

**BOUND TO SUCCEED;
OR, MAIL ORDER
FRANK'S CHANCES**

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Bound to succeed; or, Mail order Frank's chances by Allen Chapman

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BY

ALLEN CHAPMAN

AUTHOR OF "THE HEROES OF THE SCHOOL," "NED WILDING'S
DISAPPEARANCE," "FRANK ROSCOE'S SECRET," "FENN
MASTERTON'S DISCOVERY," "BART KEENE'S
HUNTING DAYS," ETC., ETC.

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BOUND TO SUCCEED

CHAPTER I

WAKING UP

"MOTHER, I must do something, and that right quickly."

It was Frank Newton who was talking. His voice was composed, but determined. His face was calm, but there was a resolute look in his eyes. It told that under the surface some unusual emotion was stirring Frank.

"I don't see how you can do any more than you are doing now," responded his mother with an anxious sigh. "Of course it seems hard to get along with so little when we have been used to having so much. But, oh, Frank, when I think of what was once—you away, I knew not where, and my heart breaking to find out—I am grateful and happy, and so very proud of you, my dear, dear boy."

Frank's lip quivered at the fervent words spoken. They inspired him with their eloquence. His hand

trembled as it rested on his mother's arm gently and lovingly.

"It's worth everything to have you talk that way, mother," he said in quite a husky voice, "and kind words and good opinion just makes me the more resolved to better things."

"Don't be ungrateful or complaining, my boy."

"It's never that, mother."

"And don't be too ambitious, or too reckless. We have a roof to shield us and food to eat, thanks to your busy endeavors. The lawyer gives us hopes that we may recover something from the wreck of our lost fortune. I don't know of any better outlook for the present, than to wait patiently and see what turns up in the way of an improvement in affairs."

Frank shook his head, and paced up and down the floor of the best room of the cozy little cottage that was their present home.

"It's no use, mother," he said finally. "The lost fortune is a dream, a bubble. We may just as well get down to that. Mr. Beach, the lawyer, gives us hopes, but they are not based on much. At the same time, he takes his fees. We can't stand that any longer. I told him so, yesterday. I don't believe there is the least show in the world for our claim. I am sure that Mr. Beach shares

my opinion now. No," continued Frank definitely, "what future there is for us must be worked out by our own independent exertions."

"It is a bitter wrong then," spoke his mother. "When your father, Mr. Newton, died, he left me his town property here. When I married a second time, and Mr. Ismond became your stepfather, I had implicit confidence in him at first. He got me to sign the property over to him. Then I saw my mistake. When his tyrannical ways drove you away from home I lost all regard for him."

"He certainly was very cruel and unjust to me," murmured Frank, recalling many dark days of his young life.

"When he died," resumed Frank's mother, "I was amazed to find that all my rights to the estate were forfeited. It looked very much as though Mr. Ismond had been planning to rob us of everything when death overtook him. A man named Purnell, Gideon Purnell, held the title to our property under mortgage and sale. He sold it to Abner Dorsett, who now holds it. The law says Dorsett was an innocent purchaser, and therefore cannot be disturbed."

"Innocent!" flashed out Frank. "Oh, what a shame! Why, we know better than that, mother. We are sure that Purnell was his tool and partner.

Anyhow, we cannot hold Dorsett to make any restitution. I hope some day, though, to run across this Purnell. If I ever do, I'll not lose sight of him till I know the truth of the wicked plot that made us paupers. He, and he only, holds the key to the situation."

"Mr. Dorsett is a bad man," said the widow. "His actions show he is not just. Else, why does he care to put obstacles in your way when you seek work? I wish we could leave Greenville, Frank. That man terrifies me. He may get you into some trouble. I have seen him prowling around here often. Then, the other day, our poor, faithful dog, Christmas, disappeared. That same night I saw Dorsett crouching under the window yonder. It looks as if he fears something we may know or do, and is lurking around eavesdropping to find out what it is."

"He will find a trap set for him the next time he comes nosing around here," declared Frank with a grim-set lip. "Mother, don't worry your mind any further, I am determined to get steady work and earn more money. I wish, too, we could leave Greenville. If it was any use I would stay and fight Dorsett to the last ditch. It's no use, and I know it. Let us get out of the sight and memory of the old life. I'm going to strike out new."