

THE HORATIO ALGER



Newsboy

Vol. 4 No. 5

November 1965

A monthly newsletter.
Published by the Society.
Free to all members.

Incorporated 1965
(Non-profit)

5868 Heath
Kalamazoo, Michigan
49002

President: Kenneth B. Butler, 1325 Burlington Road, Mendota, Illinois 61342
Vice President: Leslie Langlois, 1571 West Mitchell St., Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53204
Sec'y-Treas: - Mrs. Blanche G. Lloyd, 471 1/2 N. Grant St., West Lafayette, Ind. 47906
Editor: Forrest Campbell - Adult membership \$5.00 Junior membership \$3.00 (Fiscal year)

WE ADD A NEW STATE: MISSOURI

We have active (by payment of dues) members in all of the eleven proposed regions with four regions as yet unassigned. The concentration of members in any one region is the Great Lakes Region. The concentration of members in any one state is Michigan. The regional breakdown is: New England, 9, (Goldberg); Eastern Seaboard, 3, (unassigned); Alleghany, 9, (unassigned); Southern, 2, (Manning); Great Lakes, 22, (Hartmann); Dixie, 1, (unassigned); Prairie, 3, (Row); Hiawatha, 2, (Smith); Mountain, 1, (Larson); Southwest, 2, (Murrell); Pacific, 5, (unassigned).

The breakdown by states: Alabama 1; Alaska 1; Arizona 1; California 1; Conn. 2; Florida 1; Illinois 6; Indiana 3; Iowa 2; Maine 1; Maryland 2; Mass. 6; Michigan 8; Missouri 1; New Jersey 2; New York 3; Ohio 2; Oregon 1; Penn. 3; S. Dakota 2; Tenn. 1; Texas 1; Utah 1; Virginia 1; Wash. 2; West Va. 1; Wisconsin 3.

LARSON DISCOVERS A NEW IDEA

In addition to publicity provided by our president regarding his appointment as Regional Director, Park has broken into the news in his own behalf by way of the Salt Lake City Deseret News, October 1, with a two column spread written by staff writer Steve Hale. Concerning this publicity Park writes, "Of the numerous phone calls I have received, one in particular may interest you. A well known Salt Lake Radio personality called and wants to discuss putting some of Horatio Alger's books on L.P. records. He is of course a professional reader and feels he can make the stories very interesting. Besides making the records available to the general public with quaint jackets, he thinks we can do a lot of good by having the records available to blind children. We plan to meet to discuss these plans very soon." I think Park's discovery is an original idea, and that it has merit. I have suggested that for a start at least, the short stories be used, especially those in dialogue like SEEKING HIS FORTUNE which is currently in this issue.

HOW MANY ALGER STORIES ARE THERE?

This seems to be a debatable subject among certain authorities, but you can get Ralph Gardner's authentic opinion in his award winning book, Horatio Alger, or The American Hero Era, page 356. There are (continued on page -2-)

PRESIDENTIAL PONDERINGS

DETECTIVE WORK — Have you checked your telephone directories to see if a man by the name of Horatio Alger lives? Ralph Gardner writes that he checked the Manhattan directory to see how Algers shaped up. There are no Horatios, but 15 Algers, including doctors, attorneys, a stock broker. All lived at what would be considered the better addresses around town. Please take a look at the book in your locality.

ADDITIONAL REGIONAL DIRECTORS — I take pleasure in announcing the appointment of, and acceptance by two additional Regional Directors, who will represent the Society and promote its aims in their areas. They are: SOUTHERN (States of Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana)Mr. J.A. Manning, Birmingham, Alabama. PRAIRIE (States of Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska, and Kansas).... Mr. Jack Row, Clarion, Iowa.

SOCIETY MEMBERSHIP — Our paid membership now stands at 60. We still hope that some of those who qualified as Newsboy subscribers before we established a formal organization, will send in their membership forms and check for \$5, to remain a part of the Alger movement and by their support help to carry forward our announced projects. Of the 60 new members, it is interesting to note that 16 are brand new members who have joined us since the Mendota Affair. Some of you will receive the Newsboy for the balance of 1965 by virtue of an earlier Ragged Dick Fund contribution. But only paid Society members will receive membership cards, the membership roster, Alger reprints, announcements, blue book of values, or be entitled to free use of the Book Mart. Beginning January only paid members will receive the Newsboy. Attendance at the 1966 Milwaukee Event limited, likewise, to paid members. Thus our transition from purely an informal hobby group with publication privately supported (by Forrest Campbell), and awards supported by donations --- to a well-knit, cohesive group administered by elected officers and guided by by-laws--- is moving apace.

LIST OF EDITIONS — Jack Row, Forrest Campbell, and Walter Moore have helped me assemble lists of certain publishers (continued on page -2-)

NEW MEMBERS REPORTED

- PF-135 Irving I. Pozman T- 70
3457 Oakdale Ave., (Pine Lawn)
St Louis, Missouri 63121
- PF-136 George V. Knudson T- 20
12201 Tulip Grove Drive,
Bowie, Maryland 20715

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

- PF-016 Dr. Morton S. Enslin
708 Argyle Road,
Wynnewood, Pa. 19096

MEMBERSHIP ROSTER REPORTED

- PF-106 Morris Olsen T-114
44 Hillsboro Road,
Mattapan, Mass. 02126
- PF-107 William Loomis (inactive)
- PF-108 Gilbert Gardner
P.O. Box No. 73
Greenwich, New Jersey 08323
- PF-109, Eli Levinsohn (inactive)
- PF-110 Paul E. Stone (inactive)
- PF-111 W.P. (Park) Larson T-023
3033 Craig Drive,
Salt Lake City, Utah 84109
- PF-112 Dr. David J. Thompson T-108
214 Rodeo,
Salinas, California 93202
- PF-113 Maurice Phillips (inactive)
- PF-114 Marji Zak (inactive)
- PF-115 John R. Liberg
5735 Rowland Road,
Hopkins, Minnesota 55345
- PF-116 Edward Golden T- 74
9 Park Place,
Noroton Hts, Conn. 06823
- PF-117 Dr. Herman Van Ark T- 64
410 Blake Street,
Eaton Rapids, Mich. 48827
- PF-118 John A. Manning T- 40
618 Hoadley Drive,
Birmingham, Alabama 35213
- PF-119 Clyde E. Willis T- 75
3721 Maxtown Road R1
Westerville, Ohio 43081
- PF-120 Mrs. Frances Henry T- 17
R2
Cambridge, Illinois 61238

This completes the roster up to the time of the Mendota Affair. PFs #121 through #134 are listed in the July through October Issues. The new membership roster in booklet form now being prepared by WAYSIDE PRESS will be out in the very near future. It may not be too late to add your name and up to date record of titles and correct address.

Irving comes to us by way of Ralph Gardner. He is a staff writer for the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Born in St. Louis, (1912) and began professional part-time writing in 1927 (at the age of 15) and full-time since 1931. He began with baseball reporting, advanced to police reporting, feature writer, and now general reporting. Pine Lawn is a small city just outside of St. Louis. Irving is anxious to add to his collection of 70 titles. His interest began at the age of ten when his father bought him a copy of SLOW & SURE, which is now his prized possession and would not part with it. Irv adds these two quotes to his letter "I've paid through the nose for some of them" and "She (my wife) thinks I'm crazy to collect Algers or anything else." (both of those quotes, I have heard before). Irv had no duplicates when last reporting. Irv asks, "Do you remember an Alger story that has as one of its leading characters 'Job Johnson, operator of a phony boys' school?' Irv hopes to attend our Milwaukee Event.

George comes to us by way of Jack Row, PF-101 (now T-108). George is a former resident of Iowa and Wisconsin, Journalism graduate, glider pilot, WWII, former reporter, editor and publisher. Currently writes for Veterans Administration, Washington, D.C. (I personally haven't heard from George).

PRESIDENTIAL PONDERINGS (List of Editions) continued: of the various Alger titles, as preamble to an attempt to devise catalog, or Bluebook of Valuations, such as guides the collectors of coins. I still need lists of titles published by Penn, Saalfield, Whitman, International, T&T, C&L, Mershon, Ovell, Wanamaker and Superior.

BOOK MART---This service linked with the list of Editions by code previously sent you, was established to help you, our members to find wanted titles among the duplicates of other members. These listings are free to members. Surely many of you have surplus duplicates that you would like to channel to other members at fair prices. Why not use this service.

"OUR HERO" (cut & edited) Steve Hale, Deseret News, poses the question: Mr. Alger---may have been the author who coined the term "Our Hero" --- Can any of our readers shed any light on this? In what story did Alger first use the term? Your Particular Friend,
Ken Butler, President

HOW MANY ALGER STORIES ARE THERE? continued: some stories which were never published in book form, so for an accurate count of different (book length) stories, we must combine the two. Gardner says there are 118 different stories in book form, and he has 117 of them. He does not have the story, THE DISAGREEABLE WOMAN. The number of titles is an entirely different matter. How many are there? More on this interesting subject in the next issue. We invite your comments.

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

PART II

Scene III -- A small room in the fifth story of a Boston Hotel. Jonathan is poring over the advertising column of the Boston Herald.

Jonathan: (loq) I had no idee there was so many houses in the world. Boston's a big place to be sure. But I don't see where they pastur' all their cows. I didn't see none in that big lot in front of the State House. I guess folks must have a power of money to live in such fine houses. The State House must have cost twice as much as our meetin' house, and p'raps more. Anyway, I'm bound to see if I can't make my fortin' here. The landlord told me I might find a chance for business in this paper. I guess I'll look over it, and see what I can find. (Reads the paper intently for a few minutes) Why, here's the very thing! Let me spell it out again. (Reads as follows).

Two Thousand Dollars a Year.— Wanted, a young man with a small capital to engage in a lucrative business, which is sure to pay him at least two thousand dollars a year. The best references required. Call immediately on Samuel Jenkins, 15 S—— Street.

Jonathan: (jumping to his feet in excitement) Where's my hat? I say that's an all-fired good chance! Two thousand dollars a year! Why, it takes away my breath thinkin' of it. Why, I've been workin' for dad for ten dollars a month, and that aint but a hundred and twenty dollars a year. Our minister don't git but three hundred dollars and his house rent. Guess he'll hev to look up to me ef I git this chance. I must go right off, or some other feller'll be ahead of me. (puts on his hat, and exit)

Scene IV -- (A small office. Mr. Samuel Jenkins, the proprietor, is smoking a cigar in a lounging attitude. He jumps up hastily on hearing a knock, and opening the door, admits Jonathan, who enters bashfully)

Jonathan: Be you Mr. Jenkins?

Jenkins: (bowing) I am, at your service.

Jonathan: I see the advertisement what you writ in the papers about wanting a partner----

Jenkins: With a small capital.

Jonathan: Yes, with a small capital, and I thought I'd call and see ef you wouldn't take me.

Jenkins: (aside) The fellow is just from the country. I must impress him a little. I wonder how much money he's got. (aloud) Well, as to that, I can't say positively. I must ask you a few questions. Have you lived in the city long?

Jonathan: Wall no, I live to Beanville when I'm to hum.

Jenkins: (reflectively) Beanville! I don't think I ever heard of the place.

Jonathan: Sho! I thought everybody'd heard of Beanville.

Jenkins: Then I suppose you have never been in business.

Jonathan: (hesitatingly) Wall no, not exactly, but I tended in our store two days when the other feller was gone.

Jenkins: That is nothing, but perhaps you could learn.

Jonathan: (eagerly) O yes, I kin learn pooty quick ef you'll only try me.

Jenkins: Then about the capital. How much money have you got?

Jonathan: I had two hundred and fifty dollars when I left hum, but I guess I'll have to leave some to pay my board. I kin invest two hundred and twenty-five dollars.

Jenkins: (aside) That isn't as much as I hoped, but I'm dead broke, and that will do till I take in another flat.

Jonathan: (anxiously) Will that do?

Jenkins: Why, it isn't as much as I expected; considering the large income which you will receive, it is very small.

Jonathan: I will come for less than two thousand if you'll only take me.

Jenkins: No, I will pay what I guaranteed. I suppose it's all right about the references.

Jonathan: I'll write to our minister to send me a character.

Jenkins: Never mind, I have a knack at reading faces, and I can tell by yours that you are honest and industrious.

Jonathan: (gratified) Then you will take me?

Jenkins: Have you got the money with you?

Jonathan: Yes; shall I pay it now?

Jenkins: You might as well, and the partnership shall begin at once.

Jonathan: (drawing out his pocket book, and counting out some bills) Two hundred, two hundred and ten, twenty-five. I guess you'll find it right.

Jenkins: (looking over the bills carelessly) Yes, quite correct. Stay, I will give you a receipt. What is your name.

Jonathan: Jonathan Peters.

Jenkins: Mine is Jenkins. Success to the firm of Jenkins and Peters. I'll see about a sign.

Jonathan: Do you do it here? I don't see nothin' to sell.

Jenkins: O, it's a commission business. I'll attend to that, and you'll do the writing. I suppose you can write a good hand.

Jonathan: O yes, I've been to writin' school two winters. I can't write very fast.

Jenkins: Never mind, you'll learn. Practice makes perfect. I think I'll have you begin to-day. Do you see that book? (points to an old ledger on the desk).

Jonathan: Yes.

Jenkins: Well, there's a blank book. I want you to copy out of the ledger into the book, beginning at the first page.

Jonathan: All right, I kin do it.

Jenkins: Be very particular not to make any mistakes.

Jonathan: I'll do my best.

Jenkins: (taking his hat) I've got to go round to the Bank to deposit this money, and will be right back. See how much you can copy while I am gone.

Jonathan: Yes, I'll work faithful.
(Exit Jenkins)

Jonathan: (solus.) Well, aint that a streak of luck! Here I am, jest arrived in the city, and earnin' a salary of two thousand dollars a year. Won't it make dad stare? I guess marm'll be glad I cum now. Wonder what Mary Jane'll say. She'll be mighty sorry I've gone and left her. But she aint fit for the wife of a city merchant like me! I must write to dad to-night. I would now, only my time belongs to the firm. Two thousand dollars a year! Why, that's six dollars a day and more, almost as much as I used to git in a month. Guess I'll buy a watch after I git my first month's pay. Halloa, who's that?

(Enter THOMAS HAMPTON)

Hampton: (looking at Jonathan in surprise) What are you doing here?

Jonathan: (with dignity) Attending to business.

Hampton: And how do you happen to be attending to business in my office?

Jonathan: Look here, mister. I guess you've made a little mistake. This aint your office. It's mine and Jenkins.

Hampton: (sarcastically) Indeed! And I suppose that is your ledger that you have open before you.

Jonathan: Of course it is.

Hampton: Well, you're a mighty cool customer, though you look rather green than otherwise. Perhaps you can tell me who this Jenkins is?

Jonathan: He's the boss of this concern. That is, him and me are the two bosses.

Hampton: Well, you're about right there. You look more like bossies than anything else. If you ever lived in the country, as I should judge from your appearance you had, you will know what that means.

Jonathan: (advancing in a threatening manner, brandishing a ruler) I say, stranger, quit that, none of your sarse, or I'll break your head.

Hampton: (with dignity) Enough of this, young man. Put down that ruler. Now tell me, have you given this man Jenkins any money?

Jonathan: Yes, two hundred and twenty-five dollars, and he's took me into partnership.

Hampton: When did you see him last?

Jonathan: He went out an hour ago.

Hampton: You'll never see him again, I'm afraid, or your money either.

Jonathan: (terrified) What's that, stranger?

Hampton: In short, he's swindled you. Jenkins is not his real name. He is a clerk of mine, of whom for some time I have had suspicions. He took advantage

of a three days absence of mine in New York to put an advertisement into the papers, which it seems has taken you in. He's got your money, and that will be the last we shall see of him unless the police pick him up.

Jonathan: (crying) He's carried off all my money. Boo! hoo! and I aint earnin' two thousand dollars a year after all. Aunt Betsy's money gone. Boo, hoo! What'll marm say?

Hampton: I'm afraid your money's gone past recovery, but if you want to stay in the city, there's a friend of mine wants a good strong fellow in a grocery store. He will give you two dollars a day.

Jonathan: (drying his tears) Well, that's pooty good. It's a good deal more'n I kin make in the country. I'll take it. (Enter boy with a note)

Hampton: (opening it hastily) My friend, here is good news. The police having some suspicions of Jenkins, arrested him as he was on the point of leaving the city for New York, and he is now in custody. You will probably recover your money.

Jonathan: (executing a double shuffle in his delight) O crackey! my money safe. Now I shan't be ashamed to write home. You won't forget about that grocery place.

Hampton: No, I will see my friend to-day, and I have no doubt I can get it for you. By the way, where are you boarding?

Jonathan: At the --- House.

Hampton: The board is pretty high there.

Jonathan: My room is, anyway--in the fifth story--but they don't charge me but three dollars a week.

Hampton: Three dollars a day, you mean.

Jonathan: By gracious, you don't mean it.

Hampton: Certainly, some of the hotels are charging more.

Jonathan: How do they expect a feller to eat three dollars worth of victuals in a day?

Hampton: You must leave there at once. I will find a decent place where you can board for five dollars a week, while you will be earning twelve.

Jonathan: We kin git board up to Beanville for two dollars a week.

Hampton: Beanville and Boston are two different places, and differ in some important respects. If you will stay here an hour or two, I will go out and see about employment for you. (Exit)

Jonathan: (solus.) Well, I wouldn't have thought that Jenkins was such a tricky feller. I'd like to jist git hold of him once, and ef I wouldn't give him a kick that would land him in the middle of next week, it's because I've lost the use of my foot, that's all. (Exit)

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Stanley A. Pachon, PF-087, recognized authority on Alger's short stories which were published in various periodicals, reminds me that Alger's name is not mentioned as the author. He is right. Only a trained eye, familiar with Alger's scarce titles would have recognized this rare treasure which is coveted by all Alger collectors. Thanks, Stanley.



The atmosphere of gloom in the Churchill home quickly changed to one of joy. The anticipation of Carey's announced return was a tonic to them all. A similar message addressed to the Squire announcing the return of Flint was still at the telegraph office undelivered, since the Squire was not at home. He had departed early that morning to attend an auction sale in a nearby rural neighborhood. As was his custom, he left not a stone unturned to add another dollar to his wealth by his craftiness; but always at the expense of the unsuspecting people of the community.

Arriving early at the scene of the auction, he consulted with the clerk and the auctioneer.

"I expect to make many purchases today, and will no doubt cause the bidding to run higher than usual," he announced, "and -- ah--many of my purchases will be purely for speculation. If I find I am over-supplied, I may decide to try and resell, however, I will take that risk. I will guarantee you that I will purchase at least five hundred dollars worth of your merchandise; but for this guarantee I shall ask for a ten per cent discount on anything that I might buy. If you are interested in my proposal, I will give you my check now in the amount of four hundred and fifty dollars as my guarantee. Is my offer agreeable to you?"

The offer was an unusual one. The clerk and the auctioneer consulted with the owner who was aware of the Squire's cunning manner, but found it extremely difficult to refuse advance payment and a guarantee of four hundred and fifty dollars worth of his live stock, farm equipment and household items. They accepted his check and his terms. After the sale at which the Squire had bought over the subscribed amount, he singled out the bidders who had opposed him. His remarks went something like this:

"I find I have over-bought and I am willing to let you have the merchandise you wanted for the exact amount I paid for it." In this manner the Squire was able to dispose of all the merchandise he had purchased and went away with a nice profit for the day of over fifty dollars. Upon his return to Algerton, he learned of the announced return of his son. There were no other details in the message. He was somewhat relieved of his concern for his boy, but was perhaps more concerned about the missing two hundred dollars. He had entertained little hope of ever recovering the money and still believed in the theory that the stranger had robbed him. His thoughts turned to suitable ways to punish his son. He had not yet learned of Carey's expected arrival.

Mr. Jamieson, with his prisoner, arrived on Wednesday. He placed Jack in the local jail without arousing suspicion of his identity. He then went to the

Churchill home and explained the details to Mrs. Churchill and the children.

"Yes, Judge Dixon and the boys should arrive sometime tomorrow," he said, "but I am not permitted to reveal all the details at this time; and I must warn you that complete secrecy is desired until after the Judge arrives."

He was assured of their cooperation but was questioned as to Carey's health and why he had not written as he had promised to do.

"You shall know the details tomorrow, and I assure you that Carey would have written if he had been able to do so. Now, Ethel, tell me about this accident of yours."

Ethel did so, assisted by comments from her mother and Michael.

"She had promised that she would be willing to give her right arm to hear of Carey's safety," said Michael, in a jovial mood.

"My prayers were answered though, for we got your message right afterward, Mr. Jamieson," Ethel rejoined, smiling, then added, "and I've still got my right arm for you, Michael," she said, raising her arm, indicating a slap, but which developed into an embrace.

Mr. Jamieson looked at his watch, excused himself and hurried home to his own family.

The Judge, Flint and Carey stepped off the train at Algerton on Thursday morning. The Judge whisked Flint into a waiting carriage and directed the driver to take them to Mr. Jamieson's home. Carey was instructed to go home immediately and remain there for the expected visit of the Squire. Carey took a look around. Everything seemed the same. In some ways it seemed like awakening from a dream. He was tempted to stop in and say hello to Mr. Harris, but that could wait. Thoughts of home caused him to quicken his steps. His familiar step on the porch was recognized. Michael swung open the door and embraced his big brother.

"Michael! Gee, it's good to see you again; Mother, dear!" he added, thrusting out one arm to receive her embrace. "And Ethel; Ethel! What in the world?"

"That can wait. Let me look at you, my dear boy," said his mother with tears of joy in her eyes.

"Oh, mother, I'm so glad to be home again; I've missed you all so very much!"

"We've missed you too, son; and we were worried about you. Are you sure you are all right?"

"Yes, I'm all right, mother dear, but the details are a long story. Now, Ethel," he added, trying to include her in his embrace, "what has happened to you?"

Ethel, who had been waiting for an opportunity, entwined her good arm about

Carey, received his affectionate kiss and returned one of her own.

"It's a sacrificial price she had to pay for your safe return," cut in Michael, gleefully.

"Oh, Michael, be still;" ordered Ethel, "my prayers for your safe return have been answered though."

"Sacrifice? Prayers?" inquired Carey, "Will someone please explain?"

"Ethel broke her arm on the back steps, Carey, dear," explained his mother, "But the details can wait, Carey. Tell us all about your long absence."

Carey revealed the entire story from beginning to end, including the identity of Jack, and his past association with Squire Campbell; but cautioned them that the details must not be revealed until after the Squire's expected visit.

"Has the Squire bothered you about the mortgage while I've been away?" asked Carey.

"He called only once; and seemed determined as ever to foreclose on the mortgage," his mother replied.

"We can't meet the payment; can we, mother?" asked Carey, dejectedly.

"Yes, we can;" replied Mrs. Churchill, "the Judge has provided a way." Then she proceeded to explain that if the worst came to the worst, the Judge would hold the mortgage.

"I see;" answered Carey, "well, that's temporary relief anyway; isn't it?"

"Yes. It is a blessing."

"Oh, yes. Now will someone tell me about this sacrifice; and prayers answered. How did this happen, Ethel?"

"Ethel said she'd give her right arm for your safe return," offered Michael.

"Michael, don't tease your sister."

"It's true though;" cut in Ethel, "and we got your message right after it happened."

"What did happen?" asked Carey.

Ethel proceeded to explain the details, assisted from time to time by her mother, and Michael.

"The back steps, was it?" asked Carey, "I didn't know there was anything wrong with them," he added.

"Yes," replied his mother, "won't you examine them and see if you can fix them?"

"I'll take a look at once, mother dear."

Carey's plans were interrupted by a knock at the door.

"The Squire!" all three exclaimed with bated breath. But it was not the Squire, they found; much to their relief. It was Judge Dixon and Mr. Jamieson. Mrs. Churchill expressed her appreciation to the Judge for his assistance, and he responded with an expression of concern for her anxiety, and for Ethel's condition. Then he instructed them how to receive the Squire when he arrived. He explained that Mr. Jamieson had arranged to detain the Squire until after his noon-time meal.

"Now," said the Judge, "we have some time before the Squire arrives; shall we

all examine the scene of Ethel's unfortunate accident?"

The group, led by Michael, went out the front door and walked around to the back steps.

"See how the top step has sunk down," said Ethel, pointing, "that's where I met my downfall."

"The support for the top step seems to have slipped from its foundation," said Carey.

"Perhaps two of us could lift the steps back upon it," suggested the Judge.

The Judge and Mr. Jamieson took positions on each side and lifted the steps. Carey attempted to place the supports back upon the foundation, but the wooden supports were warped and weakened and would not rest upon the foundation.

"Perhaps the old supports should be replaced with new lumber," suggested Mr. Jamieson.

"You may be right," agreed the Judge, "let's turn the steps over and examine them."

After this was done, it was found that the supports should be replaced. In the mean time Mrs. Churchill was conscious of an accumulation of dirt and leaves covering the foundation.

"Michael," said Mrs. Churchill, "reach that broom there on the porch and sweep away that mess of leaves."

Michael followed instructions industriously, pleased to be asked to take part in the project. When the accumulation had been swept away, a slab of concrete, or possibly stone was revealed with the porch supports resting on each end.

"I believe it is stone," said Mrs. Churchill, "and such a large one it is."

Ethel was standing nearby, and her attention was drawn to it by her mother's remark. Ethel gasped. She put her hand to her mouth to stifle her amazement.

"Ethel!" cried her mother, "Whatever is the matter?"

"The stone!" cried Ethel, excitedly.

Her outcry caught the attention of the others.

"What about the stone?" asked her mother in alarm.

"I do believe it is the Alger stone! Yes, I am almost positive."

The Judge looked bewildered. Mr. Jamieson looked at Carey, seeking his opinion as expressed in his eyes. Carey dropped to his knees to examine the stone more carefully.

"Oh, you must be mistaken, Ethel," said Mrs. Churchill, looking relieved, having suspected a snake.

"What makes you so positive, Ethel," asked Carey.

"I'd know it anywhere;" she replied, "it's the other half of the corner stone from the old Alger home foundation!"

"What does this mean?" asked the Judge, "Will someone please tell me?"

Ethel gave the details of rumors heard, and handed down by the village residents.

"It also means," added Carey with jubilation, "that we may have discovered the long lost Alger fortune at last!"