



THE
Career of the Stolen Boy,
Charlie.

CHAPTER I.

"I've seen the colors fading
From all that I could prize,
Like day's departing glories
From out the sunset skies.
And full roughly I have ridden
The stormy tide of life,
And long years have passed in struggling
In bitterness and strife."

—T. B. THAYER.

"**C**HARLIE ROSS IS GONE! *Somebody has stolen Charlie Ross!*"
This was the exclamation of Willie Crawford as, with hoop and ball in hand, he rushed into his mother's sitting-room from his play on the street, closely followed by Mrs. Ross.

"Oh, Mrs. Crawford! What shall I do? Some-