

THE BOSS OF TAROOMBA

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The boss of Taroomba by Ernest William Hornung

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ERNEST WILLIAM HORNUNG

**THE BOSS
OF TAROOMBA**

THE
BOSS OF TAROOMBA

BY
ERNEST WILLIAM HORNUNG



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PREFACE

AT least a third of this tale has appeared already in a Christmas Number of *The Detroit Free Press*. The remainder is published now for the first time.

E. W. HORNUNG.

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The Boss of Taroomba.



CHAPTER I.

THE LITTLE MUSICIAN.

THEY were terribly sentimental words but the fellow sang them as though he meant every syllable. Altogether, the song was not the kind of thing to go down with a back-block audience, any more than the singer was the class of man.

He was a little bit of a fellow, with long dark hair and dark glowing eyes, and he swayed on the music-stool, as he played and sang, in a manner most new to the young men of Taroomba. He had not much voice, but the sensitive lips took such pains with each word, and the long, nervous fingers fell so lightly upon the old piano, that every one of the egregious lines travelled whole