

**SAM'S CHANCE  
AND HOW HE  
IMPROVED IT**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649287635

Sam's chance and how he improved it by Jr. Alger

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**JR. ALGER**

**SAM'S CHANCE  
AND HOW HE  
IMPROVED IT**



# SAM'S CHANCE

AND

HOW HE IMPROVED IT

BY

HORATIO ALGER, JR.

AUTHOR OF "FACING THE WORLD," "CASH BOY," "DO AND  
DARE," "SINK OR SWIM," "CHESTER RAND," ETC.



NEW YORK  
HURST & COMPANY  
PUBLISHERS

956  
A395  
sam  
EDUC.  
PSYCH.  
LIBRARY

## PREFACE.

---

“Sam’s Chance” is a sequel to the “Young Outlaw,” and is designed to illustrate the gradual steps by which that young man was induced to give up his bad habits, and deserve that prosperity which he finally attains.

The writer confesses to have experienced some embarrassment in writing this story. The story writer always has at command expedients by which the frowns of fortune may be turned into sunshine, and this without violating probability, or, at any rate, possibility; for the careers of many of our most eminent and successful men attest that truth is oftentimes stranger than fiction. But to cure a boy of radical faults is almost as difficult in fiction as in real life. Whether the influences which led to Sam’s reformation were adequate to that

result, must be decided by the critical reader. The author may, at any rate, venture to congratulate Sam's friends that he is now more worthy of their interest and regard than in the years when he was known as the "Young Outlaw."

# SAM'S CHANCE.

---

## CHAPTER I.

### SAM'S NEW CLOTHES.

"IF I'm goin' into a office I'll have to buy some new clo'es," thought Sam Barker.

He was a boy of fifteen, who, for three years, had been drifting about the streets of New York, getting his living as he could; now blacking boots, now selling papers, now carrying bundles—"everything by turns, and nothing long." He was not a model boy, as those who have read his early history, in "The Young Outlaw," are aware; but, on the other hand, he was not extremely bad. He liked fun, even if it involved mischief; and he could not be called strictly truthful nor honest. But he would not wantonly injure or tyrannize over a



smaller boy, and there was nothing mean or malicious about him. Still he was hardly the sort of boy a merchant would be likely to select as an office boy, and but for a lucky chance Sam would have been compelled to remain a bootblack or newsboy. One day he found, in an uptown street, a little boy, who had strayed away from his nurse, and, ascertaining where he lived, restored him to his anxious parents. For this good deed he was rewarded by a gift of five dollars and the offer of a position as errand boy, at five dollars a week.

Sam decided that he must have some new clothes before he could enter upon his place. At present his costume consisted of a ragged shirt, and a pair of equally ragged pantaloons. Both were of unknown antiquity, and had done faithful service, not only to Sam, but to a former owner. It was quite time they were released from duty.

To buy a complete outfit with five dollars might have puzzled many an able financier. But Sam knew just where to go. Somewhere in the neighborhood of Baxter Street there was

a second-hand clothing establishment, which he had patronized on previous occasions, and where he knew that the prices were low. It was to this place that he bent his steps.

A wrinkled old man—the proprietor—stood outside, scanning, with cunning eyes, the passers-by. If any one paused to examine his stock, he was immediately assailed by voluble recommendations of this or that article, and urgently entreated to “just step inside.”

When Sam approached, the old man's shrewdness was at fault. He did not suspect that the ragged street boy was likely to become a customer, and merely suffered his glance to rest upon him casually.

But Sam accosted him with a business-like manner.

“Look here, old man, have you got any tip-top clo'es to sell to-day?”

“Yes, my son,” answered the old man, with an air of alacrity.

“Who are you a-takin' to? I ain't your son, and I wouldn't be. My father's a member of Congress.”

"Did he send you here to buy clo'es?" asked the old man, with a grin.

"Yes, he did. He said you'd let me have 'em half price."

"So I will, my—boy. This is the cheapest place in the city."

"Well, old man, trot out your best suits. I want 'em in the style, you know."

"I know that from your looks," said the old man, a grin illumining his wrinkled face, as he glanced at the rags Sam wore.

"Oh, you needn't look at these. My best clo'es is to home in the wardrobe. What have you got for shirts?"

A red-flannel article was displayed; but Sam didn't like the color.

"It ain't fashionable," he said.

"Here's a blue one," said the old man.

"That's more like. How much is it?"

"Fifty cents."

"Fifty cents! Do you want to ruin me? I won't give no fifty cents for a shirt."

"It's worth more. It cost me forty-five."

"I'll give thirty-five."