SONG OF HOME.

Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest;
For those that wander, they know not where,
Are full of trouble and full of care;
To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed,
They wander east, they wander west,
And are baffled and beaten and blown about
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt;
To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest;
The bird is safest in its nest!
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly,
A hawk is hovering in the sky;
To stay at home is best.

H. W. Longfellow.

THE CASH BOY;

—OR—

Frank Fowler's Inheritance.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "ONLY AN IRISH BOY," "TOM, THE BOOTBLACK," "THE BULLY OF THE VILLAGE," ETC

CHAPTER XXXV—[CONTINUED.]

'Well, my lad,' said Nathan Graves, 'I hope you are enjoying yourself.'

'You don't expect I shall enjoy myself shut up here, do you?' questioned Frank.

'Why not? You've got board and lodging here, with nothing on earth to do.'

'That's what I complain of.'

'You want to go to work do you?'

'I would rather do the humblest kind of work than stay here in confinement.'

'I'm afraid you don't appreciate my paternal care,' said Graves, maliciously.

'I don't,' answered our hero, bluntly.

'Is there anything more I can do for you, youngster?'

'There's one thing you can do for me.'

'What's that?'

'Let me out.'

'Sorry to refuse you,' said Graves, crossing his legs, and leaning back complacently, 'but you must ask something else.'

'Why am I kept here? What is your object!' asked Frank, directly.

'Children are apt to ask too many questions. I can't tell you.'

'You mean you won't?'

'O, well, it comes to the same thing. Won't, if you insist upon it.'

'What advantage can you derive from my being here?'

'That's another question I can't answer. Now suppose we turn the tables. I'll ask you a few questions.'

'I may refuse to answer.'

'Of course; but you had better think twice, and answer. Perhaps, after hearing what you have to say, I may conclude to let you go.'

'He wants to find out whether I am the boy he supposes,' thought Frank. 'Shall I answer his questions? Shall I let him know that he is right? No, it won't do. It will only give him fresh reason to keep me here. If he thinks I am only a poor boy, the son of a country carpenter, he may conclude that there is no use confining me here.'

This passed through his mind in a moment. He answered, after a brief pause:

'If you choose to ask questions I will probably answer them.'

'That's right,' said Nathan, with satisfaction. 'What is your name?'

'Frank Fowler.'

'Where were you born?'

'My parents lived in the town of Crawford, not very far from the city?'

'What was you father's business?'

'He was a carpenter.'

'Is he still living?'

'No; he died some years ago.'

'Is your mother living?'

'She too is dead. She died a few months since.'

'Humph. Have you any brothers or sisters?'

'I have one sister—Grace.'

'Where is she?'

'She is living in Crawford.'

'What made you come to New York?'

'I wanted to earn my living.'

'Was that your object?'

'Yes; what other object could I have.'

'I didn't know but you might have some relations in the city.'

'I was a cash boy in a Broadway store. I told you that before.'

'Was that all?'

'For a little while I was employed to read to a wealthy gentleman up town.'

'What was his name?'

'Mr. Wharton.'

Thus far Frank answered freely, as he was aware that Graves knew of his being with Mr. Wharton.

'How did you like Mr. Wharton?'

'Very much. He was very kind to me.'

'How did you get acquainted with him?'

Frank recited the circumstances.

'Why did you leave him as long as he was kind to you?'

'His nephew and the housekeeper accused me of stealing, and discharged me while Mr. Wharton was in Washington?'

'Was the charge a true one?'

'No!' exclaimed Frank, indignantly. 'I never stole in my life.'

'Of course not,' sneered Graves 'Nobody is willing to own that he is a thief.'

'If you mean to insult me, I shall answer no more questions,' said Frank, angrily.

'Well, I don't know that I have any more to ask. You needn't be angry; I will regard you as a paragon of virtue if you want me to.'

'I am not a paragon of virtue, but I don't steal.'

'All right, and all the better for you. Good boys die young, you know.'

'I don't think you were ever in much danger,' said Frank significantly.

The minute he said it he was sorry, fearing that Graves would be offended. But he only laughed.

'You've got a sharp tongue, boy,' he said. 'Never mind, I'll forgive you. The fact is you have hit the nail on the head. I never was good enough to alarm my friends about my health. What was the name of Mr. Wharton's nephew who sent you away?'

'John Wade.'

'I suppose you didn't like him much?'

'I have no reason to.'

'I suppose he was jealous of his uncle's taking so much interest in you?'

'Perhaps so; but it was mean to get up a false charge against me.'

'So it was. But I must bid you good night. I hope you'll have pleasant dreams.'

'Will you let me go to-morrow?'

'Let you go?'

'Yes; from what I have told you, you can judge that there is no advantage in keeping me here. I am only a poor boy who wants nothing more than a chance to earn his living.'

'You don't need to earn your living while you are here.'

'I told you before that I would rather earn my living in the humblest manner, than be kept a prisoner.'

'I'll take your request into consideration, my young friend,' said Graves, again smiling maliciously. 'But the fact is, I've taken a fancy to you. I feel toward you like a father. I can't bear to part with you.'

'It's a strange way to show your fancy for me—to keep me locked up.'

Nathan Graves laughed.

'Well,' he said, 'I'll think of it, and let you know in a few days. Good-night.'

'I don't intend to stay here a few days,' said Frank to himself, as the door was closed and carefully locked by his jailer. 'I won't be here to-morrow night, if there is such a thing as getting away.'

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE ESCAPE.

It was eight o'clock the next morning before Frank's breakfast was brought him. He had heard sounds, as of people walking about, for an hour previous, and rightly judged that the housekeeper had been under the necessity of waiting upon them first.

'I am sorry you have had to wait,' she said, as she appeared at the door with a cup of coffee, and a plate of beefsteak, and toast. I couldn't come up before.'

'I shall have the better appetite,' said Frank. 'Have the men gone away?'

'Yes,'

'All of them?'

'Yes.'

'Then I have something to tell you. Can you wait five minutes?'

'If you wish it.'

'I learned something about myself last night. I was in the closet and heard the man who brought me here talking to another person. May I tell you the story?'

'If you think it will do any good,' said the housekeeper; 'but I cannot help you if that is what you want.'

'I will ask your advice at any rate,' said our hero.

He told the whole story—first that which his supposed mother had revealed to him, next his connection with Mr. Wharton, and finally the purport of Nathan's conversation. As he proceeded, the housekeeper betrayed increased, almost eager interest, and from time to time to time asked him questions, in particular as to the personal appearance of John Wade. When Frank had described him as well as he could, she said in an excited manner:

'Yes, it is—it must be—the same man.'

'The same man!' repeated our hero, in surprise. 'Do you know him?'

'I met him once,'

'Do you know anything about him?'

'I know that he is a wicked man.'

'Do you think I am right in suspecting that he has formed a conspiracy to defraud me?'

'Think so? I am sure of it.'

'How can you be sure? Do you know anything about it?' demanded Frank, in surprise.

'I am afraid that I have helped him to carry out his wicked plan, but I did not know it at the time, or I never would have given my consent.'

'I don't understand you,' said our hero, puzzled. 'Will you tell me what you mean?'

'How old are you?' asked the housekeeper, abruptly.

'Fourteen.'

'Fourteen years ago I was very poor—poor and sick besides. My husband had died, leaving me nothing but the care of a young infant, whom it was necessary for me to support besides myself. Enfeebled by sickness, I was able to earn but little, and we lived in a wretched room in a crowded tenement house. My infant boy was taken sick and died. As I sat sorrowfully beside the bed on which he lay dead, I heard a knock at my door. I opened it and admitted a man whom I afterward learned to be John Wade. He very soon explained his errand. He agreed to take my poor boy, and pay all the expenses of his burial in Greenwood Cemetery, provided I would not object to any of his arrangements. He was willing besides to pay me two hundred dollars for the relief of my necessities. Though I was almost beside myself with grief for my child's loss, and though this was a very favorable proposal I hesitated. I could not understand why a stranger should make me such an offer. I asked him the reason.

''You are in need,' he said, 'and I have the means of relieving you. Is not that sufficient?'

'I shook my head.'

'I am sure,' I said, 'that you have some secret motive in doing me this kindness.'

''Perhaps I have,' he answered. 'Even if this is the case, it is none the less your interest to accept it.'

'I should like to know why it is that you befriend me,' said.

'You ask too much,' he answered, appearing annoyed. 'I have made you a fair offer. Will you accept it, or will you leave your child to have a pauper's funeral?'

'That consideration decided me. For my child's sake I agreed to his proposal, and forebore to question him further. My consent obtained, he fulfilled his part of the agreement. The child was buried at Greenwood, the stranger and myself following as mourners. He provided a handsome rosewood casket for my dear child, but upon the silver plate was inscribed a name that was strange to me—the name of Francis Wharton.'

'Francis Wharton!' exclaimed Frank.

'Yes. I asked the meaning of this. He answered that I had no right to object, having consented to leave all the arrangements in his hands.

''Will it make any difference to your child,' he said, 'that it is buried under another name?'

'I was too weak and sorrowful to make opposition, and my baby was buried as Francis Wharton. Not only this, but a monument is erected over him at Greenwood, which bears this name.'

She proceeded after a pause:

'I did not then understand his object. Your story makes it clear. He wished to have it understood that Francis Wharton, whose life stood between him and a great inheritance, was dead. I think that you are that Francis Wharton, under whose name my boy was buried.'

'How strange!' said Frank, thoughtfully, 'I cannot realize it. But how did you know the name of the man who called upon you?'

'A card slipped from his pocket, which I secured without his knowledge.'

'How fortunate that I met you,' said Frank. 'I mean to let Mr. Wharton know all that I have learned, and then he shall decide whether he will recognize me or not as his grandson. It will be a hard fight, for John Wade is unscrupulous, and he will defeat me if he can.'

'I will help you,' said the housekeeper.

'You will?' exclaimed Frank, joyfully.

'I will,' she answered, firmly. 'I have been the means of helping to deprive you of your just rights, though unconsciously. Now that I know the wicked conspiracy in which I assisted, I will help undo the work.'

'Thank you,' said Frank, extending his hand, which the housekeeper took. 'The first thing is to get out of this place. Can you help me?'

'I cannot open the door of your room. They do not trust me with the key.'

'Then I must get out some other way. The windows are not very high from the ground. I can get down from the outside.'

'You will fall and break your neck, or your limbs,' said the housekeeper, shuddering.

She was a woman, and to her it seemed a formidable and dangerous undertaking.

'I am not afraid; I can swing off,' said Frank, 'but the windows are nailed down. That is the chief difficulty.'

'Then you cannot get out.'

'Yes I can. I can break the sash.'

'Can I help you?'

'Can you give me a hatchet?'

'Yes; there is one below. Will a rope do you any good?'

'Yes; I can tie it to something in the room and let myself down. Then I shall avoid the danger of falling.'

'Will a clothes-line do?'

'Capitally.'

'I will bring you a clothes-line and a hatchet.'

She went below, and quickly re-appeared with the articles she had named.

Frank received them with exultation.

'Before I attempt to escape,' he said, 'tell me where I can meet you in New York. I want you to go with me to Mr. Wharton's. I shall need you to confirm my story.'

'I will meet you to-morrow at No. 15 B—— Street.'

'Shall I get you into trouble with the men here? I should not like to do that.'

'Do not fear. When I leave this house I shall not come back again. It has grown hateful to me. I came here because I had no other resource. Now I have seventy-five dollars which I have saved up from my wages. It will provide for me till I can get other employment.'

'Then we shall meet to-morrow?'

'Perhaps to-night. I shall wait an hour after you are gone, and then I will go myself. Have you any money?'

'No,' answered Frank. 'That is, I have only a few pennies.'

'I will give you five dollars. You will need money.'

'I do not like to take it. You have but little yourself.'

'You shall repay me when you are able.'

'I will take it on that condition.'

'You will not forget the number and street?'

'I have a paper and pencil. I will put it down. What shall I call your name?'

'Mrs. Parker.'

'Thank you. I will get away as quick as possible, and when we are in the city we will talk over our future plans.'

With the help of the hatchet, Frank soon demolished the lower part of the window. Fastening the rope to the bedstead, he got out of the window and safely descended to the ground.

Then with rapid step and but one backward glance, he struck across the fields. When he reached the highway he inquired for the nearest railway station. A long and fatiguing walk lay before him. But at last he reached the cars, and half-an-hour later the ferry at Jersey City.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

NATHAN GRAVES IS OUTWITTED.

Frank thought himself out of danger for the time being, but he was mistaken.

Standing on the deck of the ferry-boat, and looking back to the pier from which it had just started, he met the glance of a man who had intended to take the same boat, but had reached the pier just too late. His heart beat quicker when he recognized in the belated passenger his late jailer, Nathan Graves. The recognition was mutual. As Nathan caught sight of the boy, whom he had left in close imprisonment twenty miles away, he was tempted at first to doubt the evidence of his senses. But it was evident from Frank's surprised look that it was indeed he.

Carried away by his rage and disappointment, he clenched his fist and shook it at his receding victim. As, however, there were many passengers besides our hero on deck, no one knew that he was meant.

'The man is mad because the boat went off without him,' said a man beside Frank, laughing.

Frank laughed, also, perceiving which Graves shook his fist more furiously.

'What a fool he is making of himself,' said the first speaker.

Our hero, without undeceiving him, walked into the cabin. He wanted a chance to deliberate. He knew that Nathan Graves would follow him by the next boat, and it was important that he should not find him. Where was he to go?

He at once understood that he must not walk freely about the streets, as he would be in constant danger of recognition, and though Graves had no right to molest him he did not know to what lengths such an unscrupulous man might go. He might cause his arrest on a false charge of theft, and this would interfere with his plans.

On the whole, he decided to go at once to the address given him by the housekeeper, and there await her arrival, since he was not prepared to carry out his plans until she could co-operate with him.

Meanwhile Nathan Graves was in a state of equal rage, surprise and dismay.

'How could the boy have got away?' he said to himself. 'I can't understand. I left the door fast locked, and I have the key in my pocket. Even if the housekeeper proved treacherous she could not open the door.'

He thought of the windows.

'But the windows are securely nailed,' at once occurred to him.

Speculate as he might, however, one thing was clear, the prisoner had escaped and he must face that fact.

'John Wade will be furious,' thought Nathan. 'I wish I could keep the matter concealed from him, but I don't dare to. He might meet the boy in the street. It is better for me to let him know at once, and take the consequences. But first, I will walk about the streets and see if I can meet the young rascal. If I do I will get him into my hands again by fair means or foul.'

Nathan Graves walked the pier with impatient steps waiting for the arrival of the next boat. It never seemed so long in coming. The other he could see was nearly across. It was too far for him to distinguish the face or form of his late captive, even if the latter had not, as we have recorded, gone into the cabin.

But at last the boat arrived. A crowd entered, and with them Nathan Graves. But there was still a farther trial of his patience. Six minutes elapsed before the boat had discharged its passengers and taken on board a fresh freight, and during this time Nathan paced the forward deck excitedly, looking over to the New York shore as if his unaided sight would enable him to track the movements of the boy of whom he was in pursuit.

'What the devil keeps them here?' exclaimed Nathan to himself. 'Just when I am in the greatest hurry they wait longer than usual. How can I find that young rascal in the crowded streets of New York? While I am detained here he will have ample time to escape. Oh, if I had only been two minutes earlier, and taken passage on the last boat, I'd have given the young beggar a surprise. I'd have taught him to run away.'

But the longest delays do not last forever. Fifteen minutes after Frank set foot on the pier, his enemy also landed. But now the difficult part of the pursuit began. He had absolutely no clue as to the direction which Frank had taken.

'I'll go up to Printing House Square,' he decided. 'He's as likely to go there as anywhere.'

For an hour and a half he walked the streets in the immediate neighborhood of the square, but his labor was without reward. Not a glimpse could he catch of his late prisoner.

'I suppose I must go to see Mr. Wade,' he at last reluctantly decided. 'He may be angry, but he can't blame me. I did my best. I couldn't stand guard over the young rascal all day.'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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JOHN McLEAN.

Montague, May 6, 1885—3m

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General Agent for P. E. Island.
Office, No. 25 Water St., Charlottetown.
December 17, 1884. 1y

What is this Disease that is Coming Upon Us?

Like a thief at night it steals in upon us unawares. Many persons have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back. They feel dull and sleepy; the mouth has a bad taste, especially in the morning. A sort of sticky slime collects about the teeth. The appetite is poor. There is a feeling like a heavy load on the stomach; sometimes a faint all-gone sensation at the pit of the stomach which food does not satisfy. The eyes are sunken, the hands and feet become cold and feel clammy. After a while a cough sets in at first dry, but after a few months it is attended with a greenish colored expectoration. The afflicted one feels tired all the while, and sleep does not seem to afford any rest. After a time he becomes nervous, irritable and gloomy, and has evil forebodings. There is a giddiness, a sort of whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly. The bowels become costive; the skin is dry and hot at times; the blood becomes thick and stagnant; the whites of the eyes become tinged with yellow, the urine is scanty and high-colored, depositing a sediment after standing. There is frequently a spitting up of the food, sometimes with a sour taste, and sometimes with a sweetish taste; this is frequently attended with palpitation of the heart; the vision becomes impaired with spots before the eyes; there is a feeling of great prostration and weakness. All of these symptoms are in turn present. It is thought that nearly one-third of our population has this disease in some of its varied forms. It has been found that medical men have mistaken the nature of this disease. Some have treated it for a liver complaint, others for kidney disease, etc., etc., but none of the various kinds of treatment have been attended with success, because the remedy should be such as to act harmoniously upon each one of these organs, and upon the stomach as well; for in Dyspepsia (for this is really what the disease is) all of these organs partake of this disease and require a remedy that will act upon all at the same time. Seigel's Curative Syrup acts like a charm in this class of complaints, giving almost immediate relief. The following letters from chemists of standing in the community where they live show in what estimation the article is held.

John Archer, Harthill, near Sheffield:—I can confidently recommend it to all who may be suffering from liver or stomach complaints, having the testimony of my customers, who have derived great benefit from the Syrup and Pills. The sale is increasing wonderfully.

Geo. A. Webb, 141 York Street, Belfast:—I have sold a large quantity, and the parties have testified to its being what you represent it.

J. S. Metcalfe, 55 Highgate, Kendal:—I have always great pleasure in recommending the Curative Syrup, for I have never known a case in which it has not relieved or cured, and I have sold many grosses.

Robt. G. Gould, 27 High Street, Andover:—I have always taken great interest in your medicines and I have recommended them, as I have found numerous cases of cure from their use.

Thomas Chapman, West Auckland:—I find that the trade steadily increases. I sell more of your medicines than any other kind.

N. Darroll, Clun, Salop:—All who buy it are pleased, and recommend it.

Jos. Balkwill, A. M. S., Kingsbridge:—The public seem to appreciate their great value.

A. Armstead, Market Street, Dalton-in-Furness:—It is needless for me to say that your valuable medicines have great sale in this district—greater than any other that I know of, giving great satisfaction.

Robert Laine, Mekham:—I can well recommend the Curative Syrup from having proved its efficacy for indigestion myself.

Friockheim, Arbroath, Forfarshire, September 23, 1882.

Dear Sir,—Last year I sent you a letter recommending Mother Seigel's Syrup. I have very much pleasure in still bearing testimony to the very satisfactory results of the famed Syrup and Pills. Most patent medicines die out with me, but Mother Seigel has had a steady sale ever since I commenced, and is still in as great demand as when I first began to sell the medicine. The cures which have come under my notice are chiefly those of liver complaint and general debility.

A certain minister in my neighborhood says it is the only thing which has benefited him and restored him to his normal condition of health after being unable to preach for a considerable length of time. I could mention also a great many other cases, but space would not allow. A near friend of mine, who is very much addicted to costiveness, or constipation, finds that Mother Seigel's Pills are the only pills which suit his complaint. All other pills cause a reaction which is very annoying. Mother Seigel's Pills do not leave a bad after-effect. I have much pleasure in commending again to suffering humanity Mother Seigel's medicines, which are no sham. If this letter is of any service you can publish it.

Yours truly,
(Signed) William S. Glass, Chemist.
A. J. White, Esq. 15th August, 1883.

Dear Sir,—I write to tell you that Mr. Henry Hillier, of Yatesbury, Wilts, informs me that he suffered from a severe form of indigestion for upwards of four years, and took no end of doctor's medicine without the slightest benefit, and declares Mother Seigel's Syrup, which he got from me, has saved his life.

Yours truly,
(Signed) N. Webb,
Mr White. Chemist, Calne
Oct. 1, 1884—tf

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SIMON BOLGER,
Ocean House.
Charlottetown, May 27, 1885—wp 6m

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J. T. HAYES."

Mexia, Texas, June 17, 1882.

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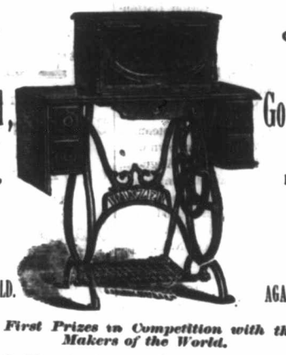

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