



THE HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY
OFFICIAL PUBLICATION
NEWSBOY



Horatio Alger, Jr.

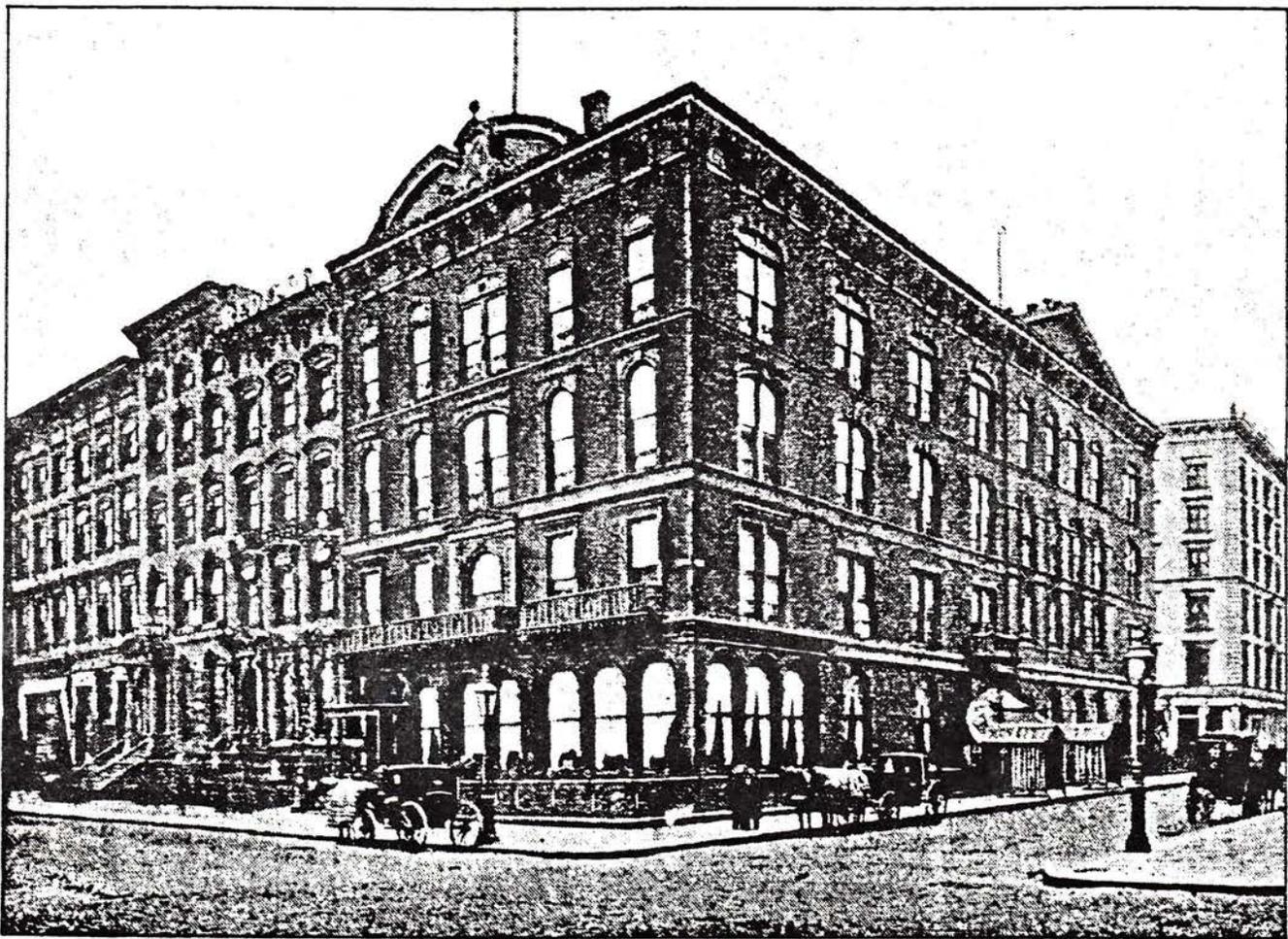
1832 - 1899

A magazine devoted to the study of Horatio Alger, Jr.,
his life, works, and influence on the culture of America.

Volume XXVII

September-October, 1988

Number 2



Delmonico's Restaurant is known all over the world. It has been familiar to epicures of two continents since 1827. The establishment occupies the entire building at Broadway, 26th Street and Fifth Avenue. The gentlemen's Café is on the Broadway side, and the public dining-room looks across Fifth Avenue into Madison Square. On the floors above are private parlors and dining-rooms, and the elegant banquet and ball room, which is famous as the scene of innumerable brilliant social events, and of nearly all the grand banquets that have been given for generations. The place is the social center of the wealthy and exclusive in New York. Alger liked to dine here.

INTRODUCING OUR NEW MEMBERS

L-24 New York Historical Society Lib.
170 Central Park West
New York, NY 10024

They have 23 Alger titles in their collection.

PF-803 Vic Pettibone
5521 W. 49th St.
Mission, KS 66202

Vic's family purchased a set of the Westgard Alger volumes, and a membership application was included with the order. He is a retired Treasury Agent, age 60, and his wife's name is Helen. His Alger collection consists of 80 titles, and he is also interested in fishing. Phone: 913 831-4631.

PF-804 Stephen Bayuzick
300 Pine Street P.O. Box 333
Edinboro, PA 16412-0333

Stephen purchased a set of the Westgard Alger miniatures, and a membership form was included with the order. He is retired from U.S. Steel after 40 years of service, age 74, and his wife's name is Elizabeth. He has 44 Alger titles, and has many interests, including: miniature books, printing, cameras, musical instruments, printing ephemera, traveling with his motor home, and reading Tom Swift and Merriwell Brothers books. Phone: 814 734-3315.

PF-805 David E. Gray
Shearson Lehman Brothers
400 Perimeter Center Terrace NE
Suite 290
Atlanta, GA 30346

David is a financial consultant, and may be phoned at 404 393-2000.

PF-807 Blanche R. Frank
3833 E. 2nd St., #301
Long Beach, CA 90803

Blanche is a housewife, mother, and grandmother, age 58. Alger stimulated an interest in reading as a child. Other interests are gourmet cooking, and painting. Her husband's name is Charles B., and she learned of us from a newspaper article about the Alger Awards in New York. Phone: 213 434-6601.

PF-808 Vernon C. Elms
3765 Rice Springs Rd.
Kevil, KY 42053

Vernon is a retired electrician, age 76. He owns 67 Alger titles, and is also interested in coins, knives, gardening, and reading. Phone: 502 462-3641. This membership was a birthday gift from his wife on April 9. Her name is Letona V.

* * *

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

PF-186 Jack Barker
8260 Jett Ferry Rd.
Dunwoody, GA 30350 (new Zip)

PF-265 Bob Bennett
14 Tremont Ave.
Congers, NY 10920
Phone: 914 268-0187.

PF-381 Bill Leitner
1501 Cayman Way, E-4
Coconut Creek, FL 33066
Phone: 305 979-9075.

PF-492 William Baach
6401 Colony Way, 1B
Edina, MN 55435

PF-565 Bea Fortner
131 Pineneedle Dr.
Bradenton, FL 33507

PF-668 James J. Lowe
Box 57 (new box number)
Colchester, VT 05446-0057

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THE HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY — To further the philosophy of Horatio Alger, Jr., and to encourage the spirit of Strive and Succeed that for half a century guided Alger's undaunted heroes — lads whose struggles epitomized the Great American Dream and flamed Hero Ideals in countless millions of young Americans. Founded by Forrest Campbell and Kenneth B. Butler. OFFICERS: President, George Owens; Vice-president, Frank Jaques; Executive Secretary, Carl T. Hartmann; Treasurer, Alex T. Shaner; Directors, Owen Cobb, Ed LeBlanc, Bob Sawyer, Bill McCord, Will Wright, Paul Miller, Tracy Catledge, Evelyn Grebel, John Juvinal, Jim Ryberg; Directors Emeritus, Ralph D. Gardner, Bob Bennett.

NEWSBOY, the Official Organ of The Horatio Alger Society, is published six times a year, and is indexed in the Modern Language Association's INTERNATIONAL BIBLIOGRAPHY. Membership Fee for any twelve month period is \$15.00, with single issues costing \$3.00. Please make all your remittances payable to The Horatio Alger Society. Membership Applications, Renewals, Changes of Address and other correspondence should be sent to the Society's Executive Secretary, Carl T. Hartmann, 4907 Allison Dr., Lansing, MI 48910. NEWSBOY ADVERTISING RATES: 1 page, \$32.00; half-page, \$17.00; quarter-page, \$9.00; column-inch, \$2.00. Send ads, with check payable to The Horatio Alger Society, to Bob Sawyer, 4473 Janice Marie Blvd., Enchanted Acres, Columbus, OH 43207. THE LOST LIFE OF HORATIO ALGER, JR., by Gary Scharnhorst with Jack Bales, is recognized as the definitive biography of Horatio Alger, Jr., and HORATIO ALGER, JR.: A COMPREHENSIVE BIBLIOGRAPHY, by Bob Bennett, is recognized as the most current definitive authority on Alger's works.

Send articles for NEWSBOY to Gilbert K. Westgard II, Editor, 1001 S.W. 5th Court, Boynton Beach, FL 33426.

Director Emeritus Ralph D. Gardner, PF-053, writes: I think you should not spend one penny of your own money to subsidize Newsboy. You get little enough as it is for your Editor's job. Don't even consider putting up your own money. It would not be understood or appreciated, so why should you do it?

Have fun and keep in mind my motto: "Non Carborundum Illegitemati." In Latin it means, "Don't let the bastards irritate you!"

* * *

Director Emeritus Bob Bennett, PF-265, writes: For those who bitch about Newsboy—sentence them to one year of putting it out themselves!

* * *

Bernard Biberdorf, PF-524, writes: The comments and suggestions in the July-August issue are timely and should be given consideration. One suggestion I'd have is to include a sheet about the Society, its purpose, brief descriptions of activities, who to contact for membership, space to list the names of local area members, and annual dues. It should be a tear-out sheet, or a loose insert. If a member needs extra copies, Xerox them locally.

Frequently, when I go through flea markets and old book stores, I mention the Society. Some of them are interested. If I had an information sheet, I could hand it to them while the discussion is fresh in both our minds.

Marcy and I are looking forward to the "Wright Stuff" in Chillicothe, Ohio, next year.

I recently acquired NUMBER 91, by Arthur Lee Putnam (an Alger pen name). It has a blue cover with a gold border around the title. It looks like the same printing that you used for your edition that I have. My copy is in good condition, except that the frontispiece is missing.

Keep up the good work!

* * *

Peter J. Eckel, PF-555, writes: 1988 marks the centennial of the death of Rev. John C. Drumgoole, "Shepherd of the Homeless Newsboys."

A 40 page booklet has been published to commemorate the fact.

If any member of The Horatio Alger Society is interested in receiving a copy, please send \$1.00 to cover the cost of postage to me.

I have retired after 30 years working as a photographer for the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey. I miss the work, but not that commuting into the city.

A commemorative plaque (2'x3') will be placed on the outside of St. Peter's Catholic Church, in the neighborhood of New York's Printing House Square, honoring Father Drumgoole. In Alger's day this area was known as Newspaper Row, the home of American Journalism. Nearby is City Hall Park, the setting for many of the stories by Horatio Alger, Jr.

The formal dedication of the plaque is tentatively set for September 8, at noon. The donors of the plaque include: County Longford Association of New York City, The New York Times Foundation, and Port Authority Employees.

[Editor's Note] Peter sent me a sample copy of the booklet about Father Drumgoole. It is both interesting and quite informative, and is well worth adding to your library. It has many photographs of newsboys, and the programs set up by "The Shepherd of Homeless Newsboys."

Write to Peter at: 1335 Grant Avenue, South Plainfield, NJ 07080, and if you are interested in attending the dedication of the plaque, check with Peter to see if there are any last minute changes in the schedule. He may be called at 201 757-0748.

* * *

"ROBERT RUSHTON'S DESTINY":
A NEW SERIAL TITLE

by
Gary Scharnhorst

As Jack Bales and I note in THE LOST LIFE OF HORATIO ALGER, JR., the *London Reader* serialized BRAVE AND BOLD in its pages in 1872. We made the point on the basis of a letter Alger wrote Robert Bonner in 1879. Recently I checked the pages of this periodical and found that the juvenile novel appeared in the pages of the *Reader* between August 17 and

November 1, 1872. More to the point, the story was serialized under the hitherto unknown title "Robert Rushton's Destiny"

with plates and epigraphs to each chapter which are unique to this version.

* * *

LONDON THE READER

of Literature, Science, Art, and General Information.

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No. 485.—VOL. XIX.]

FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUGUST 17, 1872.

[PRICE ONE PENNY]



[CUT OUT.]

ROBERT RUSHTON'S DESTINY.

CHAPTER I.

He that is proud sets up himself; pride is his own case, his own trumpet, his own chronicle.

Troilus and Cressida.

The main school-room in the Millbury Academy was lighted up, and the various desks were occupied by boys and girls of different ages from ten to eighteen, all busily writing under the general direction of Professor George W. Granville, instructor in plain and ornamental penmanship.

Professor Granville, as he styled himself, was a traveling teacher, and generally had large attendances at the evening schools which he opened at different places. He was really a very good penman, and in a course of twelve lessons, for which he charged the very moderate price of five shillings—not, of course, including stationery—he contrived to impart considerable instruction, and such pupils as chose to learn were likely to profit by his tuition. His course at Millbury had been unusually successful. There were a hundred pupils on his list, and there had been no disturbance during the course of lessons.

At this precisely Professor Granville struck a small bell, and said, in a metallic voice:

"You will now stop writing."

There was a little confusion as the books were closed and the pens were wiped.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the professor, placing his hands under his coat tails and extending the air of an oratorical attitude, "this evening constitutes a course of lessons which I have had the honor and pleasure of giving you. I have endeavored to impart to you an easy and graceful style of penmanship, such as may be a recommendation to your friends. It gives me pleasure to state that many of you have made great proficiency, and that they have met the expectations. There are others, however, who have not been fully sensible of the advantages which they enjoyed. I would say to you that the position is not yet attained. You will need to be careful to reap the full benefit of my instructions.

Should my life be spared I shall hope next winter to give another course of writing lessons in this place, and I hope I may then have the pleasure of meeting you again as pupils. Let me say in conclusion that I thank you for your patronage and for your good behaviour during this course of lessons, and at the same time bid you good-bye."

With these closing words Professor Granville made a low bow, and placed his hand on his heart, as he had done probably fifty times before, on delivering the same speech, which was the stereotyped form in which he closed his evening schools.

There was a thumping of feet, mingled with a clapping of hands, as the professor closed his speech; and a moment later a boy of sixteen, occupying one of the front seats, rose, and, advancing with easy self-possession, drew from his pocket a gold pencil-case, containing also a pen, and spoke as follows:

"Professor Granville, the members of your writing class, desirous of testifying their appreciation of your services as teacher, have contributed to buy this gold pencil case, which on their behalf I have great pleasure in presenting to you. Will you receive with it our best wishes for your continued success as a teacher of penmanship?"

With these words he handed the pencil to the professor and returned to his seat.

The applause that ensued was perfectly terrific, causing the dust to rise from the floor where it had lain undisturbed till the violent attack of two hundred feet raised it in clouds, through which the figure of the professor was still visible with his right arm again extended.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he commenced, "I cannot give fitting utterance to the emotions that fill my heart at this most unexpected tribute of regard and mark of appreciation of my humble services. Believe me I shall always cherish it as a most valued possession, and the sight of it will recall the pleasant and I hope profitable hours which we have passed together this winter. To you in particular, Mr. Rushton, I express my thanks for the touching and

eloquent manner in which you have made the presentation, and, in parting with you all, I echo your own good wishes, and shall hope that you may be favoured with an abundant measure of health and prosperity."

This speech was also vociferously applauded. It was generally considered impromptu, but was in truth as stereotyped as the other.

Professor Granville had on previous occasions been the recipient of similar testimonials, and he had found it convenient to have a set form of acknowledgment.

He was wise in this, for it is a hard thing on the spur of the moment suitably to offer thanks for an unexpected gift.

"The professor made a fine speech," said more than one after the exercises were over.

"So did Bob Rushton," said Edward Kent.

"I didn't see anything extraordinary in what he said," sneered Halbert Davis. "It seemed to me very commonplace."

"Perhaps you could do better yourself, Halbert," said Kent.

"Probably I could," said Halbert, haughtily.

"Why didn't you volunteer, then?"

"I didn't care to have anything to do with it," returned Halbert, scornfully.

"That's lucky," remarked Edward, "as there was no chance of your getting appointed."

"Do you mean to insult me?" demanded Halbert, angrily.

"No, I was only telling the truth."

Halbert turned away, too disgusted to make any reply.

He was a boy of sixteen, of slender form and sallow complexion, dressed with more pretension than taste. Probably there was no boy present whose suit was of such fine material as his.

But something more than good clothes is needed to give a prepossessing appearance, and Halbert's nose and insignificant features were far from rendering him attractive.

However, self-deception is very common, and dis-

DINNER AT DELMONICO'S

A One-Man Play Based on The Life of
Horatio Alger, Jr.

by
Melvin H. Bernstein

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For permission to perform "Dinner at Delmonico's," a play meant for the stage, apply to Melvin H. Bernstein, RD #1, Box 93, Alfred Station, NY 14803.

PREFACE

Horatio Alger (1832-1899) was an author of books I read as a boy. Horatio Alger became a subject of books I read as a man—biographies, articles in learned journals, releases in newspapers about Horatio Alger awards.

The more the allusions multiplied, the more the biographies multiplied, the more nettled I became about the persistence of the allusions, the studies, and the unsubstantial content of Alger's works.

Recently Gary Scharnhorst and Jack Bales published THE LOST LIFE OF HORATIO ALGER, JR. (1985). They set me straight about Herbert R. Mayes's parodic biography, ALGER: A BIOGRAPHY WITHOUT A HERO (1928), for which I am grateful. But they sparked my curiosity about Alger. I went back to reading avidly Alger's books. I wanted to answer the questions in my mind: Why did Alger, Harvard educated, Phi Beta Kappa, write one hundred books, write the same book a hundred times only changing the name of the boy hero? Why are the boys of one age, about fifteen going on sixteen? Why are they all manly, unfallen boys who find with the help of Fortuna benevolent older men who want to protect them, employ them, educate them, adopt them? Why are women and girls such shadow figures in his stories? Where did the nineteenth century he lived in go?

I discovered a man with a problem who became a grotesque understandable to an

Edgar Allan Poe, a Sherwood Anderson, a Tennessee Williams, a William Faulkner, a Saul Bellow. This one-man play is about a man with a problem who became a writer whose books—a hundred and more of them—were the appeasements to his hunger, and companionship to his loneliness.

"A monologue isn't entirely a play. That is, there are many rules and laws of the theater that don't apply."

García Márquez
The New York Times Book Review
February 21, 1988, p. 25

DINNER AT DELMONICO'S

The curtain is always up.

The stage suggests a better-than-ordinary boarding house set of rooms on the east or west side of uptown New York City in 1890. On the back wall center is a marble mantel atop a gas fireplace with imitation logs burning. On both sides are bookcases with Alger's books. To the right is an alcove where Alger will brew a cup of tea. On the right wall is the door. Below the door is an armoire with a mirror. Below the armoire is a curtained look into Alger's bedroom. Continuing the wall to the corner, there is a draped window looking upon the street.

Stage left starts next to the bookcase with a Victorian stuffed easy-chair catty corner. Continuing down the left wall is a side table; then a couch with pillows, then a side table. Indicated on the left and front wall is a draped window looking upon the street.

Just below the center of the stage and centered is a round table with a noticeable, embroidered table cloth. With a walking space between and diagonally to the right is Alger's writing desk and chair. Atop the desk is a cardboard correspondence file box of period design. Placed here and there are: a big dictionary, a plaster of paris bust of Longfellow, a stereoscope with cards, a collected edition of Longfellow's poems, a plaster of paris figure of Michelangelo's David, a framed picture of Alger's father and mother, a deck of cards.

Alger is a short, slight man in his late fifties. He is bald except for hair on both sides of his head and a mustache.

He is dressed in gray pants, and gray vest, high collar, white shirt with sleeve garters; his jacket hangs on corner door of the armoire.

(Alger is at his desk. He wears a green eyeshade. He is intent upon his writing. He stops from time to time to rub his hands warm. He clears his throat or coughs from time to time. He gets up and apparently in thought tours the room, absentmindedly, stopping at the burning gas-log fireplace, walking the square [or rectangle] of the room, pulling the left drape a bit to look out the left window, returning to the desk area, circling the table, his hand automatically tracing the perimeter of the circular table, drifts away to look at himself in the large mirror of [or near] the armoire for a part of a minute. With bemused reluctance sits down to his desk to write. He coughs. He rubs his hands. He adjusts his eyeshade. He resumes writing.)

There is a knock on the door, then another knock.

Alger takes off his eyeshade, slips his jacket off the corner of the armoire, adjusts it, goes to the door, opens it. Alger extends hand through the doorway, receives a telegram. Alger speaks into the empty doorway.)

Yes, Mr. Horatio Alger, Junior. A reply? By four o'clock? You will return at four o'clock for a reply? Very well.

(Alger takes his watch from his right vest pocket, checks the time.)

That's only two hours from now. The matter must be urgent. I hope the answer will be ready.

(Reaching into his trouser pocket for change.)

Here's for you, and thank you. Eh? Yes, I write books for boys, yes, I am that Alger. Oh, thank you, thank you, thank you very much.

(Closes the door slowly. Listens to the fading footsteps, waits, goes to the window near his desk, pulls back the drape, watches for the messenger boy to descend the front steps of the boarding house, peers fixedly as he spies the messenger, follows him with his eyes as far as he can, then hastens to the other front window and follows him from that vantage, slowly lowering

the drape when he loses sight of the boy. Looking down he regards with slight discovery the telegram.

Alger moves to center stage in back of the round table, facing front. He takes a small penknife from his left vest pocket and opens the telegram and reads.)

"The undersigned request the presence of Mr. Horatio Alger, Jr., at a testimonial dinner in honor of his fifty-eighth birthday, Monday, January 13, 1890, in tribute to his books for boys of this nation and abroad, and to quell the rumor of his impending retirement. A small number of his many admirers in the trade will gather for dinner at 6:30 P.M. in the Supper Room of Delmonico's. We request a prompt reply by messenger this P.M. at 4 o'clock."

John R. Anderson
Henry T. Coates
Robert Porter

A pleasant belated Christmas gift. A dinner. At Delmonico's.

(Picks up telegram again. Stares at it.)

Anderson...Coates...Porter...publishers of my biographies, my fictions. Who's missing? The publishers of my books of poetry. Brown...Loring. Poor bankrupt Loring. Published GRAND'THER BALDWIN'S THANKSGIVING, my second collection, thirty-three poems. Dedicated to my mother, Augusta Fenno Alger. In a poem I called her Geraldine:

And her sunny presence gladdens
Hearts with deepest sorrow laden.
Very few there are, I ween,
Quite as Fair as Geraldine.

Poor Loring, a bankrupt bookman, but still a friend. How good it might have been for him if my poems sold out the day they were published, like Longfellow's. Loring, an eccentric Bostonian. He put a coffee shop in his bookstore...I was 24 when my first collection came out, 1856, before the war, the war I couldn't go to because of my asthma.

(Alger drifts into another of his poems.)

When the flash from the guns of Sumter
Lit the whole land with flame,
And darkened our country's banner
With the crimson hue of shame.
The book was a Christmas gift to my

mother. She kissed me, patted me, looked into my eyes, murmured, "My Longfellow!"

(Alger is in front of the armoire mirror, speaks with ironical force.)

Longfellow!

(Turns away from the mirror. Drops the bitterness and frustration out of his voice, and repeats more respectfully.)

Longfellow.

(He goes to a nearby bookcase where there is a plaster of paris bust of Longfellow. Handles it.)

Longfellow.

(Puts the bust back in place on bookcase. Hefts a one-volume edition of Longfellow.)

To be a Longfellow rather than a minister.

(Coughs. Goes to the armoire for a shawl. Puts it loosely around his neck. Still holding the telegram and the Longfellow volume, raising it a bit aloft acknowledging the source, he quotes:)

"A boy's will is the wind's will

And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

(Alger notices the telegram on top of the book in his hand.)

... "to quell the rumor of his impending retirement..." That means a speech, however short, still a speech about my life. And I'd rather not. My life? Is my life. My plans? Are my plans. My private life, my private plans. My life is in my books for all to read. When recently the editor of *The Writer* asked me to tell his magazine readers how and why I write stories for boys, I told it all, and clearly.

(Alger goes to his desk, seeks out a copy of The Writer, finds it, talks to its pages.)

This is as clear as it need be. Why parade my life before a jury, even if it is a friendly jury at Delmonico's?

(Alger goes to the couch and composes himself at length, facing downstage, his back propped almost upright by pillows.)

Did I have foreknowledge that I was to die tomorrow—and there have been times dark enough in spirit and in flesh to wish the consummation—I would leave instructions for my sister Olive to destroy my notebooks, destroy my unfinished

sketches, destroy my incomplete poems. They are mine, mine, mine. Horace was right: "Odi profanum vulgus et arceo... Virginibus puerisque canto." "I hate the uninitiate crowd and bid them keep their distance...I sing to maidens and to boys."

(Coughs)

January in New York City is like Dante's Inferno—only cold—cold. I still shudder at the March blizzard of two years ago. January spells for me not birthday but bronchitis. It is a poor pun I wrote to Olive last week. "The January cold has me in la belle grippe."

(Shakes the telegram in his hand.)

Dinner, yes. Speech, no.

(Gets up. Walks, running his finger against the spines of his books.)

These are written for boys and the world to read.

(Walks to a drawer in a bureau or table, lifts out a packet of letters tied in string. Riffles them. Puts them back. Closes the drawer.)

These were written to me, for my eyes alone.

(Rattles the telegram again.)

"...to quell the rumor of his retirement..." I could be tired, isn't that enough? I have a cough that keeps me constant company, like a shadow.... All men have a shadow that keeps them company, all men except Peter Schlemihl, a creature in a German tale I found in Germany.

(Alger drifts off in the next two sentences.)

Without a conscience, he had no shadow. Our conscience is our shadow always walking with us. It makes us tired, heavy.

(Abruptly drifts back to attention.)

All my days I have had asthma. It has been my shadow falling on my boyhood, my college days at Harvard, on my books. Anderson and Coates and Porter are not aware of this. Loring knew. Loring knew I was ambitious to write for adults, but his advice led me to write for boys. I sent him a plot I had conceived—it was when I was living in Cambridge, a graduate of Harvard with no career in mind except some tutoring and school teaching and asked him whether there was a juvenile book in the plot. His answer: "Go ahead, and if I don't publish it, some other publisher will."

(Picks out FRANK'S CAMPAIGN from

bookcase.)

Three months it took to write. After the war, after I moved to New York, success came with RAGGED DICK. His rags took me out of poverty and obscurity.

(Alger walks slowly around the room, running his index finger across the spines of exposed books.)

Poor Loring in Boston. Now, Porter and Coates merchandise my books across the country, out of Philadelphia. And Anderson eats well. He published FROM CANAL BOY TO PRESIDENT, my biography of James Garfield, dead of an assassin's bullet. Sold 20,000 copies in a few months. It paid handsomely. Took only fourteen days to write. I now write so fast I need pen names for my books.

(Coughs. Hugs himself with his shawl.)

The rumor of my retirement is more than rumor. I could make it fact. The question is, can I afford to retire? Should I close up shop now after almost a hundred books? The boys like my books. The telegram boy said he reads my books.

(Goes to the right window, pulls back the drape a bit.)

Snow. The streets are treacherous. Weather for a greatcoat made of mackinaw. How did the seven of us live through those Massachusetts winters in Marlborough, in Chelsea, without more woolens, and my mother so fragile?

(Lets the drape fall.)

Fifty-eight does seem too young to retire, and boys in my head to write about. How old was my father when he died? Seventy-five. A thin life, made thinner by his modesty. A good man, but a poor provider. He just wore out.

(Alger stares at telegram.)

Perhaps Anderson, Porter and Coates have cause to worry. They do not want to lose me. If I stop inventing, their presses will stop pounding. Not likely. My books will invite readers well into the future. America is full of boys. Twice have I traveled the land coast to coast. I have seen them. Chicago alone is booming with battalions of boys. Castle Garden is crowded with immigrant boys eager to read about real life in America. School libraries purchase my books. Broadway booksellers tell me that parents use them for Christmas stocking

stuffers.

(Warming to his vision.)

Why, the American future is with clean-cut American boys. My cousin Rounseville Alger says so. My relative General Alger when he was Republican candidate for President of the United States two years ago kept saying so in his campaign speeches. My publishers need not worry. The market is there; I helped to establish it, the way Longfellow created a market for poetry.

(Not without a touch of self-conscious humor, his vision soars. When for any emotional reason Alger gets caught up in his mood, vision, or introspection, he soars—or drops—to a noticeable alliteration, strongly trochaic, like his book titles.)

I am, in a manner of speaking, the prolific Longfellow of books for boys.

(Alger's mood changes.)

Retire? For health's sake, I could slow down my writing. Fewer books per year. There's another possibility. I could train an amanuensis, a bright graduate of Harvard—Harvard men can do anything—one born to the comfortable cadences of Anglo-Saxon, to carry on my work.

(Moves to his desk, sits. Stands a pencil on its point, then on its eraser head, thinking.)

Retire? Not to use one's mind? I would be renegade to my own advices. Over and over I have counseled my adopted boys, the boys at the Newsboys' Lodge, the boys at the Children's Aid Society: "Use your mind. Use your bank account. Save your hands and save your feet. Use your head to get ahead."

(Leaves desk to pick up a double framed photograph of his parents.)

It worked for me. Not for my father. A minister, all but crushed out of life in the panic of '37, and along with him, Mother, Sister, Brother, and me. I was five. Then came another sister in 1840, another brother in 1842. All on \$600 per year, and parson's wood for the stoves.

(Paces reflectively with the gold-bordered photos in his hand.)

I remember Mother crying a lot. My father took on extra tasks—village postmaster, bought some farmland on speculation, unable to lease the land, not even

for shares, defaulted on the debt. Here I am, forty-five years later, and I can see as if it were yesterday a twelve-year-old boy comforting his mother, a boy storming at his father for making my mother cry—she cried a lot, took to her bed, nervous, my father dejected, morose, defeated, unable to comfort her—my mother ever so grateful, ever so ashamed, to find anonymous baskets of vegetables and jellies left at our door by members of my father's Chelsea congregation, our very own friends... Knowing common pain the poor reach out to each other...

(Puts the photograph down on the center table.)

I saw the boys of my academy class, the boys of my village, leave for the cities to work in the factories. It was prophecy. Later on I would be one of those boys, I too would leave to try my fortune in this city. Not exactly a Dick Whittington. More like a Ben Franklin

(He speaks the next as an unpremeditated afterthought without feeling, just as a fact.)

who escaped his father's plans for him in the ministry.

(Composes himself full length on the couch, hugging the shawl.)

All New England in those days seemed quiet. I was lost in school, in my books—I remember reading endlessly in ARABIAN NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENT, I remember drawing in a sketchbook the trials and victories of Jack and the Beanstalk—making rhymes, and preparing for Harvard. Our family is root-and-branch Harvard. My father, Class of '25, entered Harvard at fourteen. I, at fifteen, Class of '52, Phi Beta Kappa, Class Poet.

(Gets up from the couch, goes to the alcove at rear and makes himself a cup of tea. While it is brewing, he continues reminiscing, sitting in the plush armchair upper left.)

My father's Boston cousin Cyrus helped pay my tuition. I ran errands for President Everett. I was a scholarship boy. My Holworthy roommates were rich, certainly richer than I, but they accepted me in their rooms, in their clubs, into Psi Upsilon Fraternity. Oh, they hazed me liberally. In winter I never could get warm enough in chapel, in class in University Hall, except in fraternity

oyster dinners and good times on Saturday in Boston.

(Picks up cup of tea in the alcove.)

All New England in those days seemed quiet. The sailing ships bobbed in their moorings, going nowhere. The shoe factories, the textile mills were silent. There must have been noise, but all I remember was the silence. The noise, it seems, came with the war, with the panic of '73, with the failure of the banks, the street beggars, the strikes, the riots, the nightsticks of the police, the guns...why, a cup of tea or coffee was a luxury.

(Sips his tea, stirs his cup, absent-mindedly.)

I have read somewhere in Michelet: "Who has known how to be poor knows everything." Well, I have known "everything." My mother knew "everything." Long ago I made a vow to present my mother with the world, to make up for her "everything." Thinking of her I turn Michelet's words inside out: "He who has known how to be rich knows everything,"

(Alger says the next with explosive anger, saying it to the picture of his father.)

That is the real everything, not my father's everything. Astor, Vanderbilt, A. T. Stewart knew the real everything. Not for them the Stoicism of being poor, and certainly not in this century, nor in the next—

(Slaps his thigh smartly. Walks the floor, warming to his topic. In the next few pages, Alger slips into and out of a speech-making tone and attitude.)

Now that's a topic for my talk to my publisher friends. A topic congenial to a national writer. Not my rumored retirement but rather the optimism in our country in this decade of the turn of the century. Contrast it with Europe where I have been twice.

(Pause. Picks up stereoscope. Slides in a card. Adjusts it. Murmurs, "Florence." Puts it down on the center table.)

Europe is quaint, delightful but it is old, "our old home," as Hawthorne calls it. I agree, old. America is our new home, alive with manly energies, ready for a new, Republican century.

(He is standing at the table, looking downstage, assumes the speaker's posture, balancing himself on his spread fingertips.)

Consider, gentlemen, the field and the workers in it. One writer with almost four dozen books—about what, gentlemen? Rod and Gun, Boy Trapper, Pony Express, Roughing it, the West. The West as subject is dying, if not dead. Another writes about Log Cabins, Deerfoot in the forest, Deerfoot on the prairie, Deerfoot in the mountains. A writer behind the times, gentlemen. A third writes about constables and country schools. I read an advertisement saying he "knows the heart of a boy like a book." I ask, gentlemen, does he know the heart of a book like a boy? You smile, gentlemen. The image is wrong, gentlemen. The field we look at is not a field in which workers plow. The future is on the pavements of cities, cities in whose office buildings the boys of the future must make their way. The writers of boys' books should be map makers of the future. You, gentlemen, must judge whether I qualify. Who reads SANFORD AND MERTON today? Tedious. Who reads the Rollo books today? Pedantic. Our Sunday School literature has failed our boys. The coarse imitators of sensational Tom Sawyers and Huck Finns are being watched even now by Anthony Comstock and the Postal Department. What can our children learn from the spate of detective stories? There is some health in books like TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST, written by a Harvard man, I might add.

(During this imagined speech, he has postured, hooked his fingers into his vest pocket, walked to the left, then to the right of the center of the round table. He leans a bit more heavily now on his fingers, surveys his imagined hosts and dinner guests slowly from left to right and back to center, and delivers his conclusion.)

I am sure, gentlemen, sure as sure can be, that the next century will be the century not of the country gentleman but of the city gentleman, gentlemen like the men I meet at class reunions, at the Harvard Club, men like my classmate, Joseph H. Choate, men like my relative, General Alger, men like you, gentlemen.

(Alger closes his eyes in satisfac-

tion, a smile upon his face, hearing imagined applause. He comes out of his vision, picks up the teacup on the table, takes it back to the alcove. Stands with his back to the fireplace, hands clasped behind his back.)

Oh, I have advices other than retirement to talk to my Delmonico hosts.

(As if to fall back into his pleasure of the after-dinner talk, he assumes again the speaker's posture, fingers spread on the table.)

Gentlemen—

(Alger looks down at the tablecloth, runs his fingers sensuously over its surface and down and up its sides. He is in the grip of a powerful memory.)

this coverlet was embroidered by my mother. She gave it to me when I rented my first boardinghouse room in this city in 1866. My mother—

(Alger snaps out of his reverie and addresses his imagined dinner party guests.)

As I was saying, gentlemen, I am touched by your tender of a birthday party. It summons to mind my mother and father, the parents, I can say, of this occasion. But I would speak not of the past but of the present and the future. In this January of 1890 and capitalizing on this birthday celebration, let us say as my late Harvard teacher, Longfellow, said: "Let the dead Past bury its dead!" In its stead, my friends, in this place of gracious dining and splendid and vivacious friendships, let us toast the future.

(Alger holds up an imaginary wine glass.)

I pause while the waiters and busboys fill your glasses, gentlemen.

(Alger waits, beams upon the tables, up, down, right, left, circular.)

Gentlemen, thank you for your confidence in me, and in my American theme in my American books about American boys. Regard my books, gentlemen. They have told our national story: the going of the American boy out of the decaying countryside and his coming into the flourishing city. Thank you for your past help in telling my story. Your work in the coming century is not done. Writers after me, writers you will publish, will continue the mission of the new times ahead—the making of the city boy into the Amer-

ican gentleman.

(Alger stands with his glass in hand held aloft, for a minute frozen in his dubious, self-suggestive vision. Slowly he puts down the imaginary glass on the circular table. Slowly he emerges from the self-congratulation of his topic, his theme. Staring at the audience he absent-mindedly fingers the embroidered tablecloth. Slowly he emerges from his reverie only to slowly fall into another.)

No. Dinner at Delmonico's should not be a business meeting. It is a dinner party...etiquette...*comme il faut*...propriety...decorum. *Dulce et decorum*...a sweet thing and a becoming thing and proper thing. *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*. To die for fatherland is a sweet thing and becoming. A Roman virtue for which I was never tested. Rejected. A failed patriot soldier—for asthma.

(Alger goes to his desk. Sits languidly with an arm over the chair.)

Dinner at Delmonico's is a social occasion, a literary occasion, perhaps the proper time for a poem.

(Alger reaches nearby, even on the top of the desk, for a cardboard file box. Takes out a handful of handwritten pages of poems. Goes to the catty-corner armchair. Wetting his fingertip he goes through the pages of memory, reciting and commenting as he locates a possible poem for the occasion.)

Was I ever so happy as when I was an undergraduate in Cambridge...Here's the "Psi Upsilon Fraternity Greeting Song."

(In mock oration style.)

We have gathered once more in our mystical hall,

To strengthen the ties that of old,
Cemented by friendship and brotherly love,
Have bound us with fetters of gold.

No...Delmonico's is not precisely a "mystical hall"...

(Smiles.)

Yes, I and my publishers are bound with "fetters of gold." Still—it challenges propriety.

(Alger picks out another paper. Coughs. Clears his throat. Assumes the elocutionist's tone.)

Phi Beta Kappa Song

Come, Brothers, lift the song of glad-

ness,

Let mirth and music rule the hours,
Far hence be every thought of sadness,
At length, the golden prize is ours.

No...there's gold again. The mention pushes decorum to a line delicate to cross...And there's sadness...Wouldn't it be better to keep it a light, literary occasion...a smiling occasion..?

(Alger picks through the pages on his lap, counts them one by one.)

One, two, three, four, five, six. Six Harvard Odes: '52, '69, '70, '71, '72, '73. One every decade except the '80s, and four in the '70s. Three too many for the '70s...danger of being a hack, a pen for hire, although it's time for another, an ode for the '90s. Then publish a collection. But there's not much enthusiasm for my poetry nowadays. There is for poets, for their biographies, not for their poetry. Why this unbecoming pursuit for news about a poet, and not his Muse?

(Alger consults his vest-pocket watch.)

Almost three o'clock. The telegraph boy is due back in an hour for my answer. Do I accept? Do I respond to rumors of my retirement? Or keep confidence with myself. My publishers mean well—a birthday dinner. Strange...to celebrate my birthday is to think of my mother dead, and my father dead, and my teacher Longfellow dead in his 76th year, almost eight years ago...March 24, 1882.

(Alger picks up a copy of Longfellow's POEMS near the plaster of paris bust of Longfellow, opens to a page with a bookmark. He starts to read aloud but soon takes his eye off the page and recites the poem he long ago memorized.)

Mezzo Cammin

Half my life is gone, and I have let
The years slip from me and have not fulfilled

The aspiration of my youth, to build
Some tower of song with lofty parapet.
Not indolence, nor pleasure, nor fret
Of restless passions that would not be stilled,

But sorrow, and a care that almost killed,

Kept me from what I may accomplish yet;

Though, half-way up the hill, I see the
Past

Lying beneath me with its sounds and sights,—

A city in the twilight dim and vast,
With smoking roofs, soft bells, and gleaming lights,—

And hear above me on the autumnal blast

The cataract of Death far thundering from the heights.

There's poetry for you, and biography, too, gentlemen. He wrote that when he was thirty-five. In the middle of his journey. He figured on a span of three score and ten, and he lived into his seventy-sixth year. A dividend of five plus years, decent interest on his investment in life, gentlemen. I've not quite completed my "tower of song" but my parapet of prose is visible—

(Alger points sweepingly to his books in the bookcase.)

boys' books, almost a hundred of them, about "a city in the twilight...with smoking roofs...and gleaming lights."

(Alger goes to the window. Pulls aside the heavy drape. Looks intently out.)

In January it gets dark so early, so very early, in the city. Three o'clock, and it's getting dark. I would do well to take my own advice, my own poem, to heart—not dread the winter's cold.

(Alger recites, coming down hard on the cadences and rhymes.)

While the day lasts, work on:

For night will come apace,
Life is but a narrow space,
A breath—and it is gone!

Where Duty calls, be bold—

Though in the Summer's heat
Thy fevered pulse should beat—
Nor dread the Winter's cold.

(Closes the drape.)

Thinking about my coming birthday should make me happy, happy to receive cards and letters and gifts, from my sister, from my boys in Maine, from my former pupils. I keep seeing the sad, refined face of my mother. Did I repay her enough the love she had for me, the hope she had for me? Did I fail her, did my poetry fail her?

(Picks up the family photograph.)

My father did not care for poetry. He fancied Emerson's prose, had him lecture in a lyceum in Marlborough. Father liked

the prose of Josephus, had me read the ANTIQUITIES before I was ten, said it would help me understand the Bible. He was right, of course. It helped me in Harvard, in Classics, and again in Divinity School. Josephus. I am sure Father had been preparing me from my birth to study divinity. Why else the name, Horatio Alger, Junior? To take up his church when he would retire...

(Alger stares at the framed picture.)

"Let him be, Mr. Alger," my mother would say when I would scribble rhymes instead of doing some holy reading. "He's my little Longfellow," she'd say. Did I fail Longfellow even as I failed her?

(Puts photograph down on the table.)

Browning dead. Poe forgotten. Remembered by school children for a talking raven. That strange Whitman, garrulous to the last, dying. Longfellow dead. The troubadours of our times dead. My mood settles on my chest like the choking coal smoke of the city's chimneys. When I feel like this, it's time to lose myself in writing a new story.

(Alger goes to his desk. Arranges the papers.)

Time and time again boys tell me they like my stories because nothing bad—like dying—happens to the boys. Of course. In stories the author is sovereign. He makes awards, distributes prizes, to the boys he loves.

(Alger sits at his desk at attention.)

Now there's a theme: the writer as *deus ex machina*, the god out of the machine, the mover of the plot of Heaven, with the power to do good, stop care, relieve sorrow, make wrong things right again, arrest the Furies, give prizes to the poor, the lonely, the despised.... Literary enough for some discerning diners at Delmonico's...too literary for publishers lingering over wine and cigars.

(Alger pushes back the chair, stands up, looks around the room, his hands in his trouser pockets. He eyes the plaster of paris miniature of Michelangelo's David on a bookcase. Secures it in hand and places it on the center table.)

A memento of Florence.

(Alger takes the desk chair from his desk, places it dead center in back of the round table with the back of the chair in front of him. He straddles

the chair lowering himself onto the chair. He rests his chin on his folded arms atop the chair. He has not taken his eyes off the figure. He continues to stare at the statuette.)

Some years ago, shortly after the war, I was freshly come to the city. It was the late 60s. A poem made a stir, a poem by a Mr. Edmund Stedman who since has done me a good turn. His poem was called "Pan in Wall Street." Like many I was impressed by it. The poet had put the city in it—the city that became my study—and a newsboy, and a peanut-girl, and a street musician—a Pan in Wall Street—who piped a song on the very steps of the Treasury Building, making people feel jolly. Along came a policeman who "scoffed the vagrant demigod, And pushed him from the step," making the poet cry out, "Great Pan is dead!"

(Alger stares.)

Hardly a theme for a Delmonico dinner ...for a Harvard occasion, yes.

(Alger reaches to pick up and handle the statuette, turning it around.)

David by Michelangelo. A Greek statue of a Hebrew boy by an Italian sculptor... In spite of his Harvard education, my father did not like the Greeks as much as he liked the Greek of the New Testament. There's not much Pan in the New Testament. David...the Pan of the Old Testament... David the giant killer...

(Alger, excited by a transient idea, a faint memory, walks the circuit of the room with the statuette in his hand.)

David wrote psalms; I, stories.

(Alger stops at center of the table, puts down the statuette. He is in the grip of an emotionally inaccurate exaggeration in which the remembered and the repressed, the hoped for and the accomplished, mingle in their ambiguity.)

I'll accept, and I'll respond. I'll dispel the rumor of my retirement. I will go on telling my story of David in Wall Street, my giant killer of one hundred names....

(Alger seems to be out of the self-intoxicated reverie, back to a less excited tone of voice, but he will go in and out of this forceful remembering.)

I shall tell them how many times I have

been asked, "Mr. Alger, are your boys real?" And I shall tell them: "Yes, I can tell you—they are real."

(Alger goes to his shelves of books. Brings a small armful to the center table. As he talks he picks up, opens, fondles, turns pages.)

Johnny Nolan the bootblack was real. I met him in an office on Spruce Street. He turned up in RAGGED DICK. Paddy Shea, a tough boy in life, remained tough Micky Maguire in RAGGED DICK. Ben the luggage boy I met in the Newsboys' Lodge at Fulton and Nassau Streets. Phil the fiddler was a real Italian boy. Frank Frost in FRANK'S CAMPAIGN was a real boy who survived the Civil War. I save paragraphs from the daily press and put them in notebooks. I seek real boys in real cities. Three years ago, in 1887, I went to Chicago for background to LUKE WALTON, THE CHICAGO NEWSBOY. I have known one hundred boys in all the cities of the world where I have been—Boston, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, London, Paris, Florence, Venice, Vienna—I remember them all. I collect pictures of boys from photographers, study their faces, and write stories about them, for them.

(Alger goes to a bookcase of his books, touches his index finger to books, reciting a litany of names.)

Ben, Chester, Jed, Lester, Luke, Phil, Rupert, Sam, Tom, Victor, Walter...

(Returns to the center table.)

Street names from life. I don't often use biblical names—Luke, Mark, Paul. The boys in my books rarely if ever step into a church, have little to do with the Bible. Except in their hearts. Most of them are good boys in their hearts, unspoiled, good boys disguised in poverty, good boys disguised in shabby clothes—out at elbow, out at knee—a bit tongue-tied in the presence of the worldly, the rich with nothing to do.

(Alger is frequently on the verge of formulating his dinner speech, but he seems also to come to a glare of self-revelation, sometimes with anger, sometimes with perplexity and innocence—and he draws back instinctively.)

Some are orphans, isolates in the cities of the world. I write stories to them, giving them hope. I seek them out. They have knocked on the doors of all the rooms

in all the boarding houses I have lived in.

(Softly.)

I answer them in my books...

(Alger steps up to the table in the attitude of an after-dinner speaker.)

It is, gentlemen, the boy—the eternal boy—who awakes the adult to caring. I have the writer's sympathy with boys. I look upon them, and, in David's words, "my cup runs over." I share boys' hopes. I do not write down to them. I know that a boy's heart opens to the man who understands him. A poet once said, "Look into your heart and write." I do, and so have done. And I look into boys' hearts and write not as a preacher, not as a scold, but as one with magical sympathy, the magical sympathy of the father welcoming home the prodigal son with gifts—a ring for his hand and shoes for his feet....

(Alger seems to drift into this allusion, but still formulating and making a speech.)

Elsewhere I have written in response to an editor's inquiry: "It seems to me that no writer should undertake to write for boys who does not feel that he has been called to that particular work." My language, gentlemen, may strike you as ministerial. Harvard Divinity School, Class of 1860. In a manner of speaking, I have been called to the writing of books for boys.

(Slightly agitated, he hooks his fingers in his vest pockets and walks in small arcs behind the center table talking.)

To entertain and influence boys—this is always to walk in the way of possibility, aspiration, inspiration. To write for adults, gentlemen, is to think that the mannequins we see in the clothing store windows of fashion will change. To that editor who asked me about my writing I also said: "If, as the years pass, the writer of boys' books is permitted to see that he has helped even a few of his boy readers to grow into a worthy and noble manhood, he can ask no better reward." As for the rumor of my retirement, gentlemen, you have my answer. I am the writer of boys' books who hopes he will be permitted to continue to write and to see the boys of his imagination grow into a worthy and noble manhood.

(Alger bows slightly. Coughs. Breathes with slight difficulty. Slowly picks up the objects on the center table, puts them back on the table.)

If my health permits.

(Instead of feeling elation at the picking of a theme for his dinner talk, Alger slips into a sad mood.)

It's a strange, strange mood that will not go away. A mood that belongs in church, not in Delmonico's where the city's rich meet for cigars and wine. What minister's work is to be done in Delmonico's?

(Alger gets up abruptly. Looks at his vest pocket watch.)

What was I doing when the messenger came?

(Alger goes to his desk.)

Answering a letter, yes, answering a letter, a letter from Ohio.

(Picks up two sheets of paper, one for each hand. Reads from one.)

What books would you recommend to an aspiring writer of boys' books?

(Starts to read from the other.)

"While reading books is very important for the writer, I have reason to believe that being called to be a writer is also important. Books are like seeds that fall on ground ready to receive them. There is accident in life, good luck in life, good fortune in life, chance in life. They could come in the form of any book, if your mind is ready for it."

(Alger picks up a pen, seems about to continue where he left off, but drifts into memory, putting down his pen, a captive of recall.)

There's biography to be left out of this reply, leaving the truth in...I found it in a book...in Divinity School. It was by a Catholic saint. He wrote, "He who does not believe will not experience and he who has not experienced will not understand." I sensed in those words a restless passion, a sorrow, a care that almost killed. The poet I wanted to be, the priest I was studying to be, the man I was having trouble being, wrestled with each other. The minister won....

(Pause.)

But not absolutely....In the parlor of my first parsonage, in Brewster, I did in restless passion fondle some choir boys of my Brewster church. What schoolmaster I had in youth, what companion in Harvard

yard, in my room in Holworthy, or walk along the Charles, what craving that would not be stilled took me in command those times in Brewster, I do not know. The officers of the church indignantly, without compassion, protested the betrayal of bodies and my pastoral covenant, and in letters charged me to the Unitarian Association. A failed priest, a spoiled man, a contrite man, a man in panic, I resigned, went home—the prodigal received by my father. His good name quieted talk of my transgression, buried the matter in Association minutes. Avoiding Boston, I came to this city, drifted into the obscurity of a boarding house on a street providentially named for me, St. Mark's Place. I might have healed more quickly had I found a hospice of St. Luke the Physician...

I walked the crowded, narrow streets in misery. I took refuge in reading, luckily remembering my book encounter in the Divinity School library with the man loved by Thomas à Becket, sometime Archbishop of Canterbury, raised to sainthood, Saint Anselm. My walking found a purpose. I found myself in the reading room of the Astor Library on Lafayette Place. I found Saint Anselm's book again, *Cur Deus Homo?*, found in it the forgiving doctrine of atonement, found faith, and hope, and charity again. His seeds found my ready ground...

What book, then, shall I recommend to my Ohio correspondent? Saint Anselm's? Who reads Latin anymore?

(Alger goes to the window, pulls aside the drape, lets it fall.)

Almost dark, and so early.

(Checks his pocket watch.)

Almost four o'clock.

(Alger returns to his desk. Turns on a light over the desk. Hesitates as he is about to sit down, instead goes to a glass bookcase, opens it, takes out a slender book. Returns slowly to his desk, stands at the corner of his desk, finds his place in the book.)

Perhaps I can be a piece of good luck to my Ohio correspondent if I send him my book of poems. In it is "Friar Anselmo," a poem of gratitude I wrote to St. Anselm, for he it was who brought me out of the depths, returned me to life itself, to writing books for boys.

(Alger reads "Friar Anselmo.")

Friar Anselmo (God's grace may he win!)
Committed one sad day a deadly sin;

Which being done he drew back, self-abhorred,

From the rebuking presence of the Lord,

And, kneeling down, besought, with bitter cry,

Since life was worthless grown, that he might die.

All night he knelt, and, when the morning broke,

In patience still he waits death's fatal stroke.

When all at once a cry of sharp distress
Aroused Anselmo from his wretchedness;

And, looking from the convent window high,
He saw a wounded traveller gasping lie

Just underneath, who bruised and stricken sore,

Had crawled for aid unto the convent door.

The friar's heart with deep compassion stirred

When the poor wretch's groans for help were heard.

With gentle hands, and touched with love divine,

He bathed his wounds, and poured in oil and wine.

With tender foresight cared for all his needs,—

A blessed ministry of noble deeds.

In such devotion passed seven days. At length

The poor wayfarer gained his wonted strength.

With grateful thanks he left the convent walls,

And once again on death Anselmo calls.

When, lo! his cell was filled with sudden light,

And on the wall he saw an angel write,

(An angel in whose likeness he could trace,
More noble grown, the traveller's form and face),

"Courage, Anselmo, though thy sin be great,

God grants thee life that thou may'st expiate.

"Thy guilty stains shall be washed white again,
By noble service done thy fellow-men.

"His soul draws nearest unto God above,
Who to his brother ministers in love."

Meekly Anselmo rose, and after prayer,
His soul was lighted of its past despair.

Henceforth he strove, obeying God's high will,
His heaven-appointed mission to fulfill.

And many a soul, oppressed with pain and grief,
Owed to the friar solace and relief.

I hope my Ohio correspondent will not be put off being advised to read poetry to prepare for writing boys' books—

(A knock on the door. Alger looks at his watch. Takes off his shawl. Adjusts his tie. Goes to the door and opens it. Speaks into the doorway.)

Yes. You return for my reply? Will you step in and wait a moment? Just as well. Give me a minute, please.

(Alger goes to his desk, takes letter paper, writes, puts it in an envelope. Inscribes the envelope.)

"Mr. Alger is pleased to accept your kind invitation to a birthday dinner at Delmonico's, January 13, at 6:30 P.M. I promise no speech. A brief toast will suffice."

"Messers. Anderson, Coates, and Porter."
(Alger returns to the door, extends the letter through the doorway.)

Are you sure you don't care to come in and warm yourself for a few minutes?... What is your name? Arthur? Arthur. A storied name. May I ask how old you are? Fifteen going on sixteen? A good age for an Arthur. You are sure you won't warm up before your trip downtown? Yes, it is late. Very well.

(Alger reaches for a coin and hands it through the doorway.)

Here's for you, and thank you, thank you very much, Arthur. Good-bye, Arthur.

(Alger stares into the open doorway, listens for the receding footfalls. Closes the door. Goes to the window, pushes back the drape, peers out the window, shading his eye. Drops the drape and goes to the other window to peer out. Loses sight of what he seeks.

(Drops the drape slowly.)

Good-bye, Arthur. It might please him to know that Arthur is one of my pen names.

(Alger's mood appears to have changed; it seems lighter. He has broken his solitude, has made his decision to attend a birthday party in his honor, a party by his publishers to a writer.

He goes to the center table, slowly returning whatever objects on the table remain to their places on small tables, or bookcases, or mantel. The last object is the double photograph of his mother and father.

He stands and looks at it, puts it on the mantel.)

Well, the new year starts auspiciously. A dinner at Delmonico's. In my honor.

(Alger goes to the mirror, checks his image, turns and faces the audience without seeing them.)

I hope Napoleon Sarony will photograph the occasion.

(Alger goes to a table drawer, takes out a deck of cards, shuffles them. Puts his desk chair at the center table. He begins an obvious game of solitaire as the lights dim.)

* * *

NOTE:

However well-known he was some decades ago, Alger is today probably only an allusion. This play does not invent facts, only interpretation.

For a brief, mostly reliable review of the life and works, see: Marilyn H. Karenbrock, "Horatio Alger, Jr." *Dictionary of Literary Biography*, Vol. 42, pp. 52-73, Detroit: Gale Research Co., 1982.

Her essay includes pictures and bibliography. One Horatio Alger novel read will drop the reader easily into the pond—not sea—of his invention.

* * *

Twenty pages of this issue are privately financed by your Editor.

* * *

THE ISLAND TREASURE is presented as a memorial to Paul House, PF-099, and also to Morris Olsen, PF-106, each having owned the bound volume of *The Argosy*, from which the five parts will be reproduced.

Reprinted from *The Argosy*, April, 1894.

THE ISLAND TREASURE.

By Horatio Alger, Jr.,

Author of "Rupert's Ambition," "Luck and Pluck," "Tattered Tom," etc.



Quick as a flash, Guy sprang forward to the rescue.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCES GUY AND HIS FATHER.

"I WISH I could send you to college, Guy," said Mr. Fenwick, as they sat in the library reading by the soft light of a student lamp.

The speaker was the Rev. Mr. Fenwick, the pastor of a church in Bayport, a few miles from New Bedford, Massachusetts.

"I don't think I care much about going to college, father!" said Guy, a bright, manly, broad shouldered boy of sixteen.

"When I was of your age, Guy," replied his father, "I was already a student of Harvard. You are ready for college, but

my means are not sufficient to send you there."

"Don't worry about that, father. There are other paths to success than through college."

"I am rather surprised to hear you speak so indifferently, Guy. At the academy you are acknowledged to be the best Latin and Greek scholar they have had for years."

"That may be, father."

"It is so. The principal so assured me, and he would not misrepresent just to please me."

"I am glad that I have so good a reputation."

"With such qualifications it seems certain you would achieve success in college, graduate high, and in time become a distinguished professional man, or perhaps professor."

"Perhaps I might, but, father, in spite of my taste for study, I have one taste still stronger."

"What is that?"

"A taste for adventure. I want to see the world, to visit strange countries, to become acquainted with strange people."

As the boy spoke his face became flushed and animated.

Mr. Fenwick looked surprised.

"Certainly," he said, "you don't get this taste from me. When I was a boy I used to stay indoors to read and study, I cared nothing for the sports and games that interested my school companions."

Guy smiled.

"I believe you, father," he said. "You don't go out half enough now. Instead of shutting yourself up in your study, you would be stronger and healthier if you would walk five miles a day."

Mr. Fenwick slightly shuddered.

He was a pale, thin man, with an intellectual look, but had the air of a scholar and a recluse.

"I couldn't do it, Guy!" he said. "Even if I walk a mile, I feel that it is a hardship. It is tame and monotonous. I don't see where you get your red cheeks and exuberant spirits from."

"From my mother's family, I think, father."

"Very likely. Your mother was bright and animated when I married her, but she broke down under the manifold duties and engagements of a minister's wife."

"That is true, poor mother!"

Guy sighed, and his bright face looked scrowful, for it was only a twelvemonth since his mother was laid away in the little graveyard at Bayport.

"You look very much like your uncle George, your mother's brother, as he was at your age."

"He became a sailor."

"Yes, he had an extraordinary love of the sea. If he had been content to live on land and follow some mercantile business, he would in all probability be living today."

"How did he die?"

"He took a fever at some infected port, and died on shipboard. The poor fellow was still a comparatively young man, little more than thirty, and it seemed sad that he should be cut off at such an early age."

"Was his body brought home?"

"No. Sailors are superstitious and they don't like to sail in a ship that has a dead body on board. So poor George was sewed up in a sack, and committed to the ocean depths. His chest was sent to us, and is stored in the attic."

"Have you ever opened it?"

"Yes, I opened it, but didn't examine the contents. Probably there was nothing

except a sailor's plain outfit. As to money, George was not a man to save anything. He was extravagant and prodigal like most of his class."

"Was he a common sailor?"

"No, he was second mate, and received fair wages. He did not have your education, but had good native talent, but nothing could divert him from his plan of going to sea."

"Well, father, I suppose there must be sailors. You would hardly want everybody to go to college?"

"No, Guy."

"Even if they were qualified."

"Still, I should not care to have my son a sailor."

"I don't care to be one, father, but I own I should like to take a single voyage—a good long one—so as to see a little of the world. I think, after that, I should be more content to settle down to some business on shore. By the way, father, is there any objection to my examining the contents of Uncle George's chest?"

"I have no objection, Guy, but I think it will hardly repay you for the time."

"My time isn't of very much importance just now. Somehow I have a great desire to see if I can find anything that will throw light on my uncle's life and character."

"Very well, Guy; do as you like. And now, I must get to work on my sermon for next Sunday. It is Friday evening, and I must make progress, as I may have one of my bad headaches tomorrow."

"Can I help you, father?" asked Guy, with a humorous smile.

Mr. Fenwick smiled, too. Though so different in temperament, he was really fond and proud of his lively son.

"I hardly think your additions would be for the edification of my people," he said.

"Perhaps they might suit some of the young folks," suggested Guy.

"Doubtless they would. If you would like to try your hand at sermon writing you can write a sermon and submit it to me. If suitable I will preach it and give you credit for it."

Guy laughed.

"I'll think of it, father," he said. "I am going to make a call on one of my schoolmates, and will leave you to do your writing undisturbed."

The schoolmate with whom Guy spent his evening, was Tom Todd, a boy about his own age. He had a sister some ten years older than himself, who was a teacher in one of the Bayport schools. She as well as Tom liked the bright son of the minister, and he received a cordial greeting from both.

"So you have got through school life, Guy?" she said.

"Yes, Miss Todd."

"And you are fitted for college? Does your father think of Harvard for you?"

"He would like to have me go, but there are two objections in the way."

"What are they?"

"First, he can't afford the expense."

"What is the second?"

"I have no desire to go."

"That is the most important. If you really desired to go I think you could borrow money enough somewhere, for you are acknowledged to be an excellent scholar."

"Thank you for the compliment, but it is no disappointment to me not to go, though it is to my father. He is a regular bookworm, you know."

"I know that he is not practical."

"Come, Guy, let us have our game of checkers," said Tom. "Let me see, I beat you last time."

"Then it is my turn to beat you now."

The boys played for an hour and a half. Then Guy rose to go.

"What is your hurry? It is early yet."

"That is true, but father is nervous, and he doesn't like to have me out after half past nine o'clock. I left him writing his sermon for Sunday."

"Why don't you offer to help him, Guy?" asked Tom, with a smile.

"I did,"

"Really and truly?" said Tom, laughing.

"Yes, really and truly."

"I suppose," remarked Miss Todd, "he did not accept your offer?"

"No; he thought that what I would write would not be edifying."

"If you would write a sermon, Guy, I would go to hear it," said Tom.

"And I, too," added his sister, the teacher.

"Then I should be sure of a congregation of two. Well, I will think of it."

Guy took his hat to go.

"I will walk with you part way," said Tom. "It is pleasant out, and I shall sleep the better for a walk."

"I shall be glad of your company, Tom."

When they were outside, Tom said, "I had an object in proposing to walk with you tonight, Guy. There is something I wanted to tell you."

"Go ahead, Tom."

"I think it is something you ought to know. I was walking home from singing school the other evening when I came up behind Deacon Crane and another member of the church, Mr. Job Wilkins. I didn't hear the first part of the conversation, but as I came within hearing I heard Deacon Crane say, 'Yes, Brother Wilkins, I have thought for some time that the best interests of the church required that we should have a younger minister, who would stir up the people, and draw in a larger number.'"

Guy flushed with indignation.

"Deacon Crane said that?" he ejaculated.

"Why, he pretends to be one of father's best friends."

"I think it is a pretense," said Tom.

"Poor father! If he should hear this it

would almost break his heart. He is so fond of the people here."

"It is a shame, but don't worry too much over it. I am sure the majority of the parish don't wish any change."

In spite of this assurance, Guy went home in a sober frame of mind.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT GUY FOUND IN THE BLUE CHEST.

MR. FENWICK was only forty eight years old, but his sedate and scholarly manners gave him an appearance of being several years older.

It came to Guy as a shock that his father should be considered too old by his parish, and that there should be any movement in favor of a younger minister. He knew that his father was dependent on his salary, having very little property. A change would be disastrous to him.

"I wish I were rich," he thought; "so that I could relieve father from any anxiety about money matters. It is lucky I don't want to go to college, for if I did it would be a good many years before I could even support myself."

The next morning after breakfast Guy thought of his sailor uncle, and the curiosity again seized him to find out the contents of the chest up in the attic.

He went up the narrow stairs leading to the garret, and found himself in a large room covering the entire extent of the house, for the attic had never been finished off or divided into chambers. There were piles of old papers and magazines in one corner, old mildewed garments hanging from nails in the rafters, and two or three old rusty trunks.

But none of them attracted Guy's attention. He was looking for his uncle's chest.

At last he found it—a typical sailor's chest, painted blue, but showing signs of wear, for it had accompanied his uncle for years.

Guy's face lighted up, and he hurried towards it.

He thought it might be locked, but he was glad to find that the lock seemed to have been broken, so that he had no difficulty in lifting the lid and examining the contents.

There was nothing unusual about these. They consisted of the plain outfit of a sailor.

There were one or two books. One of them was a Bible, which had been presented to his uncle George by his mother at the time he left home on his first voyage.

Guy lifted it carefully, for he had been taught to reverence the Bible. Then he saw underneath an envelop of large size, unmarked on the outside.

Opening this, he found a large sheet of paper folded lengthwise, with writing upon it. Lying inside was a smaller piece of paper also written over, the handwriting being that of his uncle George.

This Guy read first. The contents interested him exceedingly.

The paper is subjoined.

What I am writing here may or may not be of interest or value, yet it may prove of importance to those who may read it, though it is possible this will not be till after my death. Last year (from the date Guy saw that it was the year before his death) among my mates on the good ship Cyprus, was a dark, thin man, the darkest in complexion, I think, that I ever met outside the negro race.

No one on board knew him, nor did any of us get well acquainted with him, for he was very silent and reserved, and did not care to make friends or confidants. Yet he did his duty well. No fault could be found with him. He did not become a favorite, as he did not care to talk or be social with the rest of the sailors. We could not help respecting him, however, as one who strictly minded his own business, and never in any way interfered with others.

This man's name was Antonio Smith, or Tony, as we should have called him if we had been sufficiently intimate. The two names did not go well together, and one day I asked him why it was that he had two such names.

"It is easily explained," he said. "My father was an Englishman named Smith, but my mother was an Italian woman."

"That explains your being so dark," I said.

"Yes, I suppose so," he answered.

He did not confide in me to any further extent. As far as I could observe he seemed moody and morbid. It seemed as if he had something on his mind—something of a disagreeable nature.

Well, towards the end of the voyage, he had a bad fall. He was helping to furl sails when another sailor above him lost his hold, and fell on him. This made Antonio lose his hold also, and he dropped to the deck, striking his head.

It is a wonder he was not immediately killed. As it was he was fatally injured as it proved, and was removed to his bunk in a dying condition. I pitied the poor fellow, and as much time as my duties would permit I spent at his side, trying to make him comfortable.

One evening he looked at me earnestly and asked: "Do you think that I can live, George?"

I shook my head. "I don't want to deceive you," I answered, "and I will tell you the truth."

"It is what I want to hear," he said.

"The doctor says you can't live."

He showed no agitation, but said thoughtfully: "That is what I thought."

After a pause he continued: "Before I die there is something I want to confide to someone. You have been a friend to me, and you are the one I choose, if you don't mind, to listen to what I have to say."

"I will hear it," I said; "and if it is a message to any one in whom you are interested I will engage to deliver it if possible."

"No, there is no one in whom I am interested," he answered. "All who once knew me are dead, or at all events are dead to me. But I have a secret which I once thought would be of value to me, and may be of value to you, whom I constitute my heir."

All this seemed very queer to me, and I

half thought that the sick man might be wandering in mind. He went on: "You must know, George, and this is my first secret, that for five years I sailed under the black flag and was a pirate."

I looked astounded, as well I might, and he continued:

"I see you look surprised, but you are not more surprised than I was when I found myself enrolled as a member of a piratical crew. I shipped on board the Vulture, supposing it to be an ordinary merchantman. It was not till I got well out to sea that I learned the true character of the vessel. Then I was asked to sign as a member of the crew, and knowing well it would be dangerous to refuse I agreed.

"After a while I got reconciled in a measure to my position. I found it more profitable than the post of an ordinary seaman, and yet not so much so as might be supposed. While the booty taken was very large, it was not all divided between the officers and men. There was a considerable portion that was set aside as a fund to be divided some time between us when we disbanded. For not one of the officers or men expected always to continue pirates. Some day we hoped to give up this outlaw's life and become respectable citizens, living in ease and luxury on our share of the booty. No one would be the wiser.

"I was an Englishman, and I looked forward to returning to my native village in Devonshire, marrying, and settling down. There was a farm on which I had my eye, and an old schoolmate—a farmer's daughter—whom I thought I could induce to marry me when I returned rich."

"But where was this booty, as you call it, concealed?" I asked.

"That is what I was coming to. It was concealed on a small island east by north from the great island of Madagascar, which, as you know, lies southeast of the African continent. There is a group of islands there. None of us, that is, none of the ordinary sailors, knew the name of the island, if it had any. But I have thought it over, and consulted maps, and to the best of my reckoning it is one of the Agalegas islands in about 57° east longitude, and a little more than 10° south latitude. I estimate that it may be a few hundred miles from Cape Amber, the northern extremity of Madagascar."

"Did you often go there—that is, did the ship often touch there?"

"Every few months, when we had a good supply of money and articles to leave there."

"I suppose there was quite a valuable collection of articles stored there."

"I can't tell the value, but there were chests full of gold and silver coins, boxes of bankbills, and merchandise of the rarest and most valuable description."

"Is it there now, or has it been divided?"

"It is there yet."

"How came you to leave the pirate ship?"

"I did not leave it till I was compelled to do so."

"How is that? Were you discharged? I should hardly think the officers would have dared to let you go, considering your knowledge as to the character of the ship."

"You are right there. They would not have dared to do so, but the Almighty, whose laws had been so flagrantly defied, interfered.

There came on a terrible storm when we were cruising in the Indian Ocean. It was so violent and unexpected that we were by no means prepared to meet it.

"In the course of three hours the stanch ship Vulture became a wreck, and the crew who manned it were forced to take to the boats. There were three of these. The captain was in one, the first mate in the second, and the boatswain in the third. The sea was so rough that the first and second boats were swamped before our eyes. I was in the third. When the storm abated, it was still afloat. I was one of the men on board.

"For a week we drifted about, suffering everything from hunger and thirst, for we were able to carry but scanty stores of food and water. One by one I saw my comrades die, but having, perhaps, the best constitution, unimpaired by excesses of any kind, I survived—the last of eight men. I was very near death when I was picked up by an American ship. Of course I did not say a word as to the character of the vessel to which I belonged, and those who rescued me were not too inquisitive, so I reached New York without divulging any secrets. But my great secret was, that, as the last survivor of the piratical crew, I was the heir and sole possessor of the treasure stored on the island."

CHAPTER III.

GUY TAKES THE FIRST STEP.

Guy drew a long breath when he had read thus far in the manuscript, and then plunged into it again.

When I heard this stated I could not help feeling an emotion of pity for the poor fellow who would never have the benefit of the large treasure to which he had become heir. I could not understand exactly why he had revealed all this to me, but he soon made it plain.

"I shall not live to enjoy it," he continued, "but I don't want the secret to die with me. I would like to have it benefit some one not utterly a stranger. You have been kind to me, and to you I will give all right and will to this great property."

"But how shall I find it?" I asked.

"I have prepared a document," he replied, "in which I describe the island, and the particular part of the island where the treasure is concealed. Put your hand into the pocket of my blouse, and you will feel a folded paper. Take it, and some day I hope you will be fortunate enough to find the place where the booty is secreted."

I thanked him, though I was almost too bewildered to realize that a secret had been communicated to me that might make me fabulously rich.

That very night Antonio died. His body was sewed up in a sack, as is the custom, and thrown into the sea. Of all who witnessed it, I was the only one who had a kindly feeling of regret for the poor fellow.

Whether I shall ever be able to make any use of this information I do not know. It would require a considerable outlay in money to fit out an expedition, and I have very little chances of inducing any one to make this outlay. I have, however, written out an account of the sailor's revelation to me, in the hope that some one, perhaps after my death, may seek and obtain a treasure which I think must be of fabulous amount.

(Signed) GEORGE BRANDON.

Guy read this letter with breathless interest. He took in the full importance of its contents.

He realized that by the death of his uncle he became the next heir to this far away treasure. What should he do about it? With him there was the same embarrassment and the same difficulty that his uncle had experienced.

The treasure he fully believed in, but it was located thousands of miles away on a small island in the Indian Ocean.

It was tantalizing to reflect that it existed, and might make him rich, when it seemed wholly beyond his grasp. All the capital he could command was about twenty five dollars in the Bayport Savings-Bank.

The next question was: should he tell his father of the discovery he had made? It might be his duty to do so. He did not know as to that.

His father had given him full permission to open and examine the chest and its contents. Possibly the papers and the secret belonged to him, but he knew very well that they would be of no earthly benefit to a quiet country minister who lived in his books and his study.

To him (Guy) on the other hand, it might prove of value. He did not know when or how, but he was young, and to the young all things are possible.

So after thinking the matter over fully, Guy resolved to keep the matter secret.

He glanced at the second paper, and found that it was a minute description of the island, but he had not got far enough along to feel interested in this. It would keep.

Guy went down stairs slowly, plunged in thought. He hoped his father would not ask about the contents of the chest, but he need not have felt alarmed. The matter had passed entirely out of the minister's thoughts.

In order the better to think over the wonderful revelation, Guy went out for a stroll. Like many older persons he found a walk was favorable to thought.

He walked slowly up the street to the post office. At the corner of the second street, just opposite the dry goods store, he met a boy whom he never liked.

It was Noah Crane, the son of Deacon Crane, already referred to as desiring a younger minister.

The thought of the deacon's wish to drive his father from Bayport was not calculated to increase Guy's friendship for the son. Yet he would be courteous, being naturally a gentleman.

"Where are you going, Guy?" asked Noah.

"I am only taking a walk."

"Some other people may have to take a walk," said Noah, with a coarse laugh.

"What do you mean?" asked Guy, coloring, for he knew to what the deacon's son referred.

"Oh, I guess I'd better not tell," replied Noah in a tantalizing tone.

"Just as you please," said Guy coldly.

Noah was disappointed, for he wanted Guy to ask him a question which he was very ready to answer. Guy's indifference piqued him.

"You'll know soon enough," added Crane.

"In that case I will be content to wait."

"I don't know that I have any objection to tell though. I mean your father."

"Take care how you talk about my father," said Guy angrily. "I won't stand it."

"Oh, is your father so high and mighty that he can't be spoken about?"

"He can be spoken about—respectfully."

"I suppose you think he's a great man because he's a minister."

"I rank a minister higher than a deacon," retorted Guy quietly.

"You do, hey? Why, my father could buy out your father two or three times over."

"That may be, but what does that prove?"

"It proves that you'd better be careful how you talk. I heard my father say the other day that the people wanted a new minister—a young man that would make things lively. I shouldn't wonder if your father'd have to take a walk before long."

"And I am certain that you'll have to walk pretty fast, if you don't want to feel the force of my fists."

Guy advanced towards Noah so menacingly that the latter took counsel of prudence, and retreated hastily.

"Keep away from me, you bully!" he cried, "or I'll tell my father."

Guy laughed, and walked away, not caring to have any difficulty with Noah. What the deacon's son had said, however, furnished him food for reflection.

Things began to look serious. There was evidently a movement on foot to get rid of his father, and this movement was headed by Deacon Crane, a man of influence in the parish and the town.

"If I could only get hold of this treasure, say within a year," thought Guy. "I would snap my fingers at the deacon. It would make me rich, and if I were rich my father would be rich too, and independent of the parish."

The "if" however, though a very short word, was a very important one. It seemed about as practicable to go in search of the treasure as to undertake a journey to the moon, and no more so.

When Guy went home to dinner, he found Captain Grover, an old schoolmate of his father, a guest at the parsonage.

The captain and his family lived in New Bedford, and he was about to start on a voyage from there. Happening to be in Bayport on a little private business, he called on the minister. Unlike some shipmasters,

he was a man of a kindly nature, and was a favorite with Guy.

"So here is Guy," he said, as the boy entered. "Bless my soul, Guy, I shouldn't have known you if I had met you out of Bayport, you have grown so. What are you going to do with him, brother Fenwick?"

"I would like to send him to Harvard, John," replied the minister, "but there doesn't seem to be any chance of that," he added with a sigh.

"Why not?"

"Because I am not rich enough."

"Oh, well, college is all very well, but there are other things that are good for a boy. If had a son, I don't think I would send him to college."

"I agree with you, Captain Grover," said Guy promptly.

"Your uncle George was a sailor?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you ever think you would like to go to sea?"

"I don't think I should like to be a sailor, but I should like to go to sea for a single voyage."

"It would do you good. You'd learn more in a year at sea than in double the time on land."

"So I think, sir. When do you start on your next voyage?"

"Next week."

"In what direction shall you go?"

"I shall go to India—probably stopping at Bombay."

"Will your course lie through the Indian Ocean?" asked Guy eagerly.

"Yes."

"I always wished I could sail over the Indian Ocean," said Guy.

"Yes, it is an interesting voyage. Are you through school?"

"Yes, I finished last week."

"Then I'll tell you what, Guy, if your father'll let you go, I'll take you."

"Oh, father, may I go?" asked Guy in a tone of earnest appeal.

"Go to India?" exclaimed the minister, bewildered by the suggestion.

"Yes, it would make me very happy."

In the end Guy, seconded by the captain, carried his point, and obtained his father's consent. He had, as we know, his own reasons for wishing to make this voyage. It was something more than a boy's love of adventure.

The next week the Osprey sailed with Guy as a passenger. He quickly established himself as a favorite with the sailors. He was so bright, handsome, and intelligent, that he seemed like a gleam of sunshine making the whole ship cheerful.

He cultivated the acquaintance of the crew, plying them with questions, and often might be seen engaged in an animated discussion with veteran sailors who were always ready to spin a yarn for him.

Captain Grover viewed all this with an indulgent smile.

"I am afraid, Guy," he said one day with a laugh, "that you are picking up so much knowledge that you will try to supersede me on the next voyage."

"It will take more than one voyage to qualify me for a captain," returned Guy. "Still if you need help, call on me."

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE INDIAN OCEAN.

DAY followed day and week succeeded week, and the good ship Osprey kept steadily on her way. Guy was not seasick, rather to his own surprise.

"You seem to be cut out for a sailor, Guy," said the captain.

"I don't know about that."

"You enjoy the sea, do you not?"

"Yes, sir; but I don't think I should care to be a sailor."

"You are picking up a good deal of seamanship. It won't be long before you know every rope in the ship."

"Knowledge doesn't come amiss, captain. I have an inquiring mind."

They rounded the Cape of Good Hope at length, and soon found themselves in the Indian Ocean. It would not be long before they would reach the neighborhood of the island which was the goal of Guy's hopes and expectations.

Till now he had not thought particularly what he would do when he got there. It would be small satisfaction to see the island, if perchance he should, and not be able to stop there. What could he do?

Alone he was quite aware that he could do nothing. It was absolutely necessary that he should make a confidant of some one, and of some one who could be of service in helping him carry out his cherished plan.

Evidently there was no one on the Osprey who answered this description except the captain. But how would the captain look upon his plan?

Captain Grover was a pleasant man and a good friend, but how he would regard Guy's project was something that could not be guessed.

Guy decided, however, to tell his secret and sound the captain.

Already they had passed the southern point of Madagascar, and Guy felt that there was no time to be lost.

He had free access to the captain at all times, and he took the opportunity of entering his cabin one evening when the first mate was taking his turn in commanding the vessel.

"Well, Guy, how goes it," asked the captain pleasantly. "I am tired. You can talk to me."

"That is just what I want to do, captain," said Guy.

"Heave ahead, then. I am listening. Perhaps you have some advice to give me as to the management of the vessel?"

"I have, captain. I wish you would be guided by me."

"Well," said Captain Grover, eying his young companion with curiosity, "I am getting more than I bargained for. Please favor me with your suggestions, Captain Guy."

He said this with a pleasant smile, for he really liked his young passenger apart from the friendship he felt for the father.

"I wish, captain, you could be induced to visit the Agalegas islands in your course."

"What on earth do you know about the Agalegas islands, Guy?"

"I know, or am very confident, that one of them was used by a band of pirates as a hiding place for treasure which they had collected from those they had robbed."

"Where did you read about this?" asked the captain abruptly.

"Not in any book," answered Guy, "but in a letter written by my Uncle George."

"Your sailor uncle?"

"Yes."

"And was this your object in coming to sea with me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Let me know what your Uncle George said. I attach no importance to it, but I have a feeling of curiosity. He was never a pirate, was he?"

"I hope not."

"Then how could he know anything of pirate treasures?"

"I have his letter, captain. Would you mind hearing it?"

"No; but first where did you get the letter?"

Guy told the story of his search in the attic, and his discovery of the letter in George Brandon's chest.

"Very well. Now for the letter. Read it to me."

In a slow, deliberate manner, in order that it might be fully understood, Guy read the letter.

The accompanying paper, however, he did not produce. He did not care to give away the whole secret unless he was assured of the captain's cooperation.

"This is a strange yarn," was Captain Grover's comment, after he had heard the letter through.

"Don't you believe it?" asked Guy quickly.

"It sounds plausible," answered the captain slowly, "but I have heard a great many stories about pirate treasure. Plenty of sailors are ready to manufacture them. They tell them so often that at last they come to believe them themselves."

"My Uncle George would not indulge in deception."

"I presume not, but I am not so sure as to the sailor from whom he received the information."

"The sailor was on his death bed. Would a man be likely to tell a falsehood at such a time?"

"No doubt it has been done often. However, the paper which he gave to your uncle was not written when he was on his death bed, as I understand, but some time before, when he was perfectly well and had no idea of death."

"That is true," Guy was obliged to admit.

"I don't see what object he could have had in deceiving my uncle though," he added after a pause.

"Nor I."

"Then you think there may be something in it?"

"There is such a possibility."

"Think what a great thing it would be for us to find the treasure!" said Guy, his face lighting up with enthusiasm.

"It would be very agreeable, certainly, but there are some serious obstacles in the way, even if we knew the treasure to be there."

"What obstacles, captain?"

"The islands you refer to are considerably to the north of my usual course, and my duty to the owners of the vessel would not permit me to vary my route for any private enterprise of my own."

Guy's countenance fell. He saw at once that the captain was right in this statement, but it destroyed the faint hopes he had entertained that he might secure his cooperation.

"I am afraid," he said despondently, "you don't have any confidence in the existence of the treasure."

"I don't say that, Guy. It may exist, but unless you have clear and explicit directions we might miss it even if we should go especially in search of it."

"But I have a description of the island," urged Guy.

"Suppose you give me an idea of it."

"It is well wooded to within a mile of the shore; toward the center there is a hill, or slight eminence, perhaps a hundred and fifty feet in altitude. The extent of it is probably five miles by eight."

"That is tolerably definite."

"Don't you think it is sufficiently so to identify the island?"

"Perhaps so, but, though small, one might hunt a good while before finding the treasure after the island was discovered."

"I have some directions that would help me."

"That is well, or would be, if there were any chance of your ever finding yourself on the island."

"Captain Grover, I want to ask your advice. Can you suggest any way by which I can manage to reach the island?"

"You've got me there, Guy. These islands are never visited for commercial purposes. I know almost nothing of them—indeed, nothing at all, except their location. Of course if there were ships that visited them for any purpose, that would simplify matters. But, so far as I see, the

only way of seeking the treasure would be to organize an expedition expressly for that purpose."

"I suppose that would be very expensive."

"It certainly would."

"But if the treasure were found, the one who incurred the expense would be richly repaid."

"Well, perhaps so," said the captain skeptically.

"You won't go anywhere near the island, then, captain?"

"No, Guy; I shan't."

Guy sat quiet a moment. He was very much disappointed. He began to realize how utterly quixotic was the expedition on which he had embarked.

"I begin to wish I had never found the letter," he said.

"As to that, Guy, no harm is done. I presume, if you hadn't found the letter, I should not have had the pleasure of your company on this voyage."

"No, I suppose not."

"Probably you will derive some pleasure and benefit from the trip, even if you never touch a dollar of this treasure."

"That is true, captain, but I have a special reason for wishing I might obtain money from this source or some other."

"What is it?"

Then Guy told what he had learned as to Deacon Crane's intention of driving his father from the parish. It would be a heavy blow to the minister, who was no longer endowed with a young man's energy or hopefulness.

"You are a good boy, Guy, to have so much consideration for your father. But I am afraid you are leaning on a broken reed if you have any idea of helping him by the discovery of this treasure. However I will turn the idea over in my mind, and if I can think of any suggestion to offer you I will do so."

CHAPTER V.

AN ADVENTURE IN BOMBAY.

Guy's conversation with Captain Grover left him with a feeling of disappointment. He saw that the captain had little faith in the reality of the treasure, and considered his enterprise a failure in advance.

Guy had overlooked the principal difficulties in the way. He had managed to reach the Indian Ocean, but this had brought him no nearer the realization of his hopes. If he had had nothing on his mind he might have enjoyed the bright, calm days and the clear skies, with glimpses here and there of islands covered with tropical vegetation.

But he had started on his voyage with a purpose. He wanted to find and secure the treasure hinted at in his uncle's letter, and make his father independent for life. Of this there seemed to be now no chance, or next to none.

There was nothing for him to do except to remain on board the Osprey till the vessel reached Bombay. Then there would be the return voyage, at the end of which he would have seen considerable of the world, but would have gained nothing to repay him for the year he had spent away from home.

But there was no help for it. The captain would not change his course, and Guy must be content to leave the island unvisited, and the great problem unsolved.

At last they reached Bombay.

Guy surveyed the place with curious interest. He was not prepared to find it so large.

A city which contains seven hundred thousand inhabitants is a great city in any part of the world.

Not having any duties on board the ship Guy was allowed to go and come when he pleased.

He found that among the foreign residents the English were the most prominent and influential. His walks were chiefly in what is called the European town, but he frequently strolled through the more picturesque part occupied by the natives.

One evening he was sauntering through the Persian quarter when he was startled by seeing a brown faced native, his head surmounted by a turban, dart from an alleyway and pursue a well dressed man, apparently either English or American.

That his object was murder or robbery, perhaps both, seemed evident, for he held in his hand a long, narrow, dangerous looking knife.

Guy was not only courageous, but prompt. He carried a stout cane, not that he needed its support, but because he had been recommended to have it with him for defense, if needed.

He did not pause a moment, but springing forward brought it down with emphasis on the arm of the Persian.

The native gave a sharp, shrill cry, which attracted the attention of the man whom he had intended to attack.

He was clearly an Englishman, inclined to be stout, and apparently about forty five years of age.

He looked quickly from the native to Guy, and back again.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Only that this man was about to attack you with his knife."

"And you saved me?"

"Yes, I was fortunately in time to prevent his striking you."

"I don't know how to thank you, but I must deal with this scoundrel first."

He seized the Oriental by the throat, and forced him to his knees.

"Dog!" he said, "What have you to say before I kill you?"

The cowardly fellow uttered voluble and abject entreaties for pardon in bad English. The purport of his speech was that he was a poor man, and had no money.

"Forgive me, Mr. Saunders," he said.

"Ha! You know my name," said the Englishman.

He bent over and scanned the face of his would be assailant closely.

"I know him," he said briefly. "He was a native servant in my employ. I had to discharge him because I found him dishonest and a liar. Probably his attack to-night was prompted by a spirit of revenge."

"Don't kill me!" pleaded the Persian, in terrified accents.

"So you would have killed me, you scoundrel!" retorted the Englishman, shaking him vigorously.

"I—pardon me!—I didn't know it was you, worshipful sir."

"You knew it well enough, I'll be bound."

"If you will go with me," went on the Englishman, turning to Guy, "I will conduct this fellow to the police office. I do not propose to let him off. He is evidently a dangerous man, and, coward as he is, he may do harm unless he is secured."

Guy readily accompanied his new acquaintance, and saw Isef, as he was called, in the hands of the police officials. He agreed also to appear the next day and give the testimony of an eye witness as to the man's felonious attempt to assault Mr. Sanders.

"And now," said the Englishman, after this matter was disposed of, "let me know the name of the boy who has done me such an important service."

"My name is Guy Fenwick."

"Are you English?"

"No, sir; I am an American boy."

"I thought so. Though there are resemblances, there is a dash about you Americans that I don't find in my own countrymen. But how does it happen that you are so far from home?"

"I came to Bombay as a passenger on the American ship Osprey, Captain Grover."

"A passenger? Then you are not connected with the ship?"

"No, sir."

"Did you come here on a business errand?"

"Partly, sir; but it is business of a strange nature. If you will let me call upon you tomorrow, I shall be glad to tell you what it is."

"I shall certainly wish to know, and if it is anything in which I can help you I will try to do so."

"You don't know how much you are promising, Mr. Saunders," said Guy, smiling.

"No, I don't know that; but I do know that you have saved my life this evening," returned the Englishman earnestly.

Guy did not gainsay him, for he knew that it was true. Had the Persian driven his knife into the back of the English merchant, the blow would have been instantly fatal.

"Perhaps I had better leave you now, sir," said Guy. "The captain expects me to report at the ship before ten o'clock."

"Very well, but I shall expect to see you tomorrow at my office."

"Where is it, sir?"

In reply Mr. Sanders handed Guy his card.

The office was on the principal business street in the European town. Guy was already sufficiently acquainted with Bombay to know exactly where it was located.

"I will come, sir," he said.

When Guy returned to the ship, the captain said, "You are late tonight, Guy."

"Yes, sir; I was detained by important business."

"So you have business here already?" returned Captain Grover, smiling.

"Yes, sir. Shall I tell you about it?"

"If it won't take too long."

"I was fortunate enough to save the life of an English merchant."

Guy here gave particulars.

"John Saunders!" repeated the captain in surprise. "Why he is one of the wealthiest and most prominent men in the English colony."

"Whatever he is, he was very near death tonight."

"Did he ask you to call upon him?"

"Yes. I am to call tomorrow."

"By all means keep the appointment," said the captain in a significant tone.

"I certainly shall. Mr. Saunders seems to be very friendly to me, and I am glad to have made his acquaintance. Do you know, Captain Grover, he is the first Englishman I ever met; that is, to become acquainted with."

At eleven o'clock the next day Guy presented himself at the office of his English friend.

He sent in his card by a young Persian, who seemed to be in the merchant's employ. He was received at once.

"I am glad to see you, my young friend," said the merchant cordially. "I didn't fully realize till after you left me what a narrow escape I had. It is God's mercy that I am alive today."

"The danger came so suddenly and was so soon over that I have not realized it yet."

"I realize it, and shall always remember it. But you came here to explain the business that brought you to Bombay."

"I had no thought of Bombay, Mr. Saunders. It was an island in the Indian Ocean that I wished to visit."

"Indeed! Have you visited it?"

"No, sir; and I fear that I shall never have an opportunity to do so."

"I am in the dark! I do not understand you."

"Then, sir, I will try to explain, but I am not sure what you will think of my enterprise."

"Go on."

The merchant settled himself in a posture of attention, and Guy began his narrative.

He was listened to without interruption. Guy could not gather from the merchant's expression what impression the story was making upon him.

When he finished Mr. Saunders said:

"Your tale is certainly a strange one, and your business of a remarkable character for a boy of your age."

Here he paused.

"I am not prepared to express any opinion yet," he added. "I must take a little time to think it over. Meanwhile I will detain you through the day. I shall be glad if you will take dinner with me."

"I shall be happy to do so."

"Then if you will occupy yourself with the papers and magazines you will find on yonder table, I will write some letters which must go by the next steamer, and will then be at your disposal."

CHAPTER VI.

GUY'S PROGRESS.

"How long will the Osprey remain in port?" asked the merchant, when they sat at dinner.

"Four weeks, sir."

"Your sole object in taking passage and coming to this part of the world was to look after the concealed treasure, I take it?"

"Yes, sir. At any rate, but for that I should hardly have come."

"Of course you know that the chances of your ever being able to visit the island were small."

"Yes, sir, I knew that; but I trusted to luck, and I knew that at any rate I should enjoy the voyage."

"In what way do you propose to make your living—by a profession, or by a business career?"

"I expect to become a business man."

"Have you a fair education?"

"Yes, sir; I am prepared to enter Harvard College. I completed my course of preparation last summer."

"That is well—now I am going to make you a proposal."

He paused, and Guy listened eagerly for what was coming.

"It is this," continued the merchant. "I suppose you have nothing to do on the ship."

"No, sir!"

"I will invite you to work for four weeks in my countingroom. It will be the commencement of your business education. Besides, you will do me a favor, as a young clerk is absent from duty, sick with a fever. What do you say?"

"I will accept gladly, sir."

"The hours are not wearing. In this warm climate we cannot venture to work as steadily as in England or America."

"Will it be necessary for me to board in the city?"

"No; it will be better, on the whole, to sleep aboard the vessel, as you might contract a fever on shore, not being acclimated."

"Very well, sir. When do you wish me to begin?"

"Tomorrow morning."

"All right, sir."

"As to your compensation, I will give you twenty five dollars per week."

"But," said Guy, astonished, "that is a large salary for a novice like me."

"You won't be a novice long, and I paid that salary to my clerk who is sick."

"You are very liberal, sir."

"I have good reason to be."

When Guy reported his engagement to Captain Grover, that officer congratulated him.

"It is a great thing," he said, "to have won the favor of a rich merchant like Mr. Saunders. Besides, the knowledge you will obtain of business will be of infinite value to you."

So Guy went to work the next day.

Of course everything was new at first, but he had a thorough training as a student, and he set to work to learn business in the same way he had learned Greek, Latin, and mathematics at school. The result was that he made such progress as to surprise Mr. Saunders.

"You have already become of value to me," the merchant said one day.

"Didn't you think I would, sir?"

"I thought it would take you longer to break you in. You have the making of a very successful business man in you."

Guy was gratified by this tribute.

"I am pleased to have you say so," he replied. "I have a special object in wishing to succeed."

"What is that?"

"My father is a minister, dependent upon a small salary for support. He is now fifty, and there is a movement to oust him from the place. Should that succeed I want to be able to free him from pecuniary anxiety."

"That is highly commendable in you."

A part of the time Guy was employed upon the books of the firm. One day he pointed out an incorrect entry which would have entailed a considerable loss.

"You are sharp," said the merchant.

"Do you know that you have saved me five hundred pounds. Besides, you have opened my eyes. I have reason to think that my former bookkeeper—the one whose place you have taken—was in league with the customer in whose account you have found an error. Our transactions are so large that I should have suspected nothing. Now I shall make an investigation."

"My predecessor may have been simply careless," suggested Guy.

"True, but I can't afford to employ men who are careless."

"You won't deprive him of his situation, sir?"

"Not at once, but I shall watch him. For some reason I should like to have you in his place."

"I should like to be in your employ, but I should not care to be so far away from my father for any length of time."

"There is another consideration also. This climate would be dangerous to one unaccustomed to it. No, I have other views for you."

"I wonder what they are," thought Guy.

The four weeks rolled quickly away. They might have seemed long to Guy if he had been unemployed, but his duties in the office so occupied his time that the period seemed very short indeed.

One day Captain Grover surprised him by saying: "Well, Guy, the Osprey will start for home next Monday."

Guy heard the announcement with regret. He had become so interested in his work that he did not like to leave it.

"I suppose you will be ready?"

"Yes, sir."

Guy notified Mr. Saunders that he should have to leave him.

The merchant looked thoughtful.

"I am sorry for that," he said. "Your predecessor—the man whose place you are taking—is not yet well."

"I am sorry if I inconvenience you, Mr. Saunders."

"You are specially anxious to return on the Osprey?"

"If I don't, I know of no other way of getting home."

"You can get home quicker by way of London and Liverpool."

"But that would cost considerable money."

"That is true. Of course, if I detain you here I shall undertake to send you home free of expense to yourself. Perhaps, however, that may not be a matter of so much importance to you."

Guy looked puzzled.

"You would travel by steamer to Liverpool, and from there to New York or Boston, also by steamer."

"It would enable me to see more of the world, but it would cost you a good deal of money."

"Yes, but I have not yet told you that I may have some business for you to attend to for me in England."

"That would alter the case, sir. If you have confidence enough in me to employ me in that way, I shall be very glad to do what I can for you."

"Then there is another matter. I have not yet spoken to you about the pirates' treasure."

"No, sir."

"I have thought over the story you told me, and I will tell you the decision to which I have come. I think there is a fair chance of the story being true."

Guy brightened up at this admission, for he had great faith in Mr. Saunder's judgment.

"Of course it will cost money to obtain it, even if it exists, for I see no other way than to fit out a special expedition."

"Yes, sir," returned Guy soberly, for he believed this would destroy all chance of his ever obtaining the treasure.

"As to the prospect of influencing any one with capital to go on such a quest, I am afraid it is not bright."

"I suppose I may as well give it up then."

"Not necessarily. The time may come when I can myself undertake it. Meanwhile, as it may be a good while, you will be left in suspense and poverty."

"Still, if I thought the time would ever come when you would be willing to take hold of it, I would be content to wait."

"Then suppose you have a copy made of your uncle's letter, and also of the one in which directions are given as to the island and the place of concealment. The original papers you can keep, and leave the copies with me."

"I will do so, sir."

"You repose a good deal of confidence in me. Suppose I fit out the expedition, secure the treasure, and cheat you out of your share of it?"

"I have no fear," replied Guy. "I have perfect confidence in you."

"You shall not regret that confidence. I will see that you derive some immediate benefit from this treasure to which you have fallen heir. I propose that, as the expense of fitting out the expedition will be mine, I shall have a right to claim one half the treasure."

"I agree to that, sir."

"And I furthermore agree to pay over to you *at once* one thousand pounds, to be repaid to me out of your share of the treasure when it is found."

"But it may never be found."

"That will be my lookout."

"And I shall be worth a thousand pounds—five thousand dollars!" said Guy.

"Exactly so."

"I can hardly believe it."

"You will believe it when the money is in your hands, as it will be tomorrow."

"It was a very fortunate day when I met you, Mr. Saunders," said Guy, gratefully.

"And a providential day when I met you, Guy. Don't forget that you saved my life. But I have not yet spoken of the business which you are to do for me in England."

When Guy heard this he was even more surprised.

CHAPTER VII.

GUY RECEIVES A COMMISSION.

"Not going back on the Osprey?" exclaimed Captain Grover, in great surprise.

"No, sir. Mr. Saunders wishes to retain me in his employment."

"But are you aware that the climate of Bombay is very trying to a foreigner?"

"I do not expect to stay in Bombay."

"I thought you were intending to remain with your present employer?"

"I expect to remain in his employ, but he will very soon send me to England on business."

Captain Grover looked still more amazed.

"Does he know how old you are?" he asked, abruptly.

"He knows how *young* I am," answered Guy, with a smile. "Still, he seems to have confidence in me."

"I suppose I shall have to give my consent, Guy? I hold myself in a manner responsible for you, as you left home under my charge. Still I can see that Mr. Saunders is likely to prove a good friend to you. How much does he pay you?"

"Thus far he has paid me twenty five-dollars a week."

"You can hardly expect that he will pay you such large wages when you are traveling."

"On the contrary, he says he will pay me more."

"Either you are a very smart boy, or he overrates you greatly."

"Suppose we say the first?" said Guy, smiling.

"Well, perhaps so. How long are you to stay in England?"

"I don't know yet."

"From there where will you go?"

"To Boston or New York."

Captain Grover looked relieved.

"I want to be able to tell your father that you are all right. He will naturally feel anxious when he thinks that you are alone in a distant country."

"I don't know about that. He always had considerable confidence in my ability to get along."

"He didn't know anything about your crazy idea of hunting for a pirate's treasure, did he?"

"I never mentioned the matter to him, and I hope you will not. He gave me permission to search Uncle George's sea chest, but I never told him what I found in it. You know, captain, he is a very absent-minded man. I presume he has never thought of the matter from that day to this."

"I am glad you have given up the notion of hunting for a treasure which very likely does not exist."

"Have I?" said Guy to himself, but he only smiled.

He had never said anything to Captain Grover about Mr. Saunder's plans, or about the thousand pounds which the merchant had paid over to him. He knew that the captain would rejoice in his good fortune, but he wanted to bide his time and surprise his friends at home with the story of his luck.

He felt that already he was worth enough money to help his father materially.

in case Deacon Crane should succeed in his efforts to have him ousted from his parish in favor of a younger man.

On the day that the Osprey was to weigh anchor Guy remained on board, with Mr. Saunder's permission, till the good ship had fairly left her dock.

As he watched her gradually fading out of sight, and realized that he was perhaps eight thousand miles from home, with none of his old friends near him, he felt homesick for a short time, but soon the thought of his wonderful good fortune cheered him up, and he went back to the office, full of exhilaration and hope.

In about a week the sick clerk, whose place Guy had taken, returned, and a few days later Guy embarked on an English steamer, bound for Liverpool.

On the departure of the Osprey he had taken up his residence at the house of Mr. Saunders, who was a widower. A maiden sister kept house for him.

"I want you with me," said the merchant, "partly because it will be more homelike for you than a hotel, and partly because I shall have a better chance to instruct you in the business which you are to transact for me in London."

Guy learned that Mr. Saunders was special partner in the London firm of Russell & Co., and had constant transactions with them.

A part of Guy's instructions related to business to be done with them. He had thought that this would be all, but he was mistaken.

One evening after supper Mr. Saunders said: "I have given you directions as to business matters, but I have another affair, requiring discretion and good judgment on your part, in which I shall require your help."

"I shall do my best, sir."

"I am sure of that. You must know that three years since I was informed of the death of an old schoolmate, Herbert Bell. We had been very intimate in school, and retained an interest in each other, though our paths in life differed materially.

"He became a clergyman, while I entered upon a business career. His wife died before him. At his own death he left a son, about your age, I should judge, and he left him to me, beseeching me, in remembrance of our old intimacy to look after him. This I willingly agreed to do.

"Poor Herbert left only a few hundred pounds, the income of which was quite insufficient to support and educate his son Vivian. On the whole, I was not sorry for this, as it enabled me to be of even more service to my friend's boy."

"I would have been glad to send for him and bring him up under my own eye, but I didn't dare to expose his health to this dangerous climate. I therefore placed him at school about fifty miles from London.

"I had been so long absent from England that I knew nothing of the schools there, but trusted to my business correspondent to find one that was satisfactory.

"He was placed at an academy kept by Dr. Peter Musgrave, whom I supposed a fitting guardian for the orphan boy.

"You see, I trusted to the judgment of my business associate. I have had little or no direct communication with or about Vivian, but, immersed in business, took it for granted that all things were going on as they should.

"My first doubt came when about a month since I received a letter from the boy, which I will show you.

He took from his desk a letter, written in a schoolboy hand, which he gave to Guy to read. It ran as follows:

MY DEAR GUARDIAN:

I have been wanting for a good while to write to you about the way I am treated by Dr. Musgrave. He seems to have taken a great dislike to me, and uses me cruelly. I am sure it is not because of my conduct, because I try to obey the rules of the school. But I once complained of his son Simon, who was in the habit of ordering me about, and who regularly made me give him half of my pocket money. Simon denied that this was so, and his father chose to believe him. The result was that I was flogged, and from that time I have been ill treated. Scarcely a day passes without my receiving punishment. I can never be happy here, and I do hope, my dear guardian, that you will remove me to another school.

If Dr. Musgrave knew that I was writing to you, he would not permit me to send the letter. I do not dare to post it myself, but have got a schoolmate to drop it in the post office for me.

This was the material portion of the letter.

As Guy read it, he felt a strong sympathy for the writer, and his indignation was excited against the tyrannical school master.

His lips closed firmly and there was an angry light in his eyes.

"Dr. Musgrave wouldn't have treated me in that way," he said.

"No, I think not. You have evidently plenty of pluck. But Vivian probably takes after his father, who was of a gentle and retiring disposition. He never asserted himself, and always seemed to me to be lacking in proper spirit.

"Since I received this letter I have felt uneasy, and wished that I were in England to investigate Vivian's complaints, and, if necessary, remove him from the school."

"I wish you had done so at once, Mr. Saunders."

"I had no one whom I could call upon to act for me. This letter came since I made your acquaintance, and it was this partly that led me to think of sending you to England. You will go as my representative, with full power to act in my place, as your judgment may dictate.

"I have an idea that the boy is delicate, and wish you to consult a physician. If

the doctor recommends a few months spent in travel I may allow you to take him with you to America."

"I should be a young guardian, Mr. Saunders. I think you said he was about my age."

"Probably he is a year younger. At any rate, in all essential points you are several years older. I have not known you long, but I have confidence in your judgment. As to the expenses, I shall authorize you to draw upon my London correspondent for whatever money you may need."

"I will gladly undertake the commission, Mr. Saunders. I think I can promise that your ward will have no complaints to make of me. Shall you have any business for me to attend to in New York?"

"In all probability I shall have. My New York correspondent is Gilbert Frazer, whose office is opposite Bowling Green. Have you ever been in New York?"

"No sir; but I have no doubt I shall be able to attend to whatever business there you may place in my hands."

"I have no doubt of it. Where is your home?"

"In Bayport. That is a village in Massachusetts, not far from New Bedford."

Mr. Sanders made a note of this.

"I will give you further instructions, should any occur to me," he said. "Now we had best retire."

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM BOMBAY TO LIVERPOOL.

On the steamer which left Bombay with Guy as passenger, he occupied one of the best staterooms, which had been selected by Mr. Saunders himself.

The voyage was a long one, and Guy had abundant opportunity to become acquainted with his fellow passengers.

Among them was a young Englishman, perhaps twenty five years of age, named August Locke. The rest were old or middle aged men, and it was natural that Locke and Guy should become more closely acquainted than the others.

On the first day of August Locke made overtures to Guy.

"I am glad," he said, "that there is one young person on board besides myself. Suppose we become friends?"

"I shall be glad to know you better," replied Guy. "I was beginning to feel lonesome."

"You are English, like myself?"

"No; I am an American."

"And traveling alone? Why you can't be much over sixteen."

"That is my age."

"It seems strange to me that a boy of your age should be traveling alone so far from home."

"I sometimes wonder at it myself."

"It can't be for health, for you are fresh and blooming."

"No. Suppose I say that it is on business?"

"Then all I can say is, that you Americans begin life much earlier than we English. Why, at your age I was attending school in England."

"What school did you attend?"

"The school of Dr. Peter Musgrave, not far from London."

"I am very glad to hear it."

"Why?" asked Locke, with a puzzled look.

"Because there is a boy at that school in whom I am interested."

"An American boy?"

"No; a ward of my employer. He has received complaints that the boy is ill treated, and has sent me to inquire into the matter. If you can tell me something of the school I shall be very much obliged."

"I can't say much good of it. Dr. Musgrave is an ill tempered man, of small acquirements, whose delight it is to tyrannize over the boys under his charge. I have received more than one flogging from him, wantonly inflicted, without my deserving it."

"You would not send any boy there in whom you were interested!"

"Most certainly not."

"Then I shall probably withdraw Vivian from the school."

"You speak as if you were his guardian, and had full powers."

"So I have, and I suppose I may call myself his guardian, since the responsibility has been given me by Mr. Saunders."

"Are you speaking of the great Bombay merchant?"

"Yes."

"He seems to repose a great deal of confidence in you."

"He does," answered Guy.

"This seems strange, since you are an American."

"Yet you are disposed to be my friend," said Guy, smiling, "in spite of this drawback."

"True."

"I will show you a letter written by the boy to Mr. Saunders, and you can give me your opinion of it."

August Locke cast his eyes over the letter of Vivian Bell already quoted in a previous chapter.

"Poor chap!" said the young Englishman. "He does seem to be having a hard time of it."

"Can you tell me anything about Simon Musgrave, the doctor's son?"

"Not much. When I was at school he was a small boy in knickerbockers. He was old enough, however, to show that he was a chip of the old block, and inherited his father's unpleasant traits. That he would bully a boy whom he disliked I can readily believe. I remember once giving him a thrashing for impertinence. I got flogged for it by the Doctor, but I had the consolation of knowing that I had hurt

Simon quite as much as his father hurt me."

"I don't think he would bully me."

"You don't look like a boy that would allow himself to be bullied. I suppose this Vivian Bell is a different sort of boy."

"Yes; Mr. Saunders tells me that his father had a gentle disposition, and thinks the son may resemble him in that respect. His father was a clergyman."

"That explains it."

"I don't think so. I, too, am the son of a clergyman. but I hope I have some spirit."

"I am very sure you have. Any one could tell that from your manner and bearing."

"Did you continue at the school till your education was finished?"

"No. My father withdrew me, partly because the Doctor got 'down on me,' as the saying is, and partly because he was led to think the pupils didn't learn much."

"I suppose you don't revere the memory of your old teacher?"

"I have often wished that I could get hold of him, and repay with interest some of the floggings which I received from him as a boy."

Guy was glad to have obtained, before arriving in England, some information in regard to the school which Vivian Bell was attending. Now that he knew for certain that the complaints the boy made were justified, he was in a hurry to release him from the tyrannical rule under which he was suffering.

"When I go out to Dr. Musgrave's school, Mr. Locke," he said, "I wish you would come with me."

"Perhaps I may; I should like to see the old place. My memories of it are not all disagreeable. Some of the boys were friends of mine, and I remember them with attachment. I am one who does not forget old friends."

"I am sure not."

"Then I should like to see the Doctor again. When we parted I was a boy of fifteen, and I stood in fear of his superior strength. Now——" and he smiled, as he rose to his full height, and stretched out his muscular arms.

"Now, you would be more than a match for him," suggested Guy.

"I think there is no doubt of that. I have been growing stronger, until I am much more powerful than he was at his best, while the years that have elapsed—ten—have probably diminished his vigor."

During the voyage Guy and August Locke had many pleasant conversations. Guy learned that he was the nephew of a Glasgow merchant, and that his visit to Bombay had been on business.

"You are Scotch?" said Guy.

"My mother was English, so that I am only half Scotch."

Among the passengers on board was another American, but he was a man of

sixty. He seemed a cynical man, who strangely enough appeared to conceive a dislike for his young countryman.

Indeed he had no sympathy with young people, whom he thought to be utterly destitute of judgment. His curiosity was excited by finding a boy of Guy's age traveling alone, and he plied him with questions till he found out that he was in the employ of John Saunders of Bombay.

"Couldn't Mr. Saunders find an older representative than you?" he asked in an unpleasant tone.

"I have no doubt he might, sir."

"Then he was a fool to confide his business to a mere boy."

Guy was not offended, but he was amused.

"Do you know Mr. Saunders, sir?" he asked.

"I have met him—in a business way."

"Did he impress you as a fool?" asked Guy demurely.

Solon Johnson eyed the boy sharply. He was not quite sure whether he was being made fun of or not.

"I can't call him that," he answered, "for he has been successful in business, and made a large fortune."

"Yet he has appointed me his agent."

"Yes, he has shown his folly there."

"I suppose if you had known him well enough you would have dissuaded him from doing it."

"I certainly should. I don't mean any reflection upon you, young man, but it stands to reason that a boy of your age is unfit for any large responsibility."

"Perhaps you are right, sir," said Guy, a little nettled, "but I shall endeavor to show that he made no mistake."

"I can't understand at all how such a man should have made such a blunder. Were you ever in business before you left America?"

"No, sir."

"What could possibly have recommended you to Mr. Saunders?"

Guy could easily have satisfied his curiosity, but he did not propose to do so.

"We became acquainted, sir, and he employed me in his office in Bombay. So he had some opportunity of becoming familiar with my capacity for business."

"What did he pay you?"

Guy felt that this was going too far. He did not care to gratify Mr. Johnson's impertinent curiosity.

"You must excuse my answering that question, Mr. Johnson," he said.

"Oh, well! just as you please. If you were in my office in Boston I should not think of offering you more than five dollars a week."

"Then, sir, I think I shall hardly be likely to apply to you for employment."

"I don't think much of your countryman, Guy," said August Locke, when they were alone.

"Nor do I, Mr. Locke. I wonder which

is right in his estimate of me, Mr. Saunders or he."

"Mr. Saunders, I am sure."

"Thank you for your good opinion."

At length the long voyage was over, and with a thrill of interest and excitement Guy stepped on the wharf at Liverpool.

CHAPTER IX.

GUY ARRIVES IN LONDON.

In company with his new acquaintance, August Locke, Guy pushed on to London. He knew nothing about hotels, but by the advice of Locke he secured a room at the Charing Cross.

The next morning he called at the offices of Mr. Saunders' correspondent, Mr. Russell.

These offices were in a solid and heavy looking building, quite different from the business structures to be found in American cities.

Guy entered and was asked his business by the clerk, who looked as if he might have come from Glasgow or some other Scotch city.

"I wish to see Mr. Russell," answered Guy.

"You can give me your message."

"I might, but I don't think I shall. I wish to see Mr. Russell personally."

"Mr. Russell does not see boys," said the clerk in an important tone. "What firm are you with?"

"Mr. John Saunders of Bombay."

The clerk opened wide his eyes in astonishment.

"As I have come some thousands of miles to see Mr. Russell, I hope he will grant me an interview," Guy added.

"Do you come from Bombay?" asked the clerk, in an altered tone.

"Yes."

"Who came with you?"

"Quite a number of passengers," answered Guy coolly, "but I don't see what concern that is of yours."

"You are a hextraordinary boy," said the Scotch clerk, who had been long enough in London to acquire the Cockney accent.

"Thank you for the compliment, but I should like to see Mr. Russell."

The clerk withdrew to an inner room, and presently reappeared.

"You can go in," he said.

Guy nodded, and betook himself to Mr. Russell's private room.

He found himself in the presence of a grave looking man of fifty, who looked staid and dignified.

He surveyed Guy with evident curiosity.

"My clerk tells me you came from Bombay, from my correspondent, Mr. Saunders?"

"I am glad he told you so much. He tried to prevent my seeing you."

"I do not often transact business with

boys of your age. That was doubtless his reason."

"Whatever his reason may have been, he made a mistake."

"I suppose you have credentials?"

"Here is Mr. Saunders' letter."

The dignified Mr. Russell took the proffered letter, and as he read it looked from time to time at Guy in evident surprise.

This was the letter:

MY DEAR SIR:

This letter will be presented you by young Mr. Fenwick, who has been in my employ here, and who has my entire confidence. I have given him two or three business commissions, of which he will speak to you. I have also instructed him to visit the school at which you placed my young ward, Vivian Bell, and investigate some complaints which the boy has made in a letter to me. Should he find them to be well founded he will, at his discretion, either remove him to another school, or, should his health require it, take him on a journey.

Whatever funds he may require you will supply him with, to an extent not exceeding five hundred pounds, and aid him in any way he may suggest. Though he is young, I have implicit confidence in his good judgment.

Yours respectfully,

JOHN SAUNDERS.

It was evident that the grave Mr. Russell was very much amazed.

Guy seemed so young, and the responsible position in which he had been placed seemed so unsuitable to his youth, that the London merchant could hardly believe that the letter was genuine.

"Mr. Saunders writes that you were in his office in Bombay."

"Yes, sir."

"How long were you there?"

"About six weeks."

"Did he know you before he engaged you to enter his service?"

"Only for a day or two."

"All this is very extraordinary. Were you born in England or in Bombay?"

"In neither, sir. I am an American."

"I cannot understand how Mr. Saunders should have engaged you on such short acquaintance, as you are so young."

"I don't like to mention it, sir, but I had the good fortune to save his life, and—"

"How?"

Guy related the particulars of the night attack on Mr. Saunders.

"I understand," said the Englishman, his face clearing up. "You certainly placed my friend under great obligation; but how came he to have so much confidence in your business ability?"

"He knew nothing of my business ability at first, but after employing me a few weeks he seemed to be satisfied with me."

"Quite so. I was at first inclined to fear that my old friend had lost his usual discretion, but I begin to see that he has acted sensibly. I shall, of course, comply with his request, and will assist you to the best of my endeavors. First, do you require any money?"

"Not today, sir, but I probably shall soon."

Guy gave some business messages to Mr. Russell, and then asked, "Have you heard anything of Mr. Saunders' young ward of late, Mr. Russell?"

"Yesterday I received a letter from Dr. Musgrave, complaining of his insubordination."

"Will you kindly show me the letter?"

The merchant opened his desk, and produced a letter, which he placed in the hands of his young companion.

Guy read it with mingled interest and curiosity.

This is the material portion of it :

RESPECTED SIR :

I regret to find myself under the necessity of complaining to you of the boy whom you some time since placed under my charge. I should have refrained from doing so, feeling quite able to manage him, if I did not suspect that he had made complaints to you or Mr. Saunders, of Bombay, of his treatment at the school. Let me say, then, that he has shown himself very insubordinate, and in that respect has set a bad example to my other pupils. In particular he is impudent to my son Simon, and seems to have conceived a violent hatred for him.

Simon is a very trustworthy and reliable boy, who endeavors in every way to carry out my wishes. I have made him a monitor, and to a certain extent have placed the younger boys under his charge. He has exercised great forbearance with Vivian, only requiring him to treat him, as my representative, with proper respect. This young Bell seems unwilling to do, and I have no doubt is quite capable of misrepresenting the condition of things at the school, and his own treatment.

I do not ask your assistance in any way, feeling quite able to cope with him, but I wish to prepare you for any mendacious statements the boy may be tempted to make.

My school has, happily, a high reputation, and has been for years noted for its excellent parental discipline. I have received many testimonials from parents who appreciate the valuable training their sons have received at the school.

I am, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
PETER MUSGRAVE, L.L.D.

"What do you think of this letter, Mr. Russell?" asked Guy.

"I have nothing to go upon. I have not received any letter of complaint from young Bell."

"Mr. Saunders has."

"Indeed!"

"I have brought a copy of it to show you."

The merchant looked over the letter, which has already been given in an earlier chapter.

"If these statements are true," he said slowly, "the boy should be removed at once. The question is, are they true or not?"

"What did you know of the school, sir, that led you to select it for Vivian Bell?"

"I saw it advertised in the *Times*. Several well known names were appended as references."

"I chanced to have a fellow passenger, a young man, who in his boyhood was a pupil at the school."

"Ha! and what did he say?"

"That Dr. Musgrave was a brute and a tyrant."

"Possibly he was insubordinate also."

"I shall bring him in some day to call upon you. His name is August Locke, of Glasgow."

"Indeed! Is he related to the merchant of that name?" asked Mr. Russell with interest.

"He is his son."

"His testimony carries weight. Then he thinks the complaints are well founded?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Mr. Fenwick, the affair is in your hands. I have no responsibility in the matter. You will doubtless go to Milton and investigate."

"Yes, sir, I am glad to say that Mr. Locke has agreed to go with me."

"He can assist you materially, as he is acquainted with the school."

At this moment the young Scotch clerk made his appearance.

"Here is a message just received from Milton," he said.

The merchant tore it open, and read aloud in some excitement:

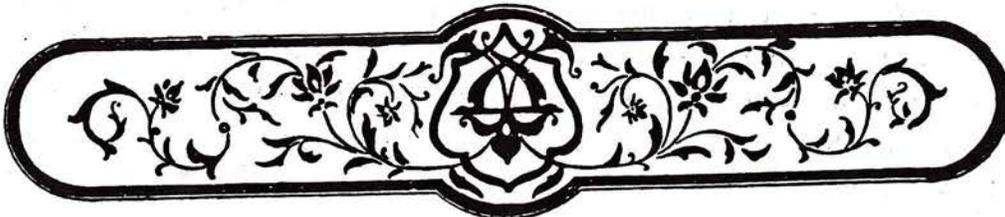
FROM DR. MUSGRAVE, OF MILTON, TO DAVID RUSSELL, GRACE COURT, LONDON.

The boy, Vivian Bell, has run away. Will you defray expenses of search?

"How shall I answer this, Mr. Fenwick?"

"Please wire him that a special messenger will call upon him tomorrow."

(To be continued.)



THE BROKEN LANTERN.

BY WILLIAM L. WILLIAMS.



“JOHN Dow, come back here, or you’ll be sorry for it.”

The back door was slammed impudently and a hurried step by the windows, told Mrs. Dow too plainly, that her son had grown entirely beyond her control, and tears filled her eyes when she thought that this wayward boy was the same little blue-eyed fellow, who, a few years before, attracted every one’s attention with his cunning ways and beautiful looks. Now he was a rough, uncouth boy, full of slang phrases and rowdy actions; Mrs. Dow sighed as she thought of this, but there was none but herself to blame; she had not

tried to make the house more attractive than the street, but on the contrary, was continually scolding John for putting his feet on the sofa, leaning his head against the papered wall, putting his hands on the sides of the doors, and many other little things which it is certainly improper for children to do, yet it is well to teach them not to do by kind words and gentle remonstrances, not harsh and violent threatenings.

There was only one person that John Dow was afraid to disobey, and that was his father; but unfortunately, Mr. Dow’s business compelled him to be absent from home a great part of the time, and therefore he could not give that attention to John which he needed.

When John left his mother so rudely, he turned his steps toward that portion of the village known as “down town.” Here were located the engine house, the railroad station, an oyster saloon, and sundry other buildings where rowdy boys love to congregate. Gus Grub, Bill Bond, Eph Rumsey, and a few more of the same ilk were already on the ground when John reached there. They welcomed him with the coarse greetings so common among street loafers. The other boys were smoking cigars or cheap wooden pipes, so John fished a piece of a cigar from a lot of trumpery in his pocket, and joined them. He thought it was a

fine thing to be doing just what he had a mind to; but any shrewd observer would have seen a certain uneasiness about him, that betrayed a troubled spirit. Pretty soon he saw his school teacher approaching, and a sense of shame at being seen in such company, and with a cigar in his mouth, led him to slink behind his associates, hoping that he would escape notice. But the keen eye of the school-master detected him, and as he passed he said, "Good evening, John;" but John thought he heard in those few words a tone of surprise and reproof.

A few minutes later, a group of young girls came along, and again the blush of mortification suffused John Dow's cheek, for these girls were acquaintances of his; he had been to their parties, and heard them express their disapprobation of the conduct of the very boys he was now surrounded by. It would have been a relief if the ground had yawned and let him down out of sight. They passed on, without any sign of recognition, which much disturbed John, but he consoled himself with the idea that they had not seen him. He would have thought quite differently had he heard them speak of him as "the rowdy Dow boy."

John began to think that they were in too public a place, so he proposed a walk; this was assented to, but first, Gus Grubb insisted upon going into the saloon to get a drink all round; then, muddled with the vile stuff they had imbibed, they turned up the main road for a walk. It was now quite dark, and they amused themselves by singing snatches of boisterous songs, and jeering at passers by. By and by they came to a place where the road was undergoing repairs; a deep trench had been dug, and in order to protect travelers from harm, a lantern was hung over it.

"Hallo, boys! here's a chance for fun!" shouted Dow, picking up a stone and throwing it at the light. "Let's see who can smash that lantern first."

So they all picked up stones and threw them, till one from Dow's hand shattered the glass and extinguished the light.

"Well done, John," said Eph Rumsey; "that was a good cluck for you. How the old fogies to-morrow will be inquiring about that smashed lantern! keep dark about it!"

Shortly after this, John Dow returned home. He always took care to be in the house before his father got there. On this occasion he found his mother sitting alone.

"Has father got home?" was his first inquiry.

"No, my son, but I expect him every minute. He said he should be at home early to-night," was the mother's reply.

John went up stairs to his bed, and was soon sound asleep. He was awakened by his mother, who stood by his bed and said, "John, John, wake up; it is twelve o'clock, and your father has not returned yet. You must get up and dress you. I fear that something dreadful has happened."

John reluctantly arose from his bed, and dressed himself. His mother's trembling voice and anxious face worried him, and made him feel frightened. He accompanied his mother down stairs, and was about going forth to see if he could learn aught of his father, when the sound of men's voices approaching the house was heard, and in a moment more the front door opened, and three men entered, bearing the insensible form of Mr. Dow.

"A sad accident has befallen your husband, ma'am," said Mr. Johnson, one of the men. "He was riding home, and drove right into a large hole in the road, near Judge Peterson's, where men had been making repairs. They put a lantern there, to keep folks off, but some rowdy boy broke it." They then laid the injured man on the sofa, and one of them went for a doctor. Poor Mrs. Dow was completely overcome with grief and fright; she fell on the floor in a swoon, and remained for some time insensible.

During this scene, the guilty boy stood trembling with sorrow and fear. The groans of his injured father, and the pale face of his mother made his heart writhe with remorse. He saw the dreadful consequences of his thoughtless mischief, and felt the misery it had brought upon him and upon his parents.

But the morrow had yet greater penalties in store for him. The physicians, after a careful examination, made the painful announcement that Mr. Dow would be crippled for life; and the Selectmen having offered a reward for the detection of the person who destroyed the lantern, John's companion's met together, and decided to tell of him, both to save themselves from suspicion, and to obtain the reward.

It was a severe lesson to John, but it checked him in his sinful course, and opened his eyes to the dangers he was hastening to. With a mighty effort he shook off the idle associates who had led him astray. He formed new habits, and became a comfort and aid to his parents. The sight of his poor crippled father sent a pang to his heart which the longest stretch of time could not eradicate.

Boys, take care that no thoughtless or wicked act of yours shall embitter the lives of those who are your dearest friends, or give you an aching heart long years after.