

**ALGER**

**HORATIO JR.**

IN SEARCH OF TREASURE

**Horatio Alger**  
**In Search of Treasure**

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*In Search of Treasure:*

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# **Jr. Horatio Alger**

## **In Search of Treasure**

### **CHAPTER I**

### **INTRODUCES GUY**

### **AND HIS FATHER**

“I wish I could send you to college, Guy,” said Mr. Fenwick, as they sat in the library, reading by the soft light of a student lamp.

The speaker was the Rev. Mr. Fenwick, the pastor of a church in Bayport, a few miles from New Bedford, Massachusetts.

“I don’t think I care much about going to college, father,” said Guy, a bright, manly, broad-shouldered boy of sixteen.

“When I was of your age, Guy,” replied his father, “I was already a student of Harvard. You are ready for college, but my means are not sufficient to send you there.”

“Don’t worry about that, father. There are other paths to success than through college.”

“I am rather surprised to hear you speak so indifferently, Guy. At the academy you are acknowledged to be the best Latin and Greek scholar they have had for years.”

“That may be, father.”

“It is so. The principal so assured me, and he would not

misrepresent just to please me.”

“I am glad that I have so good a reputation.”

“With such qualifications it seems certain you would achieve success in college, graduate high, and, in time, become a distinguished professional man, or perhaps professor.”

“Perhaps I might; but, father, in spite of my taste for study, I have one taste still stronger.”

“What is that?”

“A taste for adventure. I want to see the world, to visit strange countries, to become acquainted with strange people.”

As the boy spoke his face became flushed and animated.

Mr. Fenwick looked surprised.

“Certainly,” he said, “you don’t get this taste from me. When I was a boy I used to stay indoors to read and study. I cared nothing for the sports and games that interested my school companions.”

Guy smiled.

“I believe you, father,” he said. “You don’t go out half enough now. Instead of shutting yourself up in your study, you would be stronger and healthier if you would walk five miles a day.”

Mr. Fenwick slightly shuddered.

He was a pale, thin man, with an intellectual look, but had the air of a scholar and a recluse.

“I couldn’t do it, Guy,” he said. “Even if I walk a mile, I feel that it is a hardship. It is tame and monotonous. I don’t see where you get your red cheeks and exuberant spirits from.”

“From my mother’s family, I think, father.”

“Very likely. Your mother was bright and animated when I married her, but she broke down under the manifold duties and engagements of a minister’s wife.”

“That is true. Poor mother!”

Guy sighed, and his bright face looked sorrowful, for it was only a twelvemonth since his mother was laid away in the little graveyard at Bayport.

“You look very much like your uncle George, your mother’s brother, as he was at your age.”

“He became a sailor?”

“Yes. He had an extraordinary love for the sea. If he had been content to live on land and follow some mercantile business, he would, in all probability, be living to-day.”

“How did he die?”

“He took a fever at some infected port, and died on shipboard. The poor fellow was still a comparatively young man, little more than thirty, and it seemed sad that he should be cut off at such an early age.”

“Was his body brought home?”

“No. Sailors are superstitious, and they don’t like to sail in a ship that has a dead body on board. So poor George was sewed up in a sack, and committed to the ocean depths. His chest was sent to us, and is stored in the attic.”

“Have you ever opened it?”

“Yes, I opened it, but didn’t examine the contents. Probably there was nothing except a sailor’s plain outfit. As to money,

George was not a man to save anything. He was extravagant and prodigal, like most of his class.”

“Was he a common sailor?”

“No; he was second mate, and received fair wages. He did not have your education, but had good native talent, but nothing could divert him from his plan of going to sea.”

“Well, father, I suppose there must be sailors. You would hardly want everybody to go to college?”

“No, Guy.”

“Even if they were qualified.”

“Still, I should not care to have my son a sailor.”

“I don’t care to be one, father, but I own I should like to take a single voyage—a good long one—so as to see a little of the world. I think, after that, I should be more content to settle down to some business on shore. By the way, father, is there any objection to my examining the contents of Uncle George’s chest?”

“I have no objection, Guy; but I think it will hardly repay you for the time.”

“My time isn’t of very much importance just now. Somehow I have a great desire to see if I can find anything that will throw light on my uncle’s life and character.”

“Very well, Guy; do as you like. And now, I must get to work on my sermon for next Sunday. It is Friday evening, and I must make progress, as I may have one of my bad headaches to-morrow.”

“Can I help you, father?” asked Guy, with a humorous smile.

Mr. Fenwick smiled, too. Though so different in temperament, he was really fond and proud of his lively son.

“I hardly think your additions would be for the edification of my people,” he said.

“Perhaps they might suit some of the young folks,” suggested Guy.

“Doubtless they would. If you would like to try your hand at sermon writing you can write a sermon and submit it to me. If suitable, I will preach it, and give you credit for it.”

Guy laughed.

“I’ll think of it, father,” he said. “I am going to make a call on one of my schoolmates, and will leave you to do your writing undisturbed.”

The schoolmate with whom Guy spent his evening was Tom Todd, a boy of about his own age. He had a sister some ten years older than himself, who was a teacher in one of the Bayport schools. She, as well as Tom, liked the bright son of the minister, and he received a cordial greeting from both.

“So you have got through school life, Guy?” she said.

“Yes, Miss Todd.”

“And you are fitted for college? Does your father think of Harvard for you?”

“He would like to have me go, but there are two objections in the way.”

“What are they?”

“First, he can’t afford the expense.”

“What is the second?”

“I have no desire to go.”

“That is the most important. If you really desired to go, I think you could borrow money enough somewhere, for you are acknowledged to be an excellent scholar.”

“Thank you for the compliment; but it is no disappointment to me not to go, though it is to my father. He is a regular bookworm, you know.”

“I know that he is not practical.”

“Come, Guy, let us have our game of checkers,” said Tom. “Let me see, I beat you last time.”

“Then it is my turn to beat you now.”

The boys played for an hour and a half, then Guy rose to go.

“What is your hurry? It is early yet.”

“That is true, but father is nervous, and he doesn’t like to have me out after half past nine o’clock. I left him writing his sermon for Sunday.”

“Why don’t you offer to help him, Guy?” asked Tom, with a smile.

“I did.”

“Really and truly?” said Tom, laughing.

“Yes; really and truly.”

“I suppose,” remarked Miss Todd, “he did not accept your offer?”

“No; he thought that what I would write would not be edifying.”

“If you would write a sermon, Guy, I would go to hear it,” said Tom.

“And I, too,” added his sister, the teacher.

“Then I should be sure of a congregation of two. Well, I will think of it.”

Guy took his hat to go.

“I will walk with you part way,” said Tom. “It is pleasant out, and I shall sleep the better for a walk.”

“I shall be glad of your company, Tom.”

When they were outside, Tom said, “I had an object in proposing to walk with you to-night, Guy. There is something I wanted to tell you.”

“Go ahead, Tom.”

“I think it is something you ought to know. I was walking home from singing school the other evening, when I came up behind Deacon Crane and another member of the church, Mr. Job Wilkins. I didn’t hear the first part of the conversation, but as I came within hearing I heard Deacon Crane say: ‘Yes, Brother Wilkins, I have thought for some time that the best interests of the church required that we should have a younger minister, who would stir up the people and draw in a larger number.’”

Guy flushed with indignation.

“Deacon Crane said that?” he ejaculated. “Why, he pretends to be one of father’s best friends.”

“I think it is a pretense,” said Tom.

“Poor father! If he should hear this it would almost break his

heart. He is so fond of the people here.”

“It is a shame; but don’t worry too much over it. I am sure the majority of the parish don’t wish any change.”

In spite of this assurance, Guy went home in a sober frame of mind.

## CHAPTER II

# WHAT GUY FOUND IN THE BLUE CHEST

Mr. Fenwick was only forty-eight years old, but his sedate and scholarly manner gave him an appearance of being several years older.

It came to Guy as a shock that his father should be considered too old by his parish, and that there should be any movement in favor of a younger minister. He knew that his father was dependent on his salary, having very little property. A change would be disastrous to him.

“I wish I were rich,” he thought, “so that I could relieve father from any anxiety about money matters. It is lucky I don’t want to go to college, for if I did, it would be a good many years before I could even support myself.”

The next morning, after breakfast, Guy thought of his sailor uncle, and the curiosity again seized him to find out the contents of the chest up in the attic.

He went up the narrow stairs leading to the garret, and found himself in a large room covering the entire extent of the house, for the attic had never been finished off or divided into chambers. There were piles of old papers and magazines in one corner, old mildewed garments hanging from nails in the rafters, and two or

three old rusty trunks.

But none of them attracted Guy's attention. He was looking for his uncle's chest.

At last he found it—a typical sailor's chest, painted blue, showing signs of wear, for it had accompanied his uncle for years.

Guy's face lighted up, and he hurried toward it.

He thought it might be locked, but he was glad to find that the lock seemed to have been broken, so that he had no difficulty in lifting the lid and examining the contents.

There was nothing unusual about these. They consisted of the plain outfit of a sailor.

There were one or two books. One of them was a Bible, which had been presented to his uncle George by his mother at the time he left home on his first voyage.

Guy lifted it carefully, for he had been taught to reverence the Bible. Then he saw underneath, an envelope of large size, unmarked on the outside.

Opening this, he found a large sheet of paper, folded lengthwise, with writing upon it. Lying inside was a smaller piece of paper, also written over, the handwriting being that of his uncle George.

This Guy read first. The contents interested him exceedingly. The paper is subjoined.

What I am writing here may or may not be of interest or value, yet it may prove of importance to those who may read it, though it is possible this will not be till after my death. Last year (from

the date Guy saw that it was the year before his death) among my mates on the good ship Cyprus was a dark, thin man, the darkest in complexion, I think, that I ever met outside the negro race.

No one on board knew him, nor did any of us get well acquainted with him, for he was very silent and reserved, and did not care to make friends or confidants. Yet he did his duty well. No fault could be found with him. He did not become a favorite, as he did not care to talk or be sociable with the rest of the sailors. We could not help respecting him, however, as one who strictly minded his own business, and never in any way interfered with others.

This man's name was Antonio Smith, or Tony, as we should have called him if we had been sufficiently intimate. The two names did not go well together, and one day I asked him why it was that he had two such names.

"It is easily explained," he said. "My father was an Englishman, named Smith, but my mother was an Italian woman."

"That explains your being so dark," I said.

"Yes, I suppose so," he answered.

He did not confide in me to any further extent. As far as I could observe, he seemed moody and morbid. It seemed as if he had something on his mind—something of a disagreeable nature.

Well, toward the end of the voyage he had a bad fall. He was helping to furl sails when another sailor above him lost his hold, and fell on him. This made Antonio lose his hold also, and he

dropped to the deck, striking his head.

It is a wonder he was not immediately killed. As it was he was fatally injured, as it proved, and was removed to his bunk in a dying condition. I pitied the poor fellow, and as much time as my duties would permit I spent at his side, trying to make him comfortable.

One evening he looked at me earnestly, and asked: "Do you think that I can live, George?"

I shook my head. "I don't want to deceive you," I answered, "and I will tell you the truth."

"It is what I want to hear," he said.

"The doctor says you can't live."

He showed no agitation, but said, thoughtfully: "That is what I thought."

After a pause he continued: "Before I die there is something I want to confide to someone. You have been a friend to me, and you are the one I choose, if you don't mind, to listen to what I have to say."

"I will hear it," I said, "and if it is a message to anyone in whom you are interested I will engage to deliver it, if possible."

"No, there is no one in whom I am interested," he answered. "All who once knew me are dead, or at all events are dead to me. But I have a secret which I once thought would be of value to me, and may be of value to you, whom I constitute my heir."

All this seemed very queer to me, and I half thought that the sick man might be wandering in mind. He went on: "You must

know, George, and this is my first secret, that for five years I sailed under the black flag, and was a pirate!”

I looked astounded, as well I might, and he continued:

“I see you look surprised, but you are not more surprised than I was when I found myself enrolled as a member of a piratical crew. I shipped on board the Vulture, supposing it to be an ordinary merchantman. It was not till I got well out to sea that I learned the true character of the vessel. Then I was asked to sign as a member of the crew, and knowing well it would be dangerous to refuse, I agreed.

“After a while I got reconciled, in a measure, to my position. I found it more profitable than the post of an ordinary seaman, and yet not so much so as might be supposed. While the booty taken was very large, it was not all divided between the officers and men. There was a considerable portion that was set aside as a fund to be divided some time between us when we disbanded. For not one of the officers or men expected always to continue pirates. Some day we hoped to give up this outlaw’s life and become respectable citizens, living in ease and luxury on our share of the booty. No one would be the wiser.

“I was an Englishman, and I looked forward to returning to my native village in Devonshire, marrying, and settling down. There was a farm on which I had my eye, and an old schoolmate—a farmer’s daughter—whom I thought I could induce to marry me when I returned rich.”

“But where was this booty, as you call it, concealed?” I asked.

“That is what I was coming to. It was concealed on a small island east by north from the great island of Madagascar, which, as you know, lies southeast of the African continent. There is a group of islands there. None of us, that is, none of the ordinary sailors, knew the name of the island, if it had any. But I have thought it over, and consulted maps, and to the best of my reckoning it is one of the Agalegas Islands in about 57 degrees east longitude, and a little more than 10 degrees south latitude. I estimate that it may be a few hundred miles from Cape Amber, the northern extremity of Madagascar.”

“Did you often go there—that is, did the ship often touch there?”

“Every few months, when we had a good supply of money and articles to leave there.”

“I suppose there was quite a valuable collection of articles stored there?”

“I can’t tell the value, but there were chests full of gold and silver coins, boxes of bankbills, and merchandise of the rarest and most valuable description.”

“Is it there now, or has it been divided?”

“It is there yet.”

“How came you to leave the pirate ship?”

“I did not leave it till I was compelled to do so.”

“How is that? Were you discharged? I should hardly think the officers would have dared to let you go, considering your knowledge as to the character of the ship.”

“You are right there. They would not have dared to do so, but the Almighty, whose laws had been so flagrantly defied, interfered. There came on a terrible storm when we were cruising in the Indian Ocean. It was so violent and unexpected that we were by no means prepared to meet it.

“In the course of three hours the staunch ship *Vulture* became a wreck, and the crew who manned it were forced to take to the boats. There were three of these. The captain was in one, the first mate in the second, and the boatswain in the third. The sea was so rough that the first and second boats were swamped before our eyes. I was in the third. When the storm abated it was still afloat. I was one of the men on board.

“For a week we drifted about, suffering everything from hunger and thirst, for we were able to carry but scanty stores of food and water. One by one I saw my comrades die, but having, perhaps, the best constitution, unimpaired by excesses of any kind, I survived—the last of eight men. I was very near death when I was picked up by an American ship. Of course, I did not say a word as to the character of the vessel to which I belonged, and those who rescued me were not too inquisitive, so I reached New York without divulging any secrets. But my great secret was that, as the last survivor of the piratical crew, I was the heir and sole possessor of the treasure stored on the island!”

# CHAPTER III

## GUY TAKES THE FIRST STEP

Guy drew a long breath when he had read thus far in the manuscript, and then plunged into it again.

When I heard this stated I could not help feeling an emotion of pity for the poor fellow who would never have the benefit of the large treasure to which he had become heir. I could not understand exactly why he had revealed all this to me, but he soon made it plain.

“I shall not live to enjoy it,” he continued, “but I don’t want the secret to die with me. I would like to have it benefit someone not utterly a stranger. You have been kind to me, and to you I will give all right and will to this great property.”

“But how shall I find it?” I asked.

“I have prepared a document,” he replied, “in which I describe the island, and the particular part of the island where the treasure is concealed. Put your hand into the pocket of my blouse, and you will feel a folded paper. Take it, and some day I hope you will be fortunate enough to find the place where the booty is secreted.”

I thanked him, though I was almost too bewildered to realize that a secret had been communicated to me that might make me fabulously rich.

That very night Antonio died. His body was sewed up in a

sack, as is the custom, and thrown into the sea. Of all who witnessed it, I was the only one who had a kindly feeling of regret for the poor fellow.

Whether I shall ever be able to make any use of this information, I do not know. It would require a considerable outlay in money to fit out an expedition, and I have very little chance of inducing anyone to make this outlay. I have, however, written out an account of the sailor's revelation to me, in the hope that someone, perhaps after my death, may seek and obtain a treasure which I think must be of fabulous amount.

*(Signed) George Brandon.*

Guy read this letter with breathless interest. He took in the full importance of its contents.

He realized that by the death of his uncle he became the next heir to this far-away treasure. What should he do about it? With him there was the same embarrassment and the same difficulty that his uncle had experienced.

The treasure he fully believed in, but it was located thousands of miles away on a small island in the Indian Ocean.

It was tantalizing to reflect that it existed, and might make him rich, when it seemed wholly beyond his grasp. All the capital he could command was about twenty-five dollars in the Bayport Savings Bank.

The next question was: Should he tell his father of the discovery he had made? It might be his duty to do so. He did not know as to that.

His father had given him full permission to open and examine the chest and its contents. Possibly the papers and the secret belonged to him, but he knew very well that they would be of no earthly benefit to a quiet country minister who lived in his books and his study.

To him—Guy—on the other hand, it might prove of value. He did not know when or how, but he was young, and to the young all things are possible.

So, after thinking the matter over fully, Guy resolved to keep the matter secret.

He glanced at the second paper, and found that it was a minute description of the island, but he had not got far enough along to feel interested in this. It would keep.

Guy went downstairs slowly, plunged in thought. He hoped his father would not ask about the contents of the chest, but he need not have felt alarmed. The matter had passed entirely out of the minister's thoughts.

In order the better to think over the wonderful revelation, Guy went out for a stroll. Like many older persons, he found a walk was favorable to thought.

He walked slowly up the street to the post office. At the corner of the second street, just opposite the dry goods store, he met a boy whom he had never liked.

It was Noah Crane, the son of Deacon Crane, already referred to as desiring a younger minister.

The thought of the deacon's wish to drive his father from

Bayport was not calculated to increase Guy's friendship for the son. Yet he would be courteous, being naturally a gentleman.

"Where are you going, Guy?" asked Noah.

"I am only taking a walk."

"Some other people may have to take a walk," said Noah, with a coarse laugh.

"What do you mean?" asked Guy, coloring, for he knew to what the deacon's son referred.

"Oh, I guess I'd better not tell," replied Noah, in a tantalizing tone.

"Just as you please," said Guy, coolly.

Noah was disappointed, for he wanted Guy to ask him a question which he was very ready to answer. Guy's indifference piqued him.

"You'll know soon enough," added Crane.

"In that case I will be content to wait."

"I don't know that I have any objection to tell, though. I mean your father."

"Take care how you talk about my father," said Guy, angrily. "I won't stand it."

"Oh, is your father so high and mighty that he can't be spoken about?"

"He can be spoken about—respectfully."

"I suppose you think he's a great man because he's a minister."

"I rank a minister higher than a deacon," retorted Guy, quietly.

"You do, hey? Why, my father could buy out your father two

or three times over.”

“That may be; but what does that prove?”

“It proves that you’d better be careful how you talk. I heard my father say the other day that the people wanted a new minister—a young man that would make things lively. I shouldn’t wonder if your father’d have to take a walk before long.”

“And I am certain that you’ll have to walk pretty fast if you don’t want to feel the force of my fists.”

Guy advanced toward Noah so menacingly that the latter took counsel of prudence and retreated hastily.

“Keep away from me, you bully!” he cried, “or I’ll tell my father!”

Guy laughed, and walked away, not caring to have any difficulty with Noah. What the deacon’s son had said, however, furnished him food for reflection.

Things began to look serious. There was evidently a movement on foot to get rid of his father, and this movement was headed by Deacon Crane, a man of influence in the parish and the town.

“If I could only get hold of this treasure, say within a year,” thought Guy, “I would snap my fingers at the deacon. It would make me rich, and if I were rich my father would be rich, too, and independent of the parish.”

The “if,” however, though a very short word, was a very important one. It seemed about as practicable to go in search of the treasure as to undertake a journey to the moon, and no more

so.

When Guy went home to dinner he found Captain Grover, an old schoolmate of his father, a guest at the parsonage.

The captain and his family lived in New Bedford, and he was about to start on a voyage from there. Happening to be in Bayport on a little private business, he called on the minister. Unlike some shipmasters, he was a man of a kindly nature, and was a favorite with Guy.

“So here is Guy,” he said, as the boy entered. “Bless my soul, Guy, I shouldn’t have known you if I had met you out of Bayport, you have grown so. What are you going to do with him, Brother Fenwick?”

“I would like to send him to Harvard, John,” replied the minister, “but there doesn’t seem to be any chance of that,” he added, with a sigh.

“Why not?”

“Because I am not rich enough.”

“Oh, well, college is all very well, but there are other things that are good for a boy. If I had a son, I don’t think I would send him to college.”

“I agree with you, Captain Grover,” said Guy, promptly.

“Your uncle George was a sailor?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Did you ever think you would like to go to sea?”

“I don’t think I should like to be a sailor, but I should like to go to sea for a single voyage.”

"It would do you good. You'd learn more in a year at sea than in double the time on land."

"So I think, sir. When do you start on your next voyage?"

"Next week."

"In what direction shall you go?"

"I shall go to India—probably stopping at Bombay."

"Will your course lie through the Indian Ocean?" asked Guy, eagerly.

"Yes."

"I always wished I could sail over the Indian Ocean," said Guy.

"Yes, it is an interesting voyage. Are you through school?"

"Yes; I finished last week."

"Then I'll tell you what, Guy; if your father'll let you go, I'll take you."

"Oh, father, may I go?" asked Guy, in a tone of earnest appeal.

"Go to India?" exclaimed the minister, bewildered by the suggestion.

"Yes; it would make me very happy."

In the end, Guy, seconded by the captain, carried his point, and obtained his father's consent. He had, as we know, his own reasons for wishing to make this voyage. It was something more than a boy's love of adventure.

The next week the Osprey sailed with Guy as a passenger. He quickly established himself as a favorite with the sailors. He was so bright, handsome, and intelligent, that he seemed like a gleam of sunshine, making the whole ship cheerful.

He cultivated the acquaintance of the crew, plying them with questions, and often might be seen engaged in an animated discussion with veteran sailors who were always ready to spin a yarn for him.

Captain Grover viewed all this with an indulgent smile.

“I am afraid, Guy,” he said one day, with a laugh, “that you are picking up so much knowledge you will try to supersede me on the next voyage.”

“It will take more than one voyage to qualify me for a captain,” returned Guy. “Still, if you need help, call on me.”

## CHAPTER IV

# IN THE INDIAN OCEAN

Day followed day, and week succeeded week, and the good ship Osprey kept steadily on her way. Guy was not seasick, rather to his own surprise.

“You seem to be cut out for a sailor. Guy,” said the captain.

“I don’t know about that.”

“You enjoy the sea, do you not?”

“Yes, sir; but I don’t think I should care to be a sailor.”

“You are picking up a good deal of seamanship. It won’t be long before you know every rope in the ship.”

“Knowledge doesn’t come amiss, captain. I have an inquiring mind.”

They rounded the Cape of Good Hope at length, and soon found themselves in the Indian Ocean. It would not be long before they would reach the neighborhood of the island which was the goal of Guy’s hopes and expectations.

Till now he had not thought particularly what he would do when he got there. It would be small satisfaction to see the island, if perchance he should, and not be able to stop there. What could he do?

Alone, he was quite aware that he could do nothing. It was absolutely necessary that he should make a confidant of

someone, and of someone who could be of service in helping him carry out his cherished plan.

Evidently there was no one on the Osprey who answered this description except the captain; but how would the captain look upon this plan?

Captain Grover was a pleasant man, and a good friend, but how he would regard Guy's project was something that could not be guessed.

Guy decided, however, to tell his secret and sound the captain.

Already they had passed the southern point of Madagascar, and Guy felt that there was no time to be lost.

He had free access to the captain at all times, and he took the opportunity of entering his cabin one evening when the first mate was taking his turn in commanding the vessel.

"Well, Guy, how goes it?" asked the captain, pleasantly. "I am tired. You can talk to me."

"That is just what I want to do, captain," said Guy.

"Heave ahead, then. I am listening. Perhaps you have some advice to give me as to the management of the vessel."

"I have, captain. I wish you would be guided by me."

"Well," said Captain Grover, eyeing his young companion with curiosity, "I am getting more than I bargained for. Please favor me with your suggestions, Captain Guy."

He said this with a pleasant smile, for he really liked his young passenger, apart from the friendship he felt for the father.

"I wish, captain, you could be induced to visit the Agalegas

Islands in your course.”

“What on earth do you know about the Agalegas Islands, Guy?”

“I know, or am very confident, that one of them was used by a band of pirates as a hiding place for treasure which they had collected from those they had robbed.”

“Where did you read about this?” asked the captain, abruptly.

“Not in any book,” answered Guy, “but in a letter written by my uncle George.”

“Your sailor uncle?”

“Yes.”

“And was this your object in coming to sea with me?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Let me know what your uncle George said. I attach no importance to it, but I have a feeling of curiosity. He was never a pirate, was he?”

“I hope not.”

“Then how could he know anything of pirate treasures?”

“I have his letter, captain. Would you mind hearing it?”

“No; but first, where did you get the letter?”

Guy told the story of his search in the attic, and his discovery of the letter in George Brandon’s chest.

“Very well. Now for the letter. Read it to me.”

In a slow, deliberate manner, in order that it might be fully understood, Guy read the letter.

The accompanying paper, however, he did not produce. He

did not care to give away the whole secret unless he was assured of the captain's co-operation.

"This is a strange yarn," was Captain Grover's comment, after he had heard the letter through.

"Don't you believe it?" asked Guy, quickly.

"It sounds plausible," answered the captain, slowly, "but I have heard a great many stories about pirate treasure. Plenty of sailors are ready to manufacture them. They tell them so often that at last they come to believe them themselves."

"My uncle George would not indulge in deception."

"I presume not, but I am not so sure as to the sailor from whom he received the information."

"The sailor was on his deathbed. Would a man be likely to tell a falsehood at such a time?"

"No doubt it has been done often. However, the paper which he gave to your uncle was not written when he was on his deathbed, as I understand, but some time before, when he was perfectly well, and had no idea of death."

"That is true," Guy was obliged to admit.

"I don't see what object he could have had in deceiving my uncle, though," he added, after a pause.

"Nor I."

"Then you think there may be something in it?"

"There is such a possibility."

"Think what a great thing it would be for us to find the treasure," said Guy, his face lighting up with enthusiasm.

“It would be very agreeable, certainly; but there are some serious obstacles in the way, even if we knew the treasure to be there.”

“What obstacles, captain?”

“The islands you refer to are considerably to the north of my usual course, and my duty to the owners of the vessel would not permit me to vary my route for any private enterprise of my own.”

Guy’s countenance fell. He saw at once that the captain was right in his statement, but it destroyed the faint hopes he had entertained that he might secure his co-operation.

“I am afraid,” he said, despondently, “you don’t have any confidence in the existence of the treasure.”

“I don’t say that, Guy. It may exist; but unless you have clear and explicit directions, we might miss it even if we should go especially in search of it.”

“But I have a description of the island,” urged Guy.

“Suppose you give me an idea of it.”

“It is well wooded to within a mile of the shore; toward the center there is a hill, or slight eminence, perhaps a hundred and fifty feet in altitude. The extent of it is probably five miles by eight.”

“That is tolerably definite.”

“Don’t you think it is sufficiently so to identify the island?”

“Perhaps so; but, though small, one might hunt a good while before finding the treasure after the island was discovered.”

“I have some directions that would help me.”

“That is well, or would be if there were any chance of your ever finding yourself on the island.”

“Captain Grover, I want to ask your advice. Can you suggest any way by which I can manage to reach the island?”

“You’ve got me there, Guy. These islands are never visited for commercial purposes. I know almost nothing of them—indeed, nothing at all, except their location. Of course, if there were ships that visited them for any purpose, that would simplify matters; but, so far as I see, the only way of seeking the treasure would be to organize an expedition expressly for that purpose.”

“I suppose that would be very expensive.”

“It certainly would.”

“But if the treasure were found, the one who incurred the expense would be richly repaid.”

“Well, perhaps so,” said the captain, skeptically.

“You won’t go anywhere near the island, then, captain?”

“No, Guy, I sha’n’t.”

Guy sat quiet a moment. He was very much disappointed. He began to realize how utterly quixotic was the expedition on which he had embarked.

“I begin to wish I had never found the letter,” he said.

“As to that, Guy, no harm is done. I presume, if you hadn’t found the letter, I should not have had the pleasure of your company on this voyage.”

“No, I suppose not.”

“Probably you will derive some pleasure and benefit from the trip, even if you never touch a dollar of this treasure.”

“That is true, captain; but I have a special reason for wishing I might obtain money from this source, or some other.”

“What is it?”

Then Guy told what he had learned as to Deacon Crane’s intention of driving his father from the parish. It would be a heavy blow to the minister, who was no longer endowed with a young man’s energy or hopefulness.

“You are a good boy, Guy, to have so much consideration for your father; but I am afraid you are leaning on a broken reed if you have any idea of helping him by the discovery of this treasure. However, I will turn the idea over in my mind, and if I can think of any suggestion to offer you I will do so.”

# CHAPTER V

## AN ADVENTURE IN BOMBAY

Guy's conversation with Captain Grover left him with a feeling of disappointment. He felt that the captain had little faith in the reality of the treasure, and considered his enterprise a failure in advance.

Guy had overlooked the principal difficulties in the way. He had managed to reach the Indian Ocean, but this had brought him no nearer the realization of his hopes. If he had had nothing on his mind he might have enjoyed the bright, calm days and the clear skies, with glimpses here and there of islands covered with tropical vegetation.

But he had started on his voyage with a purpose. He wanted to find and secure the treasure hinted at in his uncle's letter, and make his father independent for life. Of this there seemed to be now no chance, or next to none.

There was nothing for him to do except to remain on board the Osprey till the vessel reached Bombay. Then there would be the return voyage, at the end of which he would have seen considerable of the world, but would have gained nothing to repay him for the year he had spent away from home.

But there was no help for it. The captain would not change his course, and Guy must be content to leave the island unvisited,

and the great problem unsolved.

At last they reached Bombay.

Guy surveyed the place with curious interest. He was not prepared to find it so large.

A city which contains seven hundred thousand inhabitants is a great city in any part of the world.

Not having any duties on board the ship, Guy was allowed to go and come when he pleased.

He found that among the foreign residents the English were the most prominent and influential. His walks were chiefly in what is called the European town, but he frequently strolled through the more picturesque part occupied by the natives.

One evening he was sauntering through the Persian quarter when he was startled by seeing a brown-faced native, his head surmounted by a turban, dart from an alleyway and pursue a well-dressed man, apparently either English or American.

That his object was murder or robbery, perhaps both, seemed evident, for he held in his hand a long, narrow, dangerous-looking knife.

Guy was not only courageous, but prompt. He carried a stout cane, not that he needed its support, but because he had been recommended to have it with him for defense, if needed.

He did not pause a moment, but springing forward, brought it down with emphasis on the arm of the Persian.

The native gave a sharp, shrill cry, which attracted the attention of the man whom he had intended to attack.

He was clearly an Englishman, inclined to be stout, and apparently about forty-five years of age.

He looked quickly from the native to Guy, and back again.

“What’s the matter?” he asked.

“Only that this man was about to attack you with his knife.”

“And you saved me?”

“Yes; I was, fortunately, in time to prevent his striking you.”

“I don’t know how to thank you, but I must deal with this scoundrel, first.”

He seized the Oriental by the throat, and forced him to his knees.

“Dog!” he said, “what have you to say before I kill you?”

The cowardly fellow uttered voluble and abject entreaties for pardon in bad English. The purport of his speech was that he was a poor man, and had no money.

“Forgive me, Mr. Saunders,” he said.

“Ha! You know my name!” said the Englishman.

He bent over and scanned the face of his would-be assailant closely.

“I know him,” he said, briefly. “He was a native servant in my employ. I had to discharge him because I found him dishonest and a liar. Probably his attack to-night was prompted by a spirit of revenge.”

“Don’t kill me!” pleaded the Persian, in terrified accents.

“So you would have killed me, you scoundrel!” retorted the Englishman, shaking him vigorously.

“I—pardon me—I didn’t know it was you, worshipful sir!”

“You knew it well enough, I’ll be bound!”

“If you will go with me,” went on the Englishman, turning to Guy, “I will conduct this fellow to the police office. I do not propose to let him off. He is evidently a dangerous man, and, coward as he is, he may do harm unless he is secured.”

Guy readily accompanied his new acquaintance, and saw Isef, as he was called, placed in the hands of the police officials. He agreed, also, to appear the next day and give the testimony of an eye-witness as to the man’s felonious attempt to assault Mr. Saunders.

“And now,” said the Englishman, after this matter was disposed of, “let me know the name of the boy who has done me such an important service.”

“My name is Guy Fenwick.”

“Are you English?”

“No, sir; I am an American boy.”

“I thought so. Though there are resemblances, there is a dash about you Americans that I don’t find in my own countrymen. But how does it happen that you are so far from home?”

“I came to Bombay as a passenger on the American ship Osprey, Captain Grover.”

“A passenger? Then you are not connected with the ship?”

“No, sir.”

“Did you come here on a business errand?”

“Partly, sir; but it is business of a strange nature. If you will let

me call upon you to-morrow, I shall be glad to tell you what it is.”

“I shall certainly wish to know, and if it is anything in which I can help you, I will try to do so.”

“You don’t know how much you are promising, Mr. Saunders,” said Guy, smiling.

“No, I don’t know that; but I do know that you have saved my life this evening,” returned the Englishman, earnestly.

Guy did not gainsay him, for he knew that it was true. Had the Persian driven his knife into the back of the English merchant the blow would have been instantly fatal.

“Perhaps I had better leave you now, sir,” said Guy. “The captain expects me to report at the ship before ten o’clock.”

“Very well; but I shall expect to see you to-morrow at my office.”

“Where is it, sir?”

In reply, Mr. Saunders handed Guy his card.

The office was on the principal business street in the European town. Guy was already sufficiently acquainted with Bombay to know exactly where it was located.

“I will come, sir,” he said.

When Guy returned to the ship the captain said: “You are late to-night, Guy.”

“Yes, sir; I was detained by important business.”

“So you have business here already?” returned Captain Grover, smiling.

“Yes, sir. Shall I tell you about it?”

“If it won’t take too long.”

“I was fortunate enough to save the life of an English merchant.”

Guy here gave particulars.

“John Saunders!” repeated the captain, in surprise. “Why, he is one of the wealthiest and most prominent men in the English colony.”

“Whatever he is, he was very near death to-night.”

“Did he ask you to call upon him?”

“Yes. I am to call to-morrow.”

“By all means keep the appointment,” said the captain, in a significant tone.

“I certainly shall. Mr. Saunders seems to be very friendly to me, and I am glad to have made his acquaintance. Do you know, Captain Grover, he is the first Englishman I ever met; that is, to become acquainted with.”

At eleven o’clock the next day Guy presented himself at the office of his English friend.

He sent in his card by a young Persian who seemed to be in the merchant’s employ. He was received at once.

“I am glad to see you, my young friend,” said the merchant, cordially. “I didn’t fully realize till after you left me what a narrow escape I had. It is God’s mercy that I am alive to-day.”

“The danger came so suddenly, and was so soon over, that I have not realized it yet.”

“I realize it, and shall always remember it. But you came here

to explain the business that brought you to Bombay.”

“I had no thought of Bombay, Mr. Saunders. It was an island in the Indian Ocean that I wished to visit.”

“Indeed! Have you visited it?”

“No, sir; and I fear that I shall never have an opportunity to do so.”

“I am in the dark. I do not understand you.”

“Then, sir, I will try to explain, but I am not sure what you will think of my enterprise.”

“Go on.”

The merchant settled himself in a posture of attention, and Guy began his narrative.

He was listened to without interruption. Guy could not gather from the merchant’s expression what impression the story was making upon him.

When he finished, Mr. Saunders said:

“Your tale is certainly a strange one, and your business of a remarkable character for a boy of your age.”

Here he paused.

“I am not prepared to express any opinion yet,” he added. “I must take a little time to think it over. Meanwhile I will detain you through the day. I shall be glad if you will take dinner with me.”

“I shall be happy to do so.”

“Then if you will occupy yourself with the papers and magazines you will find on yonder table, I will write some letters

which must go by the next steamer, and will then be at your disposal.”

## CHAPTER VI

# GUY'S PROGRESS

"How long will the Osprey remain in port?" asked the merchant, when they sat at dinner.

"Four weeks, sir."

"Your sole object in taking passage and coming to this part of the world was to look after the concealed treasure, I take it?"

"Yes, sir. At any rate, but for that I should hardly have come."

"Of course, you knew that the chances of your ever being able to visit the island were small?"

"Yes, sir; I knew that, but I trusted to luck; and I knew that at any rate I should enjoy the voyage."

"In what way do you propose to make your living—by a profession, or by a business career?"

"I expect to become a business man."

"Have you a fair education?"

"Yes, sir; I am prepared to enter Harvard College. I completed my course of preparation last summer."

"That is well. Now I am going to make you a proposal."

He paused, and Guy listened eagerly for what was coming.

"It is this," said the merchant. "I suppose you have nothing to do on the ship."

"No, sir."

“I will invite you to work for four weeks in my counting-room. It will be the commencement of your business education. Besides, you will do me a favor, as a young clerk is absent from duty, sick with a fever. What do you say?”

“I will accept gladly, sir.”

“The hours are not wearing. In this warm climate we cannot venture to work as steadily as in England or America.”

“Will it be necessary for me to board in the city?”

“No; it will be better, on the whole, to sleep aboard the vessel, as you might contract a fever on shore, not being acclimated.”

“Very well, sir. When do you wish me to begin?”

“To-morrow morning.”

“All right, sir.”

“As to your compensation, I will give you twenty-five dollars per week.”

“But,” said Guy, astonished, “that is a large salary for a novice like me.”

“You won’t be a novice very long, and I paid that salary to my clerk who is sick.”

“You are very liberal, sir.”

“I have good reason to be.”

When Guy reported his engagement to Captain Grover, that officer congratulated him.

“It is a great thing,” he said, “to have won the favor of a rich merchant like Mr. Saunders. Besides, the knowledge you will obtain of business will be of infinite value to you.”

So Guy went to work the next day.

Of course, everything was new at first, but he had a thorough training as a student, and he set to work to learn business in the same way he had learned Greek, Latin, and mathematics at school. The result was that he made such progress as to surprise Mr. Saunders.

“You have already become of value to me,” the merchant said one day.

“Didn’t you think I would, sir?”

“I thought it would take longer to break you in. You have the making of a very successful business man in you.”

Guy was gratified by this tribute.

“I am pleased to have you say so,” he replied. “I have a special object in wishing to succeed.”

“What is that?”

“My father is a minister, dependent upon a small salary for support. He is now fifty, and there is a movement to oust him from the place. Should that succeed, I want to be able to free him from pecuniary anxiety.”

“That is highly commendable in you.”

A part of the time Guy was employed upon the books of the firm. One day he pointed out an incorrect entry which would have entailed a considerable loss.

“You are sharp,” said the merchant. “Do you know that you have saved me five hundred pounds? Besides, you have opened my eyes. I have reason to think that my former bookkeeper

—the one whose place you have taken—was in league with the customer in whose account you have found an error. Our transactions are so large that I should have suspected nothing. Now I shall make an investigation.”

“My predecessor may have been simply careless,” suggested Guy.

“True; but I can’t afford to employ men who are careless.”

“You won’t deprive him of his situation, sir?”

“Not at once, but I shall watch him. For some reason I should like to have you in his place.”

“I should like to be in your employ, but I should not care to be so far away from my father for any length of time.”

“There is another consideration, also. This climate would be dangerous to one unaccustomed to it. No; I have other views for you.”

“I wonder what they are,” thought Guy.

The four weeks rolled quickly away. They might have seemed long to Guy if he had been unemployed, but his duties in the office so occupied his time that the period seemed very short indeed.

One day Captain Grover surprised him by saying: “Well, Guy, the Osprey will start for home next Monday.”

Guy heard the announcement with regret. He had become so interested in his work that he did not like to leave it.

“I suppose you will be ready?”

“Yes, sir.”

Guy notified Mr. Saunders that he should have to leave him. The merchant looked thoughtful.

"I am sorry for that," he said. "Your predecessor—the man whose place you are taking—is not yet well."

"I am sorry if I inconvenience you, Mr. Saunders."

"You are specially anxious to return on the Osprey?"

"If I don't, I know of no other way of getting home."

"You can get home quicker by way of London and Liverpool."

"But that would cost considerable money."

"That is true. Of course, if I detain you here I shall undertake to send you home free of expense to yourself. Perhaps, however, that may not be a matter of so much importance to you."

Guy looked puzzled.

"You would travel by steamer to Liverpool, and from there to New York or Boston, also by steamer."

"It would enable me to see more of the world, but it would cost you a good deal of money."

"Yes; but I have not yet told you that I may have some business for you to attend to for me in England."

"That would alter the case, sir. If you have confidence enough in me to employ me in that way, I shall be very glad to do what I can for you."

"Then there is another matter. I have not yet spoken to you about the pirates' treasure."

"No, sir."

"I have thought over the story you told me, and I will tell you

the decision to which I have come. I think there is a faint chance of the story being true.”

Guy brightened up at this admission, for he had great faith in Mr. Saunders’ judgment.

“Of course, it will cost money to obtain it, even if it exists, for I see no other way than to fit out a special expedition.”

“Yes, sir,” returned Guy, soberly, for he believed this would destroy all chance of his ever obtaining the treasure.

“As to the prospect of influencing anyone with capital to go on such a quest, I am afraid it is not bright.”

“I suppose I may as well give it up, then?”

“Not necessarily. The time may come when I can myself undertake it. Meanwhile, as it may be a good while, you will be left in suspense and poverty.”

“Still, if I thought the time would ever come when you would be willing to take hold of it, I would be content to wait.”

“Then suppose you have a copy made of your uncle’s letter, and also of the one in which directions are given as to the island and the place of concealment. The original papers you can keep, and leave the copies with me.”

“I will do so, sir.”

“You repose a good deal of confidence in me. Suppose I fit out the expedition, secure the treasure, and cheat you out of your share of it?”

“I have no fear,” replied Guy. “I have perfect confidence in you.”

“You shall not regret that confidence. I will see that you derive some immediate benefit from this treasure to which you have fallen heir. I propose that, as the expense of fitting out the expedition will be mine, I shall have a right to claim one-half the treasure.”

“I agree to that, sir.”

“And I furthermore agree to pay over to you *at once* one thousand pounds, to be repaid to me out of your share of the treasure when it is found.”

“But it may never be found!”

“That will be my lookout.”

“And I shall be worth a thousand pounds—five thousand dollars!” said Guy.

“Exactly so.”

“I can hardly believe it.”

“You will believe it when the money is in your hands, as it will be to-morrow.”

“It was a very fortunate day when I met you, Mr. Saunders,” said Guy, gratefully.

“And a providential day when I met you, Guy. Don’t forget that you saved my life. But I have not yet spoken of the business which you are to do for me in England.”

When Guy heard this he was even more surprised.

## CHAPTER VII

# GUY RECEIVES A COMMISSION

“Not going back on the Osprey?” exclaimed Captain Grover, in great surprise.

“No, sir. Mr. Saunders wishes to retain me in his employment.”

“But are you aware that the climate of Bombay is very trying to a foreigner?”

“I do not expect to stay in Bombay.”

“I thought you were intending to remain with your present employer?”

“I expect to remain in his employ, but he will very soon send me to England on business.”

Captain Grover looked still more amazed.

“Does he know how old you are?” he asked, abruptly.

“He knows how *young* I am,” answered Guy, with a smile. “Still, he seems to have confidence in me.”

“I suppose I shall have to give my consent, Guy. I hold myself in a manner responsible, for you, as you left home under my charge. Still, I can see that Mr. Saunders is likely to prove a good friend to you. How much does he pay you?”

“Thus far he has paid me twenty-five dollars a week.”

“You can hardly expect that he will pay you such large wages

when you are traveling.”

“On the contrary, he says he will pay me more.”

“Either you are a very smart boy, or he overrates you greatly.”

“Suppose we say the first?” said Guy, smiling.

“Well, perhaps so. How long are you to stay in England?”

“I don’t know yet.”

“From there where will you go?”

“To Boston or New York.”

Captain Grover looked relieved.

“I want to be able to tell your father that you are all right. He will naturally feel anxious when he thinks that you are alone in a distant country.”

“I don’t know about that. He always had considerable confidence in my ability to get along.”

“He didn’t know anything about your crazy idea of hunting for a pirate’s treasure, did he?”

“I never mentioned the matter to him, and I hope you will not. He gave me permission to search Uncle George’s sea chest, but I never told him what I found in it. You know, captain, he is a very absent-minded man. I presume he has never thought of the matter from that day to this.”

“I am glad you have given up the notion of hunting for a treasure which very likely does not exist.”

“Have I?” said Guy to himself; but he only smiled.

He had never said anything to Captain Grover about Mr. Saunders’ plans, or about the thousand pounds which the

merchant had paid over to him. He knew that the captain would rejoice in his good fortune, but he wanted to bide his time and surprise his friends, at home with the story of his luck.

He felt that already he was worth enough money to help his father materially in case Deacon Crane should succeed in his efforts to have him ousted from his parish in favor of a younger man.

On the day that the Osprey was to weigh anchor Guy remained on board, with Mr. Saunders' permission, till the good ship had fairly left her dock.

As he watched her gradually fading out of sight, and realized that he was perhaps eight thousand miles from home, with none of his old friends near him, he felt homesick for a short time, but soon the thought of his wonderful good fortune cheered him up, and he went back to the office full of exhilaration and hope.

In about a week the sick clerk, whose place Guy had taken, returned, and a few days later Guy embarked on an English steamer, bound for Liverpool.

On the departure of the Osprey he had taken up his residence at the house of Mr. Saunders, who was a widower. A maiden sister kept house for him.

"I want you with me," said the merchant, "partly because it will be more homelike for you than a hotel, and partly because I shall have a better chance to instruct you in the business which you are to transact for me in London."

Guy learned that Mr. Saunders was special partner in the

London firm of Russell & Co., and had constant transactions with them.

A part of Guy's instructions related to business to be done with them. He had thought that this would be all, but he was mistaken.

One evening, after supper, Mr. Saunders said: "I have given you directions as to business matters, but I have another affair, requiring discretion and good judgment on your part, in which I shall require your help."

"I shall do my best, sir."

"I am sure of that. You must know that three years since I was informed of the death of an old schoolmate, Herbert Bell. We had been very intimate in school, and retained an interest in each other, though our paths in life differed materially.

"He became a clergyman, while I entered upon a business career. His wife died before him. At his own death he left a son, about your age, I should judge, and he left him to me, beseeching me, in remembrance of our old intimacy, to look after him. This I willingly agreed to do.

"Poor Herbert left only a few hundred pounds, the income of which was quite insufficient to support and educate his son Vivian. On the whole, I was not sorry for this, as it enabled me to be of even more service to my friend's boy.

"I would have been glad to send for him and bring him up under my own eye, but I didn't dare to expose his health to this dangerous climate. I therefore placed him at school about fifty miles from London.

“I had been so long absent from England that I knew nothing of the schools there, but trusted to my business correspondent to find one that was satisfactory.

“He was placed at an academy kept by Dr. Peter Musgrave, whom I supposed a fitting guardian for the orphan boy.

“You see, I trusted to the judgment of my business associate. I have had little or no direct communication with or about Vivian, but, immersed in business, took it for granted that all things were going on as they should.

“My first doubt came when, about a month since, I received a letter from the boy, which I will show you.”

He took from his desk a letter, written in a schoolboy hand, which he gave to Guy to read. It ran as follows:

My dear Guardian:

I have been wanting for a good while to write to you about the way I am treated by Dr. Musgrave. He seems to have taken a great dislike to me, and uses me cruelly. I am sure it is not because of my conduct, because I try to obey the rules of the school. But I once complained of his son, Simon, who was in the habit of ordering me about, and who regularly made me give him half of my pocket money. Simon denied that this was so, and his father chose to believe him. The result was that I was flogged, and from that time I have been ill treated. Scarcely a day passes without my receiving punishment. I can never be happy here, and I do hope, my dear guardian, that you will remove me to another school.

If Dr. Musgrave knew that I was writing to you he would not

permit me to send the letter. I do not dare to post it myself, but have got a schoolmate to drop it in the post office for me.

This was the material portion of the letter.

As Guy read it, he felt a strong sympathy for the writer, and his indignation was excited against the tyrannical schoolmaster.

His lips closed firmly, and there was an angry light in his eyes.

“Dr. Musgrave wouldn’t have treated me in that way,” he said.

“No, I think not. You have evidently plenty of pluck. But Vivian probably takes after his father, who was of a gentle and retiring disposition. He never asserted himself, and always seemed to me to be lacking in proper spirit.

“Since I received this letter I have felt uneasy, and wished that I were in England to investigate Vivian’s complaints, and, if necessary, remove him from the school.”

“I wish you had done so at once, Mr. Saunders.”

“I had no one whom I could call upon to act for me. This letter came since I made your acquaintance, and it was this partly that led me to think of sending you to England. You will go as my representative, with full power to act in my place, as your judgment may dictate.

“I have an idea that the boy is delicate, and wish you to consult a physician. If the doctor recommends a few months spent in travel, I may allow you to take him with you to America.”

“I should be a young guardian, Mr. Saunders. I think you said he was about my age.”

“Probably he is a year younger. At any rate, in all essential

points you are several years older. I have not known you long, but I have confidence in your judgment. As to the expenses, I shall authorize you to draw upon my London correspondent for whatever money you may need.”

“I will gladly undertake the commission, Mr. Saunders. I think I can promise that your ward will have no complaints to make of me. Shall you have any business for me to attend to in New York?”

“In all probability I shall have. My New York correspondent is Gilbert Frazer, whose office is opposite Bowling Green. Have you ever been in New York?”

“No, sir; but I have no doubt I shall be able to attend to whatever business there you may place in my hands.”

“I have no doubt of it. Where is your home?”

“In Bayport. That is a village in Massachusetts, not far from New Bedford.”

Mr. Saunders made a note of this.

“I will give you further instructions, should any occur to me,” he said. “Now we had best retire.”

# CHAPTER VIII

## FROM BOMBAY TO LIVERPOOL

On the steamer which left Bombay with Guy as a passenger he occupied one of the best staterooms, which had been selected by Mr. Saunders himself.

The voyage was a long one, and Guy had abundant opportunity to become acquainted with his fellow passengers.

Among them was a young Englishman, perhaps twenty-five years of age, named August Locke. The rest were old or middle-aged men, and it was natural that Locke and Guy should become more closely acquainted than the others.

On the first day, August Locke made overtures to Guy.

"I am glad," he said, "that there is one young person on board besides myself. Suppose we become friends?"

"I shall be glad to know you better," replied Guy. "I was beginning to feel lonesome."

"You are English, like myself?"

"No; I am an American."

"And traveling alone? Why, you can't be much over sixteen!"

"That is my age."

"It seems strange to me that a boy of your age should be traveling alone so far from home."

"I sometimes wonder at it myself."

"It can't be for health, for you are fresh and blooming."

"No. Suppose I say that it is on business?"

"Then all I can say is that you Americans begin life much earlier than we English. Why, at your age I was attending school in England."

"What school did you attend?"

"The school of Dr. Peter Musgrave, not far from London."

"I am very glad to hear it."

"Why?" asked Locke, with a puzzled look.

"Because there is a boy at that school in whom I am interested."

"An American boy?"

"No; a ward of my employer. He has received complaints that the boy is ill treated, and has sent me to inquire into the matter. If you can tell me something of the school I shall be very much obliged."

"I can't say much good of it. Dr. Musgrave is an ill-tempered man, of small acquirements, whose delight it is to tyrannize over the boys under his charge. I have received more than one flogging from him, wantonly inflicted, without my deserving it."

"You would not send any boy there in whom you were interested?"

"Most certainly not!"

"Then I shall probably withdraw Vivian from the school."

"You speak as if you were his guardian, and had full powers."

"So I have; and I suppose I may call myself his guardian, since

the responsibility has been given me by Mr. Saunders.”

“Are you speaking of the great Bombay merchant?”

“Yes.”

“He seems to repose a great deal of confidence in you.”

“He does,” answered Guy.

“This seems strange, since you are an American.”

“Yet you are disposed to be my friend,” said Guy, smiling, “in spite of this drawback.”

“True.”

“I will show you a letter written by the boy to Mr. Saunders, and you can give me your opinion of it.”

August Locke cast his eyes over the letter of Vivian Bell already quoted in a previous chapter.

“Poor chap!” said the young Englishman. “He does seem to be having a hard time of it.”

“Can you tell me anything about Simon Musgrave, the doctor’s son?”

“Not much. When I was at school he was a small boy in knickerbockers. He was old enough, however, to show that he was a chip of the old block, and inherited his father’s unpleasant traits. That he would bully a boy whom he disliked I can readily believe. I remember once giving him a thrashing for impertinence. I got flogged for it by the doctor, but I had the consolation of knowing that I had hurt Simon quite as much as his father hurt me.”

“I don’t think he would bully me.”

“You don’t look like a boy that would allow himself to be bullied. I suppose this Vivian Bell is a different sort of boy.”

“Yes; Mr. Saunders tells me that his father had a gentle disposition, and thinks the son may resemble him in that respect. His father was a clergyman.”

“That explains it.”

“I don’t think so. I, too, am the son of a clergyman; but I hope I have some spirit.”

“I am very sure you have. Anyone could tell that from your manner and bearing.”

“Did you continue at the school till your education was finished?”

“No. My father withdrew me, partly because the doctor got ‘down on me,’ as the saying is, and partly because he was led to think the pupils didn’t learn much.”

“I suppose you don’t revere the memory of your old teacher?”

“I have often wished that I could get hold of him and repay with interest some of the floggings which I received from him as a boy.”

Guy was glad to have obtained, before arriving in England, some information in regard to the school which Vivian Bell was attending. Now that he knew for certain that the complaints the boy made were justified, he was in a hurry to release him from the tyrannical rule under which he was suffering.

“When I go out to Dr. Musgrave’s school, Mr. Locke,” he said, “I wish you would come with me.”

“Perhaps I may; I should like to see the old place. My memories of it are not all disagreeable. Some of the boys were friends of mine, and I remember them with attachment. I am one who does not forget old friends.”

“I am sure not.”

“Then I should like to see the doctor again. When we parted I was a boy of fifteen, and I stood in fear of his superior strength. Now—” and he smiled as he rose to his full height and stretched out his muscular arms.

“Now, you would be more than a match for him,” suggested Guy.

“I think there is no doubt of that. I have been growing stronger, until I am much more powerful than he was at his best, while the years that have elapsed—ten—have probably diminished his vigor.”

During the voyage Guy and August Locke had many pleasant conversations. Guy learned that he was the nephew of a Glasgow merchant, and that his visit to Bombay had been on business.

“You are Scotch?” said Guy.

“My mother was English, so that I am only half Scotch.”

Among the passengers on board was another American, but he was a man of sixty. He seemed a cynical man, who, strangely enough, appeared to conceive a dislike for his young countryman.

Indeed, he had no sympathy with young people, whom he thought to be utterly destitute of judgment. His curiosity was excited by finding a boy of Guy’s age traveling alone, and he plied

him with questions till he found out that he was in the employ of John Saunders of Bombay.

“Couldn’t Mr. Saunders find an older representative than you?” he asked, in an unpleasant tone.

“I have no doubt he might, sir.”

“Then he was a fool to confide his business to a mere boy.”

Guy was not offended, but he was amused.

“Do you know Mr. Saunders, sir?” he asked.

“I have met him—in a business way.”

“Did he impress you as a fool?” asked Guy, demurely.

Solon Johnson eyed the boy sharply. He was not quite sure whether he was being made fun of or not.

“I can’t call him that,” he answered, “for he has been successful in business and made a large fortune.”

“Yet he has appointed me his agent.”

“Yes, he has shown his folly there.”

“I suppose if you had known him well enough you would have dissuaded him from doing it?”

“I certainly should. I don’t mean any reflection upon you, young man, but it stands to reason that a boy of your age is unfit for any large responsibility.”

“Perhaps you are right,” said Guy, a little nettled, “but I shall endeavor to show that he made no mistake.”

“I can’t understand at all how such a man should have made such a blunder. Were you ever in business before you left America?”

“No, sir.”

“What could possibly have recommended you to Mr. Saunders?”

Guy could easily have satisfied his curiosity, but he did not propose to do so.

“We became acquainted, sir, and he employed me in his office in Bombay. So he had some opportunity of becoming familiar with my capacity for business.”

“What did he pay you?”

Guy felt that this was going too far. He did not care to gratify Mr. Johnson’s impertinent curiosity.

“You must excuse my answering that question, Mr. Johnson,” he said.

“Oh, well, just as you please. If you were in my office in Boston I should not think of offering you more than five dollars a week.”

“Then, sir, I think I shall hardly be likely to apply to you for employment.”

“I don’t think much of your countryman, Guy,” said August Locke, when they were alone.

“Nor do I, Mr. Locke. I wonder which is right in his estimate of me—Mr. Saunders or he.”

“Mr. Saunders, I am sure.”

“Thank you for your good opinion.”

At length the long voyage was over, and with a thrill of interest and excitement Guy stepped on the wharf at Liverpool.

# CHAPTER IX

## GUY ARRIVES IN LONDON

In company with his new acquaintance, August Locke, Guy pushed on to London. He knew nothing about hotels, but by the advice of Locke he secured a room at the Charing Cross.

The next morning he called at the offices of Mr. Saunders' correspondent, Mr. Russell.

These offices were in a solid and heavy-looking building, quite different from the business structures to be found in American cities.

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