

**CHARLIE  
CODMAN'S CRUISE:  
A STORY FOR BOYS**

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Charlie Codman's Cruise: A Story for Boys by Horatio Alger

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**HORATIO ALGER**

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# CHARLIE CODMAN'S CRUISE,

A STORY FOR BOYS.

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AUTHOR OF "FRANK'S CAMPAIGN," "PAUL PRESCOTT'S  
CHARGE," "HELEN FORD."

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## PREFACE.

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IN deference to the expressed wishes of some of his young friends, the author has essayed a story of the sea, and now presents "Charlie Codman's Cruise," as the third volume of the Campaign Series. It will be found more adventurous than its predecessors, and the trials which Charlie is called upon to encounter are of a severer character than befell Frank Frost or Paul Prescott. But it will be found that they were met with the same manly spirit, and a like determination to be faithful to duty at all hazards.

Though not wholly a stranger to the sea, the author is quite aware of the blunders to which a landsman is exposed in treating of matters and a mode of life which, at the best, he must comprehend but imperfectly, and has endeavored to avoid, as far as possible, professional technicalities, as not essential to the interest of the story.



With these few words he submits the present volume to his young readers, hoping for it a welcome even more generous than has been accorded to "Frank's Campaign" and "Paul Prescott's Charge."

## CHARLIE CODMAN'S CRUISE.

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### I.

#### CHARLIE AND THE MISER.

CHARLIE CODMAN turned out of Washington into Bedford Street just as the clock in the Old South steeple struck two. He was about fourteen, a handsome, well-made boy, with a bright eye and a manly expression. But he was poor. That was evident enough from his clothes, which, though neat and free from dust, were patched in several places. He had a small roll of daily papers under his arm, the remains of his stock in trade, which he had been unable wholly to dispose of.

Some of my readers may know that the Latin School and English High School are kept in the same building. At two o'clock both are dismissed. Charlie had scarcely passed the school-house when a crowd of boys issued from the school-yard, and he heard his name called from behind. Looking back he recognized a boy somewhat smaller than himself, with whom he had formed an acquaintance some time before.

"Where are you bound, Charlie?" asked Edwin Banks.

"I'm going home now."

"What luck have you had this morning?"

"Not much. I've got four papers left over, and that will take away about all my profits."

"What a pity you are poor, Charlie. I wish you could come to school with us."

"So do I, Eddie. I'd give a good deal to get an education, but I feel that I ought to help mother."

"Why won't you come some time, and see us, Charlie? Clare and myself would be very glad to see you at any time."

"I should like to go," said Charlie, "but I don't look fit."

"Oh, never mind about your clothes. I like you just as well as if you were dressed in style."

"Perhaps I'll come some time," said Charlie. "I'd invite you to come and see me, but we live in a poor place."

"Just as if I should care for that. I will come whenever I get an invitation."

"Then come next Saturday afternoon. I will be waiting for you as you come out of school."

Charlie little thought where he would be when Saturday came.

Shortly after the boys separated, and Charlie's attention was arrested by the sight of an old man with a shambling gait, who was bending over and anxiously searching for something on the sidewalk. Charlie recognized him at once as "old Manson, the miser," for this was the name by which he generally went.

Old Peter Manson was not more than fifty-five, but he looked from fifteen to twenty years older. If his body