

# **Bound to Rise OR Up the Ladder**

Horatio Alger

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# Bound to Rise OR Up the Ladder

Horatio Alger

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## PREFACE

We print the following story from Horatio Alger, Jr., ``Bound to Rise," hoping it will reach as many boys of the present day as it did those of the past, and inspire them to work for success, as did the hero of this story.

And \*notice that \*honesty is always the key to any endeavor. Harry Walton and Luke Harrison were two country boys who had the same opportunities to achieve success.

Harry Walton by his efforts succeeded, and Luke Harrison's life was a failure.

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Read this story and you will see what qualities in the one brought about his success, and what in the other caused his downfall.

### CHAPTER I. THE FARMER'S HOME.

“Sit up to the table, children; breakfast's ready.”

The speaker was a woman of middle age, not good looking, but nevertheless she looked good. She was dressed with extreme plainness, in a cheap calico; but though cheap, the dress was neat. The children she addressed were six in number, varying in age from fourteen to four. The oldest, Harry, the hero of the present story, was a broad-shouldered, sturdy boy, with a frank, open face, resolute, though good-natured.

“Father isn't here,” said Fanny, the second child.

“He'll be in directly. He went to the store, and he may stop as he comes back to milk.”

The table was set in the center of the room, covered with a coarse tablecloth. The breakfast provided was hardly of a kind to tempt an epicure. There was a loaf of bread cut into slices, and a dish of boiled potatoes. There was no butter and no meat, for the family were very poor.

The children sat up to the table and began to eat. They were blessed with good appetites, and did not grumble at the scanty fare. They had not been accustomed to anything better.

They had scarcely commenced the meal when the

father entered. Like his wife he was coarsely dressed. His wife looking up perceived that he looked troubled.

“What is the matter, Hiram?” she asked. “You look as if something had happened.”

“Nothing has happened yet,” he answered; “but I am afraid we are going to lose the cow.”

“Going to lose the cow!” repeated Mrs. Walton, in dismay.

“She is sick. I don't know what's the matter with her.”

“Perhaps it is only a trifle. She may get over it during the day.”

“She may, but I'm afraid she won't.”

“What are you going to do?”

“I have been to Elihu Perkins, and he's coming over to see what he can do for her. He can save her if anybody can.”

The children listened, and, young as they were, the elder ones understood the calamity involved in the possible loss of the cow. They had but one, and that was relied upon to furnish milk for the family, and, besides, a small amount of butter and cheese, not for home consumption, but for sale at the store in exchange for necessary groceries. The Waltons were too poor to indulge in these luxuries.

After breakfast Elihu Perkins, the “cow doctor,” came. He was an old man with iron-gray hair, and always wore

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steel bowed spectacles.

“Well, neighbor Walton, so the cow's sick?” he said.

“Yes, Elihu, she looks down in the mouth. I hope you can save her.”

“I kin tell better when I've seen the critter. When you've got through breakfast, we'll go out to the barn.”

“I've got through now,” said Mr. Walton.

“May I go, too, father?” asked Harry, rising from the table.

“Yes, if you want to.”

The three went out to the small, weather-beaten building which served as a barn. It was small, but still large enough to contain all the crops which Mr. Walton could raise.

They opened the small barn door, which led to the part occupied by the cow's stall. The cow was lying down, breathing with difficulty. Elihu Perkins looked at her sharply through his “specs.”

“What do you think of her, neighbor Perkins?” asked the owner, anxiously.

“I think the critter's nigh her end,” he said, at last.

“She looks like Farmer Henderson's that died a while ago: I couldn't save her.”

“Save my cow if you can. I don't know what I should do without her.”

“I'll do my best, but you mustn't blame me if I can't bring her round.”

“I know you can save her if anyone can, Elihu,” said Mr. Walton.

“Yes, I guess I know about as much about them critters as anybody,” said the old man. “Have you got any hot water in the house?”

“I'll go in and see.”

“I'll go, father,” said Harry.

“Well, come right back. We have no time to lose.”

Harry reappeared with a pail of hot water.

“That's right, Harry,” said his father. “Now you'd better go into the house and do your chores, so as not to be late for school.”

Harry would have liked to remain and watch the steps which were being taken for the recovery of the cow; but he knew he had barely time to do the “chores” referred to before school, and he was far from wishing to be late there. He had an ardent thirst for learning, and, young as he was, ranked first in the district school which he attended. Since he was nine years of age, his schooling had been for the most part limited to eleven weeks in the year. So it happened that Harry, though a tolerably good scholar, was deficient in many respects, on account of

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the limited nature of his opportunities.

He set to work at once at the chores. First he went to the woodpile and sawed and split a quantity of wood.

After sawing and splitting what he thought to be sufficient, he carried it into the house by armfuls, and piled it up near the kitchen stove. He next drew several buckets of water from the well, for it was washing day, brought up some vegetables from the cellar to boil for dinner, and then got ready for school.

### CHAPTER II. A CALAMITY.

“The critter's gone,” Elihu Perkins said. “Tain't no use doin' anything more.”

“The cow's dead!” repeated Mr. Walton.

“Yes, the critter's dead!” said Elihu. “It was so to be, and there wa'n't no help for it. That's what I thought from the fust, but I was willin' to try.”

“Wasn't there anything that could have saved her?”

“If she could a-been saved, I could 'ave done it,” he said. “What I don't know about cow diseases ain't wuth knowin'.”

“I s'pose you're right, Elihu,” he said; “but it's hard on me.”

“Yes, neighbor, it's hard on you, that's a fact.

What was she wuth?”

“I wouldn't have taken forty dollars for her yesterday.”

“Forty dollars is a good sum.”

“It is to me. I haven't got five dollars in the world outside of my farm. Somehow it don't seem fair that my only cow should be taken, when Squire Green has got ten, and they're all alive and well. If all his cows should die, he could buy as many more and not feel the loss.”

“Squire Green's a close man. He could give you

a cow just as well as not. If I was as rich as he, I'd do it.”

“I believe you would, Elihu; but there's some difference between you and him.”

“Maybe the squire would lend you money to buy a cow. He always keeps money to lend on high interest.”

Mr. Walton said: “I must have a cow, and I don't know of any other way, but I hate to go to him.”

“He's the only man that's likely to have money to lend in town.”

“Well, I'll go.”

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“Good luck to you, neighbor Walton. Well, I'll be goin', as I can't do no more good.”

Hiram Walton went into the house.

“Is she dead, Hiram?” asked his wife.

“Yes, the cow's dead. Forty dollars clean gone,” he said, rather bitterly.

“Don't be discouraged, Hiram. It's bad luck, but worse things might happen. The house might burn down, or — or some of us might fall sick and die. It's better that it should be the cow.”

“You're right there; but though it's pleasant to have so many children round, we shan't like to see them starving.”

“They are not starving yet, and, please God, they won't yet a while. Some help will come to us. Where are you going, Hiram?” she asked.

“Going to see if Squire Green will lend me money enough to buy another cow.”

Squire Green was the rich man of the town. He had inherited from his father, just as he came of age, a farm of a hundred and fifty acres, and a few

hundred dollars. The land was not good, and far from productive; but he had scrimped and saved, spending almost nothing, till the little money which the farm annually yielded him had accumulated to a considerable sum. Then, too, the squire used to lend money to his poorer neighbors. He took care not to exact more than six per cent openly, but it was generally understood that the borrower must pay a bonus besides to secure the loan, which, added to the legal interest, gave him a very handsome consideration for the use of his spare funds.

The squire had one son, now in the neighborhood of thirty, but he had not been at home for several years. As soon as he attained his majority he left the homestead, and set out to seek his fortune elsewhere. So the old man was left alone, but he did not feel the solitude. He had his gold, and that was company enough.

“Is the squire at home?” Hiram asked, at the back door.

“He's out to the barn,” said Hannah Green, a niece of the old man, who acted as maid of all work.

“I'll go out there.”

Entering, he found the old man engaged in some light work.

“Good-morning, Squire Green.”

“Good-morning, Mr. Walton,” returned the squire.

“How are you gettin' on?”

“I've met with a loss,” answered Hiram Walton.

“You don't say so,” returned the squire, with instant attention. “What's happened?”

“My cow is dead.”

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“I hope it isn't any disease that's catchin',” said

the squire in alarm, thinking of his ten. “It would be a bad job if it should get among mine.”

“It's a bad job for me, squire. I hadn't but one cow, and she's gone.”

“Just so, just so. I s'pose you'll buy another.”

“Yes, I must have a cow. My children live on bread and milk mostly. Then there's the butter and cheese, that I trade off at the store for groceries.”

“Just so, just so. Come into the house, neighbor Walton.”

The squire guessed his visitor's business in advance, and wanted to take time to talk it over. He would first find out how great his neighbor's necessity was, and then, if he accommodated him, would charge him accordingly.

There was a little room just off the kitchen, where the squire had an old-fashioned desk. Here it was that he transacted his business, and in the desk he kept his papers. It was into this room he ushered Mr. Walton.

The squire always felt at home in this office, for it was where he derived most of his pleasure, either by putting through a shrewd deal with one of his neighbors, by gloating over his distorted ideas of success, or by going over his notes and mortgages to determine how soon he would reach another goal in his race for riches.

While the squire usually felt at ease, his victim would be very much perturbed, for he generally knew the reputation of the old man, and expected no mercy from him.

But to return to the deal which now occupied the mind of the squire.

### CHAPTER III. HIRAM'S MOTTO.

“Set down, set down, neighbor Walton,” he said.

“We'll talk this thing over. So you've got to have a cow?”

“Yes, I must have one.”

“Goin' to buy one in town?”

“I don't know of any that's for sale.”

“How much do you calc-late to pay?”

“I suppose I'll have to pay thirty dollars.”

“More'n that, neighbor Walton. You can't get a decent cow for thirty dollars. I hain't got one that isn't wuth more.”

“Thirty dollars is all I can afford to pay, squire.”

“Take my advice, and get a good cow while you're about it. It don't pay to get a poor one.”



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``I'm a poor man, squire. I must take what I can get."

``I ain't sure but I've got a cow that will suit you, a red with white spots. She's a fust-rate milker."

``How old is she?"

``She's turned of five."

``How much do you ask for her?"

``Are you going to pay cash down?" asked the squire.

``I can't do that. I'm very short of money."

``So am I," chimed in the squire. ``Money's tight, neighbor."

``Money's always tight with me, squire," returned Hiram Walton, with a sigh.

``Was you a-meanin' to pay anything down?" inquired the squire.

``I don't see how I can."

``That alters the case, you know. I might as well keep the cow as to sell her without the money down."

``I am willing to pay interest on the money."

``Of course, that's fair. Wall, neighbor, what do you say to goin' out to see the cow?"

``I'll go along with you."

``That's the critter," he said, pointing out one of the cows who was grazing nearby. ``Ain't she a beauty?"

``She looks pretty well," said Mr. Walton. ``What do you ask for her, squire?"

``She's wuth all of forty dollars," answered the squire, who knew perfectly well that a fair price would be about thirty.

``That seems high," said Hiram.

``She's wuth every cent of it; but I ain't nowise partic'lar about sellin' her."

``Couldn't you say thirty-seven?"

``Maybe I'd take thirty-eight cash down."

Hiram Walton shook his head.

``I have no cash," he said. ``I must buy on credit."

``Wall, then, there's a bargain for you. I'll let you have her for forty dollars, giving you six months to pay it, at reg'lar interest, six per cent. Of course, I expect a little bonus for the accommodation. All I want is a fair price for

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my time and trouble. We'll say three dollars extra for the accommodation — three dollars down."

Hiram Walton felt that it was a hard bargain the squire was driving with him, but there seemed no help for it. There was no one else to whom he could look for help on any terms. As to the three dollars,

his whole available cash amounted to but four dollars. But the sacrifice must be made.

"Well, Squire Green, if that is your lowest price, I suppose I must come to it," he answered, at last.

"If so be as you've made up your mind, we'll make out the papers. When do you want to take the cow?"

"I'll drive her along now, if you are willing."

"Why, you see," said the squire, "she's been feedin' in my pastur' all mornin', and I calc'late I'm entitled to the next milkin'. You'd better come around to-night just after milkin', and then you can take her."

"Just as you say," he answered. "I'll come round to-night, or send Harry."

"How old is Harry, now?"

"About fourteen."

"Does he go to school?"

"Yes, he's been going to school all the term."

"He's old enough to give up larnin' altogether. Don't he know how to read and write and cipher?"

"Yes, he's about the best scholar in school."

"Then, neighbor Walton, take my advice and don't send him any more. You need him at home, and he knows enough to get along in the world."

"I want him to learn as much as he can. I'd like to send him to school till he is sixteen."

"He's had as much schoolin' now as ever I had," said the squire, "and I've got along pooty well. I've been seleckman, and school committy, and filled about every town office, and I never wanted no more schoolin'. My father took me away from school when I was thirteen."

"Harry's time is too valuable to spend in the school-room," said the squire.

"I can't agree with you, squire. I think no time is better spent than the time that's spent in learning. I wish I could afford to send my boy to college."

"It would cost a mint of money, and wouldn't pay. Better put him to some good business."

That was the way he treated his own son, and for this and other reasons, as soon as he arrived at man's estate, he left home, which had never had any pleasant associations with him.

"No wonder he's a poor man," thought the squire, after his visitor returned home. "He ain't got no practical ideas. Live and learn! that's all nonsense. His boy looks strong and able to work, and it's foolish sendin' him to school

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any longer. That wa'n't my way, and see where I am," he concluded, with complacent remembrance of his bonds and mortgages and money out at interest. ``That was a pooty good cow trade," he concluded. ``I didn't calc'late for to get more'n thirty-five dollars for the critter; but then neighbor Walton had to have a cow, and had to pay my price."

Now for Hiram Walton's reflections.

``I'm a poor man, but I wouldn't be as mean as Tom Green for all the money he's worth. He's made a hard bargain with me, but there was no help for it."

### CHAPTER IV. THE PRIZE WINNER.

``Are you going to the examination to-day, mother?" asked Harry, at breakfast.

``I should like to go," said Mrs. Walton, ``but I don't see how I can. To-day's my bakin' day."

``I think Harry'll get the prize," said Tom, a boy of ten. He also attended the school, but was not as promising as his oldest brother.

``What prize?" asked Mrs. Walton, looking up with interest.

``The master offered a prize to the scholar that was most faithful to his studies."

``What is the prize?"

``A book."

``When will it be given?"

``Toward the close of the afternoon."

``Maybe I can get time to come in then; I'll try."

``I wish you would come, mother," said Harry, earnestly. ``Only don't be disappointed if I don't get it. I've been trying, but there are some other good scholars.

``You're the best, Harry," said Tom.

``I don't know about that. I shan't count my chickens before they are hatched. Only if I am to get the prize I should like to have mother there."

``I know you're a good scholar, and have improved your time," said Mrs. Walton. ``I wish your father was rich enough to send you to college."

``I should like that very much," said Harry, his eyes sparkling at merely the suggestion.

Just then Mr. Walton came in from the barn.

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“How do you like the new cow, father?” asked Harry.

“She isn't equal to our old one. She doesn't give as much milk within two quarts, if this morning's milking is a fair sample.”

“You paid enough for her,” said Mrs. Walton.

“I paid too much for her,” answered her husband, “but it was the best I could do.”

“Forty-three dollars is a great deal of money to pay for a cow.”

“Not for some cows. Some are worth more; but this one isn't.”

“What do you think she is really worth?”

“Thirty-three dollars is the most I would give if I had the cash to pay.”

“I think it's mean in Squire Green to take such advantage of you,” said Harry.

“You mustn't say so, Harry, for it won't do for me to get the squire's ill will. I am owing him money. I've agreed to pay for the cow in six months.”

“Can you do it?”

“I don't see how; but the money's on interest, and maybe the squire'll let it stay. I forgot to say, though, that last evening when I went to get the cow he made me agree to forfeit ten dollars if I was not ready with the money and interest in six months.”

“It will be better for you to pay and have done with it.”

“Of course. I shall try to do that.”

Meantime Harry was busy thinking. “Wouldn't it be possible for me to earn money enough to pay for the cow in six months? I wish I could do it and relieve father.”

Harry knew that if he should hire out to a farmer for six months the utmost he could expect would be a dollar a week, and it was not certain he could earn

that. Besides, he would probably be worth as much to his father as any one, and his labor in neither case provided money enough to pay for the cow. Obviously that would not answer. He must think of some other way, but at present none seemed open. He sensibly deferred thinking till after the examination.

“Are you going to the school examination, father?” asked our hero.

“I can't spare time, Harry. I should like to go, for I want to know how far you have progressed.

‘Live and learn,’ my boy. That's a good motto, though Squire Green thinks that ‘Live and earn’ is better. “No,” said Mr. Walton; “I am afraid I can't spare time to come to the examination. Are you going, mother?”

“I shall try to go in the last of the afternoon,” said Mrs. Walton.

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“If you will come, mother,” said Harry, “we’ll all help you afterward, so you won’t lose anything by it.”

“I think I will contrive to come.”

The examination took place in the afternoon.

In the afternoon there was quite a fair attendance of parents and friends of the scholars, though some did not come in till late, like Mrs. Walton. Harry eclipsed himself. His ambition had been stirred by the offer of a prize, and he was resolved to deserve it. His recitations were prompt and correct, and his answers were given with confidence. He had selected an extract from Webster — the reply to Hayne — and this was the showpiece of the afternoon. The rest of the declamation was crude enough, but

Harry’s impressed even the most ignorant of his listeners as superior for a boy of his age. When he uttered his last sentence and made a parting bow there was subdued applause, and it brought a flush of gratification to the cheek of our young hero.

“This is the last exercise,” said the teacher, “except one. At the commencement of the term I offered a prize to the scholar that would do the best from that time till the close of the school. I will now award the prize. Harry Walton, come forward.”

Harry rose from his seat and advanced to where the teacher was standing.

“Harry,” said Mr. Burbank, “I have no hesitation in giving you the prize. You have excelled all the other scholars, and it is fairly yours. The book is not of much value, but I think you will find it interesting and instructive. It is the life of the great American philosopher and statesman, Benjamin Franklin. I hope you will read and profit by it, and try, like him, to make your life a credit to yourself and a blessing to mankind.”

“Thank you, sir,” said Harry, bowing low. “I will try to do so.”

Harry received the congratulations of his classmates and others with modest satisfaction, but he was most pleased by the evident pride and pleasure which his mother exhibited, when she, too, was congratulated on his success. His worldly prospects were very uncertain, but he had achieved the success for which he had been laboring, and he was happy.

## CHAPTER V. LOOKING OUT ON THE WORLD.

It was not until evening that Harry had a chance to look at his prize. It was a cheap book, costing probably not over a dollar; but except his school-books, and a ragged copy of “Robinson Crusoe,” it was the only book that our hero possessed. So our young hero looked forward with great joy to the pleasure of reading his new book. He did not know much about Benjamin Franklin, but had a vague idea that he was a great man.

After his evening “chores” were done, he sat down by the table on which was burning a solitary tallow candle, and began to read. His mother was darning stockings, and his father had gone to the village store on an errand.

So he began the story, and the more he read the more interesting he found it. Great as he afterward became, he was surprised to find that Franklin was a poor boy, and had to work for a living. He started out in life on his own account, and through industry, frugality, perseverance and a fixed determination to rise in life, he became a distinguished man in the end, and a wise man also, though his early opportunities were very limited. It seemed to Harry that there was a great similarity between his own circumstances and position in life and those of the great man about whom he was reading, and this made the biography the more fascinating. The hope came to him that,

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by following Franklin's example, he, too, might become a successful man.

His mother, looking up at intervals from her work, noticed how absorbed he was.

“Is your book interesting, Harry?” she asked.

“It's the most interesting book I ever read,” said Harry, with a sigh of intense enjoyment.

“It's about Benjamin Franklin, isn't it?”

“Yes. Do you know, mother, he was a poor boy, and he worked his way up?”

“Yes, I have heard so, but I never read his life.”

“You'd better read this when I have finished it. I've been thinking that there's a chance for me, mother.”

“A chance to do what?”

“A chance to be somebody when I get bigger. I'm poor now, but so was Franklin. He worked hard, and tried to learn all he could. That's the way he succeeded. I'm going to do the same.”

“We can't all be Franklins, my son,” said Mrs. Walton.

“I know that, mother, and I don't expect to be a great man like him. But if I try hard I think I can rise in the world, and be worth a little money.”

“I hope you won't be as poor as your father, Harry,” said Mrs. Walton.

“I hope not,” said Harry. “If I ever get rich, you shan't have to work any more.”

“I am sure you won't let your father and mother want, if you have the means to prevent it,” she said.

“I read in the country paper the other day that many of the richest men in Boston and New York were once poor boys,” said Harry, in a hopeful tone.

“So I have heard,” said his mother.

“If they succeeded, I don't see why I can't.”

“You must try to be something more than a rich man. I shouldn't want you to be like Squire Green.”

“He is rich, but he is mean and ignorant. I don't think I shall be like him. He has cheated father about the cow.”

“Yes, he drove a sharp trade with him, taking advantage of his necessities. I am afraid your father won't be able to pay for the cow six months from now.”

“I am afraid so, too.”

“I don't see how he can possibly save up forty dollars. We are as economical now as we can be.”

“That is what I have been thinking of, mother. There is no chance of father paying the money.”

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“Then it won't be paid, and we shall be worse off when the note comes due than now.”

“Do you think,” said Harry, laying down the book on the table, and looking up earnestly, “do you think, mother, I could in any way earn the forty dollars before it is to be paid?”

“I don't know what you can do, except to hire out to a farmer, and they pay very little.”

“I wasn't thinking of that,” said Harry. “There isn't much chance there.”

“I don't know of any work to do here.”

“Nor I, mother. But I wasn't thinking of staying in town.”

“Not thinking of staying in town!” repeated Mrs. Walton, in surprise. “You don't want to leave home, do you?”

“No, mother, I don't want to leave home, or I wouldn't want to, if there was anything to do here. But you know there isn't. Farm work won't help

me along, and I don't like it as well as some other kinds of work. I must leave home if I want to rise in the world.”

“But you are too young, Harry.”

“I am going on fifteen, and I don't call that very young. And I am strong for my age, too, mother. I am sure I am old enough to take care of myself.”

“But you are young to go out into the world.”

“I don't believe Franklin was much older than I, and he got along.”

“Suppose you are sick, Harry?”

“If I am I'll come home. But you know I am very healthy, mother, and if I am away from home I shall be very careful.”

“But you would not be sure of getting anything to do.”

“I'll risk that, mother,” said Harry, in a confident tone.

“Did you think of this before you read that book?”

“Yes I've been thinking of it for about a month; but the book put it into my head to-night. I seem to see my way clearer than I did. I want, most of all, to earn money enough to pay for the cow in six months. You know yourself, mother, there isn't any chance of father doing it himself, and I can't earn anything if I stay at home.”

“Have you mentioned the matter to your father yet, Harry?”

“No, I haven't. I wish you would speak about it to-night, mother. You can tell him first what makes me want to go. Just mention it, mother, and then I'll talk with him about it to-morrow.”

To this Mrs. Walton agreed, and Harry, after

reading a few pages more in the "Life of Franklin," went up to bed; but it was some time before he slept.

## CHAPTER VI. IN FRANKLIN'S FOOTSTEPS.

"Father," said Harry, the next morning, as Mr. Walton was about to leave the house, "there's something I want to say to you."

"What is it?" asked his father, imagining it was some trifle.

"I want to go away from home."

"Away from home! Where?" asked Mr. Walton, in surprise.

"I don't know where; but somewhere where I can earn my own living. This isn't a very good farm, and it's all you can do to make a living for the rest of us out of it. If I could go somewhere, where I could work at something else, I could send you home my wages."

"I am afraid a boy like you couldn't earn very large wages. People don't give much for boys' work."

"I don't expect much; but I know I can get something, and by and by it will lead to more. I want to help you to pay for that cow you've just bought of Squire Green."

"I don't see how I'm going to pay for it," said Mr. Walton, with a sigh.

"That's just what I'm saying, father. There isn't much money to be got in farming. That's why I want to try something else."

"What put this plan into your head?"

"That book I got as a prize."

"It is the life of Franklin, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Did he go away from home when he was a boy?"

"Yes, and he succeeded, too."

"I know he did. He became a famous man. But it isn't every boy that is like Franklin."

"I know that. I never expect to become a great man like him; but I can make something."

"There's another thing, Harry. It takes money to travel round, and I haven't got any means to give you."

"I don't want any, father. I mean to work my way. I've got twenty-five cents to start with. Now, father, what do you say?"

"I'll speak to your mother about it."



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With this Harry was content. He had a good deal of confidence that he could carry his point with both parents.

He went into the house, and said to his mother:

``Mother, father's going to speak to you about my going away from home. Now don't you oppose it."

``I won't oppose your notion, though I ain't clear about it's being wise."

``We'll talk about that in a few months, mother."

``Has Harry spoken to you about his plan of going away from home?" asked the farmer, when he reentered the house.

``Yes," said Mrs. Walton.

``What do you think?"

``Perhaps we'd better let the lad have his way. He's promised to come home if he's taken sick."

``So let it be, then, Harry. When do you want to go?"

``As soon as I can."

``You'll have to wait till Monday. It'll take a day or two to fix up your clothes," said his mother.

``All right, mother."

``Where do you think of going, Harry? Have you any idea?"

``No, mother. I'm going to trust to luck. I shan't go very far. When I've got fixed anywhere I'll write and let you know."

In the evening Harry resumed the ``Life of Franklin," and before he was ready to go to bed he had got two thirds through with it. To Harry it was not alone the ``Life of Benjamin Franklin." It was the chart by which he meant to steer in the unknown career which stretched before him. He knew so little of the world that he trusted implicitly to that as a guide, and he silently stored away the wise precepts in conformity with which the great practical philosopher had shaped and molded his life.

As the family were sitting around the kitchen table there was heard a scraping at the door, and presently a knock. Mr. Walton answered it in person, and admitted Squire Green.

``How are you, neighbor?" he said. ``I thought I'd just run in a minute to see you as I was goin' by."

``Sit down, Squire Green. Take the rocking chair."

``Thank you, neighbor. How's the cow a-doin'?"

``Middling well. She don't give as much milk as the one I lost."

``She'll do better bymeby. She's a good bargain to

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you, neighbor, and you're lucky to get her so cheap, buyin' on time. What are you doin' there, Harry? School through, ain't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"I hear you're a good scholar. Got the prize, didn't you?"

"Yes," said Mr. Walton; "Harry was always good at his books."

"I guess he knows enough now. You'd ought to set him to work."

"He is ready enough to work," said Mr. Walton.

"He never was lazy."

"That's good. I've been a-thinkin', neighbor Walton, that you'll find it hard to pay for that cow in six months."

"I'm afraid I shall," said the farmer, thinking in surprise, "Can he be going to reduce the price?"

"So I thought mebbe we might make an arrangement to make it easier."

"I should be glad to have it made easier, squire. It was hard on me, losing that cow by disease."

"Of course. Well, what I was thinkin' was, you might hire out your boy to work for me. I'd allow him two dollars a month and board, and the wages would help pay for the cow."

Harry looked up in dismay at this proposition. Were all his bright dreams of future success to terminate in this?

### CHAPTER VII. HARRY'S DECISION.

Mr. Walton paused before replying to his proposition.

"You're a little too late," he said, at last, to Harry's great relief.

"Too late," repeated the squire, hastily. "Why, you hain't hired out your boy to anybody else, have you?"

"No; but he has asked me to let him leave home, and I've agreed to it."

"Leave home? Where's he goin'?"

"He has not fully decided. He wants to go out and seek his fortune."

"He'll fetch up at the poorhouse," growled the squire.

"If he does not succeed, he will come home again."

"It's a foolish plan, neighbor Walton. Take my word for't. You'd better keep him here, and let him work for me."

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“If he stayed at home, I should find work for him on my farm.”

“I wanted to help you pay for that cow,” said the squire, crossly. “If you can't pay for't when the time comes you mustn't blame me.”

“I shall blame no one.”

“You mustn't ask for more time. Six months is a long time to give.”

“I believe I haven't said anything about more time yet,” said Hiram Walton, stiffly. “I don't see that you need warn me.”

“I thought we might as well have an understanding about it,” said the squire. “So you won't hire out the boy?”

“No, I cannot, under the circumstances. If I did

I should consider his services worth more than two dollars a month.”

“I might give him two'n a half,” said the squire, fancying it was merely a question of money.

“How much do you pay Abner Kimball?”

“Wal, rather more than that,” answered the squire, slowly.

“You pay him ten dollars a month, don't you?”

“Wal, somewheres about that; but it's more'n he earns.”

“If he is worth ten dollars, Harry would be worth four or six.”

“I'll give three,” said the squire, who reflected that even at that rate he would be saving considerable.

“I will leave it to Harry himself,” said his father.

“Harry, you hear Squire Green's offer. What do you say? Will you go to work for him at three dollars a month?”

“I'd rather go away, as you told me I might, father.”

“You hear the boy's decision, squire.”

“Wal, wal,” said the squire; “I hope you won't neither on yer regret it.”

His tone clearly indicated that he really hoped and expected they would. “I bid you good-night.”

Harry breathed a deep sigh of relief after Squire Green left the room.

“I was afraid you were going to hire me out to the squire, father,” he said.

“You didn't enjoy the prospect, did you?” said his father, smiling.

“Not much.”

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“The squire didn't seem to like it very well,” said Mrs. Walton, looking up from her mending.

“No, he fully expected to get Harry for little or nothing. It was ridiculous to offer two dollars a month for a boy of his age.”

“I am afraid he will be more disposed to be hard on you when the time comes to pay for the cow. He told you he wouldn't extend the time.”

“He is not likely to after this; but, wife, we won't borrow trouble. Something may turn up to help us.”

“I am sure I shall be able to help you about it, father,” said Harry.

“I hope so, my son, but don't feel too certain. You may not succeed as well as you anticipate.”

“I know that, but I mean to try at any rate.”

### CHAPTER VIII. LEAVING HOME.

Monday morning came, and the whole family stood on the grass plot in front of the house, ready to bid Harry good-bye. He was encumbered by no trunk, but carried his scanty supply of clothing wrapped in a red cotton handkerchief, and not a very heavy bundle at that. He had cut a stout stick in the woods nearby, and from the end of this suspended over his back bore the bundle which contained all his worldly fortune except the twenty-five cents which was in his vest pocket.

“I don't like to have you go,” said his mother, anxiously. “Suppose you don't get work?”

“Don't worry about me, mother,” said Harry, brightly. “I'll get along somehow.”

“Remember you've got a home here, Harry, whatever happens,” said his father.

“I shan't forget, father.”

“Good-bye, mother,” said Harry, feeling an unwonted moistening of the eyes, as he reflected that he was about to leave the house in which he had lived since infancy.

“Good-bye, my dear child,” said his mother, kissing him. “Be sure to write.”

“Yes, I will.”

So with farewell greetings Harry walked out into the world. He had all at once assumed a man's responsibilities, and his face grew serious, as he began to realize that he must now look out for himself.

He walked five miles without stopping. He felt tired, and sat down by the roadside to rest before going further.

Harry walked six miles farther, and then decided that it was time to rest again.

He sat down again beside the road, and untying the handkerchief which contained his worldly possessions, he drew therefrom a large slice of bread and began to eat with evident relish. There was a slice of cold meat also, which he found tasted particularly good.

## Bound to Rise OR Up the Ladder

“I wonder whether they are thinking of me at home,” he said to himself.

Harry rested for a couple of hours, sheltered from the sun by the foliage of the oak beneath which he had stretched himself.

He resumed walking, but we will not dwell upon the details of his journey. At six o'clock he was twenty-five miles from home. He was alarmed by the darkening of the sky. It was evident that a storm was approaching. He looked about him for shelter from the shower, and a place where he could pass the night.

The clouds were darkening, and the shower was evidently not far off. It was a solitary place, and no houses were to be seen nearby. But nearly a quarter of a mile back Harry caught sight of a small house, and jumping over the fence directed his steps toward it. It was not upon a public road, but there was a narrow lane leading to it from the highway. Probably it was occupied by a poor family, Harry thought. Still it would shelter him from the storm which had even now commenced.

He knocked at the door.

Immediately it was opened and a face peered out — the face of a man advanced in years. It was thin, wrinkled and haggard. He demanded, “Who are you?”

“My name is Harry Walton.”

“What do you want?”

“Shelter from the storm. It is going to rain.”

“Come in,” said the old man, and opening the door wider, he admitted our hero.

The old man sat down opposite Harry, and stared at him, till our hero felt somewhat embarrassed and uncomfortable.

Harry knew that the old man must be crazy, or at least a monomaniac, and, though he seemed harmless enough, it was of course possible that he might

be dangerous. He was almost sorry that he had sought shelter here.

The old man had risen, and, taking a teakettle, suspended it over the fire. A monomaniac though he was, he knew how to make tea. Presently he took from the cupboard a baker's roll and some cold meat, and when the tea was ready invited Harry to be seated at the table. Our hero did so willingly.

“What if mother could see me now?” he thought.

Still the rain poured down. It showed no signs of slackening. He saw that it would be necessary to remain where he was through the night.

“Can you accommodate me till morning?” he asked.

“Certainly,” said the old man. “I shall be glad to have you stay here.”

“Very well.”

## Bound to Rise OR Up the Ladder

The supper was plain enough, but it was relished by our young traveler, whose long walk had stimulated a naturally good appetite.

At nine o'clock he began to feel drowsy, and intimated as much to his host. The old man conducted him to an upper chamber, where there was a bed upon the floor.

"You can sleep there," he said.

"Where do you sleep?" asked Harry.

"Down below but I shall not go to bed until late."

"Very well," said Harry. "Good-night."

"Good-night."

"I am glad he is not in the room with me," thought Harry. "I don't think there is any danger, but it isn't comfortable to be too near a crazy man."

### CHAPTER IX. IN SEARCH OF WORK.

When Harry awoke the next morning, after a sound and refreshing sleep, the sun was shining brightly in at the window. He rubbed his eyes, and stared about him, not at first remembering where he was. But almost immediately recollection came to his aid, and he smiled as he thought of the eccentric old man whose guest he was. He leaped out of bed, and, quickly dressing himself, went downstairs. The fire was burning and breakfast was already on the table. It was precisely similar to the supper of the night previous. The old man sat at the fireside smoking a pipe.

"Good-morning," said Harry. "I am up late."

"It is no matter. You have a long journey before you, and it is well to rest before starting."

"Breakfast is ready," said the old man, hospitably.

Harry made a hearty breakfast. When it was over he rose to go.

"I must be going," he said. "Thank you for your kind entertainment. If you would allow me to pay you."

"I do not keep an inn," said the old man, with dignity.

Shaking the old man by the hand, he made his way across the fields to the main road. Looking back from time to time, he saw the old man watching him from his place in the doorway, his eyes shaded by his hand.

"He is the strangest man I ever saw," thought Harry. "Still he treated me kindly."

When he reached the road he saw, just in front of him, a boy of about his own age driving half a dozen cows before him.

"Hello!" he cried, by way of salutation.

## Bound to Rise OR Up the Ladder

“Hello!” returned the country boy. “Where are you going?”

“I don't know. Wherever I can find work,” answered our hero.

The boy laughed. “Dad finds enough for me to do. I don't have to go after it. Haven't you got a father?”

“Yes.”

“Why don't you work for him?”

“I want to work for pay.”

“On a farm?”

“No. I'll work in a shoeshop if I get a chance or in a printing office.”

“Do you understand the shoe business?”

“No; but I can learn.”

“Where did you come from?”

“Granton.”

Here the boy reached the pasture to which he was driving the cows, and Harry, bidding him good-by, went on his way. He felt fresh and vigorous, and walked ten miles before he felt the need of rest. He felt hungry, and the provision which he brought from home was nearly gone. There was a grocery store close at hand, and he went in, thinking that he would find something to help his meal. On the counter he saw some rolls, and there was an open barrel of apples not far off.

For four cents Harry made quite a substantial addition to his meal. As he left the store and walked

up the road, with a roll in his hand, and eating an apple, he called to mind Benjamin Franklin's entrance of Philadelphia with a roll under each arm.

“I hope I shall have as good luck as Franklin had,” he thought.

Walking slowly, he saw, on a small building which he had just reached, the sign, “Post Office.”

“Perhaps the postmaster will know if anybody about here wants a boy,” Harry said to himself.

He entered, finding himself in a small room, with one part partitioned off as a repository for mail matter. He stepped up to a little window, and presently the postmaster, an elderly man, presented himself.

“What name?” he asked.

“I haven't come for a letter,” said Harry.

“What do you want, then?” asked the official.

“Do you know of anyone that wants to hire a boy?”

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“Who's the boy?”

“I am. I want to get a chance to work.”

“What kind of work?”

“Any kind that'll pay my board and a little over.”

“I don't know of any place,” said the postmaster, after a little thought.

“Isn't there any shoeshop where I could get in?”

“That reminds me — James Leavitt told me this morning that his boy was going to Boston to go into a store in a couple of months. He's been pegging for his father, and I guess they'll have to get somebody in his place.”

Harry's face brightened at this intelligence.

“That's just the kind of place I'd like to get,” he said. “Where does Mr. Leavitt live?”

“A quarter of a mile from here — over the bridge. You'll know it well enough. It's a cottage house, with a shoeshop in the back yard.”

“Thank you, sir,” said Harry. “I'll go there and try my luck.”

“Wait a minute,” said the postmaster. “There's a letter here for Mr. Leavitt. If you're going there, you may as well carry it along. It's from Boston. I shouldn't wonder if it's about the place Bob Leavitt wants.”

“I'll take it with pleasure,” said Harry.

It occurred to him that it would be a good introduction for him, and pave the way for his application.

He walked up the street, crossing the bridge referred to by the postmaster, and looked carefully on each side of him for the cottage and shop. As he neared the shop he heard a noise which indicated that work was going on inside. He opened the door and entered.

### CHAPTER X. THE NEW BOARDER.

Harry found himself in a room about twenty-five feet by twenty. There were three persons present. One, a man of middle age, was Mr. James Leavitt, the proprietor of the shop. His son Robert, about seventeen, worked at an adjoining bench. Tom Gavitt, a journeyman, a short, thick-set man of thirty, employed by Mr. Leavitt, was the third.

The three looked up as Harry entered the shop.

“I have a letter for Mr. Leavitt,” said our hero.

“That's my name,” said the eldest of the party.

Harry advanced and placed it in his hands.



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“Where did you get this letter?”

“At the post office.”

“I can't call you by name. Do you live about here?”

“No, I came from Granton.”

“It's from your Uncle Benjamin,” he said, addressing Robert. “Let us see what he has to say.”

“He says he shall be ready to take you the first of September. That's in six weeks — a little sooner than we calculated. I wish it were a little later, as work is brisk, and I may find it difficult to fill your place without paying more than I want to.”

“Won't you hire me?” asked Harry, who felt that the time had come for him to announce his business.

Mr. Leavitt looked at him more attentively.

“Have you ever worked in a shop?”

“No, sir.”

“It will take you some time to learn pegging.”

“I'll work for my board till I've learned.”

“But you won't be able to do all I want at first.”

“Suppose I begin now,” said Harry, “and work for my board till your son goes away. By that time I can do considerable.”

“Better take him, father,” said Robert, who felt that it would facilitate his own plans.

“How much would you want after you have learned?” asked the father.

“I don't know; what would be a fair price?” said Harry.

“I'll give you three dollars a week and board,” said

Mr. Leavitt, after a little consideration — “that is, if I am satisfied with you.”

“I'll come,” said Harry, promptly. He rapidly calculated that there would be about twenty weeks for which he would receive pay before the six months expired. This would give him sixty dollars, of which he thought he should be able to save forty to send or carry to his father.

“How did you happen to come to me?” asked Mr. Leavitt, with some curiosity.

“I heard at the post office that your son was going to the city to work, and I thought I could get in here.”

“Well, we will try you at shoemaking. Robert, you can teach him what you know about pegging.”

## Bound to Rise OR Up the Ladder

“Come here,” said Robert. “What is your name?”

“Harry Walton.”

“How old are you?”

“Fifteen.”

“Did you ever work much?”

“Yes, on a farm.”

“Do you think you'll like shoemaking better?”

“I don't know yet, but I think I shall. I like almost anything better than farming.”

“Robert,” said his father, “go in and tell mother to put an extra seat at the table. She doesn't know that we've got a new boarder.”

Robert went in and informed his mother of the new boarder. It made no difference, for the table was always well supplied.

“This is Harry Walton, mother,” said Mr. Leavitt, “our new apprentice. He will take Bob's place when he goes.”

“I am glad to see you,” said Mrs. Leavitt, hospitably. “You may sit here, next to Robert.”

Accustomed to the painful frugality of the table at home, he regarded this as a splendid dinner, and did full justice to it.

In the afternoon he resumed work in the shop under Robert's guidance. He was in excellent spirits. He felt that he was very fortunate to have gained a place so soon, and determined to write home that same evening.

### **CHAPTER XI. AN INVITATION DECLINED.**

The summer passed quickly and the time arrived for Robert Leavitt to go to the city. By this time Harry was well qualified to take his place. Harry proved to be quicker, if anything, than Robert, though the latter had been accustomed to the work for several years. Mr. Leavitt was well satisfied with his new apprentice.

“Good-by, Harry,” said Robert, as he saw the coach coming up the road to take him to the railroad station.

“Good-by, and good luck!” said Harry.

On Saturday evening, after he had received his week's pay, Luke Harrison, who worked in a shop nearby, met him at the post office.

“Come along, Harry,” he said. “Let us play a game of billiards.”

“You must excuse me,” said Harry.

“Oh, come along,” said Luke, taking him by the arm; “it's only twenty-five cents.”

## Bound to Rise OR Up the Ladder

“I can't afford it.”

“What's the use of being stingy, Harry? Try one game.”

“You can get somebody else to play with you, Luke.”

“Oh, hang it, if you care so much for a quarter, I'll pay for the game myself. Only come and play.”

Harry shook his head.

“I don't want to amuse myself at your expense.”

“You are a miser,” said Luke, angrily.

“I told you once that I had another use for the money.”

He knew he was right, but it was disagreeable to be called a miser. He was too proud to justify himself to Luke, who spent all his money foolishly, though earning considerably larger wages than he.

The day previous he had heard, for the first time, that there was a public library in another part of the town, which was open evenings. Though it was two miles distant, and he had been at work all day, he determined to walk up there and get a book. He felt that he was very ignorant, and that his advance in the world depended upon his improving all opportunities that might present themselves for extending his limited knowledge. This was evidently one.

After his unsatisfactory interview with Luke, he set out for the upper village, as it was called. Forty minutes' walk brought him to the building in which the library was kept. An elderly man had charge of it — a Mr. Parmenter.

“Can I take out a book?” asked Harry.

“Do you live in town?”

“Yes, sir.”

“What is your name?”

“Harry Walton.”

“I don't remember any Walton family.”

“My father lives in Granton. I am working for Mr. James Leavitt.”

“I have no doubt this is quite correct, but I shall have to have Mr. Leavitt's certificate to that effect before I can put your name down, and trust you with books.”

So it seemed his two-mile walk was for nothing. He must retrace his steps and come again Monday night.

He was turning away disappointed when Dr. Townley, of the lower village, who lived near Mr. Leavitt, entered the library.

## Bound to Rise OR Up the Ladder

“My wife wants a book in exchange for this, Mr. Parmenter,” he said. “Have you got anything new in? Ah, Harry Walton, how came you here? Do you take books out of the library?”

“That is what I came up for, but the librarian says I must bring a line from Mr. Leavitt, telling who I am.”

“If Dr. Townley knows you, that is sufficient,” said the librarian.

“He is all right, Mr. Parmenter. He is a young neighbor of mine.”

“That is enough. He can select a book.”

Harry, after a little reflection, selected the first volume of “Rollin's Universal History.”

“That's a good, solid book, Harry,” said the doctor. “Most of our young people select stories.”

“I like stories very much,” said Harry; “but I have only a little time to read, and I must try to learn something.”

“You are a sensible boy,” said the doctor, emphatically. “Most care only for present enjoyment.”

“I have got my own way to make,” said Harry, “and I suppose that is what influences me. My father cannot help me, and I want to rise in the world.”

“You are going the right way to work. Do you intend to take out books often from the library?”

“Yes, sir.”

“It will be a long walk from the lower village.”

“I would walk farther rather than do without the books,”

“I can save you at any rate from walking back. My chaise is outside, and, if you will jump in, I will carry you home.”

“Thank you, doctor. I shall be very glad to ride.”

On the way, Dr. Townley said: “I have a few miscellaneous books which I will lend to you, if you will come in.”

Harry thanked him, and not long afterward availed himself of this considerate proposal.

Once a week regularly Harry wrote home. He knew that his letters would give pleasure to the family, and he never allowed anything to interfere with his duty.

His father wrote: “We are getting on about as usual. The cow does tolerably well, but is not as good as the one I lost. I have not yet succeeded in laying up anything toward paying for her.”

Harry wrote in reply: “Don't trouble yourself, father, about your debt to Squire Green. If I have steady work, and keep my health, I shall have enough to pay it by the time it comes due.”

## CHAPTER XII. THE TAILOR'S CUSTOMER.

At the end of six weeks from the date of Robert's departure, Harry had been paid eighteen dollars. Of this sum he had spent but one dollar, and kept the balance in his pocketbook. He did not care to send it home until he had enough to meet Squire Green's demand, knowing that his father would be able to meet his ordinary expenses.

``See how the fellow dresses," said Luke Harrison to two of his companions. ``His clothes are shabby enough, and he hasn't got an overcoat at all. He hoards his money, and is too stingy to buy one."

``You'd rather get trusted for your clothes than do without them," said Frank Heath, slyly.

``What if I do," said Luke sharply, ``as long as I am going to pay for them?"

``Oh, nothing," said Frank.

By this time Harry had come up.

``Where are you going, Walton?" asked Luke.

``Left your overcoat at home, didn't you?"

Harry colored.

``I did not leave it at home, for I have none to leave."

The tailor, Merrill by name, had a shop over the

dry goods store, and thither Harry directed his steps. There was one other person in the shop, a young fellow but little larger than Harry, though two years older, who was on a visit to an aunt in the neighborhood, but lived in Boston. His name was Maurice Tudor. He had gone into the shop to leave a coat to be repaired.

``How are you, Walton?" he said.

``Pretty well, thank you."

``It's pretty cold for October."

``Yes, unusually so."

``Mr. Merrill," said Harry, ``I should like to inquire the price of an overcoat."

``This is the cheapest goods I have," said the tailor, pointing to some coarse cloth nearby. ``I can make you up a coat from that for eighteen dollars."

``Eighteen dollars!" exclaimed Harry. ``Is that the cheapest you have?"

``The very cheapest. I might take off a dollar for cash. I've got enough of running up bills. There's Luke Harrison owes me over thirty dollars, and I don't believe he means to pay it at all."

``If I buy, I shall pay cash," said Harry, quietly.

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Maurice Tudor was a silent listener to this dialogue. He lingered after Harry went out, and said:

“That's a good fellow.”

“Harry Walton?” repeated the tailor. “Yes, he's worth a dozen like Luke Harrison.”

“He is rather poor, I suppose.”

“Yes. The boys call him mean; but Leavitt tells me he is saving up every cent to send to his father, who is a poor farmer.”

“That's a good thing in him.”

“Yes, I wish I could afford to give him an overcoat. He needs one, but I suppose seventeen dollars will come rather hard on him to pay. If young Walton wants to get an overcoat on credit, I shan't object. I judge something by looks, and I am sure he is honest.”

“Well, good-night, Mr. Merrill. You'll have my coat done soon?”

“Yes, Mr. Tudor. It shall be ready for you tomorrow.”

Maurice Tudor left the tailor's shop, revolving a new idea which had just entered his mind. Now he remembered that he had at his home in the city an excellent overcoat which he had worn the previous winter, but which was now too small for him. As well as he could judge by observing Harry's figure, it would be an excellent fit for him. Why should he not give it to him?

On his way home he overtook our hero, walking slowly, plunged in thought. In fact, he was still occupied with the problem of the needed overcoat.

“Good-evening, Harry,” said young Tudor.

“Good-evening, Mr. Tudor,” answered Harry; “are you going back to the city soon?”

“In the course of a week or two. Mr. Leavitt's son is in a store in Boston, is he not?”

“Yes. I have taken his place in the shop.”

“So I hear. How do you like your new business?”

“Very well. I think I should like better to be in a printing office, but I am glad to get a chance in a shoeshop.”

“I saw you at Merrill's this evening.”

“Yes; I was pricing an overcoat.”

“I bought this one in Boston just before I came away. I have a very good one left from last winter, but it is too small for me. It is of no use to me. If I thought you would accept it, I would offer it to you.”

Harry's heart gave a joyful bound. Here was his great need supplied, and without expense.

“Accept it!” he repeated. “Indeed I will, and thank you for your great kindness.”

## Bound to Rise OR Up the Ladder

“Then I will write home at once to have it sent to me. I also have a suit which I have outgrown; if you wouldn't be too proud to take it.”

“I am not so foolish,” said Harry. “It will be a great favor to me.”

“I thought you would take it right,” said Maurice. “I will also send for the suit.”

Three days later a large bundle, wrapped in brown paper, was brought by the village expressman to Mr. Leavitt's door.

“A bundle for you, Walton,” said the expressman, seeing Harry in the yard.

Harry ran forward and received it.

“What is there to pay?” he asked.

“Nothing,” was the answer. “It was prepaid in the city.”

Harry took it up to his room, and opened it eagerly. First came the promised overcoat. It was of very handsome French cloth, with a velvet collar, and rich silk facings, far higher in cost than any Mr. Merrill would have made for him.

Would it fit? That was a question he tested immediately by trying it on. It fitted as if it had been made for him. Next came, not one, but two complete suits.

After supper Harry, arrayed in his best suit, and wearing the overcoat, walked down to the center of the village.

### **CHAPTER XIII. THE NIGHT SCHOLARS.**

Immediately after Thanksgiving Day, the winter schools commenced. That in the center district was kept by a student of Dartmouth College, who had leave of absence from the college authorities for twelve weeks, in order by teaching to earn something to help defray his college expenses. Leonard Morgan, now a junior, was a tall, strongly made young man of twenty-two, whose stalwart frame had not been reduced by his diligent study.

He had scarcely commenced his school when a happy idea struck him. There were several shoe-shops in the village, each employing from one to three boys, varying in age from fifteen to nineteen. Why could he not form a private class, to meet in the evenings, say for an hour and a half or two hours, to be instructed in advanced arithmetic, or, if desired, in Latin and Greek. He broached the idea to Stephen Bates, the prudential committeeman.

“I don't know,” said Mr. Bates, “what our boys will think of it. I've got a boy that I'll send, but whether you'll get enough to make it pay I don't know.”

“I suppose I can have the schoolhouse, Mr. Bates?”

“Yes, there won't be no objection to that.”

“I'll begin if I can get eight names,” said the young man.

“Then you'd better draw up a notice and put it up in the store and the tavern,” suggested the committeeman.

## Bound to Rise OR Up the Ladder

In accordance with this advice, the young teacher posted up in the two places the following notice: ``EVENING SCHOOL.

``I propose to start an evening school for those who are occupied during the day, and unable to attend the district school. Instruction will be given in such English branches as may be desired, and also in Latin and Greek, if any are desirous of pursuing a classical course. The school will commence next Monday evening at the school house, beginning at seven o'clock. Terms: Seventy cents a week, or five dollars for the term of ten weeks. ``LEONARD MORGAN."

Among those who read this notice with interest was Harry Walton. He had not forgotten his motto, ``Live and learn," and here seemed to be a good opportunity of putting it into practice.

``Are you going to join the class, Walton?" asked Frank Heath.

``Yes," said Harry, promptly.

``Where'll you get the money?" asked Luke Harrison, in a jeering tone.

``I shan't have to go far for it. I don't know enough yet, and never expect to," said Harry.

``Do you mean to go to school when you're a gray-headed old veteran?" asked Frank, jocosely.

``I may not go to school then, but I shan't give up

learning then," said Harry, smiling. ``One can learn without going to school. But while I'm young, I mean to go to school as much as I can."

When Monday evening arrived ten pupils presented themselves, of whom six were boys, or young men, and four were girls. Leonard Morgan felt encouraged. A class of ten, though paying but five dollars each, would give him fifty dollars, which, added to the pay he received for his services during the day, would be quite an acceptable addition to his scanty means.

``I am glad to see so many," he said. ``I think our evening class will be a success. I will go among you, take your names, and ascertain what studies you wish to pursue."

When he came to Harry he asked, ``What do you propose to study?"

``I should like to take up algebra and Latin, if you are willing," answered our hero.

``Have you studied either at all?" inquired the young teacher.

``No, sir; I have not had an opportunity."

``How far have you been in arithmetic?"

``Through the square and cube root."

``Do you think you understand those?"

``I believe so. If you will give me an example I will try."



## Bound to Rise OR Up the Ladder

“If you have been so far, you will have no difficulty with algebra. As to Latin, one of the girls wishes to take up that, and I will put you in the class with her. Have you any book?”

“No, sir. Where can I get one?”

“I will send for one for you, and also an algebra.”

“Thank you.”

A little later, Leonard Morgan came round to the desk at which Harry was sitting.

“I brought a Latin grammar with me,” he said, “thinking it probable someone might like to begin that language. You can use it until yours comes.”

“Thank you,” said Harry; and he eagerly took the book, and asked to have a lesson set, which was done.

“I can get more than that,” he said.

“How much more?”

“Twice as much.”

“If that is the case, I will let you be in a class by yourself.”

“Thank you,” said Harry. “I should like company; but I want to get on fast.”

Still later he recited the double lesson, and so correctly that the teacher's attention was drawn to him.

“That's a smart boy,” he said to himself. “I mean to take pains with him. What a pity he can't go to college!”

## CHAPTER XIV. LOST, OR STOLEN.

Harry learned rapidly. At the end of four weeks he had completed the Latin grammar, or that part of it which his teacher thought necessary for a beginner to be familiar with, and commenced translating the easy sentences in “Andrew's Latin Reader.” He didn't confine his studying to the two hours that he passed in school, but devoted his spare minutes

during the day to preparing himself for recitation.

“You are getting on famously, Harry,” said his teacher. “I never had a scholar who advanced so rapidly before.”

Harry brightened up.

“It is because I like it,” he said.

The young man smiled.

“I should like to be an editor,” said Harry; “but I don't see much prospect of it.”

“Why not?”

## Bound to Rise OR Up the Ladder

“An editor must know a good deal.”

“There are some who don't,” said Leonard Morgan, with a smile. “However, you would like to do credit to the profession, and it is certainly in these modern days a very important profession. There is nothing to prevent your becoming an editor some day, if you strongly desire it. The sooner you begin to prepare yourself for it the better.”

“How can I prepare myself?”

“To begin with, by doing your best to acquire a good education; not only by studying lessons, but by reading as extensively as you are able. An editor should be a man of large information. Have you ever practiced writing compositions?”

“A little; not much.”

“If you get time to write anything, and will submit it to me, I will point out such faults as I may notice.”

“Suppose I take my motto.”

“What is that?”

“‘Live and learn.’”

“Do so, by all means. That is a subject upon

which you may be fairly said to have some ideas of your own.”

In due time Harry presented a composition on this subject. I do not propose to place it on record here. He sent a copy home, and received in reply a letter from his father, expressing surprise and gratification at the excellence of his essay.

But while intent upon cultivating his mind, Harry had not lost sight of the great object which had sent him from home to seek employment among strangers. He had undertaken to meet the note which his father had given Squire Green in payment for the cow, and he felt confident that he could do it, if his health and business continued good. By the first of December he had saved up thirty-three dollars toward this object. By the middle of January the note would come due. So he had every reason to believe that he could carry out his scheme.

He was waited upon by Luke Harrison on the first day of December, and asked to join in a grand sleighing excursion to a town ten miles distant.

“It's no use talking, Luke; I can't go.”

This conversation took place as they were walking home from the store in the evening. Harry pulled out his handkerchief suddenly from his pocket, and with it came his pocketbook, containing all his savings. He didn't hear it fall; but Luke did, and the later, moreover, suspected what it was. He did not call Harry's attention to it, but, falling back, said: “I've got to go back to the store. I forgot something. Good-night.”

“Good-night!” said Harry, unsuspectingly.

Luke stooped swiftly while our hero's back was

turned, and picked up the pocketbook. He slipped it into his own pocket, and, instead of going back to the store, went to his own room, locked the door, and then eagerly pulled out the pocketbook and counted the contents.

“Thirty–three dollars!” he said to himself, in exultation. “What a miser that fellow is! It serves him right to lose his money.”

## CHAPTER XV. AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

“What I find is mine,” he said to himself. “Of course it is. Harry Walton deserves to lose his money.”

How should he dispose of it?

It has already been said that Luke was fond of new clothes. He wanted to re–establish his credit with Merrill, for he was in want of a new coat, and knew that it would be useless to order one unless he had some money to pay on account. He decided to use a part of Harrys' money for this purpose. He therefore put the pocketbook into his trunk, and carefully locked it. Then he went to bed.

Meanwhile, Harry reached Mr. Leavitt's, unconscious of the serious misfortune which had befallen him, and at ten o'clock took his lamp and went up to bed. While he was undressing he felt in his pocket for his money, intending to lock it up in his trunk as usual. His dismay may be conceived when he could not find it.

Poor Harry sank into a chair with that sudden

sinking of the heart which unlooked–for misfortune brings, and tried to think where he could have left the pocketbook, or how he could have lost it. He did not generally carry it round with him, but that evening he found himself under the necessity of buying a necktie at the store, and so had taken it from his trunk. Could he have left it on the counter? No; he distinctly remembered replacing it in his pocket. What could have become of it? He felt the need of consulting with somebody, and with his lamp in his hand went downstairs again.

“Are you sick, Harry?” asked Mrs. Leavitt.

“You're looking dreadfully pale.”

“I've lost my pocketbook,” said Harry. “That is, I can't find it.”

“How much was there in it?” asked his employer.

“Thirty–three dollars,” answered Harry. “It was all the money I had.”

“Whew! that's a good deal of money to lose. I shouldn't want to lose so much myself. When did you have it last?”

Harry told his story, Mr. Leavitt listening attentively.

“You are sure you didn't leave it at the store, on the counter? I left my wallet there one night.”

“I am certain I put it in my pocket.”

“And you came right home?”

“Yes.”

## Bound to Rise OR Up the Ladder

“Alone?”

“No; Luke Harrison came with me.”

“What was he talking about?”

“He wanted me to join in a sleighing party of young folks.”

“What did you say?”

“I said I couldn't afford it. Then he charged me with being a miser, as he often does. He left me at Deacon Brewster's. He said he must go back to the store that he had forgotten something.”

“There's something queer about this,” said Mr. Leavitt, shrewdly. “Do you want my advice?”

“Yes; I wish you would advise me, for I don't know what to do.”

“Then go to the store at once. Ask, but without attracting any attention, if Luke came back there after leaving you. If you find that Luke's excuse was false, and that he did not go back, go at once to his boarding place, and ask him whether he saw you drop the pocketbook. You might have dropped it, and he picked it up. That will give him a chance to restore it.”

“Suppose he says no?”

“Then we must watch whether he seems flush of money for the next few days. But there will be time for that to-morrow.”

This seemed to Harry good advice. He put on his hat and coat, and retraced his steps to the store, carefully looking along the road to see if he could descry anything of the lost pocketbook.

“I thought you went home, Harry,” said Frank Heath.

“You see I am here again,” said our hero, evading a reply. “Is it late?”

Frank Heath took out his watch, for which he had recently traded, and announced that it was ten o'clock.

“Time to shut up shop,” said Mr. Meade, the store

keeper. “You boys will have to adjourn till tomorrow.”

“Where's Luke Harrison?” asked Frank Heath.

“Didn't he go out with you?”

“Yes; but he left me some time ago. He came back here, didn't he?”

“No; he hasn't been here since.”

“He spoke of coming,” said Harry. “He wanted me to join that sleighing party.”

“Are you going to?”

## Bound to Rise OR Up the Ladder

“I can't afford it, Frank.”

“I suppose I ought not to spend the money,” said Frank Heath; “but I'm always in for a good time. I guess I'll have to go.”

“Good-night, boys,” said the storekeeper, significantly.

They took the hint and went out. Their way lay in different directions, and they parted company.

Luke Harrison boarded with a Mr. Glenham, a carpenter, and it was at his door that Harry knocked.

“Is Luke Harrison at home?” he inquired of Mrs. Glenham, who opened the door.

“At home and abed, I reckon,” she replied, looking surprised at his late call.

“I would like to see him,” said Harry.

“Can't you wait till to-morrow morning? I was just going to lock up for the night.”

“I know it's late, Mrs. Glenham, but it is about a matter of importance that I wish to see Luke. I won't stay but a minute.”

“Well, I suppose you can go up. His room is at the head of the stairs.”

Harry went upstairs and knocked. Ordinarily,

Luke would have been asleep, for generally he sank to sleep five minutes after his head touched the pillow; but to-night the excitement of his dishonest intention kept him awake, and he started uneasily when he heard the knock at the door.

“Who's there?” he called out from his bed.

“It's I — Harry Walton.”

“I'm in bed,” he answered.

“I want to see you a minute, on a matter of importance,” said Harry.

“Come to-morrow morning.”

“I must see you now.”

“Oh, well, come in, if you must,” said Luke, getting out of bed reluctantly, and admitting his unwelcome visitor.

### CHAPTER XVI. A DENIAL.

“You seem to be in an awful hurry to see me,” said Luke, grumbling. “I was just getting to sleep.”

“I've lost my pocketbook,” said Harry. “Have you seen it?”

## Bound to Rise OR Up the Ladder

“Do you mean to charge me with taking it?” demanded Luke.

“I haven't said anything of the sort,” said Harry; “but you were with me, and I thought you might have seen it drop out of my pocket.”

“Of course I haven't seen it. Was that all you woke me up about?”

“Is that all? You talk as if it was a little thing losing thirty–three dollars.”

“Thirty–three dollars!” repeated Luke, pretending to be surprised.

“You'd better look in the road, or you might have left it in the store.”

“No, I didn't. I bought something there, but I remember distinctly putting back my pocketbook before I went out.”

“Well,” said Luke, yawning, “I wish I could help you; but I can't. Good–night.”

“What success, Harry?” inquired Mr. Leavitt, who had deferred going to bed in order to hear his report.

“None at all,” answered Harry, and related his interview with Luke.

“Is there anything by which you can identify any of the bills?”

“Yes,” answered Harry, with sudden recollection,

“I dropped a penful of ink on one of the bills — a two–dollar note — just in the center. I had been writing a letter, and the bill lay on the table nearby.”

“Good!” said Mr. Leavitt. “Now, supposing Luke has taken this money, how is he likely to spend it?”

“At the tailor's, most likely. He is always talking about new clothes; but lately he hasn't had any because Merrill shut down on him on account of an unpaid bill.”

“Then you had better see Merrill privately, and ask him to take particular notice of any bills that Luke pays him.”

“If Luke is innocent, I shall feel ashamed of having suspected him.”

“Innocence must often be suspected, or guilt would never be detected. It is the only way to get on the track of the missing bills.”

Harry saw that this was reasonable, and decided to call on Merrill the next day. In a few words he communicated his loss, and the fact that the only person with him at the time was Luke Harrison.

“I haven't much opinion of Luke. He owes me a considerable bill.”

“He prefers your clothes to Hayden's, and if he has the money, he will probably come here and spend some of it.”

“Suppose he does, what do you want me to do?”

“To examine the bills he pays you, and if you find an ink spot in the center of one, let me know.”

## Bound to Rise OR Up the Ladder

“I understand. I think I can manage it.”

“My money was mostly in ones and twos.”

“That may help you a little. I will bear it in mind.”

Two days later Luke Harrison met Harry.

“Have you found your money, Walton?” he asked.

“No, and I am afraid I never shall,” said our hero, shaking his head.

“What do you think has become of it?”

“That’s just what I would like to find out,” said Harry. “I suppose that I must have been very careless.”

“Of course you were. I never lose any money. Are you going to do anything about it?”

“What can I do about it?”

“He’s given it up,” said Luke to himself. “I think I can venture to use some of it now. I’ll go round to Merrill’s this evening, and see what he’s got in the way of pants.”

Accordingly he strolled into Merrill’s that evening

“Got any new cloths in, Merrill?” asked Luke.

“You’re owing me a bill.”

“How much is it?”

“Some over thirty dollars.”

“I can’t pay it all, but I’ll tell you what I’ll do. I’ll pay you fifteen dollars on account, and you can make me a new pair of pants. Will that answer?”

“All right. Of course, I’d rather you’d pay the whole bill. Still I want to be accommodating.”

“Let me look at your cloths.”

The tailor displayed a variety of cloths, one of which suited Luke’s fancy.

“I like that,” he said. “Make me a pair off of that.”

Luke gave directions, and then took a roll of bills from his pocket.

“Here’s fifteen dollars,” he said. “Just credit me with that on the bill.”

Merrill proceeded to count the money, which consisted of ones and twos, and instantly came to the conclusion that it was from Harry’s missing pocketbook, particularly as he came upon the identical note with the blot in the center.

## Bound to Rise OR Up the Ladder

“When will you have the pants done?”

“You may call round in two or three days.”

“Just make 'em in style, Merrill, and I'll send all my friends here.”

“My young friend,” soliloquized the tailor, watching his exit, “you have walked into my trap neatly. Coleman” — turning to a young man present at the time — “did you see Luke Harrison pay me this money?”

“Yes; to be sure.”

“Do you see this blot on one of the bills a two?”

“I don't see what there is strange about that. Anybody might get ink on a bill, mightn't he?”

“Of course.”

“The bill's just as good, isn't it?”

“Of course it is.”

Coleman was puzzled. He could not understand why he should have been called upon to notice such a trifle; but the tailor had his reasons, though he did not choose to divulge them just at present.

### CHAPTER XVII. IN THE TAILOR'S POWER.

“Is that the bill you spoke of, Walton?” asked the tailor, on Harry's next visit to the shop.

“Yes,” said Harry, eagerly. “Where did you get it?”

“You can guess.”

“From Luke Harrison?”

“Yes; he paid me, last evening, fifteen dollars on account of his bill. This note was among those he paid me.”

“It is mine. I can swear to it.”

“The rest of the money was yours, no doubt. It is in ones and twos. Luke has been caught in a trap.”

“What shall I do, Mr. Merrill?”

“The money is yours, and I will restore it to you after seeing Luke. I will send for him to be here at seven o'clock this evening.”

“Suppose he denies giving you the bill?”

“I am prepared for that.”

As Luke was at work in his shop that day, the tailor's boy came in with a note.



## Bound to Rise OR Up the Ladder

“This is for you, Luke,” he said.

Luke opened it, and read as follows:

“Will you call at my shop at seven this evening, about the pants you ordered? HENRY MERRILL.”

“Tell your father I’ll come,” said Luke.

“I suppose,” he thought, “Merrill wants to consult me about something. I hope he’ll hurry them up.”

At seven o’clock he entered the tailor’s shop once more.

“Well, Merrill, what do you want to see me about?” he asked.

“Luke,” said Mr. Merrill, looking him steadily in the eye, “where did you get that money you paid me on account?”

“Where did I get the money?” repeated Luke, flushing. “From the man I work for, to be sure.”

“Will you swear to that?”

“Can’t you take my word?”

“I may as well tell you that Harry Walton recognizes one of the bills as part of the money he lost the other evening.”

“He does, does he?” said Luke, boldly. “That’s all nonsense. Bills all look alike.”

“This one has a drop of ink just in the center. He remembered having dropped a blot upon it one evening when he was writing a letter.”

“Do you mean to say I stole ‘em?” demanded Luke, angry, but also secretly frightened.

“It looks like it, unless you can explain how you came by the blotted bill.”

“I don’t believe I paid you the bill. Very likely it was someone else.”

“I thought you would say that, so I called Coleman’s attention to it as soon as you were gone. However, if your employer admits paying you the bills, of course you are all right.”

Luke remembered very well he was paid in fives, and that such an appeal would do him no good.

“Does Walton know this?” he asked, sinking into a chair, and wiping the perspiration from his brow.

“Yes; he suspected you, and asked me to look out for a blotted two.”

“I’d like to choke him!” said Luke, fiercely. “The miserly scoundrel!”

“It seems to me that he is quite justified in trying to recover his money. What have you done with the rest of it?”

“Tell me what will be done to me,” said Luke, sullenly. “I only picked it up when he dropped it in the road.”

## Bound to Rise OR Up the Ladder

“Why didn't you tell him you found it?”

“I meant to give it to him after a while. I only wanted to keep it long enough to frighten him.”

“That was dangerous, particularly as you used it.”

“I mean to give him back other money. I was hard up, and so I used it for a short time.”

“I don't think that excuse will avail you in a court of justice.”

“Court of justice!” repeated Luke, turning pale.

“He won't have me taken up, will he?”

“He will unless you arrange to restore all the money.”

“I've paid you part of it.”

“That I shall hand over to him. Have you the rest?”

“I've spent a few dollars. I've got eight dollars left.”

“You had better give it to me.”

Reluctantly, Luke drew out his pocketbook, and passed over the eight dollars to Mr. Merrill.

“So far, so good,” said the tailor. “Now when will you pay the rest?”

“In a few weeks,” said Luke.

“That won't do. How much do you earn a week?”

“Fifteen dollars.”

“How much do you pay for board?”

“Four dollars.”

“Then you will be able to pay eleven dollars at the end of this week.”

“I can't get along without money,” said Luke, doggedly.

“You will have to till you pay back the money, unless you prefer appearing before a court of justice. I believe you owe me over thirty dollars. When are you going to pay it?”

There was a significance in his tone, which arrested Luke's attention.

“I'll pay you as soon as I can,” he said. “I haven't got any money now.”

“You are fully able to pay for your clothes promptly, and I advise you to do it.”

## Bound to Rise OR Up the Ladder

“I'll pay you as soon as I can.”

“If you neglect to do it, I may as well tell you that

I shall let it be known that you stole Walton's pocketbook. The whole story would be told, and people might think as they pleased. But it is much better for you to avoid all this by paying your bills.”

Luke Harrison left the tailor's shop in a very unhappy and disgusted frame of mind. The prospect of paying his debts under compulsion was far from agreeable, and he cursed his folly in so soon making use of Harry Walton's money.

“If I had only had the sense to wait till it blew over,” he said to himself, “I should have escaped all this. I didn't think Merrill would act so mean.”

That was his way of looking at it.

“Now I'm in for paying his infernal bill besides,” he continued. “It's too bad.”

Just then he came upon Frank Heath, who hailed him.

“Luke, I was just looking for you. Come and play a game of billiards.”

“If you'll promise not to beat me. I haven't got a cent of money.”

“You haven't? What have you done with those bills you had this afternoon?”

“I've paid 'em over to Merrill,” said Luke, hesitating. “He was in a deuced stew about his bill.”

“Don't you owe him any more? Have you paid all up?”

“Not quite.”

“When are your new pants going to be ready — those you told me about?”

“I don't know,” said Luke, with a pang of disappointment.

“Merrill's making them, isn't he?”

“He agreed to; but now he says he won't, till I have paid the whole bill.”

“Seems to me your credit ain't very good, Luke.”

“It's good enough, but he's hard up for money. I guess he's going to fail. If you'll lend me a couple of dollars, I'll go around and have a game.”

Frank Heath laughed.

“You'll have to go to someone else, Luke,” he said. “Perhaps you're going to fail, too.”

Luke passed a disagreeable evening, feeling that he was a victim of ill luck. It did not occur to him that the ill luck was of his own bringing on.

## CHAPTER XVIII. THE COMING OF THE MAGICIAN.

Harry was not a little rejoiced at the recovery of so large a portion of his lost money, and the prospect of getting back the rest. He foresaw that there would be some embarrassment in meeting him, but he resolved, not by look or word, to suggest what had happened. Accordingly when, the day afterward, he met Luke on the bridge, he said, pleasantly,

“Good-morning, Luke.”

“Good-morning,” said Luke stiffly.

“He’ll get over it when he finds I don’t speak of it,” thought Harry.

On Saturday evening, according to his arrangement, Luke was to have paid the surplus of his wages, after meeting his board bill, to Mr. Merrill, for Harry. But he did not go near him. On Mon

day the tailor, meeting him, inquired why he had not kept his agreement.

“I had my wages loose in my pocket, and managed to lose them somehow. I’ve looked everywhere, and can’t find the money.”

“That is very singular,” said the tailor, suspiciously.

“Why is it singular?” asked Luke. “Didn’t Harry Walton lose his money?”

“Where do you think you lost the money?” asked Merrill.

“I’m sure I don’t know,” said Luke.

“Well,” said Merrill, dryly, “I hope you will take better care of your wages next Saturday evening.”

“I don’t believe a word of what he says about losing his money,” said the tailor, privately, to Harry. “I think it’s only a trick to get rid of paying you.”

“Don’t you think he’ll pay me?” asked Harry, anxiously.

“He won’t if he can help it,” was the answer.

“He’s a slippery customer. I believe his money is in his pocket at this moment.”

He intended to run away, leaving all his creditors in the lurch. This was the “new way to pay old debts,” which occurred to Luke as much the easiest. Besides, he would have the satisfaction of leaving the tailor and Harry, both of whom he hated, to whistle for their money.

The next Saturday evening, Mr. Merrill waited in vain for a call from his debtor.

On Monday morning he learned that Luke had left town without acquainting any one with his destination. It transpired, also, that he was owing at

his boarding house for two weeks’ board. He was thus enabled to depart with nearly thirty dollars, for parts

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unknown.

“He has evidently been saving up money to help him out of town. Probably he has gone to some other place where there are shoeshops; but I am afraid that won't give us a very definite clew. Some time we may get upon his track, and compel him to pay up.”

“That won't do me much good,” said Harry, despondently. And then he told the tailor why he wanted the money.

“You'll have most of it ready, won't you?”

“I think I will.”

“No doubt this man that sold your father the cow will wait for the balance.”

“I don't know about that,” said Harry, doubtfully.

“I would lend you the money myself,” said the tailor, “but I've got a heavy payment to meet, and some of my customers are slow pay, though I have not many as bad as Luke Harrison.”

“Thank you, Mr. Merrill,” said Harry. “I am as much obliged to you as if you could lend me the money.”

The very next day Mr. Leavitt received a message from the wholesale dealer to whom he sold his shoes that the market was glutted and sales slow.

“I shall not want any more goods for a month or two,” the letter concluded. “I will let you know when I need more.”

Mr. Leavitt read this letter aloud in the shop.

“So it seems we are to have a vacation,” he said.

This was a catastrophe for which Harry was not

prepared. Twenty-three dollars were all that he had saved from the money lost.

“Do you think I can get into any other shop in town?” he inquired anxiously of Mr. Leavitt.

“You can try, Harry; but I guess you'll find others no better off than I.”

He devoted the next day to going round among the shops; but everywhere he met with unfavorable answers.

“It seems as if all my money must go,” thought Harry. “First the ten dollars Luke Harrison stole. Then work stopped. I don't know but it would be better for me to go home.”

“I won't give up yet,” said Harry, pluckily. “I must expect to meet with some bad luck. I suppose everybody does, first or last. Something'll turn up for me, if I try to make it.”

During his first idle day, Harry's attention was drawn to a handbill which had been posted up in the store, the post the tavern, and other public places in the village. It was to this effect: PROFESSOR HENDERSON, THE CELEBRATED MAGICIAN, Will exhibit his wonderful feats of Magic and Sleight-of-Hand in the Town Hall this evening, commencing at eight o'clock. In the course of the entertainment he will amuse the audience by his

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wonderful exhibition of Ventriloquism, in which he is unsurpassed.

Tickets 25 Cents. Children under twelve, 15 cents.

Such was the notice which attracted Harry's attention.

“Are you going to the exhibition, Walton?” asked Frank Heath.

“I don't know,” said Harry.

“Better come. It'll be worth seeing. The professor's stopping at the tavern. Come over and we may see him,” said Frank.

Harry felt some curiosity to see the magician, and accompanied his companion thither.

### CHAPTER XIX. THE VENTRILOQUIST.

The boys went into the public room of the tavern.

“The magician isn't here,” said Harry.

“Hush, he is here!” said Frank, in a low voice, as the door opened, and a tall, portly man entered the room.

Professor Henderson — for it was he walked up to the bar. Then he glanced leisurely round the apartment. Finally his eyes rested on Harry and his companion. Apparently his attention was fixed by our hero, for he walked up to him, and said:

“Young man, I would like to speak to you.”

“All right, sir,” said Harry, in surprise.

“If you are not otherwise occupied, will you accompany me to my room?”

“Certainly, sir,” returned Harry, in fresh wonder, which, it is needless to say, was shared by Frank Heath.

“Sit down,” said the magician; and he seated himself in a chair, waving Harry to another.

“I'll tell you at once what I want of you. If you are not occupied, I want you to take tickets at the door of the hall tonight. Can you do it?”

“Yes, sir,” said Harry, promptly.

“It seems easy enough,” said the professor; “but not every one can do it rapidly without making mistakes. Are you quick at figures?”

“I am usually considered so,” said our hero. “I always liked arithmetic.”

“I won't ask you whether you are honest, for you would say so, of course. I judge from your face, which is an honest one. I have traveled a good deal, and I am a good judge of faces, I flatter myself.”

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“You shall not be disappointed, sir.”

“I know that, in advance. Now, tell me if you are at work, or do you attend school?”

“I have been at work in a shoeshop in this village, sir.”

“I’ll take you in my employ if you have no objection to travel.”

Objection to travel. Who ever heard of a boy of fifteen who had an objection to travel?

“But will your parents consent? That is the next question.”

“My father consented to have me leave home, as there was nothing to do there, and he will have no objection to my earning my living in any honest way.”

“Well, my young friend, I can assure you that my way is an honest one, though I frankly confess I do my best to deceive the people who come to my entertainments.”

“What is it you want me to do, sir?”

“Partly what you are going to do to-night — take tickets at the door; but that is not all. I have to carry about considerable apparatus, and I need help about arranging it. Sometimes, also, I need help in my experiments.”

“Do you think I am old enough, sir?” asked Harry.

“How old are you?”

“Fifteen.”

Harry’s fifteenth birthday had recently passed.

“I have no doubt you will answer my purpose. There is nothing very hard to do.”

“How much pay do you give, sir?”

“A practical question,” said the professor, smiling. “To begin with, of course I pay traveling expenses, and I can offer you five dollars a week besides. Will that be satisfactory?”

“Yes, sir,” said Harry, his heart giving a great throb of exultation.

“Can you get ready to start with me to-morrow morning?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Then it is settled. Be here at ten o’clock. But it is time you were at the hall. I will give you a supply of small bills and change, as you may have to change some bills.”

“This wallet contains twenty dollars,” he said.

“Of course you will bring me back that amount, in addition to what you take at the door this evening.”

``Very well, sir."

When Frank Heath and his companion went over

to the Town Hall they found Harry busily engaged in making change.

``Hello, Walton!" said Frank. ``Are you treasurer of this concern?"

``It seems so," said Harry.

``You'll let in your friends for nothing, won't you?"

``Not much," said Harry. ``I charge them double price."

``Well, here's your money."

Harry was kept busy till ten minutes after eight. By that time about all who intended to be present were in the hall, and the magician was gratified by seeing that it was crowded.

``Ladies and gentlemen," he began, ``let me thank you before I commence for your large attendance this evening. I assure you, apart from its effect upon my purse, I am truly gratified to find my efforts to amuse you so kindly welcomed. Without further preface, I will proceed to the business of the evening."

## **CHAPTER XX. HARRY'S LETTER.**

During Harry's absence, the little household at Granton had got along about as usual. They lived, as it were, from hand to mouth, never having a dollar to spare.

There was one neighbor who watched their progress sharply, and this was Squire Green. It will be remembered that he had bound Mr. Walton to for

feit ten dollars, if, at the end of six months, he was not prepared to pay the forty dollars and interest which he had agreed to pay for the cow. As a bonus of three dollars had already been paid, this would give him thirteen dollars for the use of the cow for six months, which, considering the value of the animal, was exorbitant.

One morning Squire Green accosted Mr. Walton as he was passing his house, the squire being at work in his own front yard.

``How is that cow a-doin'?"

``Pretty well."

``She's a good cow."

``Not so good as the one I lost."

``You're jokin', now, neighbor. It was my best cow. I wouldn't have sold her except to obleege. Le' me see, how long is it since I sold her to ye?"

Though the squire apparently asked for information, he knew the time, to a day, and was not very likely to forget



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when it expired.

“It's between four and five months, I believe.”

“You'd better be a-savin' up for it.”

“There isn't much chance of my saving. It's all I can do to make both ends meet.”

“But you work out, don't you?”

“When I get a chance. You don't want any help, do you, squire? I might work off part of the debt that way.”

“No, I don't want nothin' done now. Mebbe next spring I'd like some help. What do you hear from that boy of yours? Is he doin' well?”

“He's at work in a shoeshop.”

“He'd better have gone to work for me,” he said.

“No, I think he will do better away from home. He will get a good trade that he can fall back upon hereafter, even if he follows some other business.”

“Wal, I never learned no trade, but I've got along middlin' well,” said the squire, in a complacent tone. “Farmin's good enough for me.”

“Well, I must be going on to the store. Good-morning.”

“Good-mornin'.”

“He evidently intends to keep me to my agreement, and will exact the ten dollars in case I can't pay for the cow at the appointed time. I hope Harry will succeed better in life than I have. I'm not without things to be thankful for; but it's hard to be so pinched for money.”

“This was not the day for a letter from Harry, but it occurred to Mr. Walton to call at the post office. Contrary to his anticipations, a letter was handed him.

“I won't open it till I get home,” he said to himself.

“I've got a letter from Harry,” he said, as he entered the house. “I haven't opened the letter yet. Here, Tom, open and read it aloud.”

Tom opened the letter and read as follows:

“Dear Father: — I must tell you, to begin with, that I have been compelled to stop work in the shoeshop. The market is overstocked, and so the trade has become very dull.”

“Of course, I felt quite bad when Mr. Leavitt told me this, for I feared it would prevent my helping you pay for the cow, as I want so much to do. I went round to several other shops, hoping to get

in elsewhere; but I found it impossible. Still, I have succeeded in getting something to do that will pay me better than work in the shop. You will be surprised when you find out what it is. So, to relieve your suspense, I will tell

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you that I have engaged as assistant to Professor Henderson, the famous magician and ventriloquist, and am to start to-morrow morning on a traveling tour with him."

"Assistant to a magician!" exclaimed Mrs. Walton. "Well, of all things! What does the boy know about magic?"

Tom proceeded: "I am to take money at the door in the different places where the professor gives his entertainments. Besides, I am to help him arrange his apparatus, and so on. You know I've never been round any, and I shall like traveling and seeing new places. Professor Henderson is very kind, and I think I shall like him. He pays my traveling expenses and five dollars a week, which is nearly twice as much money as I got from Mr. Leavitt. I hope, yet, to be able to pay for the cow when the money comes due. Love to all at home. HARRY."

"P. S. — You may direct your next letter to me at Concord, as we shall be there in a few days. I will write as often as I get a chance, and let you know how I am getting along."

"He is fortunate to find employment at once," said his father; "though, of course, something which he can follow steadily is better. But the pay is good, and I am glad he has got it."

"How long it seems since Harry was at home," said his mother. "I wish I could see him."

Tom reported to his boy companions that Harry

was traveling with a magician, and so excited their envy and admiration.

## CHAPTER XXI. A STRANGE COMPANION.

At ten o'clock the next day Harry presented himself at the hotel. He carried in his hand a carpetbag lent him by Mr. Leavitt, which contained his small stock of under-clothing. His outside suits he left at Mr. Leavitt's.

"I see you are on time," said the professor.

"Yes, sir; I always mean to be."

"That's well; now if you'll jump into my buggy with me, we will ride round to the Town Hall, and take in my apparatus. I have to keep a carriage," said the magician, as they rode along. "As a general thing, the places at which I give entertainments are near together, and my horse answers my purpose."

They drew up in front of the Town Hall, and in a short time the apparatus was transferred to a trunk in the back part of the buggy, and securely locked.

"Would you like to drive?"

"Yes, sir," answered Harry, with alacrity.

"I am going to give an entertainment in Holston this evening," said his new employer. "Were you ever there?"

"No, sir."

"It is a smart little place, and, although the population is not large, I always draw a full house."

His companion leaned back at his ease, and talked

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socially on various subjects. He paused a moment, and Harry was startled by hearing a stifled child's voice just behind him: "Oh, let me out! Don't keep me locked up here!"

The reins nearly fell from his hands. He turned, and heard the voice apparently proceeding from the trunk.

The truth flashed upon Harry. His companion was exerting some of his powers as a ventriloquist.

"Oh, it is you, sir," he said, smiling.

His companion smiled.

"You are right," he said.

"I don't see how you can do it," said Harry, in admiration. "It was perfectly natural."

"Practice, my boy."

A week later, Harry reached a brisk manufacturing place which I will call Centreville. In company with his employer he drove over from a neighboring town, and, according to custom, put up at the village hotel. He assisted the professor during the afternoon to get ready the hall for his evening performance, and, at half-past five, took his seat at the supper table.

Just as Harry began to eat he lifted his eyes and started in surprise as he recognized, in his opposite neighbor, Luke Harrison. Precisely at the same moment, Luke also looked up, and the recognition was mutual. Luke was disagreeably startled at Harry's sudden appearance. Not knowing his connection with Professor Henderson, he fancied that our hero was in quest of him, and not being skilled in the law, felt a little apprehension as to what course he might take.

"How are you, Walton?" he said.

"I am well," said Harry, coldly.

"How do you happen to be in this neighborhood?"

"On business," said Harry, briefly.

Luke jumped to the conclusion that the business related to him, and, conscious of wrong-doing, felt disturbed.

"You left us rather suddenly," said Harry. "No one knew where you had gone."

"Why, yes," said Luke, hesitating. "I had reasons. I'll tell you about it after supper."

As Harry rose from the table Luke rose, also, and joined him.

"Come upstairs to my room, Walton," he said, "and have a cigar."

"I'll go upstairs with you, but I don't smoke."

He led the way into a small apartment on the top floor.

"This is my den," he said. "There isn't but one chair; but I'll sit on the bed. When did you reach town?"

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“About noon.”

“Are you going to stop long?”

“I shall stay here till I get through with my errand,” answered Harry, shrewdly; for he saw what Luke thought.

Luke looked a little uneasy.

“By the way, Walton,” he said, “I believe I owe you a little money.”

“Yes; I believe so.”

“Here are five dollars,” he said; “I’ll pay you the rest as soon as I can — in a week or two.”

Harry took the bank note with secret self-congratulation, for he had given up the debt as bad.

“I am glad to get it,” he said. “I have a use for all my money. Are you working in this town?”

“Yes. The shoe business is carried on here considerably. Are you still working for Mr. Leavitt?”

“No; I have left him.”

“What are you doing?”

“I’m traveling with Professor Henderson.”

“What, the magician?”

“Yes.”

“And is that what brought you to Centreville?” asked Luke, quickly.

“Yes.”

“I thought,” answered Luke, evasively, “that you might be looking for work in some of the shoeshops here.”

“Is there any chance, do you think?”

“No, I don’t think there is,” said Luke, hastily.

“Then I shall probably stay with the professor for the present.”

“What do you do?”

“Take tickets at the door and help him before-hand with his apparatus.”

“You’ll let me in free, to-night, won’t you?”

“That isn’t for me to decide. It isn’t my entertainment.”

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“What a fool I was to pay him that five dollars!” thought Luke, regretfully. “If I hadn't been such a simpleton, I should have found out what brought him here, before throwing away nearly all I had.”

This was the view Luke took of paying his debts. He regarded it as money thrown away. Apparently, a good many young men are of a similar opinion. This was not, however, according to Harry's code, and was never likely to be. He believed in honesty and integrity. If he hadn't I should feel far less confidence in his ultimate success.

“I think I must leave you,” said Harry, rising.

“The professor may need me.”

“Does it pay as much as Leavitt did?”

“Rather more.”

“I wouldn't mind trying it myself. Do you handle all the money?”

“I take the money at the door.”

“I suppose you might keep back a dollar or so every night, and he'd never know the difference.”

“I don't know. I never thought about that,” said Harry, dryly.

“Oh, I remember, you're one of the pious boys,” sneered Luke.

“I'm too pious to take money that doesn't belong to me, if that's what you mean,” said Harry.

“Do you mean that for me?” Luke demanded, angrily.

“Mean what for you?”

“That about keeping other people's money,” blustered Luke.

“I wasn't talking about you at all. I was talking about myself.”

“I don't believe in people that set themselves up to be so much better than anybody else.”

“Do you mean that for me?” asked Harry, smiling.

“Yes, I do. What are you going to do about it?”

“Nothing,” said Harry, quietly, “except to deny

that I make any such claims. Shall you come around to the hall to-night?”

“Perhaps so.”

“Then I shall see you. I must be going now.”

He went out, leaving Luke vainly deploring the loss of the five dollars which he had so foolishly squandered in paying his debt.

## CHAPTER XXII. IN THE PRINTING OFFICE.

“Harry,” said the professor after breakfast the next morning, “I find we must get some more bills printed. You may go around to the office of the Centreville Gazette and ask them how soon they can print me a hundred large bills and a thousand small ones.”

“All right, sir. Suppose they can't have them done by the time we are ready to start?”

“They can send them to me by express to the next place.”

“Very well, sir.”

Harry was rather glad to do this errand. He had never been into a printing office; but he had a great curiosity to do so ever since he had read the “Life of Benjamin Franklin.” If there was any one in whose steps he thought he should like to follow it was Franklin, and Franklin was a printer.

He had no difficulty in finding the office. It was in the second story of a building just at the junction of two roads near the center of the town. He ascended a staircase and saw on the door, at the head of the stairs:

“CENTREVILLE GAZETTE.”

He opened the door and entered. He saw a large room, containing a press at one end, while two young men, with paper caps on their heads, were standing in their shirt sleeves at upright cases, setting type. On one side there was a very small office partitioned off. Within, a man was seen seated at a desk, with a pile of exchange papers on the floor, writing busily. This was Mr. Jotham Anderson, publisher and editor of the Gazette, and foreman of the printing office.

“I want to get some printing done,” said Harry.

“For yourself?”

“No; for Professor Henderson.”

“I've done jobs for him before. What does he want?”

Our hero explained.

“Very well; we will do it.”

“Can you have it done before two o'clock?”

“Impossible. I am just bringing out my paper. It is published to-morrow.”

“When can you have the job finished?”

“To-morrow noon.”

“I suppose that will do. We perform to-morrow at Berlin, and they can be sent over to the hotel there.”

“You say `we,' ” commented the editor, slightly smiling. “Are you and Professor Henderson business partners?”

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“Not exactly,” answered Harry, amused, “I take tickets and assist him generally.”

“How do you like the business?”

“Very well; but I should like your business better.”

“What makes you think so?”

“I have been reading the ‘Life of Benjamin Franklin.’ He was a printer.”

“That’s true; but I’m sorry to say Franklins are scarce in our printing offices. I never met one yet.”

“I shouldn’t expect to turn out a Franklin; but I think one couldn’t help being improved by following the business.”

“What did you do before; or was that your first situation?”

“I was pegger in a shoeshop.”

“Didn’t you like that?”

“Well enough; but I don’t think I should like to be a shoemaker all my life. It doesn’t give any chance to learn.”

“Then you like learning?”

“Yes. ‘Live and Learn’ — that is my motto.”

“It is a very good one. Do you ever mean to be a printer?”

“If I get a chance.”

“You may come into my office on the first of April, if you like. One of my men will leave me by the first of May. If you are a smart boy and really wish to learn the business, you can break in so as to be useful in four weeks.”

“I should like that,” said Harry; “but,” he added, with hesitation, “I am poor, and could not afford to work for nothing while I was learning.”

“I’ll tell you what I’ll do, then,” said the editor

“I’ll give you your board for the first month, on condition that you’ll work for six months afterward

for two dollars a week and board. That’s a fair offer. I wouldn’t make it if I didn’t feel assured that you were smart, and would in time be valuable to me.”

Harry stopped to consider.

“I’ll come,” said he, at length; “that is, if my father does not object.”

“Quite right. I should not like to have you act contrary to his wishes. I suppose, for the present, you will remain with Professor Henderson.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Very well. Let me hear from you when you have communicated with your father.”

“Yes, sir.”

Harry left the office plunged in thought. It came upon him with surprise, that he had engaged himself to learn a new business, and that the one which he had longed to follow ever since he had become acquainted with Franklin's life.

When he returned to the hotel he told the professor what he had done.

“I am glad you are not going at once,” said his employer, “for I should be sorry to lose you. I generally give up traveling for the season about the first of April, so that I shall then be ready to release you. I commend your choice of a trade. Many of our best editors have been practical printers in their youth.”

“I should like to be an editor, but I don't know enough.”

“Not at present, but you can qualify yourself to become one — that is, if you devote your spare time to reading and studying.”

“I mean to do that.”

“Then you will have a fair chance of becoming what you desire. To a certain extent, a boy, or young man, holds the future in his own hands.”

Harry wrote to his father at once in regard to the plan which he had in view.

“If you desire to be a printer, Harry, I shall not object,” replied his father. “I do not suppose it will ever make you rich. If you determine to win success you probably will. If you should leave your present place before the first of April, we shall be very glad to have you come home, if only for a day or two. We all miss you very much — your mother, particularly. Tom doesn't say much about it, but I know he will be as glad to see you as the rest of us.”

Harry read this letter with great pleasure, partly because it brought him permission to do as he desired, and partly because it was gratifying to him to feel that he was missed at home.

## CHAPTER XXIII. THE YOUNG TREASURER.

On the morning after receiving the letter from his father, Harry came down to breakfast, but looked in vain for the professor. When he had nearly finished eating, a boy employed about the hotel came to his side.

“That gentleman you're with is sick. He wants you to come to his room as soon as you are through breakfast.”

Harry did not wait to finish, but at once went up to his employer's room.

“Are you sick, sir?” he inquired, anxiously.

The professor's face was flushed, and he was tossing about in bed.

“Yes,” he answered. “I am afraid I am threatened with a fever.”



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“I hope not, sir.”

“I am subject to fevers; but I hoped I might not have another for some time to come.”

“What can I do for you, sir?”

“I should like to have you go for the doctor. Inquire of the landlord who is the best in the village.”

“I will go at once.”

On inquiry our hero was informed that Dr. Parker was the most trusted physician in the neighborhood, and he proceeded to his house at once. The doctor was, fortunately, still at home, and answered the summons immediately. He felt the sick man's pulse, and asked him a variety of questions.

“Do you think I shall be long sick?”

“That is uncertain. I suppose you will be likely to be detained here a fortnight, at least.”

“I wish I could go home.”

“It would not be safe for you to travel, under present circumstances.”

“If I were at home I could be under my wife's care.”

“Can't she come here?”

“She has three young children. It would be difficult for her to leave them.”

“Who is the boy that called at my house?”

“Harry Walton. He is my assistant — takes money at the door and helps me in other ways.”

“Is he trustworthy?”

“I have always found him so.”

“Why can't he attend upon you?”

“I mean to retain him with me that is, if he will stay. It will be dull work for a boy of his age.”

“You can obtain a nurse, besides, if needful.”

“You had better engage one for me, as I cannot confine him here all the time.”

“I will do so. I know of one, skillful, experienced, who is just now at leisure. I will send her round here this morning.”

“What is her name?”

“Not a very romantic one Betsy Chase.”

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“I suppose that doesn't prevent her being a good nurse,” said the professor, smiling.

“Not at all.”

Here Harry entered the room.

“Harry,” said the professor, “the doctor tells me I am going to be sick.”

“I am very sorry, sir,” said our hero, with an air of concern.

“I shall probably be detained here at least a fortnight. Are you willing to remain with me?”

“Certainly, sir. I should not think of leaving you, sick and alone, if you desired me to stay. I hope I can make myself useful to you.”

“You can. I shall need you to do errands for me, and to sit with me a part of the time.”

“A nurse will be here this afternoon,” said the doctor. “Until she comes you will be in attendance here.”

“Yes, sir.”

“I will direct you what to do and how often to administer the medicines. Can you remember?”

“Yes, sir; I shall not forget.”

After the doctor was gone Professor Henderson said: “As soon as the nurse comes I shall want you to ride over to the next town, Carmansville, and countermand the notices for an exhibition to-night. I shall not be able to give entertainments for some time to come. Indeed, I am not sure but I must wait till next season.”

“How shall I go over?” asked Harry.

“You may get a horse and buggy at the stable and drive over there. The road is a little winding, but I think you won't lose your way.”

“Oh, I'll find it,” said Harry, confidently.

It was not till three o'clock that the nurse made her appearance, and it was half-past three before Harry started on his way.

“You need not hurry home,” said the professor.

“In fact, you had better take supper at the hotel in Carmansville.”

Harry left the room, and was soon on his way to Carmansville. Once he got off the road, which was rather a perplexing one, but he soon found it again. However, it was half-past five before he reached the village, and nearly an hour later before he had done the errand which brought him over. Finally, he came back to the tavern, and, being by this time hungry, went in at once to supper. He did full justice to the meal which was set before him. The day was cold, and his cold ride had stimulated his appetite.

When he sat down to the table he was alone; but a minute afterward a small, dark-complexioned man, with heavy black whiskers, came in, and sat down beside him.

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“It's a pretty cold day,” he remarked.

“Very cold,” said Harry. “I am dreading my ride back to Pentland;”

“Do you live over there?”

“No; I am there for a short time only,” Harry replied.

“I am in the employ of Professor Henderson, the ventriloquist.”

“Professor Henderson! Why, he is going to give an entertainment here to-night, isn't he?”

“He was; but I have come over to countermand the notice.”

“What is that for?”

“He is taken sick at Pentland, and won't be able to come.”

“Oh, that's it. Well, I'm sorry, for I should like to have gone to hear him. So you are his assistant, are you?”

“I take money at the door, and help him with his apparatus.”

“Have you been with him long?”

“Only a few weeks.”

“So you are his treasurer, are you?” asked the stranger, smiling.

“Ye-es,” said Harry, slowly, for it brought to his mind that he had one hundred-and fifty dollars of the professor's money in his pocket, besides the pocketbook containing his own. He intended to have left it with his employer, but in

the hurry of leaving he had forgotten to do so.

“However,” he said, reassuring himself, “there is nothing to be afraid of. Country people are not robbers. Burglars stay in the cities. I have nothing to fear.”

He rose from the table, followed by the stranger.

“Well,” said the latter, “I must be going. How soon do you start?”

“In a few minutes.”

“Well, good-night.”

“Good-night.”

“He seems inclined to be social,” thought Harry,

“but I don't fancy him much.”

## CHAPTER XXIV. "HELD UP."

Harry was soon on his way home. It was already getting dark, and he felt a little anxious lest he should lose his way.

He had gone about two miles, when he came to a place where two roads met. There was no guide-board, and he could not remember by which he had come. Luckily, as he thought, he descried a man a little ahead. He stopped the horse and hailed him.

“Can you tell me which road to take to Pentland?” he asked.

The man addressed turned his head, and, to his surprise, our hero, recognized his table companion at the inn.

“Oh, it's you, my young friend!” he said.

“Yes, sir. Can you tell me the right road to Pentland? I have never been this way before today, and I have forgotten how I came.”

“I'm thinking of going to Pentland myself,” said the other. “My sister lives there. If you don't mind giving me a lift, I will jump in with you, and guide you.”

“Jump in, sir,” he said. “There is plenty of room.”

The stranger was speedily seated at his side.

“Take the left-hand road,” he said.

Harry turned to the left.

“It's rather a blind road,” observed the stranger.

“I don't remember this road,” said Harry, anxiously. “Are you sure we are right?”

“Yes, yes, we are right. Don't trouble yourself.”

“The road didn't seem so lonely when I came over it this afternoon.”

“Oh, that's the effect of sunshine. Nothing seems lonely in the daytime. Turn down that lane.”

“What for?” asked Harry, in surprise. “That can't be the road to Pentland.”

“Never mind that. Turn, I tell you.”

His companion spoke fiercely, and Harry's mind began to conceive alarming suspicions as to his character. But he was brave, and not easily daunted.

“The horse and carriage are mine, or, at least, are under my direction,” he said, firmly, “and you have no control over them. I shall not turn.”

“Won't you?” retorted the stranger, with an oath, and drew from his pocket a pistol. “Won't you?”

## Bound to Rise OR Up the Ladder

“I will not,” said Harry, pale, but determined.

“Then I will save you the trouble,” and his companion snatched the reins from him, and turned the horse himself. Resistance was, of course, useless, and our hero was compelled to submit.

“Produce your pocketbook.”

Harry had two pocketbooks. The one contained his own money — about forty dollars the other the money of his employer. The first was in the side pocket of his coat, the second in the pocket of his pants. The latter, as was stated in the preceding chapter, contained one hundred and fifty dollars. Harry heartily repented not having left it behind, but it was too late for repentance. He could only hope that the robber would be satisfied with one pocketbook, and not suspect the existence of the other. There seemed but little hope of saving his own money. However, he determined to do it, if possible.

“Hurry up,” said the stranger, impatiently. “You needn't pretend you have no money. I know better than that. I saw you pay the landlord.”

“Then he saw the professor's pocketbook,” thought Harry, uneasily.

“I hope you will leave me some of the money,” said Harry, producing the pocketbook. “It is all I have.”

“How much is there?”

“About forty dollars.”

“Humph! that isn't much.”

“Can't you leave me five dollars?”

“No, I can't. Forty dollars are little enough to serve my turn.”

So saying, he coolly deposited the pocketbook in the pocket of his pants.

“Will you let me go now, sir?”

“I have not got through my business yet. That's a nice overcoat of yours.”

“I am a small person,” proceeded the man with black whiskers, “scarcely any larger than you. I think it'll be a good fit.”

“You've got an overcoat of your own, sir,” he said. “You don't need mine.”

“Oh, I wouldn't rob you of yours, on any account. A fair exchange is no robbery. I am going to give mine in exchange for yours.”

The stranger's coat was rough and well worn, and, at its best, had been inferior to Harry's coat.

“I should think you might be satisfied with the pocketbook,” he said. “I hope you will leave me my coat.”

## Bound to Rise OR Up the Ladder

“Off with the coat, youngster!” was the sole reply. “First get out of the buggy. We can make the exchange better outside.

As opposition would be unavailing, Harry obeyed. The robber took from him the handsome overcoat, the possession of which had afforded him so much satisfaction, and handed him his own

“Fit you as if it was made for you,” said the stranger, with a short laugh. “Yours is a trifle slow for me, but I can make it go. No, don’t be in such a hurry.”

He seized Harry by the arm as he was about to jump into the carriage.

He produced a ball of cord from a pocket of his inside coat, and with a knife severed a portion.

“Do you know what this is for?” he asked, jeeringly.

“No.”

“Say ‘No, sir.’ It’s more respectful. Well, I’ll gratify your laudable curiosity. It’s to tie your hands and feet.”

“I won’t submit to it,” said Harry, angrily.

“Won’t you?” asked the other, coolly. “This is a very pretty pistol, isn’t it? I hope I shan’t have to use it.”

“What do you want to tie my hands for?” asked Harry.

“For obvious reasons, my young friend.”

“I can’t drive if my hands are tied.”

“Correct, my son. I don’t intend you to drive tonight. Give me your hands.”

Harry considered whether it would be advisable to resist. The stranger was not much larger than himself. He was a man, however, and naturally stronger. Besides, he had a pistol. He decided that it was necessary to submit.

“Now,” said the stranger, setting him up against the stone wall, which bordered the lane, “I will bid you good–night. I might take your horse, but, on the whole, I don’t want it. I will fasten it to this tree, where it will be all ready for you in the morning. That’s considerate in me. Good–night. I hope you are comfortable.”

He disappeared in the darkness, and Harry was left alone.

## CHAPTER XXV. THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

Harry’s reflections, as he lay on the ground, were not the most cheerful. He was sitting in a constrained posture, his hands and feet being tied, and,

moreover, the cold air chilled him. The cold was not intense, but as he was unable to move his limbs he, of course, felt it the more.

The horse evidently began to feel impatient, for he turned round and looked at our hero, as much as to say, “Why are we stopping here? Why don’t you keep on?”

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“I wish somebody would come this way,” thought Harry, and he looked up and down the lane as well as he could, but could see no one.

The horse whinnied again, and again looked inquiringly at his young driver, but the latter was not master of the situation, and was obliged to disregard the mute appeal.

“I wonder the robber didn't carry off the horse,” thought Harry. “I suppose he had his reasons. It isn't likely he left it out of regard for me.”

Two hours passed, and Harry still found himself a prisoner. No person had passed, nor had he heard any sound as he lay there, except the occasional whinny of the horse, which was tied as well as himself, and did not appear to enjoy his confinement any better.

It was at this moment that Harry's heart leaped with sudden hope, as he heard in the distance the sound of a whistle. It might be a boy, or it might be a man; but, as he listened intently, he perceived that it was coming nearer.

“I hope I can make him hear,” thought Harry, earnestly.

It was a boy of about his own age, who was advancing along the road from which he had turned into the lane. The boy was not alone, as it appeared,

for a large dog ran before him. The dog first noticed the horse and buggy, and next our hero, lying on the ground, and, concluding that something was wrong, began to bark violently, circling uncomfortably near Harry, against whom he seemed to cherish hostile designs.

“What's the matter, C<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>sar?” shouted his young master.

There was another volley of barks, which seemed likely to be followed by an attack. Just at this moment, however, luckily for our hero, the dog's master came up.

“Why, C<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>sar,” he called, “what is the matter with you?”

“Please take your dog away,” said Harry. “I am afraid he will bite me.”

“Who are you?” inquired the boy, in surprise.

“Come and untie these cords, and I will tell you.”

“What! are you tied?”

“Yes, hand and foot.”

“Who did it?” asked the boy, in increasing surprise.

“I don't know his name, but he robbed me of my pocketbook before doing it.”

“What, a robber around here!” exclaimed the boy, incredulous.

“Yes; I met him first over in Carmansville. Thank you; now my feet, if you please. It seems good to be free again”; and Harry swung his arms, and jumped up and down to bring back the sense of warmth to his chilled

limbs.

“How much money did he take from you?”

“Forty dollars.”

“That’s a good deal,” said the country boy. “Was it yours?”

“Yes.”

“I never had so much money in my life.”

“It has taken me almost six months to earn it. But I had more money with me, only he didn’t know it.”

“How much?”

“A hundred and fifty dollars.”

“Was it yours?” asked the boy, surprised.

“No; it belonged to my employer.”

“Who is he?”

“Professor Henderson, the ventriloquist.”

“Where is he stopping?”

“Over at Pentland. He is sick at the hotel there.”

“It’s lucky for you I was out to–night. I ain’t often out so late, but I went to see a friend of mine, and stayed later than I meant to. Come home with me. The folks will take you in, and the horse can be put up in the barn.”

“I suppose they will feel anxious about me over at Pentland. They won’t know what has become of me.”

“You can start early in the morning — as early as you like.”

“Perhaps it will be better,” said Harry, after a pause. “It won’t trouble your family too much, will it?”

“Not a bit,” answered the boy, heartily. “Very likely they won’t know till morning,” he added, laughing. “They go to bed early, and I told them they needn’t wait up for me.”

“I am very much obliged to you,” said Harry. “I will accept your kind invitation. As I’ve got a horse, we may as well ride. I’ll untie him, and you jump into the buggy.”

“All right,” said the boy, well pleased.

“You may drive, for you know the way better than I.”

“Where did this horse come from?”



## Bound to Rise OR Up the Ladder

“From the stable in Pentland.”

“Perhaps they will think you have run away with it.”

“I hope not.”

“What is your name?”

“Harry Walton. What is yours?”

“Jefferson Selden. The boys usually call me Jeff.”

“Is that your dog?”

“Yea. He's a fine fellow.”

“I didn't think so when he was threatening to bite me,” said Harry, laughing.

“I used to be afraid of dogs,” said Jeff; “but I got cured of it after a while. When I go out at night, I generally take C<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>sar with me. If you had had him, you would have been a match for the robber.”

“He had a pistol.”

“C<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>sar would have had him down before he could use it.”

“I wish he had been with me, then.”

They had, by this time come in sight of Jeff's house. It was a square farmhouse, with a barn in the rear.

“We'll go right out to the barn,” said Jeff, “and put up the horse. Then we'll come back to the house and go to bed.”

He entered by the back shed door, and Harry followed him. They went into the broad, low kitchen, with its ample fireplace, in which a few embers were glowing. By these Jeff lighted a candle, and asked Harry if he would have anything to eat.

“No, thank you,” said Harry. “I ate a hearty supper at Carmansville.”

“Then we'll go upstairs to bed. I sleep in a small room over the shed. You won't mind sleeping with me?”

“I should like your company,” said Harry, who was attracted to his good-natured companion.

“Then come up. I guess we'll find the bed wide enough.”

He led the way up a narrow staircase, into a room low studded, and very plainly, but comfortably, furnished.

“The folks will be surprised to see you here in the morning,” said Jeff.

“I may be gone before they are up.”

“I guess not. Father'll be up by five o'clock, and I think that'll be as early as you'll want to be stirring.”

## CHAPTER XXVI. THE REWARD OF FIDELITY.

“Where am I?” asked Harry, the next morning, as he sat up in bed, and stared around him.

“Don't you remember?” asked Jeff, smiling.

“Yes; I remember now,” said Harry, slowly. “What time is it?”

“Seven o'clock.”

“Seven o'clock! I meant to be dressed at six.”

“That is the time I got up,” said Jeff. “You looked so comfortable that I thought it was a pity to wake you. You must have felt tired.”

“I think it was the cold that made me sleepy. I got chilled through when I lay on the ground there, tied hand and foot. But I must get up in a hurry.”

“Now,” said Jeff, “come down into the kitchen, and mother'll give you some breakfast. I've been up an hour, and feel as hungry as a wolf. So come down, and we'll see who'll eat the most.”

“I can do my part,” said Harry. “I've got a good appetite, though I've been up a good deal less than an hour.”

“Take your overcoat along,” said Jeff; “or will you come up and get it after breakfast?”

“I'll take it down with me. It isn't my coat, you know. Mine was a much better one.”

Jeff meanwhile had taken up the coat.

“There's something in the pocket,” he said. “What is it?”

Harry thrust his hand into the side pocket for the first time, and drew out a shabby leather wallet.

He hastily opened it, and his eyes opened wide with astonishment as he drew out a thick roll of bills.

“By hokey!” said Jeff, “you're in luck. The robber took your pocketbook, and left his own.”

“Three — eight — eleven — thirteen — eighteen — twenty,” Harry counted aloud. He continued his count, which resulted in showing that the wallet contained ninety-seven dollars.

“Ninety-seven dollars!” exclaimed Jeff. “How much did you lose?”

“Forty dollars.”

“Then you've made just fifty-seven dollars. Bully for you!”

“But I've exchanged a good overcoat for a poor one.”

“There can't be more than seventeen dollars difference.”

## Bound to Rise OR Up the Ladder

“Not so much.”

“Then you're forty dollars better off, at any rate.”

“But I don't know as I can claim this money,” said Harry, doubtfully. “It isn't mine. I will ask Professor Henderson about that. At any rate, I've got my money back, that's one good thing.”

This timely discovery made Harry decidedly cheerful, and, if anything, sharpened his appetite for breakfast.

“I shall take care how I carry much money about with me, after this,” said Harry. “That was what got me into a scrape yesterday.”

“He wouldn't make out much if he tried to rob me,” said Jeff. “I haven't got enough money about me to pay the board of a full-grown fly for twenty-four hours.”

“You don't look as if your poverty troubled you much,” said his mother.

“I don't have any board bills to pay,” said Jeff, “so I can get along.”

“I should think you would feel nervous about riding to Pentland alone,” said Mrs. Selden, “for fear of meeting the man who robbed you yesterday.”

“I do dread it a little,” said Harry, “having so

much money about me. Besides this ninety-seven dollars, I've got a hundred and fifty dollars belonging to my employer.”

“Suppose I go with you to protect you,” said Jeff.

“I wish you would.”

“If you would like to ride over with your friend, you may do so,” said his mother. “But how will you get back?”

“Major Pinkham will be up there this afternoon. I can wait, and ride home with him.”

“Very well; I have no objection.”

The two boys rode off together. Harry was glad to have a companion who knew the road well, for he did not care to be lost again till he had delivered up the money which he had in charge. There was no opportunity to test Jeff's courage, for the highwayman did not make his appearance.

When Harry arrived at Pentland, he found that no little anxiety had been felt about him.

“Has Harry come yet?” asked the sick man, at ten o'clock the evening previous.

“No, he hasn't,” answered the nurse.

“It's strange what keeps him.”

“Did he have any money of yours with him?”

## Bound to Rise OR Up the Ladder

“Yes, I believe: he had.”

“How much did he have?”

“I can't say exactly. Over a hundred dollars, I believe.”

“Then he won't come back,” said Mrs. Chase, decidedly.

Here the conference closed, as it was necessary for Mr. Henderson to take medicine.

“Has the boy returned?” asked the professor, the next morning.

“You don't expect him, do you?”

“Certainly I expect him.”

“Well, he ain't come, and I guess he won't come.”

“I am sure that boy is honest,” said Professor Henderson to himself. “If he isn't, I'll never trust a boy again.”

Mrs. Chase was going downstairs with her patient's breakfast dishes, when she was nearly run into by our hero, who had just returned, and was eager to report to his employer.

Mrs. Chase was so curious that she returned, with the dishes, to hear Harry's statement.

“Good-morning,” said Harry, entering the chamber. “I'm sorry to have been so long away, but I couldn't help it. I hope you haven't worried much about my absence.”

“I knew you would come back, but Mrs. Chase had her doubts,” said Professor Henderson, pleasantly. “Now tell me what was it that detained you?”

“A highwayman,” said Harry.

“A highwayman!” exclaimed both, in concert.

“Yes. I'll tell you all about it. But, first, I'll say that he only stole my money, and didn't suspect that I had a hundred and fifty dollars of yours with me. That's all safe. Here it is. I think you had better take care of that yourself, sir, hereafter.”

The professor glanced significantly at Mrs. Chase, as much as to say, “You see how unjust your suspicions were. I am right, after all.”

“Tell us all about it, Harry.”

Our hero obeyed instructions; but it is not necessary to repeat a familiar tale.

“Massy sakes!” ejaculated Betsy Chase. “Who ever heered the like?”

“I congratulate you, Harry, on coming of with such flying colors. I will, at my own expense, provide you with a new overcoat, as a reward for bringing home my money safe. You shall not lose anything by your fidelity.”

## CHAPTER XXVII. IN DIFFICULTY.

We must now transfer the scene to the Walton homestead.

It looked very much the same as on the day when the reader was first introduced to it. Poverty reigns with undisputed sway. Mr. Walton is reading a borrowed newspaper by the light of a candle for it is evening — while Mrs. Walton is engaged in her never-ending task of mending old clothes.

“It seems strange we don't hear from Harry,” said Mrs. Walton, looking up from her work.

“When was the last letter received?” asked Mr. Walton, laying down the paper.

“Over a week ago. He wrote that the professor was sick, and he was stopping at the hotel to take care of him.”

“Perhaps his employer is recovered, and he is going about with him.”

“Perhaps so; but I should think he would write.

I am afraid he is sick himself. He may have caught the same fever.”

“It is possible; but I think Harry would let us know in some way. At any rate, it isn't best to worry ourselves about uncertainties.”

“I wonder if Harry's grown?” said Tom.

“Of course he's grown,” said Mary.

“I wonder if he's grown as much as I have?” said Tom, complacently.

“I don't believe you've grown a bit.”

“Yes, I have; if you don't believe it, see how short my pants are.”

“You ought to have some new pants,” said his mother, sighing; “but I don't see where the money is to come from.”

“Nor I,” said Mr. Walton, soberly. “Somehow I don't seem to get ahead at all. To-morrow my note for the cow comes due; and I haven't but two dollars to meet it.”

“How large is the note?”

“With six months' interest, it amounts to forty-one dollars and twenty cents.”

“You say you won't be able to meet the payment. What will be the consequence?”

“I suppose Squire Green will take back the cow.”

“Perhaps you can get another somewhere else, on better terms.”

“I'm afraid my credit won't be very good. I agreed to forfeit ten dollars to Squire Green if I couldn't pay at the end

## Bound to Rise OR Up the Ladder

of six months."

"Will he insist on that condition?"

"I am afraid he will. He is a hard man."

"Then," said Mrs. Walton, indignantly, "he deserve to prosper."

"Wordly{sic} prosperity doesn't always go by merit. Plenty of mean men prosper."

Before Mrs. Walton had time to reply, a knock was heard at the door.

"Go to the door, Tom," said his father.

Tom obeyed, and shortly reappeared, followed by a small man with a thin figure and wrinkled face, those deep-set, crow eyes peered about him curiously as he entered the room.

"Good-evening, Squire Green," said Mr. Walton, politely, guessing his errand.

"Good-evenin', Mrs. Walton. The air's kinder frosty. I ain't so young as I was once, and it chills my blood."

The old man sat down and spread his hands before the fire.

"I was lookin' over my papers to-night, neighbor, and I come across that note you give for the cow. Forty dollars with interest, which makes the whole come to forty-one dollars and twenty cents. To-morrow's the day for payin'. I suppose you'll be ready?" and the old man peered at Hiram Walton with his little keen eyes.

"Now for it," thought Hiram. 'I'm sorry to say, Squire Green,' he answered, "that I can't pay the note. Times have been hard, and my family expenses have taken all I could earn."

The squire was not much disappointed, for now he was entitled to exact the forfeit of ten dollars.

"The contract provides that if you can't meet the note you shall pay ten dollars," he said. "I s'pose you can do that."

"Squire Green, I haven't got but two dollars laid by."

"Two dollars!" repeated the squire, frowning.

"That ain't honest. You knew the note was comin' due, and you'd oughter have provided ten dollars, at least."

"I've done as much as I could. I've wanted to meet the note, but I couldn't make money, and I earned all I could."

"You ain't been equinomical," said the squire, testily.

"I should like to have you tell us how we can economize any more than we have," said Mrs. Walton, with spirit. "Just look around you, and see if you think we have been extravagant in buying clothes. I am sure I have to darn and mend till I am actually ashamed."

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“Tain't none of my business, as long as you pay me what you owe me,” said the squire. “All I want is my money, and I'd order have it.”

“It doesn't seem right that my husband should forfeit ten dollars and lose the cow.”

“That was the contract, Mrs. Walton. Your husband agreed to it, and — — ”

“That doesn't make it just.”

“Tain't no more'n a fair price for the use of the cow for six months. Ef you'll pay the ten dollars to-morrow, I'll let you have the cow six months longer on the same contract.”

“I don't see any possibility of my paying you the money, Squire Green. I haven't got it.”

“Why don't you borrow somewhere?”

“I might as well owe you as another man. Besides, I don't know anybody that would lend me the money.”

“Well, I'll come round to-morrow night, and I hope you'll be ready. Good-night.”

No very cordial good-night followed Squire Green as he hobbled out of the cottage. He was a mean, miserly, grasping man, who had no regard for the feelings or comfort of anyone else; whose master passion was a selfish love of accumulating money. His money did him little good, however, for he was as mean with himself as with others, and grudged himself even the necessaries of life, because, if purchased, it must be at the expense of his hoards. The time must come when he and his money must part, but he did not think of that.

## CHAPTER XXVIII. SETTLED.

There was a general silence after Squire Green's departure. Hiram Walton looked gloomy, and the rest of the family, also.

“What an awful mean man the squire is!” Tom broke out, indignantly.

“You're right, for once,” said Mary.

In general, such remarks were rebuked by the father or mother; but the truth of Tom's observation was so clear, that for once he was not reproved.

“Squire Green's money does him very little good,” said Hiram Walton. “Rich as he is, and poor as I am, I would rather stand in my shoes than his.”

“I should think so,” said his wife. “Money isn't everything.”

“No; but it is a good deal. I have suffered too much from the want of it to despise it.”

“Well, Hiram,” said Mrs. Walton, “you know that the song says, ‘There's a good time coming.’”

“I've waited for it a long time, wife,” said the farmer, soberly.

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“Wait a little longer,” said Mrs. Walton, quoting the refrain of the song.

He smiled faintly.

“Children, it’s time to go to bed,” said Mrs. Walton.

“Mayn’t I sit up a little longer?” pleaded Mary.

“‘Wait a little longer,’ mother,” said Tom laughing, as he quoted his mother’s words against her.

“Ten minutes only, then.”

Before ten minutes were over, there was great and unexpected joy in the little house. Suddenly the outer door opened, and, without the slightest warning to any one, Harry walked in.

“Where did you come from, Harry?” asked Mary.

“Dropped down from the sky,” said Harry, laughing.

“Has the professor been giving exhibitions up there?” asked Tom.

“I’ve discharged the professor,” said Harry, gayly.

“I’m my own man now.”

“And you’ve come home to stay, I hope,” said his mother.

“Not long, mother,” said Harry. “I can only stay a few days.”

“What a bully overcoat you’ve got on!” said Tom.

“The professor gave it to me.”

“Hasn’t he got one for me, too?”

Harry took off his overcoat, and Tom was struck with fresh admiration as he surveyed his brother’s inside suit.

“I guess you spent all your money on clothes,” he said.

“I hope not,” said Mrs. Walton, whom experience had made prudent.

“Not quite all,” said Harry, cheerfully. “How much money do you think I have brought home?”

“Ten dollars,” said Tom.

“Twenty,” said Mary.

“What do you say to fifty dollars?”

“Oh, what a lot of money!” said Mary.



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“You have done well, my son,” said Mr. Walton.

“You must have been very economical.”

“I tried to be, father. But I didn't say fifty dollars was all I had.”

“You haven't got more?” said his mother, incredulously.

“I've got a hundred dollars, mother,” said Harry.

“Here are fifty dollars for you, father. It'll pay your note to Squire Green, and a little over. Here are thirty dollars, mother, of which you must use ten for yourself, ten for Mary, and ten for Tom. I want you all to have some new clothes, to remember me by.”

“But, Harry, you will have nothing left for yourself.”

“Yes, I shall. I have kept twenty dollars, which will be enough till I can earn some more.”

“I don't see how you could save so much money, Harry,” said his father.

“It was partly luck, father, and partly hard work. I'll tell you all about it.”

He sat down before the fire, and they listened to his narrative.

The cloud that Squire Green had brought with him had vanished, and all was sunshine and happiness.

It was agreed that no hint should be given to Squire Green that his note was to be paid. He did not even hear of Harry's arrival, and was quite unconscious of any change in the circumstances of the family, when he entered the cottage the next evening.

“Well, neighbor,” he said, “I've brought along that 'ere note. I hope you've raised the money to pay it.”

“Where do you think I could raise money, squire?” asked Hiram Walton.

“I thought mebbe some of the neighbors would lend it to you.”

“Money isn't very plenty with any of them, squire, except with you.”

“I calc'late better than they. Hev you got the ten dollars that you agreed to pay ef you couldn't meet the note?”

“Don't you think, squire, it's rather hard on a poor man, to make him forfeit ten dollars because he can't meet his note?”

“A contrack's a contrack,” said the squire. “It's the only way to do business.”

“I think you are taking advantage of me, squire.”

“No, I ain't. You needn't hev come to me ef you didn't want to. I didn't ask you to buy the cow. I'll trouble you for that ten dollars, neighbor, as I'm in a hurry.”

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“On the whole, squire, I think I'll settle up the note. That'll be cheaper than paying the forfeit.”

“What! pay forty—one dollars and twenty cents!” ejaculated the squire, incredulously.

“Yes; it's more than the cow's worth, but as I agreed to pay it, I suppose I must.”

“I thought you didn't hev the money,” said the squire, his lower jaw falling; for he would have preferred the ten dollars forfeit and a renewal of the usurious contract.

“I didn't have it when you were in last night; but I've raised it since.”

“You said you couldn't borrow it.”

“I didn't borrow it.”

“Then where did it come from?”

“My son Harry has got home, squire. He has supplied me with the money.”

“You don't say! Where is he? Been a—doin' well, has he?”

Harry entered the room and nodded rather coldly to the squire, who was disposed to patronize him, now that he was well dressed, and appeared to be doing well.

“I'm glad to see ye, Harry. So you've made money, hev ye?”

“A little.”

“Hev you come home to stay?”

“No, sir; I shall only stay a few days.”

“What hev ye been doin'?”

“I am going to be a printer.”

“You don't say! Is it a good business?”

“I think it will be,” said Harry. “I can tell better by and by.”

“Well, I'm glad you're doin' so well. Neighbor Walton, when you want another cow I'll do as well by you as anybody. I'll give you credit for another on the same terms.”

“If I conclude to buy any, squire, I may come round.”

“Well, good—night, all. Harry, you must come round and see me before you go back.”

Harry thanked him, but did not propose to accept the invitation. It was not in his nature to be hypocritical, and he expressed no pleasure at the squire's affability and politeness.

## Bound to Rise OR Up the Ladder

Thus has been detailed a few of Harry's early experiences. He has neither lived long nor learned much as yet, nor has he risen very high in the world. In fact, he is still at the bottom of the ladder.

We leave him with the hope that he may continue in the path he seems to have chosen, for it leads to Success, while we would impress on the reader that though the opposite course may appear for a time to be fruitful, it will ultimately lead to failure.

THE END