. See code - page 4, Newsboy, Sept. Numbers indicate title. See coded list. Gardner's book helpful for further detail. Last letters indicate publisher. See Newsboy. Gardner's book (pages 361-62-63) for further detail. Price arrangements are strictly between the buyer and the seller.

RANDOM REPORTING Our Secretary reports that in her area "Alger book prices have advanced, and none of them worth the asking price, at least not to me." Milton Salls -- "I have had to pay full Gardner price for any recent additions." Langlois - "This one I paid much less for, and in good shape." Campbell -- "I can lead you to over 200 common titles in the area, if you're willing to take the cheaper editions and pay up to \$2.00 apiece." Jack Row - "unanswered ad---sent cash-book misrepresented---case closed."

SEEKING HIS FORTUNE or, A Country Boy in
the City. By Horatio Alger, Jr.

PART I

Scene I -- An old fashioned kitchen. Mrs. Peters is engaged in paring apples on one side of the fire-place. Deacon Elnathan Peters is nodding over a newspaper just opposite. Jonathan, their son, a strapping youth of six feet two, sits looking moodily into the fire.

Jonathan: Well, marm, I've made up my mind I shan't stay in Beanville any longer.

Mrs. P: Why, Jonathan, how you dew talk. What's got into you?

Jonathan: I've got tired of Beanville, marm, that's what's the matter. I aint goin' to stay here all my life raisin' cabbages and hoein' taters. I'm fit for somethin' better.

Deacon P: (rousing from a nap) What's the boy talkin' about, mother?

Jonathan: I might as well tell you fust as last, dad. I'm goin' to Bostown.

Mrs. P: Massy sakes! Bostown's a hundred miles off. What you goin' there for?

Jonathan: To make my fortin'.

Deacon P: 'T aint so easy as you think for, Jonathan. You'd a plaguy sight better stay round here and help me.

Jonathan: I can't do nothin' here, dad. I have to work till I get all tuckered out jist to make a livin', and can't never wear anything better than overalls. Now ef I was in the city, I could wear store clothes all the time, like that are feller that boarded up to the tavern last summer.

Mrs. P: (solemnly) I'm afraid, Jonathan, you're gettin' proud. You aint no call to be ashamed of wearin' overalls. They're what me and your father always wear.

Deacon P: (sily) Yes, mother, you do wear the breeches sometimes.

Mrs. P: Now, father, you'd orter be ashamed. You know I didn't mean that. I mean, Jonathan, your father and me aint ashamed of wearin' workin' clothes. I'm afraid, Jonathan, you're getting proud, and pride's a deadly sin.

Jonathan: Can't help it, marm. When that feller passed me in the field last summer, he turned up his nose at me, and I aint goin' to stand it. I'm as good as he is, any day.

Mrs. P: So you be, Jonathan.

Jonathan: And I want to dress as well. So I've made up my mind to go to Bostown, and go into business there.

Deacon P: What sort of business?

Jonathan: As to that I aint particular. Anything that I can make money by.

Deacon P: Perhaps you'll lose it. They're pooty sharp down in Bostown, I've heard tell. Most likely you'd get cheated out of all you've got.

Mrs. P: Yes, Jonathan, listen to what your dad says--He's had more experience than you.

Jonathan: He don't know much about

Bostown, anyway.

Deacon P: (complacently) Yes, Jonathan, I know a good deal about the city. I've been there three times. Fust time was just arter me and your mother was married.

Mrs. P: Thirty-one years ago.

Deacon P: Yes, Almiry, thirty-one year. Then again I went down to sell a yoke of oxen for Squire Peabody.

Jonathan: That time you had your pocket picked, and had to borrow money to get home.

Deacon P: (coughing) Ahem! yes, I believe it was that time. Then again I went seven year ago and staid to the Mechanics' Fair. That are was a great sight.

Jonathan: Well, dad, I haint never been at all, and I'm goin', that's all.

Mrs. P: You aint nothing but a boy, Jonathan.

Jonathan: Aint I though? I'm twenty-one year old, and taller'n father, and I weighed myself down to the store yesterday, and weighed one hundred and eighty. I should think I was old enough to be trusted away from hum.

Mrs. P: The city is a wicked place, Jonathan. Who knows but you'd get to drinkin' and swearin'.

Jonathan: There aint no danger of that, marm. I tasted some whiskey the other dey down to Hiram Johnson's and it most turned my stummik. I shan't drink anything stronger'n cider.

Deacon P: That's right, my son. Cider's good, for we know what it is made of. Apples are healthy, and when a body's tired, a good mug of cider goes to the right spot.

Mrs. P: (doubtfully) Yes, father, but you know Sam Wilson got drunk on cider one town meetin' day, and smashed forty panes of glass in the meetin' house.

Deacon P: Wal, wal, he drank more'n was good for him. But, Jonathan, to come back to your plans, have you thought what you shall do when you get to the city?

Jonathan: Why, dad, I reckon there must be plenty of work to be did. I reckon I should like to tend in a store.

Deacon P: Lazy business, Jonathan.

Jonathan: That's what I like it for, dad. I've had hard work enough, and I want to take it easy, awhile. May be I shall go into business on my own hook, ef I get a good chance. There aint no reason why I shouldn't get rich as well as other folks.

Mrs. P: (hastily) I hope, Jonathan, you aint goin' to take that two hundred and fifty dollars out of the Savings Bank that your Aunt Betsy give you in her will.

Jonathan: Of course I be. How can a feller go into business without capital.

Mrs. P: (solemnly) You'll lose every red cent on't, take my word for it.

Jonathan: And earn five times as much more, marm; I guess I know how to make money as well as other folks.

Mrs. P: Deacon, do say something to git him off this foolish plan. He'll fail, sartain, and it'll make his aunt rise from her grave, if he loses all the money that she earned by knittin', and dryin' apples.

Deacon P: (reflectively) I don't know, Almiry, but the boy might as well try his

luck, sellin' no's so' on it. Perhaps he may do well, arter all.

Jonathan: (delightedly) That's the talk, dad.

Mrs. P: Well, I dunno. It seems to me mighty resky. However, if he must go, he'll have to wait till I've knit him some winter stockings. He's most out.

Jonathan: I kin buy some in Bostown, marm. They've got plenty there.

Mrs. P: (contemptuously) And what are they worth, I should like to know? Boughten stockings won't stand any wear at all. Then there's your shirts--You aint got but three.

Jonathan: Well there's enuff; I kin wear one a week, and three's enough to shift with.

Deacon P: You'll hev to be more particular in the city. I've heerd that some folks in the city wear as many as three clean shirts in a week.

Mrs. P: They must be awful dirty to need changin' so often. But I guess, Jonathan, you'd better have one more made.

Jonathan: Wal, you kin send the shirt and the stockings to me by express. I've made up my mind to go next week.

Mrs. P: And what'll Mary Jane Parker say to that?

Jonathan: I don't care.

Mrs. P: I thought you was sweet on her only a little while ago.

Jonathan: Wal, she aint anything but a country gal. May be I shall find a good lookin' city girl that's got the tin.

Mrs. P: O Jonathan, I'm afeard you're gittin' vain. "Vanity of vanity! All is vanity!" says the Scriptures. Mary Jane would make you a real capable wife. She kin make butter and cheese equal to any gal in Beanville, and she made fifteen dollars last summer sellin' eggs.

Jonathan: (contemptuously) What's fifteen dollars?

Mrs. P: The time may come when you'll be glad to git fifteen dollars.

Jonathan: Now marm, don't go to discouragin' a feller; I'm bound to be rich, and when I've made money enuff I'm going to buy you a silk gownd.

Mrs. P: Thank you, Jonathan, I allus thought I should like a new silk gownd. I aint had a new one for twenty year.

Jonathan: Well, marm, you shall have it jest as soon as I've made my pile.

Mrs. P: Pile of what, for the land's sake?

Jonathan: Made my fortin', I mean. And I'll buy father a new Sunday-go-to-meetin' coat.

Deacon P: I guess you'll want your money for other things, Jonathan. Don't count your chickens before they're hatched.

Jonathan: Can I have the horse tomorrow, dad?

Deacon P: What for?

Jonathan: I'm goin' over to the bank to get my money.

Deacon P: Yes, I reckon so.

Mrs. P: You'd better go with him, father. He might get robbed on the way home. I shan't feel safe with such a lot of money in the house.

Jonathan: Well, 't won't be in the

house long.

Scene II -- Jonathan, in a blue suit with brass buttons, stands at the door waiting for the stage. Beside him is a blue chest, containing his worldly effects. Deacon and Mrs. Peters are visible in the doorway.

Jonathan: I think I hear the stage, marm.

Mrs. P: Yes, it is just comin' over the hill. Hadn't you better change your mind, Jonathan, and stay to hum, arter all?

Jonathan: Not by a jug full. No marm, the dice is cast, and I'm bound to be somebody. No more diggin' taters for me.

Deacon P: Well, Jonathan, I wish you all success, but I kinder have my misgivins.

Mrs. P: Is the money safe, Jonathan?

Jonathan: Yes marm, I've got it in my trowser's pocket.

Mrs. P: Hadn't you better leave part of it at home? You might have your pockets picked, you know.

Jonathan: They won't catch this child easy. Don't you be alarmed.

Mrs. P: I declare, I've forgotten them doughnuts.

Deacon P: Stage is just at the corner.

Mrs. P: They'll wait a minute.

Jonathan: Can't wait, marm, I'll buy some dinner at the tavern.

Mrs. P: It'll be wastin' your money.

Deacon P: Never mind.

Jonathan: Good-bye.

Deacon P. and Mrs. P: (in concert) Good-bye. Be sure and write.

Jonathan: I'll write jest as soon as I get to the city.

Mrs. P: (with apron to her eyes) It's an awful resk, Deacon, Jonathan's going away from hum.

Deacon P: Cheer up mother. He's a man grown. He may make a fortin' after all. (Exeunt)

Jonathan: (soliloquizing) Good-bye to Beanville! When I come back I'll make folks stare. Mary Jane'll have to hunt up another feller, I'm going to look higher. (Gives himself up to pleasant dreams of future wealth and prosperity).

To be concluded in the next issue. The above material loaned for reprint purposes by PF-112, Dr. David J. Thompson. Material taken from STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE. Part one may be found in Volume XVII, No. III, March, 1866. Part two may be found in the same volume, No. IV, April 1866. The above dialogue was also released in book form using the same title and published by A.K. Loring in 1877 (Gardner). Other dialogues in the book form were written and arranged by Horatio Alger's sister Olive Augusta (Gusti) Cheney. The book, SEEKING HIS FORTUNE ranks second only to the fabulous TIMOTHY CRUMP'S WARD....(Gardner).

"A.K. Loring, 319 Washington St., sends us TIMOTHY CRUMP'S WARD, a spirited story for summer reading, evidently written by a practiced pen." (please note--no reference to the author) Found on page 120, STUDENT & SCHOOLMATE, Volume XVIII No. III September, 1866. See also pages 193-199 November 1866 regarding RAGGED DIJK.



Mike, in disbelief, thrust out a hand quickly, hoping to feel hard silver dollars, but felt only the soft sand. His hopeful countenance changed to dismay.

"So this is what I risked my neck for."

"Yes—Mike, you took a risk and failed again," replied the Judge, "fate was against you. Need I remind you that honesty is the best policy?"

Mike hung his head. He had no answer.

"Officer, take him away. I have promised leniency. After consulting with the boys I will advise your superiors of our decision."

"Well, boys," said the Judge, a little later, "what do you think should be done with our friend, Mike?"

"He may have set the school on fire," reminded Flint.

"Yes," replied the Judge, "we could have him held again for questioning. He might be returned for accusation and trial. He might be convicted of trespassing, but perhaps he had no intention of willfully destroying the school property."

"That's so," agreed Carey.

"If we make any charge," reminded the Judge, "we shall have to appear against him tomorrow. Do you wish to do that?"

"No," said Flint, thinking of his own involvement, and possible embarrassing admissions.

"No," said Carey, anxious to return home as quickly as possible.

"Then we shall drop the charges," said the Judge, "after all, we do have Jack in our custody. If Mike persists in his life of crime, he shall no doubt be caught again soon."

"What is the date?" asked Carey.

"It is Tuesday, the thirteenth," replied the Judge, "Why?"

"Our mortgage payment is due on the fifteenth," replied Carey anxiously.

"Will we be home by then?"

"Yes," replied the Judge, understanding Carey's concern, "if we are not delayed."

"It doesn't look as if we shall be able to make the payment to—to your father," said Carey, addressing Flint.

Flint, thinking of his own predicament, expressed no sympathy, but replied, "I'll be in for it too, but at least I'm returning the money I took. I don't know what my father will say."

"Your father, my boy," said the Judge, "should be glad to have you returned, and he is indebted to Carey for your return, and the return of his money. I shall try to see that justice is done, but we shall have to wait and see what develops."

"Sir," said Flint, addressing the Judge, "is it because of us—Carey and I—that you are charging Jack with fraud? Are you concerned about the money he took from Carey, I mean?"

"I am not at liberty to say, my boy," replied the Judge, "the order to return him comes from an unidentified and confidential source."

"Did my father order his return?" asked Flint.

"Not to my knowledge. Why do you ask?"

"Well, Jack claims he knows my father."

"He does?"

"Yes, he claims they were once in business together."

"Is that right?"

"Yes. Then you didn't know?"

"No, I didn't, my boy. I know nothing about your father except his business affairs with Carey's mother."

"I don't know much about my father either. I was always closer to my mother."

"Do you have some hesitancy about returning to your father, my boy?"

"Yes; some."

"Tell me again; why was it that you left your father?"

"I was despondent, I guess. My father didn't understand me. I had no friends at school. My allowance was not large enough to suit me, and I wasn't doing so well at school. Leaving home seemed to be the answer. I guess it wasn't."

"I think I understand you, my boy, though your father didn't seem to. You needed love and attention from your father, after your mother died. There may have been some resentment to your father's attitude since then. Am I right?"

"Perhaps. My mother always called me Flint, but my father resented it."

"Why did your mother call you Flint?"

"It was her name before she married my father."

"I see; and you have a certain fear of your father, especially at this time."

"Yes. I suppose I deserve the punishment I will get, but I don't think I will be satisfied to remain at home under the circumstances."

"Of course. Perhaps it will be best for you if you do not go home at once; at least until your father has become reconciled—shall I say—until his temper has abated somewhat. It is apparent that he needs counsel regarding a harmonious relationship between father and son."

"But where would I stay? I have no real close friends."

"I've always been willing to be your friend, Flint—if you would let me," said Carey.

Flint looked embarrassed. He had never treated Carey as a friend, nor even encouraged friendship between them. He had always felt that Carey was beneath his social level. He had always tried to keep Carey in his proper place as a social outcast, due to his poverty. He had always thought of Carey as his servant, and would have willingly purchased his services, if Carey would have submitted to his wishes. He knew now, after the past two weeks in Carey's company, that such a friendship was to be desired. He felt humiliation. A tear came to his eye.

The Judge, having some knowledge of the past differences between the boys, sensed

the birth of a new relation between them. He also sensed that Carey was about to take the Flint to his own home. This would never do, since on the day of their arrival, the Squire was quite apt to be at Carey's home.

"I'm sure you boys will now become fast friends, and get along very well together from now on," said the Judge, "but I believe it will be best for Flint if we ask Mr. Jamieson to provide temporary quarters for you, Flint, my boy."

Flint looked relieved. At least, the discipline he expected would be delayed; and perhaps lessened after his father learned the stolen money was being returned. And so, after the excitement of the evening wore off and their plans well prepared for their arrival in Algerton, they went to bed. They departed the next morning on an early train and arrived in Buffalo late at night. They found they could not get a train for Algerton until the next morning, so they stayed over night again in a hotel.

It was Tuesday in Algerton. The Judge and Mr. Jamieson had been gone three days without any word from them. The new-born hope at the Churchill home was turning to despair again. The Squire had not been seen in the village for several days. The repairs on the school building were about completed, and it was scheduled to open again the following week. It had rained the day before, preventing the usual Monday wash-day. At the Churchill home Ethel had done the entire family washing and was preparing to take a large basket of clothes out to be hung on the line. Holding the large basket before her with both hands, she stepped from the porch to the top step. As she did so, the step sank under the weight of her and the basket. She lost her balance and fell forward. The basket overturned and some of the clothes spilled out. Ethel lay stunned for a moment. As she fell, she had attempted to protect herself by thrusting out her left arm to prevent her fall. She tried to right herself by using this same arm. It did not respond to her attempt. Something was wrong.

"Mother! Mother; Michael! Come quick!" cried Ethel.

Mrs. Churchill and Michael heard her cry, and came rushing to the door. Mrs. Churchill dashed out onto the small porch.

"Mother!" cried Ethel, "Stop! Watch out for that top step! It's broken!"

Mrs. Churchill gave it a hasty glance and proceeded cautiously down to Ethel's side. Michael fairly flew down the steps.

"Ethel, dear!" sobbed Mrs. Churchill, "What happened?"

"First, help me up," pleaded Ethel.

Michael was already in action. He tenderly turned Ethel over and assisted her to a sitting position.

"Ethel, are you all right?" sobbed Mrs. Churchill, in fright.

"My arm," said Ethel, "I think it's broken."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed her mother, "Michael, go after the doctor at once!"

Michael was off like a shot. Mrs. Churchill helped Ethel to her feet and escorted her to the porch where she could sit down. Mrs. Churchill examined the arm.

"Oh, dear! I fear it is broken Ethel, dear. Are you in pain?"

"My heart is thumping; and I feel all jittery; but surprisingly enough, my arm doesn't hurt. It just feels funny."

"Oh, if I could only get you in the house. You mustn't try to climb those steps again. Do you feel like walking to the front door?"

"Just let me sit here a few minutes, until my nerves calm down. Isn't it a shame about those clothes. Some of them will have to be washed over."

"Don't you worry about the clothes. Michael and I will attend to them. I wonder what happened to those steps?"

"They have been wobbly for the last few days," said Ethel, "but I had forgotten about them."

"If Carey were only here; I'm sure he could fix them. Do you feel like walking now?"

"Yes. I think so."

Ethel was assisted up the front steps and through the door with great care; made comfortable in a rocker with a pillow under her arm. Mrs. Churchill provided smelling salts and a drink of water to comfort her. Michael and the doctor arrived in a short time. He found that Ethel's arm was broken between the elbow and the shoulder. He took her in his buggy to his office; set her arm and applied a splint. Her arm was supported in a sling. He returned her to her home and advised her to be extremely careful for a few days and give the broken bone a chance to knit.

Michael assisted his mother with the washing and also tried to think of ways to comfort his sister. Ethel remembering that no one had yet gone for the morning mail, asked Michael to go and see. Michael soon returned, breathlessly.

"You have a telegram, mother!"

"Oh, dear! I hope it isn't bad news."

"Open it, mother," exclaimed Ethel, excitedly.

With trembling hands, she succeeded in extracting and unfolding the yellow sheet before her. Her beaming smile revealed good news.

"What does it say?" chimed Ethel and Michael in unison.

"Thank God, Carey is safe!" exclaimed Mrs. Churchill. "It's from Mr. Jamieson, children. I'll read it to you."

"It's dated Monday-evening," she informed them, then continued, "Carey has been found. All is well. Coming home immediately."

Michael, standing near Ethel, smiling, but with tears of joy in his eyes, threw his arms around her and kissed her.