

**NED WILDING'S  
DISAPPEARANCE;  
OR, THE DAREWELL  
CHUMS IN THE CITY**

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Ned Wilding's disappearance; or, The Darewell chums in the city by Allen Chapman

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**ALLEN CHAPMAN**

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# NED WILDING'S DISAPPEARANCE

Or

The Darewell Chums  
in the City

BY

'ALLEN CHAPMAN

AUTHOR OF "BART STIRLING'S ROAD TO SUCCESS," "WORKING  
HARD TO WIN," "BOUND TO SUCCEED," "THE YOUNG  
STOREKEEPER," "NAT BORDEN'S FIND," ETC.





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# NED WILDING'S DIS- APPEARANCE

## CHAPTER I

### THE NEW GUN

THE Keene household was suddenly aroused from peacefulness, one quiet afternoon, by a loud thud as if something had fallen. It was followed by a report like an explosion. Then, from Bart's room, sounded a series of yells.

"Wow! Ouch! Jimminities!"

"He's hurt!" exclaimed his sister Alice, as she ran toward her brother's room. As she entered she saw him running about the apartment, which was filled with smoke, holding one hand in the other. Drops of blood were coming from his fingers.

"What's the matter? Are you hurt?" asked Alice. "Oh, Bart, are you really hurt?"

"Am I hurt? Do you think I'm doing this for fun? Where's mother?"

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"She's gone out. I'm the only one home."

"Get a rag or something, will you please Alice?" and Bart danced around on one leg, holding the other limb out so stiffly that he knocked over several chairs.

"Is your leg hurt too, Bart?"

"No, it's only my three fingers."

"But you stuck one leg out so I thought that was injured also."

"I'd stick 'em both out if it would only ease this pain any! Maybe my fingers will have to come off!"

"Oh, Bart! What did it?"

"My new gun. I went to lay it down on the table and it fell to the floor and went off. Did you hear it?"

"I couldn't very well help it. Did the bullet go through your hand?"

"It doesn't shoot bullets. It shoots shot, and I guess it only grazed a few fingers. Most of the shot went into the wall," and Bart gazed at a dark spot on the wall-paper, and then looked at his injured hand. "I didn't think it would go off so easily," he added.

"Oh, those horrid guns!" exclaimed the girl.

"I just knew when papa let you send for it—"

"Say, Alice, if you ever intend to be a trained

nurse you'd better get to work on me before I faint!" cried Bart. "Now don't talk any more, that's a good girl. Get a rag before I bleed to death."

"Oh, Bart, I'm so sorry! Of course I'll fix you up. Wait until I get my book," and Alice, whose ambition was to be a nurse and wear a blue and white striped uniform, hurried to her room and came back with a little book. On the cover was a red cross, and the inscription, "First Aid to the Injured."

"What kind of a wound is it, Bart?" Alice asked, rapidly turning the leaves of the volume.

"How should I know? It's a painful wound, if that's what you mean."

"Oh, no! Is it incised or lacerated or a contused one? Because you see I have to give it different kind of treatment if it's an incised wound than I would if it's a lacerated one."

"Oh, give me any kind of treatment!" and Bart began to dance around again. "The shot grazed my fingers, that's all I know!"

"I guess that's a lacerated wound," Alice replied a little doubtfully, as she took a look at her brother's bleeding hand. Then she turned to the page of the book that treated of lacerated hurts and read: