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SAM'S CHANCE

And How He Improved It

By Horatio Alger, Jr.

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PREFACE.

"Sam's Chance" is a sequel to the "Young Outlaw," and is designed to illustrate the gradual steps by which that young man was induced to give up his bad habits, and deserve that prosperity which he finally attains. The writer confesses to have experienced some embarrassment in writing this story. The story writer always has at command expedients by which the frowns of fortune may be turned into sunshine, and this without violating probability, or, at any rate, possibility; for the careers of many of our most eminent and successful men attest that truth is often-times stranger than fiction. But to cure a boy of radical faults is almost as difficult in fiction as in real life. Whether the influences which led to Sam's reformation were adequate to that result, must be decided by the critical reader. The author may, at any rate, venture to congratulate Sam's friends that he is now more worthy of their interest and regard than in the years when he was known as the "Young Outlaw."

SAM'S CHANCE.

CHAPTER I. — SAM'S NEW CLOTHES.

"If I'm goin' into a office I'll have to buy some new clo'es," thought Sam Barker.

He was a boy of fifteen, who, for three years, had been drifting about the streets of New York, getting his living as he could; now blacking boots, now selling papers, now carrying bundles—"everything by turns, and nothing long." He was not a model boy, as those who have read his early history, in "The Young Outlaw," are aware; but, on the other hand, he was not extremely bad. He liked fun, even if it involved mischief; and he could not be called strictly truthful nor honest. But he would not wantonly injure or tyrannize over a smaller boy, and there was nothing mean or malicious about him. Still he was hardly the sort of boy a merchant would be likely to select as an office boy, and but for a lucky chance Sam would have been compelled to remain a bootblack or newsboy. One day he found, in an uptown street, a little boy, who had strayed away from his nurse, and, ascertaining where he lived, restored him to his anxious parents. For this good deed he was rewarded by a gift of five dollars and the offer of a position as errand boy, at five dollars a week.

Sam decided that he must have some new clothes before he could enter upon his place. At present his costume consisted of a ragged shirt, and a pair of equally ragged pantaloons. Both were of unknown antiquity, and had done faithful service, not only to Sam, but to a former owner. It was quite time they were released from duty.

To buy a complete outfit with five dollars might have puzzled many an able financier. But Sam knew just where to go. Somewhere in the neighborhood of Baxter Street there was a second-hand clothing establishment, which he had patronized on previous occasions, and where he knew that the prices were low. It was to this place that he bent his steps.

A wrinkled old man—the proprietor—stood outside, scanning, with cunning eyes, the passers-by. If any one paused to examine his stock, he was immediately assailed by voluble recommendations of this or that article, and urgently entreated to "just step inside."

When Sam approached, the old man's shrewdness was at fault. He did not suspect that the ragged street boy was likely to become a customer, and merely suffered his glance to rest upon him casually.

But Sam accosted him with a business-like manner.

"Look here, old man, have you got any tiptop clo'es to sell to-day?"

"Yes, my son," answered the old man, with an air of alacrity.

"Who are you a-takin' to? I ain't your son, and I wouldn't be. My father's a member of Congress."

"Did he send you here to buy clo'es?" asked the old man, with a grin.

"Yes, he did. He said you'd let me have 'em half price."

"So I will, my—boy. This is the cheapest place in the city."

"Well, old man, trot out your best suits. I want 'em in the style, you know."

"I know that from your looks," said the old man, a grin illumining his wrinkled face, as he glanced at the rags Sam wore.

"Oh, you needn't look at these. My best clo'es is to home in the wardrobe. What have you got for shirts?"

A red-flannel article was displayed; but Sam didn't like the color.

"It ain't fashionable," he said.

"Here's a blue one," said the old man.

"That's more like, how much is it?"

"Fifty cents."

"Fifty cents! Do you want to ruin me? I won't give no fifty cents for a shirt."

"It's worth more. It cost me forty-five."

"I'll give thirty-five."

After some haggling the price was accepted, and the article was laid aside.

"Now show me some of your nice suits," said Sam. "I've got a place, and I want to look like a gentleman."

"Have you got any money?" asked the old man, with the momentary suspicion that he might be throwing his time and trouble away upon a penniless purchaser.

"Yes," said Sam. "What do you take me for?"

"How much have you got?"

"What do you want to know for?"

"I want to know what clo'es to show you."

Sam was about to answer five dollars, when a shrewd thought changed his intention.

"I've got four dollars," he said.

Even this was beyond the expectations of the dealer.

"All right, my son," he said. "I'll give you some nice clo'es for four dollars."

"You'd better if you want me to come here again. If you do well by me I'll get all my clo'es here."

A young man of fashion could not have spoken more condescendingly, or with an air of greater importance than Sam. He was right in thinking that his patronage was of importance to the old man.

"I'll dress you so fine the gals will look at you as you go along the street," he said.

"Go ahead!" said Sam. "Do your best by me, and I'll send my friends here."

Without going into details, it may be said that our hero selected everything to his satisfaction except a coat. Here he was rather particular. Finally, he espied a blue coat with brass buttons, hanging in a corner.

"Take down that coat," he said, "I guess that'll suit me."

"That costs too much. I can't give you that and the rest of the things for four dollars."

"Why can't you?"

"I'd lose too much."

Opposition confirmed Sam in his determination to own it.

"Give it to me; I'll try it on," he said.

Putting it on, he surveyed himself with satisfaction, in a small, cracked mirror. True, it was about two sizes too large, but Sam felt that in getting more cloth he was getting a better bargain.

"That's my style," he said. "Don't I look fashionable?"

"I'll have to ask you twenty-five cents more for that coat," said the old dealer.

"No, you won't."

"Yes, I must. I ought to ask more."

"Then you may keep the rest of the clo'es. I don't want 'em."

Sam made a movement as if to leave the store.

"Give me twenty cents more, my son."

"Didn't I tell you I wasn't your son? I won't give you no twenty cents, but I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll give you these clo'es I've got on."

The old man looked at them dubiously.

"They ain't worth much," he said.

"I know they ain't but they're worth twenty cents."

There was another critical inspection, and the decision was given in Sam's favor.

"You may have the clo'es," said the old man. "Now, where's your money?"

Sam produced a five-dollar bill.

"Give me a dollar back," he said.

The old man looked at him with the expression of one who had been cheated.

"You said you had only four dollars," he complained.

"No, I didn't. I said I had four. I didn't say that was all."

"These clo'es are worth five dollars."

"No, they ain't, and you won't get it from me. Do you think I'm going to give you all the money I've got?"

The old man still looked dissatisfied. "I'm losin' money on these clo'es," he muttered.

"Oh, well if you don't want to sell 'em, you needn't," said Sam, independently. "There's another place round the corner."

"Give me four fifty."

"No, I won't. I won't give you another cent. I'll give you four dollars and these clo'es I have on. A bargain's a bargain. If you're goin' to do it, say the word; and if you ain't, I'm off."

Sam carried his point, and received back a dollar in change.

"You needn't send the clo'es round to my hotel—I'll change 'em here," said our hero.

He set to work at once, and in five minutes the change was effected. The other clothes fitted him moderately well, but the blue coat—of the kind popularly called a swallow-tail—nearly trailed upon the ground. But for that Sam cared little. He surveyed himself with satisfaction, and felt that he was well dressed.

"I guess I'll do now," he said to himself, complacently, as he walked out of the shop.

CHAPTER II. — SAM'S FIRST DAY IN BUSINESS.

"Is the boss in?"

The speaker was Sam Barker, and the young man addressed was a clerk in the office of Henry Dalton & Co. He gazed with wonder and amusement at the grotesque figure before him.

"Have you business with Mr. Dalton?" he inquired.

"I should think I had," said Sam. "Is he in?"

"Not yet. He'll be here presently."

"All right. I'll wait."

Carefully parting the tails of his coat, Sam coolly deposited himself in an office chair, and looked about him.

"Are you in business for yourself?" asked the clerk.

"I have been," said Sam, "but I'm goin' to work for Mr. Dalton now."

"Did Mr. Dalton hire you?"

"Of course he did. He's goin' to pay me five dollars a week. How much does he pay you?"

"That's a secret," said the young man, good-naturedly.

"Is it? Well, I'll excuse you."

"You're very kind. That's a stylish coat you've got on."

"Isn't it?" said Sam, proudly, and rising from the chair he turned around in order to display fully the admired garment.

"Who is your tailor?"

"I forget his name, but he hangs out on Chatham Street. I only bought this coat yesterday."

"Don't you think it's a little too long?"

"Maybe it is," said Sam, "but I don't mind it. I can cut it down if I want to. Maybe they've got another like it, if you want one."

"I'm supplied just at present," said the young man. "What do you expect to do here?"

"I'm to be the errand boy. Does the boss work you very hard?"

"Oh, no, he's reasonable. How did you happen to get in with him?"

"I brought home his little boy. The little chap was cryin' round the streets, when I met him and took him home."

"Oh! you're the boy I heard him speak of. Well, you're in luck, for Mr. Dalton is an excellent employer."

"Have you been with him long?"

"About four years."

"Do you think he'll raise me soon?"

"That will depend a good deal upon yourself. If you work faithfully, no doubt he will."

Sam made a resolution to work faithfully, but then he found it easier to make resolutions than keep them.

"There's Mr. Dalton now," said the clerk.

Sam rose and faced his employer. The latter looked at him in some surprise, not immediately recognizing under the strange dress the boy whom he had engaged.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I'm the new boy," said Sam. "Don't you remember you told me you'd hire me at five dollars a week?"

"Oh, you are the boy, are you? Why, you look like an old man! Where did you raise that coat?"

"I bought it."

"It makes you look like your own grandfather."

"Does it?" said Sam, rather taken aback. "I thought it was stylish."

"You better exchange it. I don't want a boy in my employment to be dressed in that way. You'll be taken for an old gentleman from the country."

Sam smiled, but looked rather disturbed.

"I don't know as the man will take it back," he said.

"Go and see. I'll give you a couple of dollars. He will change it if you pay him something extra."

"I'll fix it," said Sam, accepting the money with alacrity. "Shall I go now?"

"Yes, and come back when you have made the exchange. Get something suitable for a boy of your age, and not too large."

Sam left the counting-room, and made his way to the second-hand shop where he had made the purchase. He succeeded in effecting an exchange for a coat which was less noticeable, and that without paying any bonus.

"If the boss don't say anything about the two dollars," he thought, "I'll be so much in."

Much to his joy no questions were asked as to the terms on which he made the exchange, and he felt that he could afford to go to the Old Bowery that evening.

When he came back he was called into the counting-room.

"Now, my boy, what is your name?" asked the merchant.

"Sam Barker."

"How old are you?"

"Fifteen."

"Are your parents living?"

"No, sir."

"Where do you live?"

Sam hesitated.

"I ain't got no regular place," he answered, at length.

"Where have you generally slept?"

"At the 'Newsboys' Lodge.'"

"I suppose you were a newsboy?"

"Some of the time."

"Well, it makes no difference what you have been. You are now my errand boy. I have engaged you without knowing very much about you, because you have been of service to my little boy. I hope you will serve me faithfully."

"Oh, yes, I will," said Sam, looking particularly virtuous.

"If you do your duty, I shall take an interest in you, and promote you as you deserve."

"And give me more pay?" suggested Sam.

"Yes, if I find you deserve it. I would rather pay high wages to a boy who suits me than small wages to an inefficient boy."

"Them's my sentiments," said Sam, promptly; but whether his sentiments referred to the service or the pay he did not make quite clear.

Mr. Dalton smiled.

"I am glad you agree with me," he said. "There is one other point I wish to speak of. As you are in my employment, I want you to have a regular boarding-place. I think it much better for a boy or young man. You ought to be able to get board and a decent room for four dollars a week."

"I guess I can," said Sam.

"I will let you go at three o'clock this afternoon—two hours before our usual hour of closing. That will give you time to secure a place. Now go out, and Mr. Budd will set you to work."

The clerk whom Sam had first encountered was named William Budd, and to him he went for orders.

"You may go to the post office for letters first," said Budd. "Our box is 936."

"All right," said Sam.

He rather liked this part of his duty. It seemed more like play than work to walk through the streets, and it was comfortable to think he was going to be paid for it, too.

As he turned into Nassau Street he met an old acquaintance, Pat Riley by name, with a blacking box over his shoulders.

"Hello, Sam!" said Pat.

"Hello, yourself! How's business?"

"Times is dull with me. What are you doin'?"

"I'm in an office," said Sam, with conscious pride.

"Are you? What do you get?"

"Five dollars a week."

"How did you get it?" asked Pat, enviously.

"They came to me and asked me if I would go to work," said Sam.

"Where are you goin' now?"

"To the post office, to get the letters."

"You're in luck, Sam, and no mistake. Got some new clo'es, ain't you?"

"Yes," said Sam. "How do you like 'em?"

"Bully."

"I had a tiptop coat—blue with brass buttons—but the boss made me change it. He ain't got no taste in dress."

"That's so."

"When I get money enough I'll buy it for best, to wear Sundays, he can't say nothing to that."

"In course not. Well, Sam, when you get rich you can let me black your boots."

"All right, Pat," said Sam, complacently.

"Who knows but I'll be a rich merchant some time?"

Here Pat spied a customer, and the two had to part company.

Sam continued on his way till he reached the old brick church which used to serve as the New York post office. He entered, and met with his first perplexity. He could not remember the number of the boX. — "Here's a go!" thought Sam. "What's that number, I wonder? There was a thirty-six to it, I know. I guess it was 836. Anyhow I'll ask for it."

"Is there any letters in 836?" he asked.

Four letters were handed him.

Sam looked at the address. They were all directed to Ferguson & Co.

"That ain't the name," thought Sam. "I guess I'm in a scrape, but anyhow I'll carry 'em to Mr. Dalton, so he'll know I went to the office."

CHAPTER III. — SAM FINDS A ROOM.

"Here's the letters," said Sam, as he entered the office on his return.

"You may carry them in to Mr. Dalton," said William Budd.

"Now for it!" thought Sam, as he entered the counting-room with reluctant step.

"Here's the letters, Mr. Dalton," said our hero, looking embarrassed.

Mr. Dalton took them, and glanced at the superscription.

"What's all this?" he demanded. "This letter is for Ferguson & Co. And so are the rest. What does it mean?"

"I guess there's some mistake," said Sam, uncomfortably.

"Why did you take these letters? Did you think my name was Ferguson?" demanded Mr. Dalton.

"No, sir."

"Didn't you know they were not for me, then?"

"They gave them to me at the post office," stammered Sam.

"Did you give the number of my box?"

"Yes, sir."

"What number did you call for?"

"I don't remember," answered Sam, abashed.

"Then you don't remember the number of my box?"

"I don't remember now," Sam admitted.

"Did you call for No. 776?"

"Yes," said Sam, promptly.

"That's not the number," said the merchant, quietly. "You must return these letters instantly, and call for my mail. I will give you the number of my box on a card, and then you can't make any mistake. You have made a blunder, which must not be repeated."

"Yes, sir," said Sam, glad to get off with no sharper admonition.

He returned to the post office, and this time he did his errand correctly.

At three o'clock Sam was permitted to leave the office and look out for a boarding-place. He had managed to scrape acquaintance during the day with Henry Martin, an errand boy in the next store, and went to consult him.

"Where do you board?" he asked.

"Near St. John's Park," answered Henry.

"Is it a good place?"

"It will do."

"I want to find a place to board. Is there room where you are?"

"Yes; you can come into my room, if you like."

"What'll I have to pay?"

"I pay a dollar and seventy-five cents a week for my room, and get my meals out; but the old lady will let the two of us have it for two fifty."

"That'll make seventy-five cents for me," said Sam.

"How do you make that out?"

"You pay just the same as you do now, and I'll make it up to two fifty."

"Look here, young fellow, you're smart, but that won't go down," said the other boy.

"Why not?" asked Sam, innocently. "You won't have to pay any more, will you?"

"I would have to pay more than you, and I don't mean to do it. If we pay two fifty, that will be just one twenty-five apiece. That's better than you can do alone."

"Well, I'll try it," said Sam. "When are you goin' round?"

"As soon as I get through work—at five o'clock."

"I'll wait for you."

Sam might have gone back and finished out his afternoon's work, but it did not occur to him as desirable, and he therefore remained with his new friend, till the latter was ready to go with him.

"How much wages do you get?" asked Sam, as they were walking along.

"Five dollars a week."

"So do I."

"Haven't you just gone into your place?"

"Yes."

"I've been in mine two years. I ought to get more than you."

"Why don't you ask for more?"

"It wouldn't be any use. I have asked, and they told me to wait."

"When I've been at work two years I expect to get ten dollars a week," said Sam.

"You'll have to take it out in expecting, then."

"Will I?" asked Sam, rather crestfallen.

"The fact is, we boys don't get paid enough," said Henry.

"No, I guess not," said Sam, assenting readily. "Do you have to work pretty hard?" he inquired.

"As hard as I want to."

"It must be jolly to be a boss, and only have to read letters, and write 'em," said Sam, who had rather an inadequate notion of his employer's cares. "I'd like to be one."

"I've got a rich uncle," said Henry Martin. "I wish he'd set me up in business when I'm twenty-one."

"How much is he worth?"

"About a hundred thousand dollars; I don't know but more."

"Do you think he will set you up?" asked Sam, rather impressed.

"I don't know."

"If he does, you might take me in with you."

"So I will, if your rich uncle will give you a lot of money, too."

"I haven't got no rich uncle," said Sam. "I only wish I had."

"Mine is more ornamental than useful, so far," said Henry. "Well, here we are at my place."

They stood before a shabby, brick dwelling, which bore unmistakable marks of being a cheap lodging-house.

"It isn't very stylish," said Henry, apologetically.

"I ain't used to style," said Sam, with perfect truth. "It'll do for me."

"I'll call Mrs. Brownly," said Henry, after opening the front door with a latchkey. "We'll ask her about your coming in."

Mrs. Brownly, being summoned, made her appearance. She was a tall, angular female, with the worn look of a woman who has a hard struggle to get along.

"Mrs. Brownly," said Henry Martin, "here's a boy who wants to room with me. You said you'd let the room to two for two dollars and a half a week."

"Yes," said she, cheered by the prospect of even a small addition to her income. "I have no objection. What is his name?"

"Same Barker," answered our hero.

"Have you got a place?" asked Mrs. Brownly, cautiously.

"Yes, he's got a place near me," answered Henry Martin for him.

"I expect to be paid regularly," said Mrs. Brownly. "I'm a widow, dependent on what I get from my lodgers."

"I settle all my bills reg'lar," said Sam. "I ain't owin' anything except for the rent of a pianner, last quarter."

Mrs. Brownly looked surprised, and so did Henry Martin.

"The room you will have here isn't large enough for a piano," she said.

"I ain't got no time to play now," said Sam; "my business is too pressing."

"Will you pay the first week in advance?" asked the landlady.

"I don't think it would be convenient," said Sam.

"Then can you give me anything on account?" asked Mrs. Brownly. "Half a dollar will do."

Sam reluctantly drew out fifty cents and handed to her.

"Now, we'll go up and look at the room," said Henry.

It was a hall bedroom on the second floor back which was to be Sam's future home. It appeared to be about six feet wide by eight feet long. There was a pine bedstead, one chair, and a washstand, which would have been improved by a fresh coat of paint. Over the bed hung a cheap print of Gen. Washington, in an equally cheap frame. A row of pegs on the side opposite the bed furnished conveniences for hanging up clothes.

"How do you like it?" asked Henry Martin.

"Tiptop," answered Sam, with satisfaction.

"Well, I'm glad you like it," said his companion. "There's six pegs; you can use half of them."

"What for?" asked Sam.

"To hang up your extra clothes, of course."

"I haven't got any except what I've got on," said Sam.

"You haven't?"

"No."

"I suppose you've got some extra shirts and stockings?"

"No, I haven't. I've been unfortunate, and had to sell my wardrobe to pay my debts."

Henry Martin looked perplexed.

"You don't expect to wear one shirt all the time, do you?" he asked.

"I'll buy some more when I've got money enough."

"You'd better. Now let's go out, and get some supper."

Sam needed no second invitation.

CHAPTER IV. — FIRST LESSONS.

When supper was over Sam inquired, "What shall we do?"

"Suppose we take a walk?" suggested his companion.

"I'd rather go to the Old Bowery."

"I should like to go, but I can't afford it."

"You get five dollars a week, don't you?"

"Yes; but I need all of it for board, lodging and washing. So will you, too. I advise you to be careful about spending."

"What's the use of living if a fellow can't have a little fun?" grumbled Sam.

"There won't be much fun in going a day or two without anything to eat, Sam."

"We won't have to."

"Let me see about that. It costs a dollar and a quarter for the room, to begin with. Then our meals will cost us as much as forty or fifty cents a day, say three dollars a week. That will leave seventy-five cents for clothes and washing."

"It isn't much," Sam admitted.

"I should think not."

"I don't see how I am going to get any clothes."

"You certainly can't if you go to the theater."

"I used to go sometimes when I was a newsboy, and I didn't earn so much money then."

"Probably you didn't have a regular room then."

"No, I didn't; and sometimes I only had one meal a day."

"That isn't a very nice way to live. You're so old now you ought to be considering what you'll do when you are a man."

"I mean to earn more than five dollars a week then."

"So do I; but if I were a street boy, picking up my living by blacking boots or selling papers, I shouldn't expect to. Now we have a chance to learn business, and improve."

"Were you ever a street boy?" asked Sam, becoming interested in his companion's history.

"No, that is, not over a month. I was born in the country."

"So was I," said Sam.

"My father and mother both died, leaving nothing, and the people wanted to send me to the poorhouse; but I didn't like that, so I borrowed five dollars and came to New York. When I got here I began to think I should have to go back again. I tried to get a place and couldn't. Finally, I bought some papers and earned a little money selling them. It was better than nothing; but all the while I was hoping to get a place. One day, as I was passing the store where I am now, I saw some boys round the door. I asked them what was going on. They told me that Hamilton & Co. had advertised for an errand boy, and they were going to try for the place. I thought I might as well try, too, so I went in and applied. I don't know how it was, but out of about forty

boys they took me."

"Did they give you five dollars a week right off?"

"No; I only got three dollars the first year," answered Henry.

"You couldn't live on that, could you?"

"I had to."

"You didn't have the room you have now, did you?"

"I couldn't afford it. I lived at the 'Newsboys Lodge,' and took my breakfast and suppers there. That cost me eighteen cents a day, or about a dollar and a quarter a week. Out of the rest I bought my dinners and clothes. So I got along till the second year, when my wages were raised to four dollars. At the beginning of the third year I got a dollar more."

"I suppose you'll get six dollars next year?"

"I hope so. Mr. Hamilton has promised to put me in the counting-room then."

"It seems a long time to wait," said Sam.

"Yes, if you look ahead; but, after all, time goes fast. Next year I expect to lay up some money."

"Do you think you can?"

"I know I can, if I am well. I've got some money in the savings-bank now."

"You have!" exclaimed Sam, pricking up his ears.

"Yes."

"How much?"

"Thirty dollars."

"Thirty dollars!" ejaculated Sam. "I'd feel rich if I was worth thirty dollars."

Henry smiled.

"I don't feel rich, but I am glad I've got it."

"You ain't saving up money now, are you?"

"I mean to, now that I pay fifty cents a week less rent on account of your coming in with me. I am going to save all that."

"How can you?"

"I shall get along on two dollars and a half for meals. I always have, and I can do it now. You can do it, too, if you want to."

"I should starve to death," said Sam. "I've got a healthy appetite, and my stomach don't feel right if I don't eat enough."

"I don't like to stint myself any more than you, but if I am ever to be worth anything I must begin to save when I am a boy."

"Do you ever smoke?" asked Sam.

"Never, and I wouldn't if it didn't cost anything."

"Why not? It's jolly."

"It isn't good for a boy that is growing, and I don't believe it does men any good. Do you smoke?"

"When I get a chance," said Sam. "It warms a fellow up in cold weather."

"Well, it isn't cold weather now, and you'll find plenty of other ways to spend your money."

"I can't help it. If I don't go to the theater, I must have a cigar."

Sam stopped at a cigar store, and bought a cheap article for three cents, which he lighted and smoked with apparent enjoyment.

The conversation which has been reported will give a clew to the different characters of the two boys, who, after less than a day's acquaintance, have become roommates. Henry Martin was about Sam's age, but much more thoughtful and sedate. He had begun to think of the future, and to provide for it. This is always an encouraging sign, and an augury of success. Sam had not got so far yet. He had been in the habit of living from day to day without much thought of the morrow. Whether he would be favorably affected by Henry's example remains to be seen.

After a walk of an hour or more the boys went back to their room.

"Are you going to bed, Henry?" asked Sam.

"Not yet."

"What are you going to do?"

"Study a little."

"Study!" exclaimed Sam, in astonishment. "Who's goin' to hear your lessons?"

"Perhaps you will," said Henry, with a smile.

"I! Why, I'm a regular know-nothing! What are you going to study?"

"To begin with, I'm going to do some sums."

Henry drew from under the bed a tattered arithmetic and a slate and pencil. He opened the arithmetic at interest, and proceeded to set down a problem on the slate.

"Have you got away over there?" asked Sam.

"Yes; I've been at work ever since last October. I don't get on very fast, because I have only my evenings."

"What do you do when you come to a tough customer?"

"I try again. There are some sums I have tried a half a dozen times."

"You must have a lot of patience," said Sam.

"I don't know about that. I always feel paid when I get the right answer at last."

"It must be dull work studyin' every night. I couldn't do it. It would make my head ache."

"Your head is tougher than you think for," said Henry.

"Just let me see what sum you are tryin'." His roommate handed him the books, and he read the following example:

"John Smith borrowed $546.75 at 7 per cent., and repaid it at the end of two years, five months and six days. What amount was he required to pay?"

"Can you do that?" asked Sam.

"I think so; it isn't very hard."

"I never could do it; it's too hard."

"Oh, yes, you could, if you had gone over the earlier part of the arithmetic."

"What's the use of it, any way?"

"Don't you see it's business? If you are going to be a business man, you may need to understand interest. I shouldn't expect to be promoted if I didn't know something about arithmetic. I am only an errand boy, now, and don't need it."

"I wish I knew as much as you. What else do you study?"

"I practice writing every evening. Here is my writing-book."

Henry drew out, from under the bed, a writing-book, which was more than half written through. He had evidently taken great pains to imitate the copy, and with fair success.

Sam was quite impressed.

"You can write as well as the teacher I went to up in the country," he said.

"You can write, can't you, Sam?"

"Not much. I haven't tried lately."

"Everybody ought to know how to read, and write a decent hand."

"I s'pose so," said Sam; "but there's a lot of work in it."

He got into bed, and while he was watching Henry doing sums, he fell asleep. His roommate devoted an hour to arithmetic, and wrote a page in his copy-book. Then he, too, undressed, and went to bed.

CHAPTER V. — SAM'S FINANCES.

Sam did not find it quite so pleasant being in a place as he had anticipated. He had been accustomed to roam about the streets subject only to his own control. Now he was no longer his own master. He must go and come at the will of his employer. To be sure, his earnings were greater than in his street life, and he had

a regular home. He knew beforehand where he was going to sleep, and was tolerably sure of a meal. But before the end of the first week he got out of money. This was not strange, for he had begun without any reserve fund.

On the third day he applied to Henry Martin for a loan.

"If you don't lend me some stamps, I'll have to go without breakfast," he said.

"When shall you get your first week's pay?" asked Henry.

"Saturday night, the boss said, though I didn't go to work till Wednesday."

"Then you need money for your meals today and to-morrow?"

"Yes," said Sam.

"I'll lend you a dollar if you'll be sure to pay me up to-morrow night."

"I'll do it, sure."

"There it is, then. Now, Sam, I want to give you a little advice."

"What is it?"

"To-morrow, after paying me and putting by enough to pay the rent of the room, you'll have two dollars and seventy-five cents left."

"So I shall," said Sam, with satisfaction.

"You mustn't forget that this has got to last you for meals for the next week."

"How much is it a day?"

"About forty cents."

"I guess I can make it do."

"I shall get along for two fifty, and you ought to find what you will have left enough."

"I've had to live on ten cents a day more'n once," said Sam.

"That's too little."

"I should think it was. I went to bed hungry, you bet!"

"Well, there's no need of being so economical as that. You've got to eat enough, or you won't be fit for work. You'll have to be careful, though, if you want to come out even."

"Oh, I can manage it," said Sam, confidently.

But Sam was mistaken. He proved himself far from a good calculator. On Sunday he gratified an unusually healthy appetite, besides buying two five-cent cigars. This made necessary an outlay of seventy-five cents. The next day also he overran his allowance. The consequence was that on Wednesday night he went to bed without a cent. He did not say anything about the state of his finances to Henry, however, till the next morning.

"Henry," he said, "I guess I'll have to borrer a little more money."

"What for?" asked his companion.

"I haven't got anything to buy my breakfast with."

"How does that happen?"

"I don't know," said Sam. "I must have lost some out of my pocket."

"I don't think you have. You have been extravagant, that's what's the matter. How much did you spend on Sunday?"

"I don't know."

"I do, for I kept account. You spent seventy-five cents. That's twice as much as you could afford."

"It was only for one day."

"At any rate, you have used up in four days as much as ought to have lasted you the whole week."

"I don't get enough pay," grumbled Sam, who was unprepared with any other excuse.

"There are plenty of boys that have to live on as small pay. I am one of them."

"Will you lend me some money?"

"I'll tell you what I will do. I'll lend you twenty-five cents every morning, and you'll have to make it do all day."

"I can't live on that. You spend more yourself."

"I know I do; but if you spend twice as much as you ought one day, you've got to make it up another."

"Give me the money for three days all at once," said Sam.

"No, I won't."

"Why not?"

"You'd spend it all in one day, and want to borrow some more to-morrow."

"No, I wouldn't."

"Then, you don't need it all the first day."

"You're mean," grumbled Sam.

"No, I'm not. I'm acting like a friend. It's for your own good."

"What can I get for twenty-five cents?"

"That's your lookout. You wouldn't have had to live on it, if you hadn't been too free other days."

In spite of Sam's protestations, Henry remained firm, and Sam was compelled to restrain his appetite for the remainder of the week. I am ashamed to say that, when Saturday night came, Sam tried to evade paying his just debt. But this his roommate would not permit.

"That won't do, Sam," he said. "You must pay me what you owe me."

"You needn't be in such an awful hurry," muttered Sam.

"It's better for both of us that you pay it now," said Henry. "If you didn't, you'd spend it."

"I'll pay you next week. I want to go to hear the minstrels to-night."

"You can't go on borrowed money."

"If I pay you up, I don't have enough to last me till next pay day."

"That's your lookout. Do you know what I would do if I was in your place?"

"What would you do?"

"I'd live on four dollars a week till I'd got five dollars laid aside."

"I'd like the five dollars, but I don't want to starve myself."

"It would be rather inconvenient living on four dollars, I admit, but you would feel paid for it afterward. Besides, Sam, you need some shirts and stockings. I can't keep lending you mine, as I have been doing ever since you came here."

"I can't afford to buy any."

"I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll buy some for you, if you'll agree to pay me up at the rate of fifty cents a week."

"All right!" said Sam, who was very ready to make promises. "Give me the money, and I'll buy some to-night."

"I'd rather go with you, and see that you get them," said Henry, quietly. "You might forget what you were after, and spend the money for something else."

Perhaps Sam recognized the justice of his companion's caution. At any rate, he interposed no objection.

I hope my young readers, who are used to quite a different style of living, will not be shocked on being told that Sam purchased second-hand articles at a place recommended by his roommate. Considering the small sum at his command, he had no choice in the matter. Boys who have to pay their entire expenses out of five dollars a week cannot patronize fashionable tailors or shirt makers. So for three dollars Sam got a sufficient supply to get along with, though hardly enough to make a display at a fashionable watering place.

Sam put the bundle, containing this important addition to his wardrobe under his arm, not without a feeling of complacency.

"Now," said Henry, "it will take you six weeks to pay me for these, at half a dollar a week."

"All right!" said Sam, carelessly.

He was not one to be disturbed about a debt and his companion was shrewd enough to see that he must follow Sam up, if he wanted to get his money paid at the periods agreed upon.

Henry Martin continued to devote a part of every evening to study. He tried to prevail upon Sam to do the same, but without success.

"I get too tired to study," said Sam, and while his roommate was at home he was in the habit of strolling about the streets in search of amusement.

On the next Tuesday evening he met a boy of his acquaintance, who inquired where he was going.

"Nowhere in particular," said Sam.

"Come into French's Hotel, and see them play billiards."

Sam complied.

There was one vacant table, and presently the other proposed a game.

"I can't afford it," said Sam.

"Oh, it won't be much. If you beat me I'll have to pay."

Sam yielded, and they commenced playing, Both being novices, the game occupied an hour, and Sam, who was beaten, found to his dismay that he had to pay sixty cents.

"It don't seem more'n fifteen minutes," he said to himself. "It's awful dear."

"So it is," said his companion; "but if you had beaten me you would have got off for nothing."

"I don't see how I'm goin' to live on five dollars a week," thought Sam, uncomfortably, "I wonder when they'll raise me."

CHAPTER VI. — SAM'S LUCK.

When towns and cities find their income insufficient to meet their expenditures, they raise money by selling bonds. Sam would gladly have resorted to this device, or any other likely to replenish his empty treasury; but his credit was not good. He felt rather bashful about applying to his roommate for money, being already his debtor, and, in his emergency, thought of the senior clerk, William Budd.

"Mr. Budd," he said, summoning up his courage, "will you lend me a dollar?"

"What for?" inquired the young man, regarding him attentively.

"I haven't got anything to pay for my meals the rest of the week," said Sam.

"How does that happen?"

"I can't live on five dollars a week."

"Then suppose I lend you a dollar, I don't see that you will be able to repay me."

"Oh, I'll pay you back," said Sam, glibly.

"Have you got any security to offer me?"

"Any security?" asked Sam, who was inexperienced in business.

"Yes. Have you got any houses or lands, any stocks or bonds, which you can put in my hands as collateral?"

"I guess not," said Sam, scratching his head. "If I had any houses, I'd sell 'em, and then I wouldn't have to borrer."

"So you can't get along on five dollars a week?"

"No."

"The boy that was here before you lived on that."

"I've had to pay a lot of money for clothes," Sam explained, brightening up with the idea.

"How much?"

"Well, I had to buy the suit I have on, and then I had to get some shirts the other day."

"How much does it cost you for billiards?" asked William Budd, quietly.

Sam started and looked embarrassed.

"Billiards?" he stammered.

"Yes, that's what I said."

"Who told you I played billiards?"

"No one."

"I guess you're mistaken, then," said Sam, more boldly, concluding that it was only a conjecture of his fellow clerk.

"I don't think I am. I had occasion to go into French's Hotel, to see a friend in the office, and I glanced into the billiard room. I saw you playing with another boy of about your age. Did he beat you?"

"Yes."

"And you had to pay for the game. Don't you think, as your income is so small, that you had better stop playing billiards till you get larger pay?"

"I don't play very often," said Sam, uneasily.

"I advise you not to let Mr. Dalton know that you play at all. He would be apt to think that you were receiving too high pay, since you could afford to pay for this amusement."

"I hope you won't tell him," said Sam, anxiously.

"No, I don't tell tales about my fellow clerks."

"Then won't you lend me a dollar?" inquired Sam, returning to the charge.

"I would rather not, under the circumstances."

Sam was disappointed. He had five cents left to buy lunch with, and his appetite was uncommonly healthy.

"Why wasn't I born rich?" thought Sam. "I guess I have a pretty hard time. I wish I could find a pocket-book or something."

Sam was a juvenile Micawber, and trusted too much to something turning up, instead of going to work and turning it up himself.

However, strangely enough, something did turn up that very afternoon.

Restricted to five cents, Sam decided to make his lunch of apples. For this sum an old woman at the corner would supply him with three, and they were very "filling" for the price. After eating his apples he took a walk, being allowed about forty minutes for lunch. He bent his steps toward Wall Street, and sauntered along, wishing he were not obliged to go back to the office.

All at once his eye rested on a gold ring lying on the sidewalk at his feet. He stooped hurriedly, and picked it up, putting it in his pocket without examination, lest it might attract the attention of the owner, or some one else who would contest its possession with him.

"That's almost as good as a pocket-book," thought Sam, elated. "It's gold—I could see that. I can get something for that at the pawnbroker's. I'll get some supper to-night, even if I can't borrer any money."

Some boys would have reflected that the ring was not theirs to pawn; but Sam, as the reader has found out by this time, was not a boy of high principles. He had a very easy code of morality, and determined to make the most of his good fortune.

When he got a chance he took a look at his treasure.

There was a solitary diamond, of considerable size, set in it. Sam did not know much about diamonds, and had no conception of the value of this stone. His attention was drawn chiefly to the gold, of which there was considerable. He thought very little of the piece of glass, as he considered it.

"I'd orter get five dollars for this," he thought, complacently. "Five dollars will be a great help to a poor chap like me. I'll go round to the pawnbroker's just as soon as I get out of the store."

William Budd was rather puzzled by Sam's evident good spirits. Considering that he was impecunious enough to require a loan which he had been unable to negotiate, it was rather remarkable.

"Have you succeeded in borrowing any money, Sam?" he asked, with some curiosity.

"No," answered Sam, with truth; "I haven't asked anybody but you."

"You don't seem to mind it much."

"What's the use of fretting?" said Sam. "I'm expecting a legacy from my uncle."

"How much?"

"Five dollars."

"That isn't very large. I hope you won't have to wait for it too long."

"No, I hope not. I guess I'll get along."

"Did you get any lunch?"

"Yes, I bought three apples."

"Did they fill you up?" asked Budd, with a smile.

"There's a little room left," answered Sam, "if you'd like to try the experiment."

"There's a peanut, then."

"Thankful for small favors. I'm afraid it'll be lonely if you don't give me another."

"Take that, then; it's the last one I have."

"He's a good-natured boy, after all," thought the young clerk. "Some boys would have been offended with me for having refused to lend."

He did not understand the cause of Sam's good spirits, but thought him unusually light hearted.

When the office closed, and Sam was released from duty, he took his way at once to a small pawn office with which he had become familiar in the course of his varied career, though he had not often possessed anything of sufficient value to pawn.

The pawnbroker, a small old man, a German by birth, scanned Sam attentively, regarding him as a possible customer.

"How do you do, my boy?" he said, politely.

"Oh, I'm tiptop. Have you got any money to give away?"

"What shall I give it for?" asked the old man.

"I've got a ring here," said Sam, "that I want to pawn."

"Show it to me."

The pawnbroker started in surprise and admiration when his eye fell on the sparkling brilliant.

"Where did you get it?" he asked.

"It was left by my grandmother," said Sam, promptly.

The pawnbroker shrugged his shoulders, not believing a word of the story.

"Isn't it a nice ring?" asked Sam.

"So so," answered the old man. "I have seen much better. How much do you want for it?"

"How much will you give me?"

"Two dollars," answered the old man.

"Then you won't get it," said Sam. "You won't get it for a cent under five."

"That is too much," said the old man, from force of habit. "I'll give you four."

"No, you won't. You'll give me five; and I won't sell it for that, neither. I may want to get it back, as it was my aunt's."

"You said your grandmother left it to you," said the old man, shrewdly.

"So she did," answered Sam, unabashed; "but she left it to my aunt first. When my aunt died it came to me."

Without dwelling upon the efforts which the pawnbroker made to get the ring cheaper, it is sufficient to say that Sam carried his point, and marched out of the store with five dollars and a pawn ticket in his pocket.

CHAPTER VII. — TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS REWARD.

Henry Martin was rather surprised at not receiving from Sam another application for a loan that evening. He had watched Sam's rate of expenditure, and decided that he must be at the bottom of his purse. He was surprised, therefore, to find that his roommate ordered an unusually expensive supper, and paid for the same out of a two-dollar bill.

"I didn't think you were so rich, Sam," he remarked.

"I can manage better than you think I can," said Sam, with an important air.

"I am glad to hear it. I want you to get along."

"I guess I'll get along. Here's the fifty cents I was to pay you this week."

"You were not to pay it till Saturday."

"Never mind. I'll pay it now."

Henry Martin was surprised, but his surprise was of an agreeable character. He was convinced that Sam must have obtained money from some other quarter, but decided not to inquire about it. He would wait till Sam chose to tell him.

"Are you going back to the room, Sam?" he inquired.

"No; I'm going to the theater. Won't you go, too?"

"No; I don't want to give up my studies."

"One evening won't matter."

"Perhaps not, but I will wait till some other time."

"You must have a sweet time working all day, and studying all night," said Sam, rather contemptuously.

"Not quite all night," answered Henry, smiling.

"You don't take any time for amusement."

"I am looking forward to the future. I want to rise in the world."

"So do I; but I ain't going to kill myself with work."

"I don't think you ever will, Sam. I'll be willing to insure you from dying in that way."

Sam laughed. "I guess you're right there," he said. "Well, if you won't go, I'll leave you. I s'pose you'll be asleep when I get home, so good-night."

"Good-night, Sam," said Henry, good-humoredly.

"I wonder how soon he'll be wanting to borrow money again?" he thought.

The next morning, when Sam reached the office, he found William Budd glancing at the *Herald.*

"You are late," said the young clerk.

"I was out late last evening," said Sam, apologetically.

"At a fashionable party, I suppose?"

"Not exactly. I was at the theater."

"I thought you were out of money yesterday."

"Oh, I raised a little."

"It seems to me you are rather extravagant for your means."

"I guess I'll come out right," said Sam, carelessly.

"By the way, you haven't found a diamond ring, have you?" asked Budd, his eyes fixed upon the paper.

Sam was startled, but his fellow clerk was scanning the paper, and did not observe his embarrassment.

"What makes you ask that?" Sam inquired.

"Nothing; only you'd be in luck if you did."

"Why would I?"

"Here's an advertisement from a man who has lost such a ring, offering twenty-five dollars reward to the finder."

"Twenty-five dollars!" ejaculated Sam, in excitement. "Does he say where he lost it?"

"Supposed to have been lost in Wall Street."

"Wall Street!" repeated Sam. "It must be the one I found," he thought.

"Yes; I don't suppose there's much chance of his getting it back again."

"Let me see the advertisement," said Sam.

"There it is," said Budd, handing him the paper.

Sam read it carefully, and impressed the address upon his memory—No. 49 Wall Street. The advertiser was John Chester.

"Are you going out to look for it?" asked William, in joke.

"I guess there wouldn't be much show for me. Probably somebody has picked it up already."

"No doubt."

"Shall I go to the post office?"

"Of course not till after you have swept the office. Did you expect me to do that?"

Sam probably never swept so quickly before. He was anxious to get out, and see what chance he had of earning the twenty-five dollars, for he was convinced that the ring advertised for was the one he had found. He was provoked to think he had been so quick in pawning it. If he only had it in his possession now he would have nothing to do but to call on Mr. Chester and receive twenty-five dollars. With that amount he would feel as rich as a millionaire. Now the problem was to get hold of the ring, and this, in Sam's circumstances, was not an easy problem to solve. Of the five dollars he had received from the pawnbroker he had but three left, and it was idle to expect to recover it unless he should pay the full price and the commission besides.

"What shall I do?" thought Sam, perplexed. "Here is a chance to make twenty dollars extra if I only had three dollars more."

A bright idea dawned upon him. If he would only get his week's wages in advance he would be able to manage. He would broach the subject.

"Do you think, Mr. Budd, Mr. Dalton would be willing to pay me my week's wages to-day instead of Saturday?" he inquired.

"I know he wouldn't. It's contrary to his rule."

"But it is important for me to have the money to-day," pleaded Sam. "Don't you think he would do it if I told him that?"

Budd shook his head.

"It wouldn't be a good plan to ask him," he said. "He would conclude that you were living beyond your means, and that he doesn't like."

"Couldn't you lend me the money?" asked Sam.

"I told you yesterday I couldn't, that is, I am not willing to. I don't approve of the way you spend your money."

"It's only for this time," said Sam. "I'll never ask you again."

"I may as well be frank with you," said the young man. "If you were economical, and were short o money from sickness, or any other cause which you could not control, I would say 'Yes'; but while you complain of your salary as insufficient, you play billiards, and spend the evening at the theater; and these things I don't approve. I didn't do that when I was in your position. How do I know but you want your money in advance to spend in the same way?"

"I don't," said Sam.

"What do you want of it, then?"

"The fact is," said Sam, "it's to get something out of the pawnbroker's."

"What is it?"

"It's—a coat," said Sam, forced to tell a lie.

"When did you pledge it?"

"Yesterday."

"And you spent the money going to the theater," said Budd, sarcastically.

"Yes," said Sam, confused.

"Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I won't do it again, if you will lend me money to get it out."

"You can wait till Saturday, when you receive your wages. You have a coat on, and certainly cannot need the other. I didn't know that you had another, by the way."

Sam was beginning to see that he had only got himself into a scrape by his false statement, and he did not know how to extricate himself.

"I need it before Saturday," he said.

"Why do you? Won't this do?"

"The fact is," said Sam, "there's a fellow wants to buy it from me, and he wants it to-day, or he won't take it."

"Why do you want to sell your clothes, Sam?"

"Because I need the money."

"It seems to me you are managing very poorly. Rather than economize, you pawn your coat, and then try to sell it. So you are continually getting yourself into trouble."

"I know it," said Sam, "but I don't mean to do it again."

"If you'll take my advice you will leave your coat where it is till you are able to redeem it. Don't think of selling it, for a new one would cost you more than you will get for it."

This advice was good, but it did not apply to Sam's case, since he had no coat to pawn. It will easily be understood, therefore, that it proved unsatisfactory to him. He didn't reply, but finished his sweeping, and then, putting on his hat, he went to the post office for letters.

CHAPTER VIII. — AN UNEXPECTED OBSTACLE.

As Sam walked rapidly to the post office he tried to think of some way of raising the money he needed. If his credit had been better Henry Martin might have accommodated him; but Sam was conscious that he had not treated his roommate in such a way as to inspire confidence. Then it occurred to him that he might obtain the ring back by giving the pawnbroker what money he had, and leaving his vest on deposit with him. At any rate, it would do no harm to try.

There was no time to go round to the pawnbroker's now, for his employer was very particular about receiving his letters promptly, and so great a delay might lead to his dismissal. He waited, therefore, until dinner time and then went round.

The pawnbroker recognized him at once, and regretted to see him. He knew the value of the ring, and was afraid Sam wished to redeem it.

"What can I do for you?" he asked, pretending not to know him.

"I was here yesterday," said Sam. "Don't you remember me?"

"I have so many come in I can't remember them all."

"But I left a ring here."

"A ring?" repeated the pawnbroker, vacantly. "What kind of a ring?"

"A ring with a stone set in it."

"Oh? you left it here."

"Yes, and you gave me five dollars on it."

"Did I? Then I gave you too much."

Sam was glad to hear this. Evidently the man, so he thought, did not understand the value of the ring, and would be glad to let him have it again. It was for his interest to let him think so.

"I guess you're right," he said. "The ring wasn't worth much, but my grandfather left it to me, and so I like it."

"You said it was your grandmother yesterday," remarked the pawnbroker, shrewdly.

"Did I? Well, it's all the same," said Sam, getting over the little difficulty. "I should like to have it again."

"Have you got the receipt?" asked the pawnbroker, to gain time.

"Yes, I've got it here."

The man looked discomfited, but Sam's next words freed him from anxiety.

"I want to ask of you a favor," said Sam. "I haven't got money enough here, but I'll pay you what I've got and bring you the rest tomorrow."

"Oh, no, you won't," said the old man, smiling, and wagging his head. "Do you think I am a fool? That isn't the way I do business, my boy."

"But I swear to you I will bring you the money," said Sam, earnestly. "I'll give you a little extra besides, to pay you for waiting."

"You are very kind," said the pawnbroker, revealing his yellow teeth in a cunning smile; "but I can't do it."

Sam had one other resource.

"Then," he proposed, "I'll pay you all the money I have, and give you my vest besides to keep till to-morrow."

"How much money have you got?"

"Three dollars."

"And your vest is worth about twenty-five cents."

"Twenty-five cents!" repeated Sam, looking insulted. "Do you think I would wear a twenty-five cent vest?"

"It is all it is worth to me. I lent you five dollars, and you want to put me off with three dollars and a quarter."

"But I would come round to-morrow and give you the money."

"Shall you have the money to-morrow?" inquired the dealer.

"Yes," answered Sam.

"Where will you get it?"

"I ain't obliged to tell that. It don't make no difference to you."

"Well, if you get the money to-morrow you can come round to-morrow," said the old man, with the air of one who had announced his ultimatum.

"But I want it to-day, particular," persisted Sam.

"Why do you want it to-day, particular?" asked the pawnbroker, looking curious.

"I'm going to a party to-night," said Sam, whose imagination was always to be relied upon. "I want to wear the ring there."

"Did you expect to go to the party without a vest?" queried the old man.

"Oh, I've got another at home," said Sam, composedly.

"You'll have to do without the ring till you bring me the money," said the pawnbroker, finally.

Sam saw from his manner that he was in earnest, and as perplexed as ever he left the shop.

"What am I going to do now?" he thought. "It's a shame to give up the reward on account of that mean old man. Why can't he trust me, I'd like to know? Does he think I would cheat him?"

Then a new fear disturbed Sam.

The pawnbroker might see the reward, and himself go to the advertiser and claim it.

"I wonder whether he takes the *Herald?*" thought our hero.

Something must be done, and at once. It was quite impossible to let such a golden chance slip by. So, finally, he determined to see Henry Martin, and if absolutely necessary tell him the whole story, and get him to accompany him to the pawnbroker's shop.

On his way back he happened to overtake Henry in the street, and broached the subject to him. Henry listened to him attentively.

"So that is where you got your supply of money from, Sam?" he said.

"Yes."

"I thought you must have raised some somewhere, or you would have been borrowing of me."

"I want to borrow three dollars of you now, or three fifty, to make sure I have enough."

"You had no right to pawn that ring, Sam. You ought to have remembered that it was not yours."

"I couldn't help it. I was out of money. Besides, I didn't know whose it was."

"It was your duty to find out, or try to find out."

"Could I go round the city asking everybody if the ring belonged to them?"

"No, but you could have advertised it in some paper.".

"How could I when I was dead broke? You know I couldn't."

"Well, what do you propose to do now?"

"I want you to lend me money enough to get back the ring. Then I'll go round to Wall Street and return it and get the twenty-five dollars reward, and pay you back every cent I owe you."

Henry reflected.

"I don't know but that's the best way," he said; "but I must go with you to see that it's all right."

"Of course you can. I want you to," said Sam, relieved.

"We can't go now, for there isn't time. Come into my place as soon as you get away, and we'll go round together."

"All right, Henry. You're a trump, and no mistake. I thought you'd help me out."

Sam's cheerfulness returned, and he went to work with more alacrity. All the afternoon he was forming plans for the disposal of the reward when it came into his hands.

About a quarter after five the two boys entered the pawnbroker's office.

The latter was not particularly pleased to see Sam, and his countenance showed it.

"I guess I'll take that ring, mister," said Sam, in an independent tone.

"What ring?"

"Oh, you know well enough."

"Have you brought the money?"

"Yes; I've got it here."

"It will be five dollars and a half."

"That is too much, but I'll give it to you; so just hand it over."

"Wait a minute, my friend," said the pawnbroker. "Where did you get the ring?"

"I've told you already."

"You said your grandmother left it to you; but I don't believe it."

"I can't help what you believe. Just hand it over."

"I have a strong suspicion, my young friend, that it is stolen."

"It's a lie!" said Sam, angrily.

"I'm not sure about that. I think I'll call a policeman."

Here Henry Martin interfered.

"Did you think it was stolen when you advanced money on it?" he asked.

"Yes, I did," said the pawnbroker. "Your friend's story was too thin."

"Then," said Henry, quietly, "you've got yourself into trouble. You can be arrested for receiving stolen goods."

The pawnbroker turned pale. He knew very well that he was in a dilemma.

"My friend didn't tell you the truth," continued Henry. "He found the ring, and now he has found the owner. He wants to return it, and that is why he is here. Unless you give it up, I will myself call a policeman."

Henry's quiet, assured manner produced its effect. With great reluctance the pawnbroker produced the ring, the charges were paid, and the two boys retired triumphant.

CHAPTER IX. — RESTORING THE RING.

"Now," said Henry, "we had better go down to Wall Street and see the advertiser at once. If we can restore the ring to-night we shall avoid the risk of losing it."

"What makes you say we?" asked Sam, uneasily. "You don't expect any of the reward, do you?"

"I only expect you to pay me back what you owe me, Sam. The ring was found by you, and you are entitled to the reward."

Sam looked relieved.

"Of course I'll pay you all I owe you, as soon as I get the twenty-five dollars," he said.

"Have you got the advertisement? Can you tell the name and number of the advertiser?"

"Yes, his name is John Chester, and his office is at No. 49 Wall Street."

"Good. We must go down directly, or he will be gone."

The boys hurried to the office, which was on the third floor of the building. A young man, of eighteen or nineteen, was in sole possession. It may be remarked, by the way, that Mr. Chester was a lawyer, and this young man had just entered the office as student.

"That can't be Mr. Chester," said Henry, in a low voice, as the young man turned upon their entrance, and fixed his eyes inquiringly upon them.

"I'll ask," said Sam.

"Are you Mr. Chester?" he inquired.

The youth looked flattered at being mistaken for his employer.

"Mr. Chester has gone home," he answered, consequentially; "but, perhaps, I can do well. Do you come on business?"

"Yes," said Sam.

"Ahem! law business, I suppose," said the lawyer's assistant, looking wise. "State your case, and I may be

able to assist you. Is it a case of trespass, or do you wish to obtain a habeas corpus, or a caveat, or a *nisi prius?*"

"What a lot he knows!" thought Sam, respectfully. "I don't want none of those things."

"Perhaps you want to obtain a divorce," said the budding barrister, in a jocular tone. "I am afraid we can't manage that for you."

"We want to see Mr. Chester on particular business," said Henry Martin.

"Well, you can't see him to-night. He's gone home."

"Where does he live?"

"He don't see clients at his house. It won't be any use going there."

"I guess he'll see us. We'll take the risk."

"What is your business about?" asked the young man, with curiosity.

"It's private," said Henry.

"Very important, no doubt," said the disappointed neophyte.

"Mr. Chester will think so," said Sam. "Where did you say he lived?"

"Did you come about the ring?" asked the young man, with a sudden thought.

"What ring?" asked Sam, cunningly.

"Mr. Chester lost a ring in Wall Street yesterday and advertised it in the *Herald.* I didn't know but you had found it."

"Suppose we had?" said Sam.

"Then you can give it to me, and I'll take it up to Mr. Chester."

"Thank you, but if I've found it I'll carry it up myself."

"Have you got it?"

"You can ask Mr. Chester about it to-morrow morning. Where does he live?"

"I've a great mind not to tell you," said the law student, resentfully.

"Then I'll find out in the 'Directory' and let Mr. Chester know you wouldn't tell us."

Upon this Sam got the desired information.

He was told that Mr. Chester lived in West Thirty-fifth Street.

"Let us go," said Henry.

Sam followed him out.

"Shall we go up there to-night?" he asked.

"Yes; it is no doubt very valuable, and the sooner we get it into the hands of the owner, the better."

They took the University Place cars, and in a little more than half an hour reached Thirty-fifth Street. They heard the neighboring clocks strike six as they rang the bell.

The door was opened by a colored man.

"Does Mr. Chester live here?" asked Sam.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Can I see him?"

"He's just gone in to dinner."

"I only want to see him a minute."

"Mr. Chester don't like to be disturbed when he's at dinner. You can come round again in an hour."

Sam looked at Henry for advice.

"Tell Mr. Chester," said Henry, "that we have found something belonging to him, and wish to return it to him."

"You haven't found his ring?" said the servant, excited.

"Yes, we have; but we will only deliver it into his hands."

"Come right in. Just stand here in the hall, and I'll tell him."

Presently a pleasant-looking man of middle age came from the dining-room, and looked inquiringly from one to the other.

"Which is the boy that has my ring?" he asked.

"I'm the one," said Sam, promptly.

"Show it to me, if you please."

"You promised a reward of twenty-five dollars," said Sam, with anxiety.

"Certainly. If the ring is mine, you shall have the reward."

Thereupon Sam produced the ring.

Mr. Chester received it with great satisfaction.

"Yes, it is the one," he said. "Where did you find it?"

Sam described the place as well as he could.

"So you saw my advertisement?"

"Yes, sir; a friend of mine read it to me this morning."

"Why didn't you bring it to my office before?"

Sam hesitated, but Henry said, in a low voice: "Tell the truth, Sam."

"The fact is," said he, "I pawned it, and it was some trouble for me to get it again."

"You pawned it! How much did you get on it?"

"Five dollars."

"Five dollars! Why, the ring cost six hundred dollars!"

Henry and Sam looked at each other in blank astonishment. How could that little ring be worth so much?

"I am glad we didn't know how much it was worth," said Henry. "It would have made us feel nervous."

"I am surprised that the pawnbroker gave it back to you at all," said Mr. Chester. "He must have known something of its value."

"He didn't want to give it up. He said it was stolen, and he would call the police."

"What did you say, then?"

"Henry asked him if he thought it was stolen when I brought it to him, and he said yes. Then Henry threatened to have him taken up for receiving stolen goods."

"Good!" said Mr. Chester, laughing. "Your friend would make a good lawyer. At any rate, I am glad I have got it back. Have you had dinner, boys?"

"No, sir," answered Henry.

"Then come in and dine with me. My family are all away except my wife, and there is plenty of room."

"Thank you, sir," said Henry Martin. "We will accept your invitation."

"You can hang your hats up, and follow me."

Sam began to feel bashful, but he obeyed directions, and followed Mr. Chester into a handsome dining-room in the rear extension, where a lady was already sitting at one end of the table.

"I bring you two guests, Mrs. Chester," said her husband. "These two young gentlemen have brought me my diamond ring."

"You are, indeed, fortunate in recovering it," said his wife. "Young gentlemen, you can sit, one on this side, the other opposite. I think, John, you will have to introduce them by name."

"Really, that is more than I can do," said the lawyer, laughing.

"My name is Henry Martin," said Henry, who was perfectly self-possessed.

"Mine is Sam Barker," said the young outlaw.

"Shall I send you some soup, Mr. Martin?"

"Yes, thank you."

"And you, Mr. Barker?"

Sam stared and wanted to laugh. It seemed so droll to be called "Mr. Barker," but he managed to answer properly.

Mr. Chester was a man of some humor, and he enjoyed Sam's evident embarrassment. He took pains to be ceremoniously polite. Sam, who was used to the free and easy ways of a restaurant, hardly knew how to act. Henry Martin, though now thrown upon his own exertions, had been well brought up, and betrayed no awkwardness.

At the close of the meal, to which Sam, despite his bashfulness, did full justice, Mr. Chester opened his

pocket-book and produced twenty-five dollars in bills.

"Is this to be divided between you?" he inquired.

"No, sir," said Henry; "Sam found the ring. It is all for him."

"Allow me to offer you five dollars, also," said the lawyer, who was pleased with Henry's manner.

"Thank you, sir, I would rather not take it."

"At all events, if I can ever be of any service to you, let me know."

"Thank you, sir."

Soon afterward the boys left the house.

CHAPTER X. — SAM'S INVESTMENT.

"What a fool you were not to take the money he offered you!" said Sam when they were in the street.

"Why should I? I didn't find the ring. I had no claim to it."

"No matter, if he was willing to give it to you. He can afford it."

"I have no doubt of it; but I didn't want to take it."

"You ain't much like me, Henry. You wouldn't catch me refusing."

"I presume not," said Henry, smiling.

"I say, wasn't that a tiptop dinner?" said Sam, smacking his lips as he thought of it. "It beats the restaurant all hollow. We'd have had to pay a dollar apiece for such a lot of things, and then they wouldn't have been so good."

"That's so, Sam. We can't expect to live like that every day."

"There's one thing seems funny, Henry—them bowls of water they bring on at the end to wash your hands in. I was just goin' to drink mine when I saw Mr. Chester wash his fingers in his. It don't seem nice to have wash bowls on the dinner-table."

"We never have been much into fashionable society, Sam. I've no doubt there are a good many things that would seem strange to us if we did."

"When I am rich, I'll live just like Mr. Chester," said Sam, enthusiastically.

"We have never been much into fashionable society, Sam. I've no doubt there are a good many things that would seem strange to us if we did."

"When I am rich, I'll live just like Mr. Chester," said Sam, enthusiastically.

"If you ever want to be rich, you must save up money."

"I can't now."

"Why can't you save up part of these twenty-five dollars?"

"I owe part of it to you."

"Only about five dollars."

"I've got to get along till the end of the week."

"You ought to be able to save fifteen dollars, at any rate. I'll go with you to the savings-bank, and you can put it in to-night, I know a bank that keeps open till eight o'clock."

Sam hesitated, and looked reluctant.

"I guess I'll wait and see how much I need to carry me through the week," he said.

"At any rate, pay me what you owe me, and I'll deposit a part of it on my own account."

Settlement was made, and Henry, accompanied by Sam, went round to the Sixpenny Savings-Bank, then established on Astor Place, in a part of the Mercantile Library Building. It is kept open every day in the week from 10 A. M. till 8 P. M., thus affording better accommodation to depositors than most institutions of the kind. Sam had never been in a savings-bank before, and he looked about him with curiosity.

Henry took the five-dollar bill which Sam had paid him, and handed it with his bankbook to the receiving clerk, saying: "I want to deposit three dollars of this."

An entry was made in the book, which was returned to him, with two dollars change.

Henry turned away.

"Is that all?" asked Sam.

"Yes, that is all."

"Supposin' you wanted to draw out money, what would you do, then?"

"Go to that other clerk, and tell him how much you wanted to draw. He would give you a paper to sign, and then he'd give you the money."

"How much money have you got here now, Henry?"

"Thirty-five dollars," answered his companion, with pardonable pride.

"That's about twice as much as I have got here."

"Yes; don't you think you had better take out a book?"

"I guess I will come next week," said Sam, hesitating.

"You have no idea how independent it makes me feel," said Henry. "Now, if I am sick I know I shan't have to suffer, for a time at least. I could live for seven or eight weeks on what I've got here in the bank."

"That's so. I wish I had thirty-five dollars."

"You may have it after a while if you'll do as I do—be economical and saving."

"I'll think about it," said Sam. "I'd like to have something to fall back upon in my old age."

Henry commended this plan, though he knew Sam too well to have much hope of his carrying it out. As it turned out, not a dollar of the reward which he had been paid found its way to the savings-bank. How it was disposed of we shall see.

The next day, as Sam was going to the office, he met a young man with whom he had lately become acquainted.

"How are you, Sam?" he asked.

"Tiptop," answered Sam.

"How does the world use you?"

"Pretty well. I've just made some money."

"How much?"

"Twenty-five dollars."

"That isn't bad. How did you do it?"

"I found a diamond ring in Wall Street, and got the money for a reward."

"Have you got it now?"

"Most of it."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Henry Martin advises me to put it in the savings-bank."

"Who is Henry Martin?"

"He is a boy that rooms with me."

"Take my advice, and don't do it."

"Why not? Would the bank break?"

"I don't know as it would; but what good would it do?"

"They give you interest, don't they?"

"Yes, but it's only six per cent. The interest on twenty-five dollars would only come to a dollar and a half in a year. That's too slow for me."

"What would you advise me to do, then?" asked Sam. "Is there any way of making money?"

"I'll tell you what I'd do if I were you. I'd buy part of a ticket in the Havana lottery."

"Could I make money that way?"

"Say you bought a fifth of a ticket; that would come to ten dollars. Now the biggest prize is a hundred thousand dollars!"

It almost took away Sam's breath to think of such a large sum.

"I couldn't draw that, could I?" he asked, eagerly.

"You might draw a fifth of it; that would be twenty thousand dollars."

"Why, that would make me rich!" exclaimed Sam, in excitement. "I'd never have to work no more."

"Besides, there are other prizes a great many, only smaller."

"I'd be pretty sure to draw something, wouldn't I?"

"You'd stand just as good a chance as anybody."

"Have you got any tickets in the lottery?"

"Yes, I bought a fifth of a ticket yesterday."

"Where do they sell? 'em?" asked Sam.

His companion told him.

"I guess I'll go round and buy one," he said. "It must be better than putting the money in the savings-bank."

"That's what I think. You may not get a big prize the first time, to be sure, but it's worth waiting for."

Sam was not much of a financier, nor did he know how little real chance there was of drawing the large prize he desired. He did not know that it was about the most foolish use he could make of his money. He was deceived by the consideration that somebody would win the prize, and that his chance was as good as anybody. It is always unlucky for a boy or young man when he yields for the first time to the fatal fascination of the lottery. He may fail time after time, but continue to hug the delusion that the next time will bring him luck. There are clerks in New York and other large cities who have not only squandered all their own savings, but abstracted money from their employers, led on by this ruinous passion.

During his noon intermission Sam went round to the lottery office, and returned with the coveted ticket.

He put it away with great complacency, and gave himself up to dreams of future wealth. If he could only win that twenty thousand dollars, how rich he would be! How he would triumph over Henry, with his poor thirty-five dollars in the savings-bank!

"Poor Henry! I'll do something for him, if I only win the prize," he thought. "Maybe I'll buy out some big business, and make him my clerk, with a good salary. Won't it be jolly?"

No doubt it would, but Sam was counting chickens that were not very likely to be hatched.

There was another bad consequence of his purchase. It made him lavish of the money he had left. It amounted to nine dollars and some odd cents. Had he followed Henry's advice, a part of this would have been deposited in the bank; but Sam's dreams of wealth led him to look upon it as a mere trifle, hardly worth taking into account. So day by day it melted away till there was none left.

CHAPTER XI. — HENRY BECOMES A MERCHANT.

While Sam was impatiently awaiting the drawing of the Havana lottery, Henry; too, made an investment, but of an entirely different character.

He was in the employ of a shipping house, which dispatched vessels to different parts of the world with assorted cargoes. The head of the firm was James Hamilton, a man who stood deservedly high, not only in the mercantile world, but as a citizen. He had served his native city as an alderman, and had been offered the nomination for mayor by the party to which he belonged, but had declined, on account of the imperative claims of his private business.

Mr. Hamilton had long noticed, with a feeling of approval, Henry Martin's faithful performance of duty. Though he had not promoted him rapidly, he was observing him carefully, fully determined to serve him in the future if he should deserve it. This Henry did not know. His employer was not a man of many words, and he was not aware that he had attracted his attention. Sometimes even he felt depressed by the thought that he was getting on so slowly. But it did not so affect him as to make him careless or neglectful of his duties. Even if he did not obtain promotion, he meant to deserve it.

One morning, about this time, a clerk came to Henry, and said: "Mr. Hamilton wishes to see you in his private office."

Henry was a little startled. The idea came to him that he might have done something which had displeased his employer, and that he was to be reprimanded, perhaps discharged. This would be so disastrous to him that the thought of it made him turn pale. Still, think as he might, he could not call to mind any error he had committed, and this somewhat encouraged him.

He entered the office, saying, respectfully: "Did you wish to see me, sir?"

"Yes," said the merchant, looking up from his writing; "sit down, please."

It may be remarked that it was Mr. Hamilton's custom to be as polite to his subordinates as to his social equals.

Henry sat down.

"How long have you been in my employ, Henry?" asked the merchant.

"I am now on my fourth year."

"How old are you?"

"Nearly sixteen, sir."

"You entered upon your business career very early."

"Yes, sir, earlier than I wished, but I was obliged to earn my living, and had no choice."

"Have you parents living?"

"No, sir."

"Are you entirely dependent upon what I pay you for your support?"

"Yes, sir."

"I hope you don't get into debt?"

"No, sir; I have even saved a little money."

"Indeed!" said his employer, with interest. "What have you done with it?"

"Deposited it in the Sixpenny Savings Bank."

"That is well. How much have you saved?"

"Thirty-five dollars. It isn't much, but it is a beginning."

"It is a good deal for a boy in your circumstances to save," said Mr. Hamilton, with emphasis. "How much do I pay you?"

"Five dollars a week."

"I suppose you consider that small pay?"

Henry smiled.

"Any addition will be acceptable," he answered; "but I don't complain of it."

"It shall be raised to seven at once," said the merchant.

"Thank you, sir," said Henry, his face showing the delight he felt. "You are very kind. I shall feel quite rich now."

"I suppose you will now live in a little better style," suggested Mr. Hamilton.

"I don't think I shall, sir. I shall increase my savings."

"That is well. I commend your self-denial and prudence. How much interest does the savings-bank pay you?"

"Six per cent., sir."

"I will propose a different investment. I am about to send a cargo of goods to Rotterdam. The venture will, I think, prove a paying one. Would you like to join in it?"

Henry stared at his employer in surprise. How could he, a boy with thirty-five dollars capital, join in such an enterprise?

"I don't see how I can," he replied. "I am afraid you take me for a capitalist."

"So you are," said his employer. "Have you not money in the bank?"

Henry smiled.

"I don't think that will go very far," he said.

"Perhaps not, and, therefore, if you are going to take part in my venture, I suggest that you borrow five hundred dollars."

Henry was surprised once more. He began to think Mr. Hamilton was out of his head. Yet he did not look so. On the contrary, as he smiled kindly upon Henry, he looked what he was, a shrewd, kindly, long-headed man of business. Still, he had just advised an almost penniless boy to borrow five hundred dollars.

"I don't know anybody that would lend me so much money," said Henry.

"Why don't you apply to me?" suggested his employer.

"Would you lend me five hundred dollars?" asked the boy, in surprise.

"Am I to regard that as an application?" inquired Mr. Hamilton.

"Yes, sir," said Henry, "if you think it well for me to borrow it."

"Then I answer yes, upon conditions. First, let me explain why I advise you to borrow. I have little doubt that you will find the venture a profitable one. Next, you may place your savings-bank book in my hands as security. Thirty-five dollars will pay a year's interest on the five hundred dollars I lend you; so my interest is secure."

"But suppose the speculation shouldn't pay, Mr. Hamilton?"

"As to that, I know so much about it that I am willing to take the risk. I do not scruple to say that if the money were to be placed in your hands for investment, according to your own judgment, I should have some doubts as to your being able to repay it to me at the end of the year."

"Probably you are right, sir," said Henry.

"But, as it is, I am willing to take the risk. Do you think of any objections?"

"I was only thinking," said Henry, "that I might want to save up more money from my wages; but if you have the book I could not have them entered."

"There will be no trouble about that. Though you leave this book with me, you can start another account in another savings-bank. Indeed, I would advise you to do so. There is an old saying: 'Never put all your eggs in one basket.' So it may be as well to divide your money between two banks."

"I didn't think of that, sir. I will follow your advice."

"I don't know that I have any more to say to you. We understand each other now. I will put you down on my books as a partner, to the extent of five hundred dollars, in my Rotterdam shipment, and you may place the savings-bank book in my hands tomorrow."

"Thank you, sir. I am very grateful to you for your kind interest in me."

"That is a good boy one of the right stamp," soliloquized the merchant. "A boy who has the prudence and self-denial to save money out of a weekly income of five dollars is bound to succeed in life. I will push him as he deserves."

"Well, Henry," asked the clerk, curiously, "have you been receiving a lecture from the boss?"

"Yes," answered Henry, smiling.

"Did he blow you up?"

"Not very high."

"You've been with him full twenty minutes."

"We were discussing important business," said Henry.

"I hope it was satisfactory to you."

"Very much so."

"You haven't had your pay raised, have you?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"From five to seven dollars a week."

"That's a good raise. I wonder whether I'm to be raised, too."

"Perhaps so."

"I hope so, for I'm fifty dollars in debt, and don't see how I am to pay it."

"You get twelve dollars a week, don't you?"

"Yes; but what's twelve dollars?"

"I have been living on five."

"And you don't owe anything?"

"Not a cent."

"Blessed if I see how you do it! I need fifteen, and I ought to have it."

"He's like Sam," thought Henry. "If Mr. Hamilton finds out that he is in debt, he won't stand much chance of having his wages raised. I'm glad I've got something ahead. It makes me feel independent. I hope I shall make something on my borrowed money."

So Henry and Sam have both made investments. It remains to be seen how they will come out.

CHAPTER XII. — HOW SAM SUCCEEDED.

Sam did not tell Henry of his purchase of a lottery ticket, being well aware that his roommate would not approve such an investment.

"I'll wait till the lottery is drawn, and then if I get a prize I'll tell him about it. He can't say anything, then."

Such were Sam's thoughts. He knew, of course, that he might draw a blank; but he did not take much account of that. He lived in a dream of wealth till the day when the result was to be made known. On a certain day the lucky numbers were to be published in the *Herald*, and for this issue Sam was anxiously waiting.

The number of his ticket was 7,567.

"Seven is a lucky number," said the acquaintance who induced him to buy. "Your number begins and ends with a seven. It's likely to draw something."

Sam listened to this prediction with complacency. He did not reflect upon the absurdity of one number being luckier than another, and congratulated himself that he had been so fortunate as to get a number containing two sevens.

Sam was not usually an early riser. As a general thing he lay in bed as late as he dared to; but on the particular morning which was to terminate his suspense he jumped out of bed at half-past five o'clock.

"What are you going to do, Sam?" inquired Henry, opening his eyes.

"I'm going to get up," answered Sam.

"What's up? Do you have to go to work earlier than usual?"

"No, that isn't it," answered Sam, evasively. "I'm tired of lying abed."

"Rather strange!" thought Henry. "Can it be possible that Sam is turning over a new leaf?"

He did not give much credence to this, but concluded that Sam had a particular reason, which he would learn in due time.

Sam dressed hastily, and walked round to the *Herald* office, and purchased a copy of the paper, which he unfolded eagerly. He did not immediately find the list of lucky numbers, but at length his eye rested on them. He looked eagerly through the long list, hoping to see number 7,567 in it, but in vain. A prize of fifty dollars was drawn by 7,562; but that was the nearest approach to good fortune.

Poor Sam! His heart sank within him. He had been dreaming golden dreams of fortune for a week past, but now he was brought down to the cold and barren reality. All his money was gone except a dollar, on which he must live for two days and a half, till his weekly wages were due.

"It's a shame!" muttered Sam, in bitter disappointment. "I was sure my ticket would win something. Wasn't there two sevens in it? I believe they cheated."

It was too early yet for breakfast, and he sauntered about idle and purposeless. Suddenly he came upon the young man upon whose advice he had purchased his ticket. He, too, had a *Herald* in his hand, but was not looking particularly elated.

"He hasn't got anything, either," thought Sam, shrewdly.

Just then he caught sight of Sam.

"Did you draw a prize?" he asked.

"No, I did not," said Sam, gloomily. "I wish I hadn't bought a ticket. That ten dollars is just throwed away. I wish I had it back."

"Better luck next time."

"What good'll that do me?" inquired Sam. "I'm dead broke. I haven't got money enough to buy another ticket. Didn't you tell me I was sure to win with two sevens in my number?"

"I didn't say you were sure. I only said it was a lucky number."

"Well, I wish I had my money back, that's all. I've only got a dollar to last me till Saturday night."

"I ain't much better off myself, Sam; but it's no use giving up. Of course a feller can't be sure to win a big prize the first time. It's worth trying five or six times."

"Where's the money coming from? Ten dollars don't grow on every bush."

"Can't you borrow?"

"My credit ain't good."

"Then, save up till you have enough money."

"How am I to save when I only get five dollars a week?"

"Well, I am sorry for you, Sam; but I'm just as bad off as you are."

"Are you going to buy another ticket?"

"As soon as I can."

The two parted, and Sam began to reflect.

"Perhaps he is right. I couldn't expect to draw a prize the very first time. I wish I could get money enough to buy another ticket. Henry could lend me it as well as not; but I know he wouldn't. He'd just give me a lecture for buying a ticket at all. I wonder if there is any way."

There seemed to be none except to try Henry, and, small as the chance was, he decided to do it.

Henry was just thinking of getting up when Sam returned.

"Back so soon, Sam?" he said. "Have you had breakfast?"

"Not yet."

"I see you have the Herald there. What's the news?"

"I haven't looked to see."

"You don't generally buy a morning paper."

"No; but there was something I wanted to look at this morning."

"You haven't found another ring, and bought the *Herald* to see whether it's advertised?"

"No; I wish I could find something."

"Have you thought about putting part of your money in the savings-bank, Sam?"

"How can I, when it's all gone?"

"Twenty dollars gone in little more than a week!" exclaimed Henry, in genuine amazement.

"Yes," answered Sam, rather confused.

"What on earth did you do with it all?"

"I guess I must have spent about ten dollars going to the theater, and so on."

"What has become of the other ten dollars then?"

"I bought a lottery ticket," said Sam, little uncomfortably.

"Well, you were foolish!" said Henry. "What made you do it?"

"A friend of mine advised me to. He had one himself."

"He couldn't have been much of a friend of yours. I suppose you didn't draw anything?"

"No."

"I didn't expect you would."

"Other people did, though," said Sam, inclined to uphold the lottery system. "Do you see that long list of prizes?"

"I never knew anybody that drew a prize," said Henry, quietly, "though I've known a good many who bought tickets."

"Forbes tells me if I buy another ticket I'm pretty sure to get something."

"Then, you'd better not mind what Forbes says."

"Of course somebody must draw prizes," said Sam, obstinately.

"It's a poor way to get money, even if you could win one."

"I'd risk that. I'd like to buy another ticket."

Henry shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't think you are very wise, Sam. It is well you haven't any more money to throw away."

This was not promising, but Sam did not mean to give it up.

"Henry," he said, "I wish you'd lend me ten dollars."

"What for?"

"I want to buy one more ticket."

"I can't lend it."

"I should think you might. If I don't get anything this time I'll never buy again."

"I can't oblige you, Sam."

"You mean you won't," said Sam, sulkily.

"No; it happens to be true that I can't."

"Haven't you thirty-five dollars in the savings-bank?"

"I had."

"You haven't spent the money?"

"I have invested it."

"How?"

"I've given the book to my employer as security to pay interest on a loan."

Then, seeing that Sam's curiosity was aroused, he proceeded to explain that he had borrowed five hundred dollars of his employer to pay for a share in a mercantile venture.

"Do you think you'll make any money out of it?" asked Sam, eagerly.

"I hope to."

"About how much?"

"Perhaps I may make a hundred dollars."

"I wish I had that much."

"I suppose you would buy ten lottery tickets," suggested Henry, smiling.

Sam admitted he should invest a part that way.

"I prefer to invest my money in legitimate business," said Henry.

"I don't know about that," said Sam. "I might have drawn the twenty-thousand-dollar prize. That's better than a hundred dollars."

"So it is; but if I keep on I have a good deal better chance of getting up to twenty thousand dollars than you."

"I wish my boss would lend me five hundred dollars," said Sam.

"I wouldn't advise him to," said Henry, smiling. "Now let us go to breakfast."

CHAPTER XIII. — HENRY'S GOOD FORTUNE.

Three months passed. To Henry Martin they passed very satisfactorily. At his new rate of payment he was able to lay up two dollars a week without denying himself anything absolutely necessary to his comfort. At the end of this period, therefore, he had twenty-six dollars on deposit in a new savings-bank. Of his venture he had heard nothing. He remained perfectly easy about this, however, knowing that in due time he would hear from it. Mr. Hamilton, he observed, took more notice of him than formerly. He frequently greeted him, in passing through to his office, with a pleasant word or smile; and Henry felt justified in concluding that he was in favor with him.

It was after the interval of time already mentioned that he again received a summons to the counting-room.

Mr. Hamilton had a long paper before him closely filled with figures.

"Sit down. Henry," he said.

"Thank you, sir."

"You remember our conversation three months since, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir; perfectly."

"You consented to take a share in a venture was sending out to Rotterdam?"

"Yes, sir."

"I have just received a statement of it, and, you are interested, I have called you in to let you know how it has turned out."

"Thank you, sir," said Henry, eagerly.

"I find that, after deducting all expenses, your share of the profits will amount to one hundred dollars."

"One hundred dollars!" exclaimed Henry, in astonishment and delight.

"Yes. I think we have been very successful."

Henry felt flattered by that word "we." It seemed to associate him, humble office boy as he was, with the eminent merchant who employed him.

"That is better than the savings-bank, sir," said Henry.

"Yes, it is; but I ought to add that it is not always so sure. All ventures do not turn out so profitably. To return to your affairs I shall charge you interest on the five hundred dollars you borrowed of me, at the rate of seven per cent. You have had the use of the money for three months."

"Then the interest will amount to eight dollars and three quarters," said Henry, promptly.

"Quite right; you are very quick at reckoning," said Mr. Hamilton, looking pleased.

"That is not a difficult sum," answered Henry, modestly.

"I did not suppose you knew much about computing interest. You left school very young, did you not?"

"At twelve, sir."

"You had not studied interest then, had you?"

"No, sir; I have studied it since."

"At evening-school?"

"No, sir; I studied by myself in the evening."

"How long have you done that?"

"For two years."

"And you keep it up regularly?"

"Yes, sir; occasionally I take an evening for myself, but I average five evenings a week at studying."

"You are a remarkable boy," said the merchant, looking surprised.

"If you flatter me, sir, I may grow self-conceited," said Henry, smiling.

"You have some right to feel satisfied with yourself. Tell me what was your object in commencing this course of work."

"I picked up at a bookstore on Nassau Street an old book containing the lives of some men who rose from obscurity; and I found that many of them studied by themselves in early life, being unable to attend school. It seemed to me that education was necessary to success, and, as I had nothing else to depend upon, I began to work evenings."

"Did you not find it irksome? Were you not tempted sometimes to give it up?"

"Just at first; but afterward I got to enjoy it."

Here Mr. Hamilton asked Henry a few questions, with a view of testing his knowledge both as to extent and accuracy; and the result was so satisfactory as more and more to prepossess him in favor of the boy.

He returned to business.

"It appears," he said, "that, interest deducted, you have ninety-one dollars and a quarter to your credit with me. You are at liberty to draw it, if you wish."

"What would you advise me to do, Mr. Hamilton?" asked Henry.

"You had better leave it in my hands for such use as I may think likely to prove profitable. I shall dispatch a vessel to Marseilles in a week. Would you like to take a share in this venture?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, I will assign six hundred dollars to you. Five you may continue to borrow of me. One is your own."

"Not quite, sir. You remember the interest."

"That need not be charged till the end of the year. I will still retain the savings-bank book you left with me as a guaranty. Is that satisfactory?"

"Entirely so, sir."

"Have you been able to save up anything lately?"

"Yes, sir; I have twenty-six dollars on depost in another bank."

"Very good. You are, then, provided for in any case of emergency."

Henry went back to work.

His reflections, as may be imagined, were very pleasant. He figured up what he was worth, and it stood thus:

Six-penny Savings Bank..... $35 00

Second bank account..... 26 00

Proceeds of venture (net)..... 91 25

$152 25

Thus he figured up a grand total of one hundred and fifty-two dollars and twenty-five cents, making a gain in three months of one hundred and seventeen dollars and twenty-five cents.

"Why, at this rate," thought Henry, "I shall soon be rich."

Of course, he owed a large part of this sum to the favor of his employer; but this, again, was earned by his fidelity and economy—two qualities which I wish were more common among boys of his age.

Returning to his room he looked for his savings-bank book, but to his dismay it was nowhere to be found.

"Where can it be?" he asked himself, perplexed. "Perhaps Sam has seen it."

But Sam had not yet returned from the store, though it was past his usual time.

"It is very strange," thought Henry. "I am sure it was at the bottom of my trunk. Can the trunk have been opened?"

CHAPTER XIV. — THE SAVINGS BANK BOOK.

During the three months, which to Henry brought good fortune, Sam had grown no richer. Indeed, just at this time he was very "hard up." He had applied to Henry for a loan, but as he was already indebted to his more prudent roommate, the latter declined to lend.

"I think you are mean, Henry," said Sam, in disappointment.

"I can't help it, Sam. You can live on five dollars a week just as well as I can."

"You've got a lot of money in the bank," said Sam, reproachfully.

"Because I am more prudent than you."

"I thought you were a friend of mine."

"So I am; but I cannot encourage your extravagance. It wouldn't be a friendly thing to do."

"Oh, it's easy enough for you to find excuses; you don't want to lend, that's all."

"I don't want to give, for that is what it would amount to."

Sam saw that it would be of no use to persist in his request, and he went out sulkily.

That day he found a bunch of keys in the street. This was not a very valuable discovery, and he was tempted at first to throw them down again, when an idea struck him. He dropped the keys into his pocket, and when his lunch hour came, instead of going to a restaurant, as usual, he hurried back to his boarding-house.

The landlady met him as he was going upstairs.

"Have you lost your place?" she asked, suspiciously; for in this case Sam would probably be unable to pay his weekly rent.

"Oh, no," said Sam. "I left something at home, that's all."

He entered his room, and carefully locked the door behind him.

Then he got down on his knees, and, one after the other, he tried the lock of Henry's trunk with the keys he had found. The fifth opened it.

Sam blushed with shame, as he saw the inside of the trunk, with its contents neatly arranged. In spite of his faults he had some honorable feelings, and he felt that he was engaged in a contemptible business. He was violating the confidence of his friend and roommate, who had been uniformly kind to him, though he had declined to lend him money latterly. Sam admitted to himself that in this refusal he was justified, for he knew

very well that there was very little chance of repayment.

Sam hoped to find some money in the trunk; but in this hope he was destined to be disappointed. Henry was in the habit of making a weekly deposit in the savings-bank, and therefore he had no surplus stock of money. But at the bottom of his trunk was his savings-bank book. Sam opened it, and his eyes sparkled when he counted up the deposits, and found that they amounted to twenty-six dollars.

"I didn't think Henry had so much money," he said to himself.

He thrust the book into his pocket, and hurriedly locked the trunk. He went downstairs, and hastened to the bank, which, unlike the Sixpenny Savings Bank, was located downtown, and not far from the City Hall. Henry had selected it on account of its nearness.

Sam entered the banking house, and went to the window of the paying clerk. He had accompanied Henry to the bank more than once, and knew just where to go.

"How much do you want?" asked the clerk, in a business-like tone.

"Twenty dollars," replied Sam, who had made up his mind not to take the whole. This was not due to any particular consideration, but on the way he had read the rules of the bank, and ascertained that a week's notice would be necessary before the whole account could be withdrawn.

The clerk filled an order for twenty dollars, and pushed it over to Sam.

"Sign that," he said.

Sam hastily signed the name of "Henry Martin," and passed it back.

The clerk went to a large book, and compared the signature with the one recorded therein. Now, there was a considerable difference between Sam's and Henry's handwriting, and he detected it at once.

"You are not Henry Martin," he said, on his return.

Sam was astonished at this discovery, but was too much alarmed to deny it.

"No, sir," he said.

"What is your name?"

"Sam Barker."

"What made you sign the name of Henry Martin?" asked the bank officer, suspiciously.

"He is my roommate."

"Did he ask you to draw this money for him?"

"Yes," answered Sam.

"He ought to have known that we would not pay it except upon his written order."

"He thought it would do just as well if I signed his name," said Sam, growing bolder.

"Then, he was mistaken."

"Can't you give me the money, then?"

"No, he must come himself."

"All right!" said Sam. "I'll tell him."

He spoke so naturally that the clerk was inclined to think his suspicions were needless, and that Sam was really an authorized agent of the real depositor. But when he got into the street, Sam's vexation found vent.

"Everything goes against me," he grumbled. "It hasn't done me a bit of good taking this book. I shall only have the trouble of putting it back again. I can't do it now, for I must go back to the store, without my lunch, too."

He counted upon replacing the book before it was missed; but Henry reached home first, and discovered his loss, as related in the preceding chapter.

CHAPTER XV. — SAM IS FOUND OUT.

Henry was not a little disturbed at the disappearance of his bank-book. He felt confident that he had laid it away in his trunk, and in that case it must have been stolen. But who possessed a key to the trunk? Could it be Sam? Henry recalled Sam's application for a loan, and he feared that it was really he. He determined to make inquiries as soon as his roommate came home.

He had scarcely formed this determination when Sam entered.

"You are home early, Henry," he said.

"No; it is you who are late."

"I didn't get out quite as soon as usual."

"I wonder whether he has missed the bankbook," thought Sam. "If he'd only go out, I'd put it back where I took it from."

Sam was soon informed as to the bank-book being missed.

"I can't find my bank-book anywhere, Sam," said Henry, looking searchingly at his companion.

"Can't you? Where did you put it?" asked Sam, trying to look unconcerned.

"In my trunk."

"Then it must be there now."

"It is not. I have looked carefully."

"Then, you didn't put it there. You must be mistaken."

"No, I am not."

"You may have dropped it out of your pocket on the way from the bank."

"No; I remember distinctly putting it in my trunk."

Sam shrugged his shoulders.

"I suppose you know best; but if you put it there, it must be there now."

"Unless it has been taken from my trunk," said Henry, significantly.

"Just so," said Sam, readily. "Perhaps the landlady has taken it, or Bridget, the chambermaid."

"I don't think they have."

"Will you lose the money if you don't find the book?"

"No; I can report my loss at the bank, and they will give me a new one."

"Then you're all right."

"I don't like the idea of my book being taken. The same one who took the old book may take the new one."

"Well, I haven't got any bank-book to worry about," said Sam. "Are you going out to supper?"

"Yes. Then, you don't know anything about my book?"

"I! Of course not!" answered Sam. "What should I know of it?"

"I don't know. Come, then, we'll go to supper."

Sam saw that he was suspected, and he knew that he deserved it, but he did not want Henry to ascertain definitely that such was the fact, He wanted to return the book as soon as he could without observation, but for this he must wait a while.

When supper was over, they took a walk of half an hour, and then Henry started to return to his room.

"I'll stay out a little longer," said Sam.

"Are you going to the theater?" asked Henry.

"Not unless you lend me the money," said Sam. "I'm hard up myself."

"You generally are."

"Of course I am. How can I help it on such a mean salary?"

"I don't know what to think," said Henry to himself. "If Sam has the book he hasn't drawn any money on it, or he would go to the theater. Perhaps he is innocent."

Sam stayed out late. He did not go to the theater, being, as he said, short of money, but he lounged away the evening in billiard saloons, and it was a quarter past eleven before he got back to his room. When he entered Henry was fast asleep. Sam congratulated himself upon this. He felt that now was his chance to return the book. He might have replaced it in the trunk, but as Henry had thoroughly searched it, he would at once suspect that it bad been replaced. Besides, Henry might wake up, and detect him in the act.

After some consideration, Sam put it into Henry's inside coat pocket, and then, undressing himself, went to bed.

"I've got clear of it now," he thought, "and whatever Henry suspects, he can't prove anything."

The next morning, as Henry was dressing, he chanced to put his hand in his coat pocket, and drew out the book.

"What's that?" asked Sam, who had been watching him.

"It's my savings-bank book," answered Henry.

"Where did you find it?"

"In my pocket."

"Then, you didn't put it in your trunk, after all?"

"Yes, I did."

"That's foolish. If you had, it wouldn't have got into your pocket."

Henry did not reply, but, examining the book, discovered to his satisfaction that no money had been withdrawn.

"You see you were wrong," said Sam.

"At any rate, I am glad to get the book back again," said Henry, quietly.

"I wonder if he suspects anything," thought Sam.

Henry did suspect, but he was determined to verify his suspicions before saying a word on the subject.

During the day he managed to get away from the store long enough to visit the savings-bank. He went at once to the desk where payments were made, and, showing his book, asked the clerk if he remembered whether any one had presented it the day before.

"Yes," was the answer. "A friend of yours wanted to draw out some money on your account; but of course we did not pay it without your order."

"I am glad you didn't."

"Then you did not send the boy who presented it?"

"No."

"I thought it might be so."

"How much did he want to draw?"

"Twenty dollars."

Henry looked serious. This certainly looked bad for Sam. He did not like to think that a boy to whom he had always been kind would so abuse his confidence.

"I shall take better care of my book in future," he said. "The boy had no authority from me to draw money."

"We saw that the signature was not correct, and refused to honor the draft."

Henry made a deposit of two dollars, increasing the amount to twenty-eight dollars, and then left the bank. On his way back to the store, he made up his mind that he would no longer room with Sam. Even if he increased his expenses, he could not consent to have for a roommate one who had made an attempt to defraud him.

CHAPTER XVI. — SAM LOSES HIS PLACE.

"Mr. Dalton wants you to go to the bank, and make a deposit," said William Budd, to Sam, on the forenoon of the same day.

"All right," said Sam.

"Be particularly careful, as the deposit is unusually large."

"Oh, yes, I'll be careful."

Sam received the checks and drafts, amounting to several thousand dollars, and started for the Fourth National Bank, on Nassau Street. When he had accomplished a part of the distance, he met an old acquaintance, whom he had known in his boot-blacking days.

"How are you, Sam?" said Tim Brady. "I haven't seen you for a long time."

"I'm all right, Tim. I haven't seen you, either. Where have you been?"

"To Boston," answered Tim, briefly.

"You have!" exclaimed Sam, interested. "How did you like it?"

"I don't like it as well as York."

"Why not? Ain't it a nice place?"

"'Tisn't half as big as York. Besides, there ain't half so much fun. There ain't no Old Bowery there, nor Tony Pastor's. I didn't know what to do with myself nights."

"What were you doing? Did you black boots?"

"No," answered Tim. "I was in a store on Dock Square."

"What sort of a store?"

"Clothing store."

"How did you get the place?"

"It is kept by a cousin of the old woman. He wrote that he'd take me if I'd come on. So I went; but I didn't like it."

"Where did you live?"

"With him. He had a house in Chelsea, just over the river, like Brooklyn is. I got my board and a dollar a week."

"That ain't much," said Sam.

"No, I should say not. I had to pay my way over the ferry out of it, too. It didn't leave me no money for cigars nor nothing."

"How long were you there?"

"About three months. I would not have stayed so long, only I couldn't get money to get back."

"You got it at last; or did you walk back?"

"Walk? I guess not. It's three or four hundred miles."

This was not quite exact, but near enough for a guess.

"How much did it cost you to come back?"

"Five dollars."

"That's a good deal. Where did you get so much?"

"I found it in the street one day," answered Tim, with a little hesitation.

"How long have you been back?"

"About a week. I've been looking round for you. Where do you hang out?"

"I've got a room of my own," answered Sam, with an air of importance.

"You have! You're in luck. What are you doin'?"

"I've got a place with Dalton & Co., on Pearl Street."

"What business?

"Merchant. He's awful rich. Just look at that!"

Sam displayed his bundle of checks.

"I don't see nothin' particular except some bits of paper."

"You don't know anything about business, Tim. Them's checks."

"Are they?"

"They're good for a lot of money. Here's a check for twelve hundred dollars, and there's others besides."

"That piece of paper worth twelve hundred dollars!" said Tim, incredulously.

"Yes."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Take it to the bank."

"What bank?"

"Fourth National Bank."

Tim looked at Sam with respect. He must certainly occupy a responsible business position if he was trusted with such a large amount of money.

Sam, in putting back his checks, was careless enough to drop the twelve-hundred-dollar check. He hurried off, unconscious of his loss, and Tim quietly secured it. He ought to have restored it to Sam, as he easily might have done; but an idea struck him. He would instead carry it round to Mr. Dalton, and in all probability

secure a reward for his honesty. This was sharp practice, and hardly consistent with friendship for Sam; but Tim was a boy not particularly scrupulous, who cared more for number one than for any friend. He went into a store near by, ascertained the number of Mr. Dalton's place of business, and hurried down there.

"Is the boss in?" he asked of William Budd, whom he first encountered.

"Yes."

"I'd like to see him."

"What for?"

"Important business," answered Tim.

Budd looked at him rather incredulously.

"If you want to apply for a place, it's no use. We've got a boy already."

"That ain't my business. I've picked up something in the street that belongs to Mr. Dalton, I'm thinkin'."

"What is it?"

"A check."

"Sam must have dropped it," thought William, instantly. "Let me see it," he said, aloud.

"I'll show it to the boss," said Tim, obstinately.

"Come on, then."

"Here is a boy, Mr. Dalton, who thinks he has found something belonging to you," said the young man.

Mr. Dalton looked up.

"What is it, my boy?" he said.

"It's a check," said Tim, and, taking off his ragged hat, he handed the paper to Mr. Dalton.

"It's Nesbitt's check for twelve hundred dollars!" exclaimed the merchant. "Where did you find it?"

"In Nassau Street."

"How could it be there, Mr. Budd?" asked Mr. Dalton.

"I sent Sam to the bank not long since. He must have dropped it. It is not the first time he has been careless."

"I am afraid we shall have to discharge him. How does he perform his duties generally?"

"Not very satisfactorily, sir."

"Send him to me as soon as he returns. Now, my boy, what is your name?"

"Tim Brady, sir."

"Did you know the value of this check?"

"Yes, sir; it's worth twelve hundred dollars."

"How did you know where to bring it?"

"I saw the name, and looked in the 'Directory' to find your place of business."

"You are a good and honest boy."

"Thank you, sir; I try to be," said Tim, meekly.

"You have done me a service. Here are ten dollars."

"Thank you, sir," said Tim, joyfully. "You're a gentleman."

Mr. Dalton smiled.

"Always keep honest. 'Honesty is the best policy.'"

"I think so myself, sir," said Tim.

Tim retired quite elated. From a corner nearly opposite he watched for Sam's return.

"He looks sober," said Tim to himself. "It's likely he'll get 'bounced.' I wonder will I stand a chance for his place."

"Sam," said William Budd, on his entrance, "Mr. Dalton wants to see you."

Sam looked startled. He had ascertained his loss, and was perplexed and troubled about it.

Mr. Dalton looked up as he entered.

"Have you been to the bank, Samuel?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Did you deposit all the checks given you?"

"I lost one check some way," stammered Sam.

"You must have been very careless," said his employer, in a tone of reproof.

"I don't think I was," said Sam.

"You must have been. Did you not know that you had charge of a large amount?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, knowing this, you should have been particularly careful."

"I'll go back and look for it, sir."

"Fortunately there is no need of this, as it was picked up and brought here by an honest boy. It was a check for twelve hundred dollars."

"Then, you've got it again?" said Sam, relieved. "Shall I go round to the bank and carry it?"

"No, I shall not again trust you to go to the bank. Indeed, I am sorry to say that I cannot retain you in my employ."

"I hope you'll keep me," said Sam, alarmed.

"I cannot do it in justice to myself. Call Mr. Budd."

William Budd entered.

"Mr. Budd," said Mr. Dalton, "I think you told me you had a cousin who desired a place."

"Yes, sir."

"Tell him to come here to-morrow. I have discharged Sam."

"Thank you, sir."

"I do not forget, Sam," continued the merchant, "that you once rendered me a service in bringing home my little boy. I regret that I cannot keep you in my employ. To compensate you for the disappointment, I will give you twenty-five dollars, and you are at liberty to go at once if you desire it."

Sam's eyes sparkled with pleasure. He felt so rich that he cared little for the loss of his place.

"Thank you, sir," he said.

"I wish you good luck, Samuel," said Mr. Dalton, good-naturedly.

Again Sam thanked him, and left the store looking so cheerful that Tim, who was watching for his appearance, was quite bewildered.

"He seems glad he's 'bounced,'" thought Tim. "I'll go and ask him about it."

CHAPTER XVII. — TIM IS UNMASKED.

Before Sam had gone far Tim Brady managed to throw himself in his way.

"Where are you goin', now?" he asked. "Have you been to the bank?"

"Yes," answered Sam. "I lost one of them checks."

"You don't say!" said hypocritical Tim.

"It was the twelve-hundred-dollar one."

"What did the boss say? Did he blow you up?" inquired Tim, puzzled by Sam's cheerful manner.

"Yes; I'm 'bounced.'"

"You don't seem to care much," said Tim, watching him curiously.

"No, I don't. I'm tired of the old place."

"What are you goin' to do? Are you goin' back to boot blackin'?"

"No," answered Sam, scornfully; "I should say not."

"You ain't goin' to retire on a fortune, are you?"

"Look here, Tim," said Sam, displaying a roll of bills. "What do you say to that?"

"Did you save all that?" asked Tim, in great astonishment.

"No; Mr. Dalton just gave it to me."

"Give it to you when he 'bounced' you?"

"Yes; you see, I found his little boy in the street one day, and took him home. He give me a place for that, and now that I'm sacked he's give me this money."

"I say, Sam, you're in luck. How much is there?"

"Twenty-five dollars."

"You couldn't lend a feller five dollars?" said Tim, insinuatingly.

"Yes, I could," answered Sam, cooly; "but I won't."

"Why not?"

"I want it all myself."

"You might let me have a little," pleaded Tim.

"I'll give you a square meal," said Sam, "but I can't do no more. I'm goin' to Boston."

"What's put in into your head to go to Boston?"

"You have."

"Well, I hope you'll like it better than I do."

"Which way would you go?" asked Sam.

"Fall River line. They're got nice steamers."

"When do they go?"

"Five o'clock."

"All right. I'll go this afternoon."

"You'll be comin' back soon," said Tim.

"Maybe I will, but I want to see the place. I ain't never traveled much, and now I'm goin'."

"You'd better stay, and take me to Tony Pastor's to-night."

Sam shook his head.

"Oh, yes, you'd like me to spend all my money on you; but I don't see it."

"You needn't be so afraid. I've got some money, too," said Tim, nettled.

"You've got fifty cents, I s'pose."

"Does that look like fifty cents?"

Tim displayed the ten dollars he had received from Mr. Dalton for restoring the lost check.

Sam was astonished beyond measure.

"Where did you get that money?" he asked.

"It's some I had over when I failed,"

"And with all that money in your pocket you asked me for five dollars!" exclaimed Sam, with justifiable indignation.

"Why shouldn't I? Haven't you got more than I have?"

Tim began to see that he had made a mistake in proclaiming his riches; especially when Sam added that he might buy his own dinner—that he wasn't going to treat him.

"You promised you would," said Tim.

"I didn't know you had so much money. I thought you was hard up. You're a fraud."

"So are you," said Tim, resentfully.

"I don't want no more to do with you."

Tim was nettled. He wanted to be revenged, and his secret slipped out.

"You needn't feel so big," he said. "I got you 'bounced.'"

Here was much cause for astonishment.

"You got me 'bounced'?" repeated Sam, in surprise.

"Yes, I did. I found that check you dropped, and took it round to your boss. He give me this ten dollars, and 'bounced' you."

This was too much for Sam's equanimity. That a boy who had so injured him should try to wheedle money and a treat out of him struck him as so atrocious, that he felt action to be imperative. A sudden movement of the foot upset Tim; and Sam, without waiting to see how he relished his downfall, fled round a corner before Tim could retaliate.

"He's the meanest boy I ever knew!" thought our retreating hero. "He got me sacked, and then wanted me to treat him. I guess he won't ask me again."

Sam was still determined to go to Boston that afternoon. Before he went he wanted to say good-by to Henry Martin, and, as the boat would sail before business hours was over, he decided to go round to the store where he was employed.

Henry was just leaving the store on an errand when Sam came up. It was the first time they had met since Henry's discovery of Sam's attempt to appropriate his savings. He could hardly be expected to feel very friendly toward him.

"I'll walk along with you, Henry," said Sam; "I want to talk with you."

"And I want to talk with you," said Henry, coldly. "I've found out all about my bankbook."

"Have you?" replied Sam, disconcerted.

"Yes; I've found out that you opened my trunk and took it out, then went to the bank and tried to get twenty dollars on it. And all the while you were rooming with me, and pretending to be my friend."

Sam felt conscience-stricken. The enormity of his act flashed upon him. Still, he wanted to extenuate his conduct.

"It's true, Henry," he admitted, "and I ought to be ashamed of myself. But I didn't get any money, after all, and I returned the book to you."

"I know that; but it was only because they wouldn't let you have anything on it."

"Don't think too hard of me, Henry," said Sam.

"I can't help thinking hard of you. You wanted to rob me."

"I only wanted to borrow the money."

"Without my leave."

"I meant to return it to you as soon as I could. The fact is, Henry, I was awful hard up."

"That's your own fault. As for returning the money, I hope you don't think me quite such a fool as to believe that."

Sam was really disturbed. He saw that Henry was perfectly justified in being angry, and that his representation was the correct one.

"I'm very sorry I did it," he said. "I hope you'll forgive me."

"I'll forgive you, but we can no longer occupy the same room. I will move out and leave the room to you, or you can move out and leave the room to me."

"I'll move, Henry. That's what I came to speak to you about. I came to bid you good-by."

"There is no need of saying good-by. We shall see each other again."

"No, we shan't—for a good while, anyway. I'm just goin' to Boston."

"What?" exclaimed Henry in astonishment.

"I'm goin' on this afternoon."

"Why, Sam, what's up?"

Sam explained.

"I don't know whether it's a good plan," said Henry, when he had ended.

"Nor I," said Sam; "but I'm goin', anyway. If I don't like it, I'll come back somehow. Good-by!"

"Good-by, and good luck, Sam!" said Henry, offering his hand.

"Sam's a strange boy!" he said to himself, as he pursued his way alone. "It's hard to tell how he's coming out. I hope he'll get wiser as he grows older."

CHAPTER XVIII. — THE FALL RIVER BOAT.

When Sam left Henry, somehow he felt in lower spirits than before. He had become attached to his roommate in spite of the difference in character between them, and Henry's reproaches seemed to throw a new light upon his conduct. He felt it the more because he was about to leave him.

"I did treat him mean," he admitted to himself, his conscience touched, for the first time, perhaps, in years. "I'm glad they wouldn't let me have any of his money at the bank. I won't act so mean again."

It is not to be supposed that this repentant mood lasted long. As Sam neared the wharf from which the Fall River line of steamers left for Boston, his thoughts were on the journey he was about to take, and his spirits rose.

The steamer was moored alongside the wharf, perhaps halfway down. There was a confused mass of trunks, bales and baggage of various kinds on the pier waiting to be stowed away on board. It was early, but a few passengers were already on board, and others were passing over the gang plank at intervals. Sam thought he would go on board, too, and look about a little. He had never been on board one of these steamers, and was curious to see the accommodations. He went upstairs, and found himself in a long and elegantly furnished saloon, with lines of staterooms on either side. Three passengers were seated on sofas or in armchairs. Two were engaged in reading an afternoon paper, and the third, a girl of about fifteen, had her attention absorbed by a bird cage containing a canary.

She looked up as Sam passed, and asked pleasantly: "Is it almost time for the boat to start, sir?"

It was the first time Sam had been addressed as "sir," and he felt flattered.

"I guess not," he said. "There's only a few people on board. I don't think it'll start for an hour."

"I wish it would go soon," said the girl. "I am in a hurry to get home."

"Do you live in Boston?" asked Sam.

"Yes; I've been to visit my uncle in Brooklyn, and now I'm going back. Are you going to Boston, too?"

"Yes," answered Sam.

"Do you live there?"

"No; I never was there."

"I suppose you've got relations there?" said the young lady, in an inquiring tone.

"No; I'm going on to see if I can't get a place."

The young girl surveyed him with interest.

"Do you have to earn your own living?" she asked.

"Yes."

"You are young to do that."

"Oh, I've had to earn my living ever since I was eleven or twelve."

"You don't mean it. Why, what did you do?"

"I was clerk in a store on Pearl Street," said Sam, who did not care to mention his previous experience as a bootblack and newsboy.

"Well, I hope you'll get a good place. I've got a brother almost as old as you, but he'd never think he could earn his own living; his name is Frank."

"What's his last name?" asked Sam, bluntly.

"Stockton—I am Julia Stockton."

"My name is Sam Barker," said Sam, thinking such confidence ought to be requited.

"I've got a cousin Sam," Julia remarked, "but I never knew any one of the name of Barker before."

"Is that your bird?" inquired Sam, by way of prolonging the conversation.

"Yes; he sings sweetly, sometimes, but I guess he's frightened now. I'm glad he's with me, it isn't quite so lonely. I never traveled alone before. Are you used to traveling alone, Mr. Barker?"

"I never traveled much," answered Sam, trying to look dignified, on first being addressed as Mr. Barker; "but I don't mind being alone."

"That's because you're a boy. Boys can take care of themselves better than girls. Do you know what time we get to Boston?"

"No, I don't; but I'll inquire," said Sam. "Shall I find you here?"

"Oh, yes, I'll be here."

Sam went down below, and noticed that some were already procuring tickets at the captain's office. It struck him that he might as well obtain his. Accordingly he joined the line, and when his turn came inquired for a ticket.

"Fall River or Boston?" asked the man in charge.

"Boston."

"Five dollars."

"That's pretty steep," thought Sam. "I shall have only twenty dollars left."

A ticket was handed him, with 159 on it.

"What's that for?" asked Sam.

"It's the number of your berth."

"When will we get to Boston?"

"Between six and seven in the morning."

As Sam turned away he was accosted by a newsboy: "Papers, sir?"

An idea struck Sam. He would get a picture paper for his new acquaintance. It was probably the first mark of attention he had ever paid to a girl, but the idea pleased him, and he bought a *Harper's Weekly*, and carried it upstairs.

He found Miss Julia Stockton sitting where he had left her. She smiled pleasantly when she saw Sam.

"I bought you a picture paper," he said, feeling a little awkward. "I thought you might like to read it."

"Oh, thank you. You are very kind. Did you find out when we would reach Boston?"

"Yes, Miss Julia. We shall get there between six and seven in the morning."

"That's pretty early. I hope papa will be at the depot waiting."

"At the depot? Does the boat go into a depot?" asked Sam.

Julia laughed. "Oh, no," she said. "Did you think we went all the way by boat?"

"Yes, I thought so."

"We go the last fifty miles by cars—that is, from Fall River."

"All the better," said Sam. "That will give us a little variety."

Meanwhile, the passengers were pouring in, and the cabin was getting full.

"I guess I'll go out on deck," said Sam; "I want to see the boat start."

"I should like to, ever so much."

"Come with me, then. I'll take care of you," said Sam, manfully. "Let me carry your cage. It's too heavy for you."

So the two went out on deck together.

CHAPTER XIX. — MUTUAL CONFIDENCES.

The reader who has followed Sam's fortunes closely may wonder how a boy so shabbily dressed as Sam, could be treated as an equal by a young lady of good family. This leads me to explain that about a month before Sam had been presented with a neat suit of clothes, originally made for a nephew of his employer, but which had proved too small. Thus it happened that, with the exception of his hat, which was rather the worse for wear, our hero presented quite a respectable appearance.

Julia Stockton remained outside with Sam till the boat rounded the Battery, and for three-quarters of an hour longer. Sam was very well qualified to answer her numerous questions about the different places they passed.

"What is that island?" asked Julia.

"That is Blackwell's Island," answered Sam.

"Is that where the penitentiary is?" she inquired, with interest.

"Yes, it is that long stone building."

"How gloomy it is!" said Julia, with a shudder. "How can people be so wicked as to need to go to such a place?"

Sam winced. He knew very well that he had done things, or, at any rate, planned them, which would have entitled him to a place in the prison they were now passing.

"How ashamed I should be if I were ever sent there, and Julia should know it!" he thought.

"What makes you look so sober?" asked Julia.

"I was pitying the poor people who are confined there."

"It must be horrid, but I suppose it can't be helped. I don't see how anybody can want to steal."

Sam thought he could understand. It was not so long since he himself had tried to appropriate the property of another; but he only determined that this should not happen again. He could not consent to forfeit the good opinion of Julia Stockton, and the class to which she belonged. A new ambition began to stir in Sam's soul—the ambition to lead a thoroughly respectable life, and to rise to some creditable position.

"I will turn over a new leaf, I really will," he said to himself. "I'll be a very different boy from what I have been."

They remained outside a while longer, till the steamer had passed through the channel into the broader waters of the Sound, and then re-entered the cabin. The gong for supper had already sounded.

"Won't you go down to supper?" asked Sam.

"Yes, I think I will. You will come, too?"

"Yes, I will go, too," answered Sam, feeling complimented by the invitation.

As they were approaching the stairs, Julia dropped a scarf from her neck. It was picked up by a gentleman, who handed it to Sam, with the remark, "Your sister has dropped her scarf."

"He takes you for my sister," said Sam, turning to Julia with evident pleasure.

"I am afraid you wouldn't own me for a sister," said Julia, smiling coquettishly.

"I should be proud to have such a sister," said Sam, earnestly.

"Would you, really?"

"Yes, I would."

"I am afraid you only say so to compliment me."

"I mean it; but I am sure you would not want me for a brother."

"I don't know," said Julia, with a roguish glance. "Do you always behave well?"

"I am afraid I don't always."

"Nor I either," returned Julia, in a burst of confidence. "I used to play tricks on my governess sometimes."

"I don't think that is so very wicked," said Sam. "Won't you tell me about some of them?"

"After supper I will; but I wouldn't like to have anybody else hear."

They sat down to the table side by side, and made a satisfactory repast. Sam tried to pay for Julia's, but here the young lady was firm. She insisted on paying her own bill, as indeed propriety required.

When the supper was over, they returned to the saloon.

CHAPTER XX. — TOO LATE FOR THE TRAIN.

A stateroom had been engaged for Julia, but Sam did not feel justified in paying a dollar extra for such a luxury, when he was already entitled to a comfortable berth.

"Do you know when we reach Fall River?" asked the young lady.

"About half-past four in the morning, and the cars start by five."

"That's awful early!" exclaimed Julia, in dismay. "How shall I wake up in time?"

"The gong will sound," answered Sam; "but if that don't wake you, I'll pound on your door."

"I wish you would. What should I do if I were left?"

"You could wait for the next train."

"But I should not have you to go with me, Sam—Mr. Barker, I mean."

"I wish you would call me Sam. I like it better than Mr. Barker."

"Then I will," said Julia, frankly. "It does seem stiff to call you Mr. Barker."

"If you should be too late for the first train, I will wait, too," said Sam, answering what she had said before.

"Will you? I should like that; but won't it put you out?"

"Oh, no," said Sam, laughing; "there isn't any very important business to call me early to Boston. I had just as lieve wait as not."

"But you won't have to. I am sure the gong will wake me up. But you'll come to the door, and go into the cars with me."

"Oh, yes, I'll be on hand."

"Then, good-night, Sam. I hope you'll have a good sleep."

"I shall sleep like a top; I always do. Good-night, Julia."

So they parted.

"He seems to be a real nice boy, and very polite," thought Julia. "I should feel very lonely without him."

"She's a tiptop girl," thought Sam. "I never saw one I liked so well before."

Sam had never had a sister, and his acquaintance with girls had been exceedingly limited. This was necessarily the case in the rough street life he had led in New York. Julia was a new revelation to him. He was quite too young to be in love, but he certainly liked Julia very much, and thought how pleasant it would be to have such a sister.

"She says she's got a brother," thought Sam. "I wonder what sort of a boy he is, and whether he will like me? I suppose I never shall see him though, or Julia either, after we get to Boston."

This thought was rather disheartening, and made Sam feel sober. But he brightened up at the thought that he should be in the same city, and should, therefore, have some chance of meeting his pretty traveling acquaintance.

The berth Sam was to occupy was on one side of the dining-room. The tables were now cleared, and there was nothing to prevent his retiring. He took off his shoes and his coat, and, without undressing himself any further, got into the berth. It was not long before he was asleep. He did not wake until morning, and then not voluntarily. On opening his eyes he saw one of the attendants on the boat at his bedside.

"You must sleep pretty sound," said the attendant.

"Did you wake me up?" asked Sam.

"Yes; but I had hard work to do it."

"Is it time to get up?"

"I should think it was. Didn't you hear the gong?"

"No."

"It sounded loud enough. Well, you'd better hurry, or you'll be too late for the cars."

This roused Sam. He thought of Julia, and jumped out of the birth. He quickly put on his coat and shoes, and went up two flights of stairs to the saloon, on either side of which were the staterooms.

He went to Julia's—No. 11—near the forward end of the boat, and found the door shut.

He knocked, but was not immediately answered.

"Julia must have overslept herself, too," he thought.

He knocked again, and presently he heard her ask, in the tone of one just waking up, "Who's there?"

"It's I—it's Sam," he answered. "Are you dressed?"

"No. What time is it?"

"It's very late. Didn't you hear the gong?"

"No; is it morning?"

"The cars are almost ready to start."

"Oh, dear; what shall I do?" exclaimed Julia, in dismay.

"Dress as quick as you can, and we may be in time."

After the lapse of five minutes the door opened, and the young lady appeared.

"I'm so sorry, Sam," she said, excusing herself. "Shall we be in time?"

"We'll go down and see," said Sam.

They went below, and out over the gangway, but were only just in time to see the long train speeding on its way.

"We are left!" said Julia, mournfully.

"Well," said Sam, philosophically, "it can't be helped, can it?"

"Shall we have to stay here all day?" inquired the young lady, alarmed.

"Oh, no; there is another train at half-past six, but it is a slower train than this."

"When will it reach Boston?"

"At nine o'clock. I asked the steward just now. It won't make very much difference. We'll get to the city pretty early."

"Father will be down to the depot, and when he doesn't see me he'll think I am not coming. Then how am I to get home?"

"I'll be with you," said Sam, valiantly. "I'll see that you get home all right."

"Will you?" said Julia, brightly. "Then I don't mind so much. How stupid I was not to wake up!"

"I didn't wake up either. One of the men woke me up. I ran up as quick as I could, but it was too late."

"I got very tired yesterday," said Julia, apologetically. "That was what made me sleep so sound. When did you say the next train went?"

"At six-thirty."

"What shall we do till then?"

"You can lie down if you want to, and I will call you in time."

"I don't dare to," said Julia. "Besides, I don't feel sleepy now."

They decided to sit down and while away the time, and were not at a loss for topics of conversation. At half-past six they had taken their places in the cars, in the full anticipation of a pleasant journey.

CHAPTER XXI. — ARRIVED IN BOSTON.

At nine o'clock the train entered the Old Colony depot. As they entered, Julia began to show signs of uneasiness.

"I am afraid there will be no one here to meet me," she said.

"Then I'll see you safe home," said Sam, rather hoping that it would be necessary for him to do so.

They got out of the cars and walked slowly along, Julia scanning every face anxiously, in the hope of seeing her father or brother. But she could see no familiar face.

"They must have been at the first train, and gone home," she said, in disappointment.

"Have a carriage, sir?" asked the hackman.

"I guess you'd better take one," said Sam.

"Will you ride, too? I should be afraid to go alone."

"Yes, I will go, too," answered Sam.

"Any baggage?" asked the hackman.

"I've got a trunk," said Julia; "I got it checked."

"Give me the check, and I'll see to it."

"Shall I?" asked Julia, appealing to Sam.

"Yes, it'll be all right. How much will you charge?"

"Where do you want to be carried?"

"No.—-, Mount Vernon Street," answered Julia.

"I guess that's about right," said Sam, agreeably surprised with the smallness of the charge in comparison with the extortionate demands of New York hackmen. He considered it only gallant to offer to pay the hack fare, and was glad it would not be too heavy a tax on his scanty resources.

The trunk was soon secured, and Sam and Julia entered the hack.

"It seems so good to be in dear old Boston again," said Julia, with a young girl's warmth of feeling.

"I suppose it does," said Sam, "but I never was here. I don't think the streets are as wide as they are in New York."

"Oh, we've got some wide streets," said. Julia, jealous of the fair fame of her native city. "This isn't the best part of Boston, by any means. Wait till you see the common."

"Shall we pass it?"

"I don't know," said Julia; "I guess we shall."

They did, in fact, go through a side street to Tremont, and drove alongside of the common.

"What do you think of that?" asked Julia, triumphantly.

"Is that the common?"

"Yes; isn't it pretty?"

"It's small," answered Sam. "Is it the biggest park you have got?"

"Isn't it big enough?" retorted Julia.

"It's nothing to Central Park."

"Perhaps it isn't quite as large," admitted Julia, reluctantly; "but it's got bigger trees, and then there's the frog pond. There isn't any frog pond in Central Park."

"There's a lake there."

"And then there's the Old Elm, too," continued Julia, "It was standing hundreds of years before America was discovered."

"I don't see how that can be known," said Sam, shrewdly. "Who said so?"

"It's an Indian tradition, I suppose."

"Where is it? I should like to see it."

It was pointed out; but it's appearance neither contradicted nor confirmed Julia's assertion in regard to its antiquity.

"What is that big building on the hill?" asked Sam.

"Oh, that's the State House. You can go up to the dome and see the view from there. It's grand."

"Isn't Bunker Hill monument round here somewhere?" asked Sam.

"It over in Charlestown, only about two miles off."

"I must go over there some time. I knew a boy that went up there."

"What was his name?"

The boy referred to by Sam was a bootblack named Terry O'Brien—a name which Sam conveniently forgot when questioned by Julia, as he was anxious to have her think that he had moved in good society in New York.

Mount Vernon Street was now close at hand. The hack stopped before a nice-looking swell-front house, such as used to be in favor with Bostonians, and Julia exclaimed, joyfully: "There's mother looking out of the window!"

Sam descended and helped Julia out.

"Now mind," said Julia, "you're coming in. I want to introduce you to mother."

She took out her purse to pay the driver.

"Let me attend to that," said Sam.

"No," said Julia, decidedly, "mother wouldn't like to have me. The carriage was got on my account, and I ought to pay for it."

The hackman was paid, and Julia and Sam walked up the front steps.

CHAPTER XXII. — FIRST EXPERIENCES IN BOSTON.

"Mamma," said Julia, after the first greeting was over, "this young gentleman is Mr. Sam Barker, who has been very polite to me."

"I am much indebted to you, Mr. Barker," said Mrs. Stockton, cordially extending her hand, "for your kindness to my daughter."

"Oh, it's nothing," said Sam, embarrassed. "I didn't do anything."

"I met him on the boat, mamma, and he saw me on the train, and when there was nobody to meet me he came home with me in the hack."

"Your father was at the depot on the arrival of the first train," said Mrs. Stockton. "As you did not come then, he concluded you did not start yesterday afternoon. He was surprised that you did not telegraph him."

"I did come, mamma; but, would you believe it, I slept so sound I didn't hear the gong, nor Sam either. Did you, Sam?"

"We both slept pretty sound," said Sam.

"Well, Julia, I am glad you got through without accident. Have you had any breakfast?"

"Not a mouthful, mamma. I'm as hungry as a bear."

"I will have some sent up at once. Mr. Barker, I hope you will join my daughter at breakfast."

"Thank you," said Sam, not without satisfaction, for he certainly did feel frightfully hungry.

A substantial breakfast was brought up, and, unromantic as it may seem, both Sam and Julia made great havoc among the eatables.

"I don't think I ever felt so hungry in the whole course of my life," said Julia. "Did you, Sam?"

"I never did, either," said Sam, with his mouth full.

"My dear," said Mrs. Stockton, "Mr. Barker will think you very familiar. It is not the custom to use a gentleman's first name on such short acquaintance."

"I feel as if I had known Sam ever so long. He asked me to call him by his first name."

Mrs. Stockton smiled. Considering Sam's youth, she did not think it necessary to press the matter.

"Is this your first visit to Boston, Mr. Barker?" she inquired.

"Yes, ma'am."

"I hope you will like it."

"I think I shall, ma'am."

"Are you a New Yorker?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I know something of New York. In what part of the city do you live?"

Sam was rather embarrassed. He did not like to mention the unfashionable street where he had lodged.

"I boarded downtown," he answered, indefinitely; "to be near my business."

"You are young to have been in business."

"I was a clerk in a Pearl Street store," said Sam.

"Are you visiting Boston on business?"

"Yes, ma'am. I shall try to find a place here."

"I hope you may succeed."

"Thank you, ma'am."

By this time breakfast was over, and Sam rose.

"I think I'll be going," he said.

Julia did not seek to detain him. The fact was, that after her absence there were quite a number of things she wanted to do, among others to unpack her trunk.

"What hotel are you going to stop at?" she inquired.

"I haven't made up my mind," answered Sam, embarrassed. He well knew that it would be very foolish for him to engage board at a first-class hotel.

"Parker's is a good hotel," suggested Julia. "It's on School Street, not far from here."

"I would recommend a boarding-house," said Mrs. Stockton. "The Parker House is expensive, and, if Mr. Barker is going to stay for some time he may wish to get along more economically."

"I think I shall," said Sam.

"Be sure and call again," said Julia, extending her hand.

"We shall be glad to see you again, Mr. Barker," said Mrs. Stockton, cordially. "Mr. Stockton will wish to thank you for your attention to Julia."

Sam thanked her, and went out into the street. He had enjoyed a good breakfast, and been cordially received by a lady who evidently stood high socially; and these circumstances contributed to put him in good spirits.

"I like Boston," he thought. "The people take more notice of a fellow than they do in New York."

Sam was generalizing upon his very limited experience, and perhaps might be led hereafter to change his views.

"Julia spoke of Parker's Hotel," he said to himself. "I guess I'll inquire where it is, and take a look at it."

"Where is Parker's Hotel?" he asked of a boy who overtook him near the State House.

"It's on School Street. I'm going as far as Tremont Street myself, and you can come along with me," answered the boy.

"Thank you," said Sam. "I am a stranger in Boston, and don't know my way."

"Are you going to stop at Parker's?"

"I don't think I shall; I am afraid they will charge too much."

"It's pretty high-priced," said his new acquaintance.

"Do you know what they charge for a room?"

"A dollar and a half and two dollars a day—that is, for the common rooms."

"That's too much for me."

"Then you've got your meals to pay for besides."

"I shall try to find a boarding-house," said Sam. "Do you know of any?"

"There's an acquaintance of mine, a clerk, who boards on Harrison Avenue."

"Where is that?".

"Not far from Washington Street—up near the Boston and Albany depot."

"Is it near the depot where I came in from New York?"

"How did you come?"

"By the Fall River line."

"Then it isn't far away. I'll give you the number if you want it."

"I wish you would."

"Here's Tremont Street," said the guide, "and that is the Parker House."

"Thank you," said Sam.

He went into the hotel, and, ascending a short staircase, found himself in the office. On one side was a writing-room, on the other a reading-room.

"It looks like a good hotel," thought Sam. "I should like it if I could afford to stay here."

Sam went into the reading-room, and saw lying on a chair a file of a New York paper. It seemed in this strange place like a familiar friend. He was reading the local news, when some one addressed him in a nasal voice: "I say, yeou, do yeou live round here?"

CHAPTER XXIII. — SAM FINDS A ROOMMATE.

Looking up, Sam's glance rested on a young man, of rustic dress and manners, which made him seem quite out of place in a fashionable hotel.

"No," answered Sam. "I am a stranger in Boston. I came from New York."

"You don't say! It's an all-fired big city, isn't it?" said the countryman.

"It is very large," said Sam, patronizingly.

"I live in the country," said the other—quite needlessly, so Sam thought—"up in New Hampshire. I've come down here to get a job."

"So have I," responded Sam, with new interest in his companion.

"Are you boardin' here?" asked the countryman.

"No; I am going to try to find a boarding-place. The prices are too steep here."

"Let me go with you," said the young man, eagerly.

Sam thought, on the whole, it would be pleasanter to have company, and accepted this proposal.

They bought a copy of the Boston *Herald* and picked out a list of boarding-houses which appeared to come within their means. Among these were two on Harrison Avenue. One of these was the very house which had already been mentioned to Sam by his boy acquaintance of the morning.

"Do you know your way round the city?" asked Sam of his companion.

"A little," said the other.

"Do you know how to go to Harrison Avenue?"

"Yes, I know that."

"Is it far?"

"Not very far. We can walk easy enough."

"That's all right, then. Let us go."

The two set out on their expedition, walking up Washington Street as far as Essex, and, turning there, soon entered Harrison Avenue. They beguiled the time on the way by conversation.

"What, was you calc'latin' to find to do?" asked the countryman.

"I was clerk in a store in New York," said Sam; "I'd like to get into a store here."

"So should I."

Sam privately thought him too countrified in appearance for the position he desired, but did not say so.

"Have you had any experience?" he asked, curiously.

"Oh, yes; I used to drive the wagon for a grocery store, to hum."

Sam privately doubted whether this experience would be of any particular value to his new acquaintance. However, he had not much faith in his own qualifications, and this concerned him more.

"What's your name?" inquired Sam.

"Abner Blodgett," was the reply. "What's yours?"

"Sam Barker."

"You don't say! There's a doctor in our town by the name of Barker; any relation?"

"I guess not. I never heard of a doctor in our family."

Presently they reached the number indicated. Sam rang the bell.

"You are looking for a boarding-place," he explained. "We saw your advertisement in the *Herald*."

"Walk in," said the servant. "I'll tell Mrs. Campbell."

Mrs. Campbell presently appeared; a shrewd-looking Scotch lady, but kindly in expression.

"You are looking for a boarding place, gentlemen?" she inquired.

"Yes, ma'am."

"I have one single room and one double one. For the single room I have eight dollars a week; for the double one fourteen, that is, seven dollars for each gentleman. Do you two gentlemen wish to room together?"

"Yes," answered Blodgett, immediately; "if you are willing," he added aside, to Sam.

"Let us look at the rooms," said Sam, "and then we can tell better."

"Walk up this way, gentlemen," said Mrs. Campbell.

She led the way first to the double room. It was a square room, the second floor back, and looked quite neat

and comfortable. Sam liked the appearance of it, and so apparently did Abner Blodgett.

"Ain't it scrumptious, though?" he said, admiringly. "We ain't got many rooms like that to hum."

"I suppose you are from the country, sir?" said Mrs. Campbell, with a good-natured smile.

"Yes," said Blodgett, "I'm from New Hampshire; away up near Mount Washington."

"Let me see the single room," requested Sam.

The single room was shown; but it was, of course, much smaller, and the furniture was inferior.

"We'd better take the big room together," said Abner.

Sam hesitated a moment. He was not very particular, but he did not altogether fancy the appearance of Mr. Blodgett.

"How much do you charge for the large room for a single person?" he asked.

"I couldn't take less than eleven dollars," said the landlady.

It was, of course, impossible for Sam to pay any such sum, and he reluctantly agreed to occupy the room jointly with Mr. Blodgett.

"When will you move in?" asked Mrs. Campbell.

"To-day," said Sam.

"I must ask you to pay something in advance, to secure the room, gentlemen."

Sam had no luggage beyond a small bundle, and he answered at once, "I'll pay a week in advance."

"Thank you, sir."

Sam handed the landlady ten dollars and received in return three.

"I'll pay you to-morrow," said Blodgett. "I've got to get the money from my cousin."

"I'll wait till to-morrow to oblige you," said the landlady, "but no longer."

"Oh, I'll have the money then," said Abner, confidently.

"Will you be here to dinner, gentlemen?"

"When do you have dinner?"

"At six o'clock. We used to have it in the middle of the day, but it was inconvenient to some of our boarders, and we changed it."

"We have dinner to hum, where I live, at noon," said Abner.

"We have lunch at half-past twelve, if you choose to come."

"I guess we will," said Abner. "We'll go out and take a walk, Mr. Barker, and come back in time."

"Just as you say," answered Sam.

After a walk they returned to lunch. Sam was usually possessed of a good appetite, but he stared in astonishment when he saw Blodgett eat. That young man appeared to have fasted for a week, and ate accordingly.

"What's the matter with you, Mr. Barker? You don't eat nothin'," he said.

"I had a late breakfast," said Sam. "I guess you'll get your money's worth."

"I mean to. Seven dollars is an awful lot to pay for board. Up to hum they don't charge but three."

"Then I wish they'd open a branch boarding-house here."

"Suppose we go over to Bunker Hill?" said Sam, after lunch. "I want to see the monument."

"Just as you say," said Abner.

"We can ask the way."

"There's some cars go over that way, I've heerd," said Abner.

As they were walking down Washington Street a young man, rather flashily attired, stopped Blodgett, whom he appeared to recognize.

"What's in the wind now?" he asked. "Who have you got in tow?"

"It's my friend, Mr. Barker."

"How do you do, Mr. Barker?" said the young man, who appeared very much amused about something.

"How's your father, the deacon?" he inquired of Blodgett, and laughed again.

"Pretty smart," said Blodgett.

"Just give him my respects when you write, will you?"

"I won't forget,"

The new acquaintance winked, and went his way. Sam was rather surprised at his manner, and also at the fact of his countrified companion being apparently on intimate terms with a person so different in appearance.

"Who is that?" he asked.

"That's a young man from our town," said Mr. Blodgett. "He's been living in Boston for five or six years. He's got a good place in Milk Street."

"What sort of a fellow is he?"

"You don't say nothin' about it," said Abner, looking about him as if fearing to be overheard; "but I'm afraid he's a fast young man."

"Shouldn't wonder," said Sam.

"I've heard that he plays cards!" added Abner, in a horrified whisper.

"Very likely," said Sam, amused.

He had had some suspicions of his companion, occasioned by the apparent good understanding between him and the young man they had met, but this remark dissipated them. He felt amused by the verdancy of Abner Blodgett, and anticipated a good deal of entertainment from his remarks.

They took the horse cars to Bunker Hill; Sam paid the fare both ways, as his companion did not expect to have any money till tomorrow. He did not relish lending, his own stock of money being so scanty; but Abner was so confident of being in funds the next day that he did not refuse. He was interested in the view from the summit of the monument, and spent an additional hour in exploring Charlestown. When the two got back to Boston they found the afternoon well advanced and the dinner hour near.

CHAPTER XXIV. — AN UNPLEASANT SURPRISE.

After dinner Sam and his roommate took a walk. As they passed the Boston theater, Abner proposed going in; but Sam knew very well that the expense of both tickets would come upon him, and declined.

"I am tired," he said; "I've been walking about all day, and, besides, I got up very early in the morning. I would rather go home and go to bed."

"Lend me a dollar, and I'll go," said Abner. "I don't feel sleepy."

"Not much," answered Sam. "When you've got your money, it will be time enough to go to the theater; but if you haven't got any more than I have, you'd better not go to the theater much."

The reader may be surprised at such sensible advice proceeding from Sam; but he had begun to feel the responsibilities of life more keenly than ever before. For the first time, too, he saw how foolish he had been in the past, and felt an eager desire to win a respectable position. He was sanguine and hopeful, and felt that it was not too late to turn over a new leaf.

"All right," said Abner. "I can wait till another evening, but I thought I'd like to go to the theater, seein' as I never went there."

"Never went to the theater!" exclaimed Sam, with a gratifying sense of superiority. "I've been ever so many times in New York."

"I've been to the circus," said Abner. "There was one come round last summer to our place. Is the theater any like the circus?"

"No," said Sam; "but the circus is pretty good. I like to see it myself. You miss a good many things by living in the country."

"Did you ever live in the country?" inquired Abner.

"A good many years ago," answered Sam. "The fact is, I was born there, but I got tired of it and went to New York."

Presently fatigue overpowered Sam, and he announced his intention of returning to the boarding-house, and going to bed.

"I won't go yet," said Abner. "I'll be along pretty soon."

Sam did not lie awake long after once getting into bed. The early hour at which he had risen on the boat, and the miles he had traveled during the day were too much for him, and he sank into a dreamless sleep.

At eleven o'clock Abner Blodgett opened the door and softly entered.

He approached the bed on tiptoe, fearing to wake Sam.

"Poor fool!" he muttered, smiling disagreeably; "he thinks I am a verdant rustic, while I am able to turn him round my little finger. There's nothing about city life that I don't know. I can give him points and discount him as far as that goes, even if he has been living in New York for years. Fast asleep!" he continued, listening to Sam's regular breathing. "No danger of his waking up till morning. I may as well see what money he's got."

He coolly felt in Sam's pocket, and drew out his pocket-book, eagerly examining the contents.

"Only ten dollars and a half!" he muttered, in disappointment. "That hardly pays me for my trouble. However, it's better than nothing. Let me see if there is anything more."

But this appeared to be all the money Sam possessed, and he put it in his pocket, grumbling.

"I guess it'll be safe for me to go to bed, and sleep till near morning," Abner said to himself. "The boy sleeps soundly, and he won't be awake till six or seven."

He proved to be correct. Sam slept like a log, and was not conscious when, at a quarter of six, Abner hurriedly dressed, and left the house with all of poor Sam's available funds.

"It's a pity he payed for his board in advance," thought Abner. "I would have got seven dollars more. It's money thrown away."

Abner hoped to get out of the house without being seen by any one, but he was destined to be disappointed.

As he was slipping out of the front door the landlady herself came downstairs.

"You are going out early, Mr. Blodgett," she remarked, in some surprise.

"Yes, ma'am," said Abner. "I'm used to gettin' up early in the country. I'm goin' to take a walk before breakfast."

"Your young friend thought he wouldn't go out with you?"

"He got pretty tired yesterday. He's sound asleep."

"There's something about that man I don't like," thought Mrs. Campbell. "I don't believe he's so verdant as he pretends to be. He must pay me something on account to-day, or I won't keep him."

"Good-by old woman!" muttered Abner, as he closed the door, and entered the street. "I don't care about seeing you or your house again. I shall get my breakfast somewhere else."

Mr. Blodgett walked rapidly till he reached a shabby-looking brick tenement house not far from Dover Street. This he entered with a pass-key, and going up to a room which he generally occupied, proceeded to change his clothes for others more comfortable to city style. This alone changed his appearance greatly; but not satisfied with this, he took from a bureau drawer a black silky mustache and carefully attached it to his upper lip. Then he looked complacency in the glass, and said, with a smile: "I think my young friend from New York won't recognize me now. If we meet, and he suspects anything, I can easily put him off the scent."

Sam woke up about seven o'clock. He opened his eyes, and looked about him in momentary bewilderment, not immediately remembering where he was. As recollection dawned upon him, he looked for Abner Blodgett, but nothing was to be seen of him. The appearance of the bed, however, showed that he had occupied it.

"He has got up," thought Sam. "I wonder if it is very late."

A church clock began to strike, and he counted the strokes.

"Seven o'clock!" he said. "Well, that isn't very late, but I may as well get up. I've slept like a top all night long. I suppose I was sound asleep when my roommate came to bed. I guess he's gone to take a walk before breakfast."

Sam jumped out of bed and began to dress. As he was drawing on his pants, he thrust his hand mechanically into his pocket to feel for his money. He did so without the faintest suspicion of his loss. When he discovered that his pocket-book was not in its usual place he grew anxious and hurriedly examined his other pockets.

But in vain!

Then he looked on the floor. Possibly it might have slipped out of his pocket and be lying on the carpet. Again his search was vain.

Then, for the first time, suspicion of his roommate entered his mind. Sam was no stranger to the tricks and wiles of a large city, and he saw clearly now how he had been cheated.

"It's that skunk Abner Blodgett!" he exclaimed, indignantly. "He's regularly done me! I'll bet he's no more a countryman than I am. I just wish I had him here. I'd pound him."

Sam was indignant, but not discouraged. He did not give up his money for lost yet. He determined to seek Abner everywhere, and unmask him when found. If he did not recover his money it would not be for want of trying.

As he finished dressing the breakfast-bell rang and he went down to the dining-room.

Though he had lost his money he had not lost his appetite.

When he entered the dining-room he found himself first in the field.

"Good-morning, Mr. Barker," said the landlady. "You are early, but not so early as Mr. Blodgett. He left the house a little before six."

"Did you see him?" asked Sam, eagerly.

"Yes, and spoke with him."

"What did he say?"

"He said he was used to getting up early in the country, and was going out for a walk. Hasn't he returned?"

"No," answered Sam, "and I don't believe he will."

"What makes you say that?" asked the landlady, noticing a significance in his tone.

"I mean that he's gone off with all my money," said Sam, bluntly.

"You don't say so!" ejaculated the landlady. "Why, I thought he was more likely to be taken in himself. Wasn't he from the country?"

"That's what he said; but I don't believe it. I think he was in disguise."

"I thought he was an old friend of yours."

"I never saw him before yesterday. He came up to me in the Parker House yesterday morning."

"What wickedness there is in the world, I do declare! Did he take all your money?"

"Every cent," said Sam. "I'm glad I paid you a week in advance, or I should be badly off."

"I wouldn't have turned you out, Mr. Barker," said the landlady, kindly. "I have a hard time to get along myself, and it makes me sympathize with them that has had ill luck."

Good Mrs. Campbell was not quite grammatical, but she was kind-hearted, and that is better.

"Thank you," said Sam; "but all the same I'm glad you've got the seven dollars instead of Blodgett. I'm going to try to find him, and if I do I'll have the money back, unless he has spent it all."

"Be careful, Mr. Barker. He's stronger than you are, and he might do you some harm."

"I'll risk it," said Sam, who, with all his defects, was not wanting in courage. "I want nothing better than to come across him."

CHAPTER XXV. — IN PURSUIT OP A PLACE.

Sam was more angry than discouraged when he reflected upon the imposition which had been practiced upon him. His indignation was excited when he considered how his confidence had been betrayed. Presently it occurred to him that Abner had served him no worse than he intended to serve his roommate in New York. The thought made him ashamed.

"I didn't think I was acting so mean," he said to himself. "I am glad Henry didn't lose anything by me."

Another thought followed, and one which inspires confidence in Sam's reformation: "I'd rather have the money stolen from me than steal it from somebody else."

It was quite true that Sam's conscience had become more sensitive than formerly. His meeting with Julia Stockton on board the Fall River boat had kindled in him a new and honorable ambition to attain a respectable position in society. In a strange city, separated from his street acquaintances, it really seemed as if he stood some chance of realizing his hope, when he was met at the outset with this discouraging loss.

But Sam was not discouraged. He had been dependent upon his own resources for too many years to give up easily. Moreover, he was hopeful and sanguine by temperament, and determined to make the best of his position. There was this to encourage him. He had paid a week's board in advance, and therefore was sure of regular meals, and a comfortable lodging for six days to come. In that time he might get a situation.

"As you are alone, Mr. Barker," said Mrs. Campbell, "I am afraid I must put you into the single room. I may have opportunities to let this to two persons."

"All right," said Sam, "but I have only paid seven dollars. You said you should expect eight for the small room."

"No matter about that for this week," said the landlady. "You have been unfortunate, and I will take that into consideration."

"Thank you. When I'm a rich merchant I'll make it up to you."

"I hope you will become one, for your own sake," said Mrs. Campbell, smiling.

When breakfast was over, Sam strolled out into the streets. He felt that the sooner he got something to do the better. Certainly in his situation there was no time to lose. He had found out that the leading retail stores were on Washington Street, and it seemed to him a good plan to begin there.

The first he selected was a dry-goods store. He entered, and looked about him, inquiringly. A salesman asked him, briskly: "What can I show you to-day?"

"If you'll show me a situation where I can make a living, you'll oblige me," answered Sam.

"We don't keep such goods for sale," said the salesman, smiling.

"Then perhaps you give them away. Can I speak to the boss?"

"There he is," said the young man—"at the end of the store."

"What is his name?"

"Hunter."

Sam was not bashful. He went up to Mr. Hunter and called him by name.

"Can I speak to you on business?" he asked.

"What kind of business?"

"I want a place," said Sam, bluntly.

"We are not engaging any new clerks at present. Where do you live?"

"I have just come from New York."

"Did you have any experience there in the dry-goods line?"

"No, sir."

"Then you know nothing about it."

"Oh, yes, sir; I can tell calico from silk."

"That's more than I can always do," said Mr. Hunter, jocosely. "I took you for silk, and I find you to be calico."

"You've got me there," said Sam. "Then you can't give me anything to do?"

"I don't think it would be for my advantage to engage you. Do you think so?"

"I think it would be for mine," said Sam. "I guess I will look further."

"I am afraid I don't know much about business," thought Sam. "I wish I knew what I am fit for, and I'd go for it."

He kept on his way down Washington Street, and entered the next large store, where he repeated his request for a place. Here he was not so well treated.

"Clear out, you young loafer!" was the rude response.

"Thank you," said Sam, coolly. "You're extremely polite."

"I don't waste my politeness on such fellows as you," said the clerk, disagreeably.

"I wouldn't," retorted Sam. "You don't seem to have any to spare."

"I guess I don't stand much chance there," he considered. "I wouldn't want to be in the same store with that hog, anyway."

The next store was devoted to millinery. Just outside was a small piece of paper on which Sam read "Little Girl Wanted."

He went in. Those in charge of the store he found to be females.

"You've got a notice in the window for help," said Sam.

"Yes," was the reply. "Do you want it for your sister?"

"I think not," replied Sam. "I haven't any sister, to begin with."

"Then what is your business?"

"I want a place for myself."

"Did you read the notice? It says 'Little Girl Wanted.' Are you a little girl?"

"Not that I am aware of," said Sam; "but I can do a little girl's work."

"Perhaps you would not be willing to take a little girl's pay."

"How much is the pay?"

"Two dollars a week."

"Declined with thanks," said Sam, promptly. "I don't like to disappoint you, but that wouldn't pay for my wardrobe."

The lady smiled. "I'm sorry I can't do anything for you," she said, amused.

"So am I," said Sam.

Presently he discovered a sign, "Boy Wanted," and this inspired in him some hope. He entered, and made known his wishes.

"You are altogether too large," said a brisk-looking man, eying him rapidly. "We want a boy of twelve."

"Can't I do as much as a boy of twelve?" asked Sam.

"Probably you can. Do you reside with your parents?"

"No, sir."

"Where do you live?"

"I board on Harrison Avenue."

"How much do you pay for board?"

"Seven dollars a week."

"Have you any means of your own?"

"No."

"Then you don't want a situation with us. We give only three dollars a week."

By this time Sam began to feel a little despondent.

There were situations for small girls and small boys, but none for him.

"Why didn't I stay a small boy?" he reflected.

But, after all, it is a question whether three dollars would defray the expenses of even a small boy.

"Boston don't seem to be much of a business place, after all," thought Sam; but, perhaps, it was hardly fair to draw such a conclusion from his own failure to procure a situation. Sam made one or two more ineffectual applications, which did not tend to improve his spirits. As he came out of the last one, he saw, to his great joy, Julia Stockton passing by. She recognized him at the same moment.

"Good-morning, Mr. Barker," she said, frankly, holding out her hand. "Are you out shopping this morning?"

"It'll be some time before I go shopping," said Sam.

"Why so?"

"I had all my money stolen last night."

"You did! What a shame! Tell me all about it," said Julia, sympathizingly.

Sam told his story, the young lady showing her warm sympathy in her expressive face.

"How will you get along without money?" she asked.

"I must get a place right off," said Sam.

"If—if you wouldn't mind," said Julia, in an embarrassed tone, "I have five dollars that I have no use for. Won't you let me lend it to you?"

Sam, to his credit be it spoken, declined the tempting proposal.

"I am just as much obliged to you, Miss Julia," he said, "but I can get along somehow. I have got my board paid for a week in advance, and something will turn up in that time, I am sure."

"Won't you take it, then? I really don't need it," said Julia, earnestly.

"If I get very hard up, I'll remember your kind offer," said Sam.

"You'll be sure to do it, Sam?"

"Yes, I'll be sure."

"I must bid you good-morning now," said Julia. "I'm going into Loring's Library to get a new book. Here it is, close by. I am glad I met you."

"Thank you," said Sam.

"Don't forget to call at the house. Mamma will be glad to see you."

"I would feel more like calling, if I had a place," thought Sam, soberly. "She's a bully girl and no mistake, but I wouldn't like to take money from her. It's the first time I ever refused five dollars that I can remember."

CHAPTER XXVI. — ABNER BLODGETT AGAIN.

The next day in his wanderings Sam entered the Parker House. He had no definite object in view, but, feeling tired, thought he would sit down a few minutes in the reading-room.

"This is where that fellow roped me in," he thought. "I wish I could get hold of him."

After sitting for quarter of an hour, he strolled downstairs into the billiard room. He stood on the threshold for a moment, when a familiar voice struck his ear. His heart beat rapidly with excitement, for he recognized it as the voice of Abner Blodgett. He glanced eagerly about to find him, but he could see no one resembling the young man from the country who had victimized him.

"I don't believe two voices can be so much alike," he said to himself. "I must look more carefully."

The voice was heard again, and this time Sam perceived that the speaker was playing billiards on the second table to the right. But it did not appear to be Abner. His personal appearance was very different, and he had a black mustache. But when Sam scanned the upper part of the face, he saw a strong resemblance. He suspected the truth at once, Abner was disguised.

"He's spending my money," said Sam to himself, indignantly. "No wonder he can afford to play billiards when he gets his money so easy. I won't lose sight of him."

By this time Abner—for it was he—had finished his game, and laid down his cue. He had no money to pay, for he had beaten his adversary. He sauntered up to the door, and was about to pass Sam, whom he had not noticed, when our hero laid his hand upon his arm.

"I want to speak to you, Mr. Blodgett," he said, "on very particular business."

Abner started when he recognized Sam, and changed color slightly, but immediately his disguise occurred to him, and he decided to brazen it out.

"Excuse me, sir," he answered, coolly. "Did you address me?"

He changed his voice as well as he could in uttering these words, and this confirmed Sam's previous suspicion.

"I said I should like to speak to you on business, Mr. Blodgett," Sam repeated, in an emphatic tone.

"You have made a mistake in the person," said Abner, shrugging his shoulders. "My name is not Blodgett."

"And I suppose your first name is not Abner?" said Sam.

"Certainly not."

"Well, all I can say is, you have changed your name within two days."

"Come out into the street, and I will talk to you," said Abner, not wishing the conversation to be heard.

Sam followed him upstairs, and they went into School Street together.

"What did you say my name was?" asked Abner, with an air of amusement.

"Abner Blodgett."

"Ha, ha! that's a capital joke—the best I've heard lately."

"You told me you were from the country," Sam continued.

"Really, I should think you must be from the country yourself, to make such a mistake."

"I am from the city of New York, if you call that the country," said Sam, in rather an important tone.

"I am sorry for you, but you've made a great mistake about me, my dear young friend. My name is John Warburton, and I am a student of Harvard College, in Cambridge. I only just came into Boston this morning. I haven't been here before for a week."

He spoke so volubly and confidently that Sam was staggered for a minute. Was it possible that he was mistaken, after all? Was this really a Harvard student, whose voice happened to resemble that of Abner Blodgett? Abner saw that he was mystified, and a gleam of exultation appeared in his face. When Sam detected this, he felt sure that he had got the right man, after all. Abner even ventured to ask: "Why do you wish to see this Abner Blodgett, whom I have the honor of resembling?"

"Because," said Sam, bluntly, "he stole my money."

"Stole your money!" repeated Abner, with mock indignation. "Do you dare to take me for a thief—me, a Harvard student, belonging to one of the first families! Why, it is an insult and an outrage! I have a great mind to chastise you."

"I don't know whether you belong to one of the first or one of the second families," answered Sam, unterrified; "and I don't believe you are a Harvard student at all. Just give me back them ten dollars you stole out of my pocket or I'll make it hot for you."

"You young scamp!" said Abner, now really angry; "you've insulted me long enough. Now, clear out, or I'll kick you!"

"Kick away," said Sam; "but first give me my money."

"This is an outrage," said Abner, who noticed the approach of a policeman; "but if you are really in want I'll give you fifty cents, though you don't deserve it."

"I don't want your fifty cents, I want the money you stole from me," persisted Sam, who was not to be bought so cheap.

"For Heaven's sake, hush!" said Abner, nervously. "One of the professors is inside, and I am afraid he'll come out and hear you. Here's the fifty cents."

"That won't go down, Mr. Blodgett," said Sam. "How much of my money have you got left?"

By this time the policeman was within hearing distance. Sam saw him now, and determined to press his claim vigorously.

"I'll complain to that policeman," he said, "if you don't give up my money."

"Hush!" said Abner. "Wait till he goes by, and we'll arrange it."

"No, we won't," said Sam, stoutly. "Do you want me to call him?"

The policeman was now passing them. He glanced casually at the pair, rather to the discomfort of Abner, whose face was not wholly unknown to the force.

"What do you say?" demanded Sam, in a significant tone.

"I'll lend you five dollars," said Abner, desperately. "It's all I've got now."

"Hand it over, then," said Sam, who had not expected to get back so much of the stolen property.

Abner drew out a bill from his pocket, and passed it over.

"Is that all you've got left, Mr. Blodgett?" asked Sam.

"Don't call me Blodgett. It isn't my name. I told you my name was John Wharton, of Harvard College."

"You said Warburton five minutes since," said Sam, dryly.

"You didn't understand me," said Abner, rather embarrassed. "The names sound alike."

"I don't believe any of the names belong to you. Now, when are you going to pay the rest of that money?"

"I told you I knew nothing of your money," said Abner.

"Then why did you give me that five dollars back?"

"Out of charity."

"Then I wish you'd give me a little more out of charity."

"I have only enough to get me back to Cambridge."

"By the way, Mr. Blodgett," said Sam, slyly, "what do you use to make your mustache grow so quick?"

"Nothing at all. What makes you ask?"

"When I saw you two days ago you had none. It's grown pretty well for so short a time."

"I can't stop talking with you any longer. I must go out to Cambridge. I have a recitation in Latin in two hours."

"May I go out with you? I would like to see the college."

"Can't see it to-day," said Abner. "It isn't open to the public on Saturday."

"That's strange. I can go to Cambridge, can't I?"

"If you want to; but there isn't anything to see except the college."

"He don't want me to find him out," thought Sam. "I'm bound to go if he goes."

"I guess I'll go," he said, quietly. "Come along."

Abner unwillingly started with his unwelcome companion, and walked slowly to Bowdoin Square.

"There's the cars," he said, "just in front of the Revere House. Jump in, and I'll be with you in a minute."

As he said this he dodged round a corner and Sam found himself alone.

"Just as I expected," thought he. "That fellow isn't a Harvard student any more than I am. I'm lucky to get back part of my money. Perhaps I'll get the rest out of him some time."

He got into the car which had been pointed out to him and inquired of the driver: "Does this car go to Harvard College?"

"It is a Mount Auburn car, but you can get out at Harvard Square."

"I guess it's all right," said Sam to himself. "I might as well go out and see Harvard, as I've got nothing else to do."

CHAPTER XXVII. — SAM IS INITIATED INTO A COLLEGE SOCIETY.

Before Sam reached Harvard Square he caught sight of the college yard and the numerous buildings of brick and stone which had been erected within it for the accommodations of the students.

"It's a pretty big place," thought Sam. His ideas of a college were very vague. He had fancied that it consisted of one large brick building, like the New York public schools.

"I wonder what they want of so many buildings, anyway?" said Sam to himself. "There must be a lot of students."

He got out at Harvard Square, and crossing the street entered the college yard, or campus, as it is sometimes more ambitiously called. There were very few students about, for it was Saturday, when there was a morning exercise only, and, the rest of the day being a holiday, many of the students were accustomed to go to Boston, or to visit their friends elsewhere. Sam knew nothing of this, and was surprised to see so few young men about.

Now it happened that three sophomores, having nothing more important to occupy their attention, had made up their minds, by way of a lark, to play a trick on some freshman, who, from inexperience, looked like an easy victim. For convenience's sake I will call them Brown, Jones and Robinson.

As these three young men were walking arm-in-arm in front of University Hall, they saw Sam approaching. Of course, where the classes are so large, it is impossible for all to be personally acquainted, which accounts for their instantly mistaking Sam for a freshman.

"There's a fresh," said Brown. "He looks green enough for our purpose. Suppose we take him?"

"All right," said Jones. "He'll do."

Sam was rather surprised when the three college boys stopped and Brown addressed him.

"What is your name, sir?"

"Barker," answered Sam.

"All right!" said Robinson, in a low voice. "There's a Barker in the freshman class. I've noticed his name in the catalogue."

"I believe, Mr. Barker," said Brown, "that you belong to the freshman class."

"That's a good joke," said Sam to himself. "I'll see it through."

He was not a little flattered at being mistaken for a collegian, and nodded assent.

"We have heard of you, Mr. Barker," said Jones, in the most favorable manner. "We belong to the senior class, and at our last meeting we elected you unanimously a member of the Alpha Zeta Society."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Sam, really astonished.

"We have inquired of the faculty concerning your scholarship, and have been told that you are one of the best scholars in the class."

"If that's so," thought Sam, "the class don't know much."

"There are plenty that know more than me," said Sam, aloud.

"All your modesty, Mr. Barker," said Robinson. "We are convinced that you are a first-class man, and will be an acquisition to our society."

"What does it all mean?" Sam began to wonder.

"We are a committee of the society appointed to initiate you by the usual impressive ceremonies," said Brown. "It is very fortunate we have met with you, for Saturday is our day for initiations."

"Is it?"

"Yes; have you any particular engagement for the next hour?"

"Not as I know of."

"Then we will at once proceed to the society room and take you to the initiation. Are you ready?"

"I haven't made my will yet," said Sam, humorously.

The three sophomores looked at each other doubtfully. Perhaps their intended butt was not as verdant as they supposed.

"That formality is not necessary," said Jones, after a pause, "unless you desire to leave any money to the society."

"I guess I'll join first, and see how I like it," said Sam.

"Quite reasonable," said Brown, in a tone of satisfaction.

"We'd better not lose any time," said Robinson.

"Follow us, Mr. Barker," said Brown.

"All right, gentlemen."

Robinson offered his arm, and the four proceeded to one of the older college halls, and ascended to a room on the third floor.

"Ain't they sold, though!" thought Sam, with an inward chuckle. "They think I'm a student, and I'll find out all about their society—I can't think of the outlandish name."

The door was locked, and then Brown said: "Mr. Barker, you will not object to be blindfolded, of course."

"Go ahead," said Sam. "If that's the regular thing, I'm agreeable."

He was blindfolded by Brown and seated in the center of the room. He heard various movements, lasting for perhaps five minutes. Then the bandage was removed, and Sam saw that his three companions were metamorphosed. All wore masks. The light of day had been shut out, and four candles were burning on the table. In the center was a skull, and beside it was a large book, a photograph book, by the way.

"Barker," said one of the masked figures in a sepulchral voice, "do you desire to join our mystic band?"

"You bet!" answered Sam.

"No levity," was the stern reply. "Before you are admitted you must swear solemnly not to divulge the secrets of the association."

"I won't," said Sam.

"'Tis not enough. You must swear!"

"All right, I swear."

"Kiss this book, and swear with uplifted hand."

Sam did so.

"Do you know what will be the penalty if you violate the oath?"

"I'll be 'bounced,' I expect."

"Worse than that. Do you see this skull?"

"Yes, I do."

"It is the skull of a freshman who joined our society five years since, and divulged the secrets."

"What did he die of?" asked Sam.

"He disappeared," said Brown, impressively. "He was found dead in his bed one morning, with a dagger in his heart."

"You don't say so!" said Sam, impressed in spite of himself.

"It was a fitting punishment. Don't incur it."

"I won't," said Sam. "I don't know anything to tell anyway."

"You shall know all. Our society was founded hundreds of years ago by the emperor Charlemagne."

This didn't impress Sam as much as was expected, since he had never heard of the Emperor Charlemagne.

"Kings, nobles, prime ministers have belonged to our mystic ranks," proceeded Brown.

"Then I wonder they elected me in?" thought Sam.

"That book," indicating the photograph album, "contains the records of the society."

"May I look into it?"

"No," said Jones, hurriedly, laying his hand upon the book. "The time may come, but not yet."

"Just as you say," said Sam, submissively. "I'm in no hurry."

"Bandage his eyes once more," said Brown.

Robinson advanced, and tied a handkerchief over our hero's eyes.

"Now stand up."

Sam stood up.

Brown proceeded to read a chorus from Euripides, which impressed Sam as much as anything yet, for the Greek seemed but a strange and barbarous jargon to his unaccustomed ears.

"Do you understand what I have said?" asked Brown, at the close of his reading.

"Not entirely," said Sam,

"Then your education has been neglected. But it matters not. Raise him."

Jones and Robinson proceeded to lift Sam, one by the head, the other by the heels, rather to his alarm.

"What's your game?" he demanded, resisting.

"No harm is intended. It is one of the necessary formalities."

"Go ahead, then."

The two students bore Sam about the room, chanting discordantly as they went. At length they set him down again in a chair. Then Brown passed his hand several times over Sam's face, explaining that this was one of the necessary formalities also. Then the bandage was taken off, and a Greek book was handed to Sam.

"We will test your scholarship," said Brown. "Read."

Sam stared at the Greek page in bewilderment, turning the book upside down, but not finding it any more intelligible.

"I can't read this stuff," he said.

"You need not render it into English," said Brown. "Pronounce it in the original."

"I can't," said Sam, helplessly.

The three looked at each other.

"You can't read Greek?" said Brown.

"Of course I can't."

"Then how did you get into college?"

"I walked in."

"I mean, how could you be admitted without knowing Greek?"

"I wasn't admitted. I never was here in my life before."

"What! Are you not Barker, of the freshman class?" asked the three sophomores in chorus.

"My name is Barker—Sam Barker—but I don't belong to any class."

"What made you say you did?"

"Just for fun."

"Sold!" exclaimed the three in concert. "I guess this has gone far enough," said Brown. "Let's unmask."

Masks were removed, the curtains raised, Sam was invited to wash his face, which Brown, in his manipulations, had blacked, and there was a hearty laugh all round. Sam was invited to tell his story and did so. The three students were wealthy, and took up a contribution for his benefit, amounting to ten dollars.

"I'll come round another day for half price," said Sam, humorously.

"The next time we initiate a freshman, it'll be the genuine article. All the same, we've had some fun. Won't you stay and dine with us? We shall have dinner in an hour."

"Thank you," said Sam, "I'm agreeable."

"We'll take you round to see the college before dinner. We can't do less by a member of the Alpha Zeta Society."

Sam laughed. "I guess you'll have to put down the name on a piece of paper," he said, "or I'll forget what society I belong to."

Sam's good humor and droll observations made him a favorite with the three students. He learned, to his surprise, that Brown was a cousin of Julia Stockton, whose acquaintance he had made on the Fall River boat.

"I was in town yesterday, and Julia mentioned you—said you were very polite to her. It is very strange we should run across each other so soon after."

"That's so," said Sam, and, calling to mind the ten dollars in his pocket, he could not help adding to himself: "It's mighty lucky, too."

CHAPTER XXVIII. — BROWN'S PLAN.

Brown, Jones and Robinson roomed in one of the college dormitories, but took their meals at a private boarding-house not far from the college yard. Memorial Hall had not yet been erected, and there was no public dining-place, as now. They paid a high price and enjoyed in return a luxurious table. About twenty students boarded at the same place, but less than half that number were present when Sam and the three sophomores entered the house.

"Leave your hat on the rack," said Brown, "and follow me."

He led the way into the dining-room and seated Sam beside himself.

"Is that your brother, Brown?" asked Bates, a classmate who sat opposite.

"Yes," answered Brown. "Do you think he looks like me?"

"He seems more intelligent," said Bates.

"Thank you. I owe you one."

"There's something about his left eyebrow that reminds me of you," said Bates, reflectively. "Yes, I should know he was your brother."

"I never saw him before," continued Brown. "He's been traveling ever since he was a baby, but this morning witnessed his happy restoration to my arms."

Sam listened to this chaffing with amusement. He relished it better than a discussion which followed upon the relative merits of two Greek authors which the students had been occupied with since entering college. This talk seemed very dry to Sam, whose previous life had hardly fitted him to take an interest in such subjects.

The dinner, however, he did relish, and did not fail to do justice to it.

"I think, Sam," said Brown, as the dessert came on, "that there is one society you will like better than the Alpha Zeta."

"What's that?" asked Sam.

"The Eta Pi Society."

"I can eat a pie as well as anybody," answered Sam, who, however, not being acquainted with the Greek alphabet, did not quite comprehend the joke.

"I should never think of doubting your word on that score. Here, Mary, bring this young man an extra large slice of apple pie. He has been working hard this morning."

At length the dinner was over, and the three students withdrew from the table.

"Well, Jones, what are your plans for the afternoon?" asked Brown.

"I'm going into town on important business."

"Such as what?"

"Ordering a new suit at my tailor's."

"That's important. How is it with you, Robinson?"

"I'm going in with Jones."

"To help him order his suit?"

"I shan't need any help in ordering it," said Jones. "I may need help in paying for it."

"I'd rather help order it," said Robinson. "Are you going into the city, Brown?"

"Not till four o'clock. I have a little work to do first. Sam, are you in any hurry to go back to Boston?"

"No," answered Sam. "I've made ten dollars this forenoon, and can afford to take it easy the rest of the day."

"Then stay with me until I go. I may have something to say to you."

"All right."

The three students parted; Jones and Robinson jumping on board a street car, while Brown took Sam to his room. It was not the one in which Sam's initiation had taken place, but another in the same dormitory, and was handsomely furnished. The walls were lined with fine engravings, and various ornaments adorned the mantel.

"Brown must be rich," though Sam. "I wish I had such a nice room."

"I'm going to read a little Greek," said Brown. "I was away two days last week, and I want to make up the lessons. You may find something on that bookcase to amuse you. Stretch yourself out in that armchair and make yourself comfortable."

Sam accepted the invitation willingly. He was not particularly bashful, and made himself quite at home. Most of the books on Brown's shelves struck him as very dry; but he finally found one profusely illustrated, and this entertained him till Brown, after an hour's silence and turning over the pages of his Greek dictionary, closed his books and said: "Well, thank goodness, that job's over!"

"Have you got through?"

"Yes, for to-day."

"Don't it make your head ache to study so hard?" asked Sam, curiously.

Brown laughed.

"I don't study hard enough to endanger my head," he answered. "I am not likely to become a martyr to science."

"You must know a lot," said Sam, opening the Greek book, and surveying the pages with admiring awe.

"My Greek professor does not appear to be of that opinion," said Brown, "judging from the way he marks me. However, it is quite possible that he is prejudiced, and can't appreciate modest merit. What have you got there?"

"The 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments,'" said Sam.

"Do you like it?"

"It's tiptop. I wish I had that lamp I've been reading about."

"Aladdin's lamp?"

"Yes."

"What would you do?"

"Call for a lot of money."

"You are poor," said Brown, thoughtfully,

"Yes, I'm about as poor as I want to be. I've been lookin' round for a fortune for five or six years; but I haven't found it yet."

"What can you do?"

"I was a clerk in New York."

"That means an errand boy, doesn't it?" inquired Brown, shrewdly.

"Yes," said Sam, not disturbed by being found out.

"How much did you receive for your services in New York?"

"Five dollars a week," answered Sam, telling the truth, by way of variety.

"I am afraid it would be hard to get that in Boston. Are you not fit for anything better?"

"I am afraid not," said Sam. "The fact is, I don't know much."

"In other words, your education has been neglected."

"Yes, it has."

"That's in your way. If you wrote a good hand, and were good at figures, you might perhaps do better than become an errand boy, though even then it is doubtful whether you could obtain more than five dollars a week."

"I don't see how I can live on that," said Sam, "even if I could get it."

"It would be rather hard," said the student. "I have twice that for spending money."

"And don't you have to pay for your clothes or your meals?" asked Sam.

"No, nor for my books, nor any of my college bills."

"Your folks must be awful rich," said Sam, not without a touch of envy.

"My father is prosperous in business," Brown admitted.

"Does he live in Boston?"

"No, he lives in Brookline."

"Where is that?"

"Not far from the city—not over three miles away."

"Couldn't your father give me a place in his store?" asked Sam.

"I don't think he has any vacancy,"

Sam looked despondent. Brown appeared to take an interest in him, and he had hoped that he might do something for him.

"But," Brown continued, "I have another plan for you."

"What is it?" asked Sam, his hopes reviving.

"I have a young brother of fourteen at home—there are only two of us; but he is small and delicate. He is lame, besides, having met with an accident when quite young. He is unable to go to school, as it would prove too great a tax upon one in his delicate state of health. He takes lessons at home, however, of a visiting tutor, as in this way his studies can be arranged to suit his varying strength. Now, I have been long of opinion that he requires a boy companion, older than himself, who is naturally lively and cheerful, to share with him in his amusements, to accompany him in his walks, and share with him in his studies. From what I have seen of you, I think you are just the companion my brother wants. Have you any bad habits?"

Sam had shrewdness enough to perceive that it would be better for him to be truthful. Besides, to do him justice, Brown's kindness had made an impression upon him, and he would have felt ashamed to deceive him.

"I am afraid I have," he answered; "but I could get rid of them."

"What are your bad habits?"

"Sometimes I swear," said Sam, candidly.

"Will you give that up?"

"Yes, I will."

"What else?"

"Sometimes I smoke cigars."

"You must give that up. My father abominates cigars."

"I will."

"What else?"

"I don't always tell the truth," said Sam, courageously.

"Lying is very ungentlemanly, to say the least. Do you think you can get over that?"

"Yes."

"Then, I will ask my father to take you on trial. I am going over to Brookline to supper this afternoon, and I will take you over, and talk with him about it. Will you go?"

"I'll go," said Sam, eagerly. "I'd like to be with your brother ever so much."

CHAPTER XXIX. — ARTHUR BROWN.

At half-past five Sam and his companion reached the home of the latter in Brookline. It was a handsome mansion, with ample grounds, standing some rods back from the street.

"That's where I live, Sam," said the young student.

"It's an elegant place," said Sam, admiringly "I hope your father'll take me. I'd like to live here ever so much."

"There's my brother the one I spoke to you about."

Brown pointed out a boy considerably smaller than Sam, who was hurrying to the gate as fast as his lameness would admit. His thin, pale face was lighted up with joy, as he espied his brother.

"I am glad you have come, Charlie," he said. "It's so lonely here during the week."

"And how are you feeling, Arthur?" asked his brother, laying his hand caressingly on the shoulder of the younger boy.

"Oh, I'm all right; only lonely."

"I've brought you some company—don't you see?"

For the first time Arthur's attention was drawn to Sam.

"I am glad to see you," he said, politely extending his hand. "Are you a friend of Charlie's?"

"Yes, Arthur," the student replied, anticipating our hero. "This is my friend, Sam Barker."

"Are you in college, Mr. Barker?" asked Arthur.

"Please call me Sam," said our hero. "I am only a boy, and I don't begin to know enough to be in college."

"Nor I, either," said Arthur.

"Come into the house," said the elder brother. "Has father got back from the city?"

"No; he sent word that he should not be back till evening. We are to take supper without him. You are going to stop over Sunday, I hope, Charlie?"

"Yes, till to-morrow evening. Sam will stay, too. Won't you take him up to the little room next to yours? He will want to wash before supper."

Sam did not know that he needed to wash, but accepted this as a hint.

"Won't it be too much trouble for you?" he asked, thinking of Arthur's lameness.

"Oh, no," said the lame boy. "I can go upstairs almost as quick as if I wasn't lame. Come this way, please."

Sam followed him upstairs. He was shown to a small, but handsomely furnished chamber.

"You'll find everything you need, I think," said Arthur. "That room," pointing to one adjoining, "is mine; so we shall be near neighbors."

"I am glad of that. If burglars get in in the night, I'll come to you for protection."

"I am afraid I couldn't do you much good. You are a great deal stronger than I."

"Then I'll protect you."

"Do you live in Boston, Sam?"

"I only came to Boston a few days ago. I came from New York."

"Did you live in the city?"

"Yes. Were you ever there?"

"I have passed through New York on my way to Saratoga. I went up the Hudson River on a steamboat."

"We call it the North River there."

"We stopped at the Fifth Avenue Hotel."

"That's a tiptop hotel. I've been in there often."

"Are you going to live in Boston?"

"If I can find anything to do. I am not rich like you."

"No," said Arthur; "but you are something better."

"What is better than being rich?" asked Sam, incredulously.

"You are strong and healthy. You are not an invalid like me."

"How long have you been lame, Arthur?" inquired Sam, who had naturally a kind heart, and was already beginning to feel an interest in his new friend.

"Ever since I was a very small boy."

"Your brother is strong enough."

"Yes, Charlie's got muscle," said Arthur, proudly. "He's one of the strongest fellows in his class. He goes to gymnasium regularly. You ought to feel his arm. He's going to belong to the boat club next year."

By this time Sam had finished his ablutions.

"Come downstairs, and I'll show you the stable," said Arthur. "I guess there'll be time before supper."

"How many horses have you got?"

"Three carriage horses. Father would buy me a pony, but he's afraid I might fall, and not be able to help myself."

"Do you go to school?"

"No; my health is not good enough. The doctor says I must be out in the open air a good deal, and must not overtax my brain. I suppose you have been to school a good deal."

"Well, no," said Sam; "I am afraid of overtaxing my brain, too."

Arthur laughed. "I don't think, from your looks, that you need feel afraid," he said.

"You've no idea how delicate I am," said Sam, humorously.

"I should think you might be," said Arthur, merrily; "but you are very successful in not showing it."

"That's why I don't get any sympathy. What do you do all day long if you don't go to school?"

"I study some, and recite to a tutor who comes out from Boston; but I have a good deal of time to myself. I've been very lonely since my mother died," he added, soberly.

"How long ago was that?" Sam inquired, with sympathy.

"A year ago. Her death was a great loss to me, as Charlie has been away from home so much, and father is all day in the city."

"Are there no boys round here that you can play with?"

"There are boys, but I can't join in their sports, on account of my lameness."

"I wonder whether he will like the idea of my staying with him," thought Sam. "We could have good times together."

They went out to the stable, and looked about till the supper-bell rang. Everything was well arranged, and on a scale which indicated that Mr. Brown was a man of wealth.

More and more Sam though he would like to live there.

Entering the dining-room, where the supper was provided, they found the older brother already present.

"Have you two boys got acquainted?" he asked.

"Yes," said Arthur; "it didn't take us long. I've been showing Sam the stable."

"How do you like what you have seen?" asked the sophomore.

"Tiptop," said Sam.

"Take a seat there, Sam; Arthur, you know your place. I must preside in father's absence."

They talked together socially during the meal, Sam getting to feel better and better acquainted as time went on. After supper they took another walk, and then Arthur asked: "Do you play backgammon, Sam?"

"I never learned."

"Shall I show you?"

"I wish you would."

The backgammon board was brought out, and the two boys had a pleasant evening. As the older brother heard their lively laughter, and noticed how Arthur seemed brightened up by Sam's companionship, he felt more and more that it would be a good plan to keep him there. When his father reached home, a little before nine o'clock, he made the proposal to him.

"I am convinced," he said, "that Arthur needs a young companion, of a cheerful temperament, who will brighten him up, and keep him in good spirits.

"Do you know anything of this boy?" asked Mr. Brown, cautiously.

"Not much, except that Arthur appears to fancy him. His education has been neglected."

"That would not matter. He could study regularly with Arthur, and recite to his tutor."

"That occurred to me."

"Has he any bad habits?"

"No confirmed bad habits. If it should prove so, he can be dismissed."

"Would he like to come?"

"Of that I am sure. Indeed it would be a great thing for him, as he is poor, and has no friends to help him along."

"Then he may stay a month on trial. You may speak to him about it."

CHAPTER XXX. — HOW IT WAS ARRANGED.

"Sam," said the young student, the next morning, "I have spoken to my father about your remaining here as a companion to Arthur."

"What did he say?" asked Sam, anxiously.

"That you may stay a month on trial. If the arrangement proves satisfactory, you can remain longer."

"I'm ever so much obliged to you," said Sam, overjoyed. "I hope I'll suit."

"I hope you will, too, for Arthur's sake. You must bear in mind that we expect you to lay aside all your bad habits, and try to become refined and gentlemanly."

"I'll try," said Sam, earnestly.

"You will take lessons of Arthur's tutor, and study with him. Though considerably younger than you are he is much more advanced in his studies, and will be able to help you in any difficulties."

"Perhaps he won't want to be bothered with me."

"On the contrary, it will interest and amuse him to be so occupied. There is no reason why you should not improve fast."

"I want to know something," said Sam. "Ever since I met that girl on the boat I've been ashamed of being such a know-nothing."

"I am glad to hear you say that. It is encouraging to find that you are sensible of your deficiencies. It is the first step toward remedying them."

"Will the tutor lick me if I don't know my lessons?" asked Sam, anxiously.

The student smiled. "He wouldn't do that," he answered, "but he will inform my father—that is, if you persist in neglecting your lessons—and that might lead to your being dismissed."

"I'll study," said Sam. "You see if I don't, even if it makes my head ache awful."

"You look as if you could stand a mode amount of study," said the sophomore, smiling good-naturedly. "If your head aches very bad we can give you some pills."

"I guess it won't," said Sam, hastily, for he had a distinct remembrance of having been dosed with some very nauseous pills in his early days.

"My father will see that you are provided with suitable clothes," proceeded Brown; "and you shall have a little spending money also; but you must not spend any of it for cigars."

"I won't," said Sam, virtuously.

"It seems almost like a dream," he added, "to think of my having a private tutor, with nice clothes and spending money. I wonder what Henry Martin would say."

"Who is Henry Martin?"

"I used to room with him in New York. He is a nice boy, Henry is, a good deal better'n me. He used to save his money and put it in the bank, and study evenings."

"And you didn't, I suppose?"

"No. I was a fool; but I won't be any longer. I'm going to turn over a new leaf."

"If you do, I shall not regret having engaged you as a companion for Arthur."

Here Arthur's voice was heard, as he entered the room.

"What are you two talking about?" he inquired.

"I was telling Sam you would miss him when he went away."

"So I shall. Why can't he stay a little longer?"

Arthur had not yet been told of the plan for giving him a companion.

"You would get tired of me," said Sam.

"No, I wouldn't."

"Not if I stayed a month?"

"Will you, really?" asked Arthur, his pale face brightening up with evident pleasure.

"He shall stay if you would like to have him," said his brother, "and study with you every day. I think Prof.

Taylor will be willing to take one additional pupil."

"Will he live here in this house?" asked Arthur, with animation.

"Certainly,"

"Then I shan't feel lonely any more," said Arthur. "I've been wanting company."

"I am sorry to say Sam's studies have been neglected, and he may require some assistance in getting his lessons."

"I'll help him," said Arthur, eagerly.

So it was arranged, and so it was that Sam; after drifting about for years, found at last a good home.

CHAPTER XXXI. — TWO YEARS LATER.

More than two years have elapsed. In the fine old home at Brookline, Sam and Arthur are sitting out on the lawn. Both have changed. Arthur looks stronger and better than when Sam first made his acquaintance, His thin face is more full, his pallor has been succeeded by a faint tinge of color, and he looks contented and happy. But the greatest change has come over Sam. He is now a young man of eighteen, well-formed and robust, handsomely dressed, with a face not only attractive, but intelligent. These two years have improved him greatly, as we shall see.

"I can hardly realize that Charlie is to graduate next week," said Arthur.

"He was a sophomore when I first met him," said Sam. "How little I thought that the meeting would be so important to me!"

"And to me!" said Arthur. "You have up idea how lonely I felt before you came."

"You have an idea how ignorant I was at that time," said Sam.

"You didn't know much, to be sure," said Arthur, smiling. "I remember how I had to drill you in the multiplication table."

"My spelling was rather weak," said Sam.

"I should say it was; it was original, at least," said Arthur. "To tell the truth, I was rather dismayed when I found how little you knew. But you have made it up bravely."

"Yes," said Sam, complacently, "I think have; but still you are ahead of me."

"Not in all things. You write a much better hand than I."

"I am afraid it is my only accomplishment," said Sam.

"But not your only acquisition. You are a good English scholar. I don't mind telling you, however, that in the first three months I never expected you would be."

"I used to have the headache pretty often about that time," said Sam.

"Yes; I sympathized with you at first, till I began to suspect that it was all put on."

"It was harder for me to apply myself than you, Arthur. My street life made it so. It was only by degrees that I got the habit of application."

"It was a good thing for me that I had to assist you. It gave me an object in life. Besides, it made me work harder myself in order to continue able to do it. I used to get low-spirited, and feel that I was of no use in the world."

"You don't feel so now," said Sam, with a look of affection; for Arthur seemed to him like a dear, younger brother, whom it was his duty to care for and protect.

"Oh, no," said Arthur, cheerfully. "I am much better and stronger now. And that leads me to a little secret which affects both you and me. Would you like to hear it?"

"Yes, Arthur."

"Father is going to take both of us into the office, to learn business. I shall only be there about half the day, but you will have full hours. How will you like that?"

"It is the very thing I would like above all others," said Sam, with animation. "I want to be doing something. I want to earn my own living. When are we to go into the office?"

"On the first of September."

"Not till then?"

"No; we are to spend the summer at the White Mountains. Late in August Charlie will sail for Europe, where he is to travel for a year, and we two are to be disposed of as I have told you."

"It was a lucky day for me, Arthur, when I became your companion. But for that I might have been the same shiftless fellow I was before, fit for nothing except to run errands or sell newspapers."

"Are you sure you are fit for anything better now?" asked Arthur, mischievously.

"I hope so," said Sam. "Time will show."

The arrangement indicated was carried out. Sam, through his bright, sunny disposition, had become a favorite with all the Browns, who, besides, felt grateful to him for the good effect his companionship had had upon Arthur's health and happiness. It had long been understood between Charlie and his father that Sam was eventually to be taken into the office, and promoted as rapidly as his abilities would justify. He was allowed a liberal salary, and continued a member of Mr. Brown's family.

CHAPTER XXXII. — CONCLUSION.

Henry Martin meanwhile had not stood still. Two years after Sam entered Mr. Brown's counting-room Henry became chief clerk in the office of his New York employer. Mr. Hamilton had permitted him to share in the general ventures of the firm, and this had enabled Henry, with his habits of prudence, combined with his savings from a largely increased salary, to lay up four thousand dollars, which were securely invested. His salary now was one hundred dollars a month, and he was promised, on the approaching first of January, further increase. His prudence, industry and self-denial had reaped their fitting reward.

He had never heard a word from Sam since the latter left New York for Boston.

It would be difficult to explain why Sam had not written, for he had learned to respect Henry, and to prize the traits he had formerly laughed at.

"I am afraid Sam has come to no good," Henry sometimes said to himself. "He was always a harum-scarum fellow, good-natured, but lazy and heedless. I wish I could do him a good turn. I have been so prospered that I could afford to help him along if I could only find him."

But months and years passed, and there were no tidings of Sam.

One day as Henry was engaged at his desk, a young man entered the counting-room. He was handsomely dressed, with a bright, intelligent look, and the appearance of one who was on good terms with the world. He glanced inquiringly at Henry, and then said: "Am I speaking to Mr. Henry Martin?"

"Yes, sir," said young Martin, politely. "What can I do for you?"

"I believe I used to know you, Mr. Martin," said Sam, smiling; for it was our old friend, the young outlaw.

"I beg your pardon," said Henry Martin; "I must apologize for my poor memory, but I cannot recall your face."

"I should have known you at once," said Sam. "You have the same sedate, grave manner that you had when a boy."

"Did you know me as a boy?" asked Henry, puzzled.

"Slightly," answered Sam, smiling again. "I used to room with you."

"You are not Sam Barker!" exclaimed Henry, in the deepest astonishment.

"Who says I am not?" said Sam.

Henry Martin jumped from his stool, and grasped Sam's hands cordially.

"I see it now," he said. "There is the same look, though you are five years older. I am delighted to see you, Sam. Where have you been all these years?"

"In and near Boston," answered Sam.

"You look as if you had prospered."

"I have. I am bookkeeper for a Boston merchant, with a handsome salary."

"Where on earth did you pick up bookkeeping?" asked Henry, in continued amazement.

"I studied under a private tutor for two or three years," answered Sam, enjoying his perplexity. "I have only been in business two years."

"Didn't it make your head ache?" asked Henry, slyly.

"It did at first, but I got over that after a while."

"I can't understand it at all, Sam. It seems like a romance. I never thought you would turn out like this."

"Nor I, Henry. But it is a long story. Come and see me this evening at the St. Nicholas, and I will tell you all. I must leave you now, as I have a little business to attend to."

That evening Henry and Sam met at the hotel, and each told his story, to the deep interest of the other.

"You have been very lucky, Sam," said Henry, at the end. "I never supposed you would reform so completely and thoroughly. You were a pretty hard case when I knew you."

"So I was," said Sam; "and I would have been to this day if I had not turned over a new leaf. Sometime I hope to introduce you to the two friends to whom I owe my reformation."

"Who are they?"

"A young lady of Boston, Miss Julia Stockton, and my most valued friend, Arthur Brown."

"So there is a young lady in the case, Sam?"

"I know what you are thinking of, Henry; but it isn't as you suppose. Julia Stockton will never be any more than a friend to me. Indeed, she is engaged to be married next month to Arthur's elder brother, Charlie, who has just been admitted to the bar. But I shall always feel indebted to her for first leading me to look upon myself as an ignorant and heedless boy. I never became ambitious till I met her."

"Then my lectures did no good, Sam?"

"Not at the time. Afterward I thought of them, and saw that you were right. And now that we have found each other, Henry, don't let us remain strangers. Can't you come and see me in Boston?"

"I am to visit Boston, on business, in October, Sam. I won't fail to look you up then."

Henry kept his word. Sam received him with cordial hospitality, and henceforth the two remained fast friends. It is not necessary to sketch their future. Both are on the right track, though Sam was much later in finding it; and the young outlaw, as well as his more prudent companion, is likely to prosper more and more as the years roll by.

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