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## FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

NOTE—Special attention is called to this the third installment of a story contributed by one of our youthful readers, who has frequently favored us in the past under the pseudonym of "Dick Young." Little change has been made from the manuscript as submitted, except paragraphing, punctuation and corrections in spelling, nothing, whatever, having been done in the way of revision or re-arrangement. There are five chapters in all. Two have already appeared and one will appear weekly for the next two weeks—EDITOR.

**BOB.**

(By Dick Young.)

CHAPTER III.

THE day after Bob called at Graham's house on his way from school, and after lunch, they started for the cave on bicycles. On each one's back there



they come to a stop. Bob pulls out his watch. Its time to eat dinner. After dinner they go futher on and, pretty soon, Graham, who is in the lead, stops and turning, says, "This is the end".

"No 'taint. Look here", and Bob pulled down a stone in front of them. But what a sight far down below! They could see the tops of the trees.

Graham blew out his candle and said, "We've discovered something. We're way up on that big cliff you can see from the road."

"Yes", replied Bob, "and there is the jackdaw's nest that the gump fell in in the story of 'Tip', sequel to the 'Wonderful Wizard of Oz', and there's the pile of



BOB CALLED AT GRAHAM'S HOUSE ON HIS WAY FROM SCHOOL.

is a sack. In them is a bottle, a dozen candles, a pencil, sheet of paper and lunch.

"Here", said Bob, "this must be the place".

Jumping off he runs to a small rock, pulls it to one side, and calls: "Here it is".

Graham is busy hiding the bicycles. Then they light their candles, and, stooping low, Graham walks in, Bob following, pulling up the stone after him. They crawl along for fifty feet and then get up. Finally they come to a passage. Bob drops a stick, pointing it up the tunnel. They go along in this fashion till they strike a wall, then they go back following up the sticks. Pretty soon

jewels", and he ran forward, for sure enough, there was a pile of trash that the thieving jackdaws had stolen.

Both boys jumped into the heap and filled their bags as fast as they could. Bob, for fun, walked out on the edge and climbed down a little way. It was easy climbing because the cliff slanted off, making a rugged pair of steps.

Sitting down, he began to look at the map they had drawn of the tunnel on their way. It was a funny cave with all its turns and twists. He spread the map out smoothly and drew the jackdaw's nest at the end. Then rising, he looked over the edge, but no Graham could be seen.

The entrance was shut. He went to it