

THE DAY STAR IN THE EAST.

Dear friend, I have been thinking of you very much lately. I have been thinking of you very much lately. I have been thinking of you very much lately.

THE CASH BOY.

Frank Fowler's Inheritance.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR. AUTHOR OF "ONLY AN IRISH BOY," "TOM, THE BOATMAN," "THE BILLY OF THE VILLAGE," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

Frank looked to this revelation with wonder. For the first time in his life he asked himself, "Who am I?"

Never in the past had he doubted that Mrs. Fowler was his mother, and he still felt for her a son's affection.

But now there dawned upon him the discovery that he had all his life been under a mistake. He did not even know who he was. He was not entitled to the name he bore.

"How came I by my name, mother?" he asked.

"I must tell you. After the sudden departure of the gentleman who brought you, we happened to think that we had not asked your name. We accordingly wrote to the address which had been given us, making the inquiry. In return we received a slip of paper, containing these words: 'The name is immaterial; give him any name you please.' A. M."

"Have you got that paper?" asked Frank, interested.

"Yes; I was going to destroy it, but your father said no. Look in the upper drawer of my bureau, and you will find it in an old wallet that belonged to Mr. Fowler."

Frank was curious to see the only link that remained to connect him with the past. He followed the direction of the sick woman, and brought out the wallet. The paper, somewhat stained by time, was a half sheet of ordinary note paper. The handwriting was plain and the letters clearly defined.

"May I keep this, mother?" he asked.

"Certainly, Frank."

"You gave me the name of Frank. It was Mr. Fowler's name. We should have given it to you had you been our own boy, as the choice was left to us we selected that."

"It suits me as well as any other. How soon did you leave Brooklyn, mother?"

"In a week we had made all arrangements, and removed to this place. It is a small place but it furnished as much work as my husband felt able to do. With the help of the allowance for your support, we not only got on comfortably, but saved up a hundred and fifty dollars annually, which we deposited in a savings bank. But after five years the money stopped coming. It was the year 1837, the year of the great panic, and among others who failed was Giles Warner's agent from whom we had received our payments. Mr. Fowler went to New York to enquire about it, but only learned that Mr. Warner, weighed down by his troubles, had committed suicide, leaving no clue to the name of the man who left you with us."

"How long ago was that, mother?"

"Seven years ago—nearly eight."

"And you continued to keep me, though the payments stopped?"

"Certainly; you were so dear to us as our own child—we for now had a child of our own—Grace. We should as soon have thought of casting off her as you."

"But you must have been poor, mother?"

"We missed the allowance, but, as I told you, we had saved up a part of it. We had six—nearly seven hundred dollars in the savings bank, for we had not touched the interest. We had to draw upon that, but we were economical, and we got along till your father died, three years ago. Since then it has been hard work."

"I wish I had known this before," said Frank, thoughtfully.

"Why, Frank?"

"I have been at school, when I ought to have been at work. I had no claim on you. You became poor in taking care of me."

"Don't think that, Frank. Though the payments stopped, but five years they supported me more than all you have had a hard time, mother?"

"No harder on your account. You have been a great comfort to me, Frank. I am only anxious for the future, I fear you will not be able to do as well as you did."

"Don't fear, mother. I am young and strong; I am not afraid to face the world with God's help."

"That's right, Frank. Don't lean too much on your own strength, but rely always on God. He will strengthen and support you. He is a very good and kind God."

"I know it, mother. Let us both rest in Him."

After a little pause, Frank said: "I am afraid you have already fallen some three inches, but there is one question I would like to ask. 'What does nothing but the same old thing to show who I am?'"

"I came near forgetting to tell you. There was a little gold locket suspended from your neck by a ribbon. It was small and old-fashioned, and there was no picture in it. It was not customary for a locket to be worn by so small a child, and I was surprised to see it. But I have kept it and I will give it to you. You will find it in a small wooden box in the corner of the upper bedroom drawer."

Frank sought for it, and readily found it in the place indicated.

It was, as Mrs. Fowler had said, small and old-fashioned. Probably the intrinsic value was small, but Frank looked at it with a strange interest. It was, except the paper, the only link between his early and present life. It had perhaps belonged to his mother, whom he had never known. Would he ever know her, or was she no longer on this earth?

"What are you thinking of, Frank?" asked Mrs. Fowler, noticing the boy's fixed look.

"Mother," he said earnestly, "I mean to seek for that man you have told me of. I want to find out who I am. Do you think he was my father?"

"He said he was, but I do not believe it. He speaks with hesitation, and said this to decide on, probably."

"I am glad you think so; I would not like to think my father. From what you have told me of him I am sure I would not like him."

"I did not like him myself," said Mrs. Fowler. "I can't tell why, but there was something about him that repelled me. Besides, I remember just how he looked, and you bear no resemblance to him."

"I wonder if I shall ever meet him?" said Frank, meditatively.

Frank looked to this revelation with wonder. For the first time in his life he asked himself, "Who am I?"

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"That's right, Frank. Don't lean too much on your own strength, but rely always on God. He will strengthen and support you. He is a very good and kind God."

"I know it, mother. Let us both rest in Him."

"No. I hold a mortgage on her furniture, and that is all she has."

"What will become of the children?"

"I observed, day before yesterday, they will be surrendered to find a refuge in the poor-house."

"That's a pity," said Mrs. Pinkerton. They will not be pampered by luxurious food, but will have plain sustenance, which will be better for them."

"What do you think Sam Pomeroy told me, father?"

"I am unable to conjecture what Samuel would be likely to observe, my son."

"He observed that Frank Fowler said he wouldn't go to the poor-house."

"Alas! coughed the deacon. 'The boy will just be committed.'"

"You see, he's so proud as—be he can be. It's enough to make a fellow sick to see what she is getting on."

"Now he always seemed to me like a nice boy," said Mrs. Pinkerton.

"Well, I don't like him," said Tom positively. "He's always putting himself forward. Last week he got the boys to make him captain of the baseball club, when I was the one that formed it. Maybe they won't like it so well when their captain has to be a poor-house."

"It is no sin to be poor," said Mrs. Pinkerton.

"But of course a common pauper can't expect to associate with other boys on equal terms."

"Alas! I agree with Thomas," said the deacon, who had a high opinion of himself and his social position. "The boy should be kept in his place."

"That's what I say, father," said Tom, who desired to obtain his father's cooperation. "You'll make him go to the poor-house, won't you?"

"I shall undoubtedly exercise my authority, if it should be necessary, my son."

"He told Sam Pomeroy that all the deacons Pinkertons in the world couldn't make him go to the poor-house."

"I'll be made that remark, Thomas?"

"Yes, Sam told me so himself. He said he guessed you would find it hard to drive him."

"I will constrain him," said the deacon, in some excitement, for he had a very high idea of his own position, and was angry when his authority was called in question.

"I would if I were you, father," said Tom, who was at the effect of his words. "Just teach him a lesson."

"Really, deacon, you mustn't be too hard upon the poor boy," said his better natured wife. "He's got trouble enough on him."

"I will only constrain him for his good, Jane. In the poor-house he will be well provided for."

"You wouldn't want Tom to go to the poor-house?"

"That is a different matter. I should think it was," said Tom indignantly. "I ain't a pauper."

"You might be if your father should die, and leave you no money."

"I wouldn't go to the poor-house."

"That's the way Frank Fowler feels."

"He's a poor boy."

"Suppose you were a poor boy?"

"I'm different from him."

In this Tom was right, but whether this difference was in his favor may be doubted. However, Tom wasn't strong on logic, and as long as his father was on his side, he did not feel it necessary to be. He had a very decided conviction that he was made of sterner stuff than common boys, and which is shared by a good many boys whose fathers happen to be richer than their neighbors. It happens sometimes that riches take to themselves wings, and then the superiority is not so manifest.

Tom was reassured by his father's declaration that Frank would be compelled to go to the poor-house. Such a disposition of one's brother would be agreeable to Tom for two reasons. First, it would gratify his spite, for he was bitterly disliked Frank. Second, it would remove his rival. For, argued Tom, if he is in the poor-house, the boys will be ashamed to have him captain, and he will be forced to resign. If he doesn't, he will be kicked out. Then, of course, they will take me as they ought to have done in the first place.

So Tom was on the whole pleased with the approaching humiliation of his rival, and his own consequent advancement.

Meanwhile another conversation respecting our hero and his fortunes was held at Sam Pomeroy's home. It was not as handsome as the deacon's, for Mr. Pomeroy was a poor man, but it was a happy one nevertheless, and Mr. Pomeroy, limited as were his means, was far more liberal than the deacon.

"I pity Frank Fowler," said Sam, who was watching the boy with sympathy, and a strong friend of Frank. "I don't know what he will do."

"I suppose his mother left nothing."

"I understand," said Mr. Pomeroy. "That deacon Pinkerton holds a mortgage on her furniture."

"The deacon wants to send Frank and his sister to the poor-house."

"That would be a pity."

"I should think so, but Frank says he won't go."

"I've told there isn't anything else for him. To be sure he may get a chance to work in a shop or on a farm, but Grace can't support herself."

"Father, I want to ask you a favor."

"What is it, Sam?"

"Won't you invite Frank and his sister to come and stay here a week?"

"Just as you may say."

"I say yes. The poor children will be quite welcome. If we were rich enough they might stay with us all the time."

"Deacon Pinkerton is rich enough. The deacon isn't one of the liberal kind. It isn't want of money with him."

"Tom's going to be just like him. None of the boys like him. He's getting strutting round as if he thought he was better than any one else. But his pride will get a fall one day."

"How was that?"

"I should think he might be. He seems to be a good and steady boy."

"That's what he is. It is a shame that such a boy should go to the poor-house. Tom wants him, but saying that the boys will be disappointed with a captain from the poor-house. But even if Frank lost his position Tom wouldn't elect him. The boys wouldn't elect him, though he thinks they would."

"When Frank comes here I will talk over his affairs with him," said Mr. Pomeroy. "Perhaps we can think of some plan for him."

"I wish you could, father."

"In the meantime you can invite him and Grace to come and stay with us a week, or a fortnight. Shall we say a fortnight, wife?"

"All right, father. Thank you."

Sam lost no time in writing Frank. Our young hero was so overcome by sorrow for his mother's death, that he had not had much time to think of his own prospects. Time enough for that when the funeral was over, and the final separation had taken place.

Sam delivered the invitation in a way that made him captain of the baseball club, when I was the one that formed it. Maybe they won't like it so well when their captain has to be a poor-house."

"Thank you, Sam, you are a true friend," he said. "I hadn't begun to think of what we were to do, Grace and I."

"You'll come, won't you?"

"You are sure that it won't trouble your mother, Sam?"

"She is anxious to have you come."

"Then I'll come. I have formed my plans yet, but I must as soon—as soon as mother is buried."

"Father says he will see what can be done for you. You had better talk with him."

"I will, Sam. I think I can earn my living somehow. One thing I am determined about—I won't go to the poor-house."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

How an Editor Proposed.

Editors have their peculiarities as well as other people. They practice and inculcate brevity, which is a virtue. They are absent-minded, which is a failing. It is not strange, then, that one should send a note to his lady love like the following: "Deacon, I have carefully analyzed the feelings I entertain for you, and the result is substantially as follows: I adore you! Will you be mine? Answer, 'Thee' after a moment of thought, he added in a dreamy, absent way: "Write only on one side of the paper. Write plainly and give real names, not necessarily your real name, but as a guarantee of good faith."

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