

Chapter 1 : The Circus Boys Across The Continent | Bookshare

*The Circus Boys Across the Continent; Or, Winning New Laurels on the Tanbark [Edgar B. P. Darlington] on blog.quintoapp.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. You never can guess itâ€”you never can guess the news, Teddy, cried Phil Forrest, rushing into the gymnasium.*

Robinson has been teaching me. Of course, I am not much of a rider, but I can manage to stick on somehow. You say you can ride bareback? Just curious, you know, to see what you have been doing. Hurry up and get your working clothes on. Sparling in a surprised tone. After they had swept twice around the ring, the boy sprang to his feet, facing ahead, and holding his short crop in both hands, leaning slightly toward the center of the ring, treading on fairy feet from one end of the broad back to the other. Next he varied his performance by standing on one foot, holding the other up by one hand, doing the same graceful step that he had on both feet a moment before. Now he tried the same feats riding backwards, a most difficult performance for any save a rider of long experience. Robinson became so absorbed in his riding that she forgot to urge the gray along or to crack the whip. The result was that the old horse stopped suddenly. Phil went right on. He was in a fair way to break his neck, as he was plunging toward the turf head first. But Phil already had begun to do this very thing. And he did another remarkable feat at the same time. He turned his body in the air so that he faced to the front, and the next instant landed lightly on his feet outside the ring. Phil blew a kiss to the amazed owner, turning back to the ring again. By this time Mrs. Robinson had placed the jumping board in the ring--a short piece of board, one end of which was built up about a foot from the ground. Then she started the ring horse galloping again. Phil dropped to the hip of the gray, his face flushed with triumph, his eyes sparkling. The showman was clapping his hands and clambering down the aisle from his position near the top row of seats. It is marvelous, marvelous! She taught me how to do it," answered Phil gallantly. Little Dimples shook a small, brown fist at him. Do a backward turn with the horse at a gallop," suggested Mr. Sparling, with a suspicion of a smile at the corners of his mouth. Why, I--" At that moment Teddy Tucker came strolling lazily in with a long, white feather tucked in the corner of his mouth. Where did you get it? Going to make a pen of it to use when I write to the folks at Edmeston," answered the boy carelessly. What do you want? What is it you were going to ask me? The one where the fellows jump over the elephants and--" "Ho, ho, ho! What do you think of that, Phil? What do you--" "I can do it. I can jump over four elephants and maybe five, now. I can--" "Yes, I have seen him do it, Mr. Do anything you want to. Phil Forrest, proud and happy, bounded out into the paddock, resplendent in pink tights, a black girdle about his loins, sparkling with silver spangles. Little Dimples ran out at about the same time. The band is playing our entrance tune. Ducro will be in a fine temper if we are a second behind time. Altogether too much depended upon his first public exhibition as a bareback rider to permit his taking any such chances. Dimples owned two horses, so she rode the second one this day. As Phil walked lightly the length of the big top, which he was obliged to do to reach ring No. He attracted attention because of this fact alone, for the people did not recognize in him the lad who had that morning stayed the stampede of the herd of huge elephants. Reaching his ring he quickly kicked off his pumps and leaped lightly to the back of his mount, where he sat easily while the gray slowly walked about the sawdust arena. The management would not permit him to appear this evening on that account, for the Sparling Combined Shows believe in treating its people right. It is his first appearance in any ring as a bareback rider. I might add that he has been practicing something less than three weeks for this act; therefore any slips that he may make you will understand. Ladies and gentlemen, I take pleasure in introducing to you Master Phillip Forrest, the hero of the day--a young man who is winning new laurels on the tanbark six days in every week! Phil had not had such an ovation since the day he first rode Emperor into the ring when he joined the circus in Edmeston. Phil was plainly nervous. He felt that he was going to make an unpleasant exhibition of himself. Going to sit there all day? Phil threw himself to his feet. Somehow he missed his footing in his nervousness, and the next instant he felt himself falling. Feeling her rider leave her back the gray dropped her gallop and fell into a slow trot. Phil scrambled to his feet very red in the face, while Mr. Sparling, from the side lines, stood leaning against a quarter pole with a set grin on his face. His confidence in his little Circus Boy was not

wholly lost yet. His eyes were flashing and he gripped the little riding whip as if he would vent his anger upon it. Phil paused on the ring curbing with head slightly inclined forward, watching the gray with keen eyes. Phil had forgotten that sea of human faces out there now. He saw only that broad gray, rosined back that he must reach and cling to, but without a slip this time. All at once he left the curbing, dashing almost savagely at his mount. Sparling, realizing that Phil had no step to aid him in his effort to reach the back of the animal. The lad launched himself into the air as if propelled by a spring. He landed fairly on the back of the ring horse, wavered for one breathless second, then fell into the pose of the accomplished rider. Sparling, hardened showman that he was, brushed a suspicious hand across his eyes and sat down suddenly. Phil threw himself wildly into his work, taking every conceivable position known to the equestrian world, and essaying many daring feats that he had never tried before. It seemed simply impossible for the boy to fall, so sure was his footing. Now he would spring from the broad back of the gray, and run across the ring, doing a lively handspring, then once more vault into a standing position on the mare. Suddenly the band stopped playing, for the rest that is always given the performers. But Phil did not pause. Sparling, catching the spirit of the moment scrambled to his feet and rushed to the foot of the bandstand, near which he had been sitting. Little Dimples, too, had by this time forgotten that she was resting, and now she began to ride as she never had ridden before, throwing a series of difficult backward turns, landing each time with a sureness that she never had before accomplished. The act came to a quick ending. The time for the equestrian act had expired, and it must give way to the others that were to follow. The people were standing up, waving their arms wildly. Many hurled their hats at the Circus Boy in their excitement, while others showered bags of peanuts over him as he raced by them. Such a scene of excitement and enthusiasm never had been seen under that big top before. Phil did not move from his position until he reached the paddock. Arriving there he sat down, slid to the ground and collapsed in a heap. Sparling came charging in, hat missing and hair standing straight up where he had run his fingers through it in his excitement. He grabbed Phil in his arms and carried him into the dressing tent. With them proudly marched Teddy Tucker. Sparling, in the meantime, was patting Phil on the back. Tell me honestly, where would you prefer to be? I was that way myself at first. Just did a few simple clown stunts and made faces at the audience. Then I got some money ahead and started out for myself. I think, maybe, that I could spend part of my time in the office, if that is where you wish me. If you can spare me from the parade, I might put in that time to decided advantage doing things on the lot for you," mused Phil. Well, I should say so. You are relieved from that already. Of course, any time you wish to go out, you have the privilege of doing so. Sometimes it is a change, providing one is not obliged to go," smiled the showman. I guess we will let the front of the house take care of itself for the present.

Chapter 2 : The Circus Boys Across the Continent by Edgar B.P. Darlington

The Circus Boys Across the Continent has 4 ratings and 0 reviews. You never can guess it you never can guess the news, Teddy, cried Phil Forrest, rushing.

Darlington Home - Random Browse Phil had walked over and sat down by the center pole right near the sawdust ring, so that he might get a better view of the riding. The young woman who so attracted his attention was known on the show bills as "Little Miss Dimples, the Queen of the Sawdust Arena. The band struck up a lively tune, the gray horse began a slow, methodical gallop. The first rise of the horse bounded Little Dimples to her knees, and the next to her feet. With a merry little "yip! In fact, he had never seen such artistic riding. The girl seemed to be treading on air, so lightly did her feet touch the rosined back of the ring horse. Little Dimples heard and understood. She flashed a brilliant smile at Phil and tossed her whip as a salute. Phil had never met her, but they both belonged to the same great family, and that was sufficient. It made him laugh outright to see her big picture hat bobbing up and down with the motion of the horse. But now Dimples removed the hat, sending it spinning to the ringmaster, who, in turn, tossed it to an attendant. The real work of the act was about to start. Phil never having seen the young woman ride, did not know what her particular specialty was. Just now he was keenly observing, that he might learn her methods. This finished, she leaped to the ring, and, taking a running start, vaulted to the back of her horse. She knew that it was not herself, but her work, that had brought this expression of approval from the Circus Boy, whom she already knew of by hearing some of the other performers tell of his achievements since he joined the circus less than a year ago. I should have thought they would have leveled it down better," Phil grumbled, noting the uneven surface of the sawdust circle with critical eyes. But still Dimples seems very sure on her feet. I wonder if she does any brilliant stunts? Even the band suddenly ceased playing. Then Phil knew that something worthwhile was coming. I might add in this connection that Little Miss Dimples is the only woman who ever succeeded in going through this feat without finishing up by breaking her neck. The band will cease playing while this perilous performance is on, as the least distraction on the part of the rider might result fatally for her. Ladies and gentlemen, I introduce to you Little Miss Dimples," concluded the ringmaster, with a comprehensive wave of the hand toward the young woman and her gray ring horse. He caught it deftly, placing it on the ground beside him, then edged a little closer to the ring that he might the better observe her work. The ring horse started off at a lively gallop, the rider allowing her elbows to rise and fall with the motion of the horse, in order that she might the more thoroughly become a part of the animal itself—that the motion of each should be the same. Suddenly Dimples sprang nimbly to her feet, tossing her riding whip to the waiting hands of the ringmaster. Phil half scrambled to his feet as he saw her poise for a backward somersault. He had noted another thing, too. She was going to throw herself, it seemed, just as the horse was on the roughest part of the ring. He wondered if she could make it. To him it was a risky thing to try, but she no doubt knew better than he what she was about. The ringmaster held up his hand as a signal to the audience that the daring act was about to take place. Phil crept a little nearer. All at once the girl gracefully threw herself into the air. He judged she had cleared the back of the animal by at least three feet, a high jump to make straight up with unbent knees. But just as she was leaving the back of the horse, the animal suddenly stumbled, thus turning her halfway around, and for the instant taking her mind from her work. Dimples already had begun to turn backward, but he noted that all at once she stopped turning. Phil knew what that meant. As show people term it, she had "frozen" in the air. She was falling, head first, right toward the wooden ring curbing. The girl was powerless to do so, while the ringmaster, being on the opposite side of the ring, could be of no assistance to her. It did seem that it would be a miracle if she escaped without serious injury. But the Circus Boy, his every faculty centered on the task before him, proposed to save her if he could. He sprang up on the ring curbing, stretching both hands above his head as far as he could reach, bracing himself with legs wide apart to meet the shock. It is not an easy task to attempt to catch a person, especially if that person be falling toward you head first. But Phil Forrest calculated in a flash how he would do it. That is, he would unless he missed. It all happened in much less time than it takes to tell it, of course, and a moment afterwards one could not have told

how it had occurred. His plan worked well up to the point of catching her. But instantly upon doing so he realized that she was moving with such speed as to make it impossible for him to retain his balance. Dimples was hurled into his arms with great force, bowling Phil over like a ninepin. Yet, in falling, he did not lose his presence of mind. He hoped fervently that he might be fortunate enough not to strike on a stake, of which there were many on that side of the ring. When he struck it was full on his back, the back of his head coming in contact with the hard ground with such force as to stun him almost to the point of unconsciousness. As he struck he gave Dimples a little throw so that she cleared his body, landing on the ground beyond him. The girl stretched forth her hands and did a handspring, once more thorough master of herself, landing gracefully on her feet. But Phil had undoubtedly saved her life, as she well knew. Without giving the slightest heed to the audience, which was howling its delight, Dimples ran to the fallen lad, leaning over him anxiously. But his back hurt him so severely that he could only with difficulty stand upright. Phil smiled and straightened, despite the pain. At that Dimples grasped him by the hand, leading him to the concourse facing the reserved seats, where she made a low bow to the audience; then, throwing both arms about Phil, she gave him a hearty kiss. Thunders of applause greeted this, the audience getting to its feet in its excitement. Had it been possible, both the boy and Miss Dimples would have been borne in triumph from the ring. Dimples nodded her understanding. This time Phil held his breath as he saw her crouching ever so little for her spring. Dimples uttered another shrill "yip! He saw, with keen satisfaction, that this time she was not going to miss. Dimples turned in the air with wonderful grace, alighting far back on the broad hips of the gray horse with bird-like lightness. Phil doffed his hat, and, getting to his feet, limped away, with the audience roaring out its applause. Just as he was passing the bandstand the educated mule, with Teddy Tucker on its back, bolted through the curtains like a projectile. The mule nearly ran over Phil, then brought up suddenly to launch both heels at him. But the Circus Boy had seen this same mule in action before, and this time Phil had discreetly ducked under the bandstand. Then the mule was off. The old hands with the show discreetly darted for cover when they saw Teddy and his mule coming. Like Phil Forrest, they had had experience with this same wild outfit before. There was no knowing what the bucking mule might not do, while there was a reasonable certainty in their minds as to what he would do if given half a chance. The boy saw that the mule had taken it into his stubborn head to enter the menagerie tent, there to give an exhibition of his contrariness. In they swept like a miniature whirlwind, the mule twisting this way and that, stopping suddenly now and then and bracing its feet in desperate efforts to unseat its rider. But Teddy held on grimly. This rough riding was the delight of his heart, and the lad really was a splendid horseman, though it is doubtful if he realized this fact himself. A man was crossing the menagerie tent with a pail of water in each hand. The mule saw him. Here was an opportunity not to be lost. The two pails took the air in a beautiful curve, like a pair of rockets, distributing water all the way across the tent, a liberal portion of which was spilled over the water carrier as the pails left his hands. Teddy was traveling at such a rapid rate that he did not recognize the fellow, but Larry recognized him, and thereby another account was charged up against the Circus Boy. But the mule, though the time limit for his act had expired, had not quite satisfied his longing for excitement. Whirling about, he plunged toward the big top again. But he might as well have tried to check the wind. Nothing short of a stone wall could stop the educated mule until he was ready to stop. The ringmaster had blown his whistle for the next act and the performers were running to their stations when Teddy and his mount suddenly made their appearance again. Sparling, dodging out of the way as the mule, with ears laid back on his head, dashed straight at the showman. In a hurry," answered Teddy. On they plunged past the bandstand again, the mule pausing at the paddock entrance long enough to kick the silk curtains into ribbons. Next he made a dive for the dressing tent. In less time than it takes to tell it, the dressing tent looked as if it had been struck by a cyclone. Clubs and side poles were brought down on the rump of the wild mule, most of which were promptly kicked through the side of the tent. The performers, in all stages of dress and undress, had fled to the outside.

Chapter 3 : The Circus Boys Across The Continent by Edgar B. P. Darlington @ Classic Reader

The Circus Boys Across The Continent by Edgar B. P. Darlington: The Boys Hear Good News; The Circus Boys Win New Laurels;

Dimples was sitting on a property box, industriously engaged on a piece of embroidery work. She made a pretty picture perched up on the box engaged in her peaceful occupation with the needle, and the lad stopped to gaze at her admiringly. Dimples glanced down with a smile. Why, last season, I embroidered a new shirt waist every week during the show season. But come over here and sit down by me. I ought to thank you for saving my life this afternoon, but I know you would rather I did not. It makes me feel--well, awkward, I guess. It will be all right by morning. Where were you--what show were you with last year? In the big shows one is just a little part of a big organization. I must say you have made pretty rapid progress for one who has been out less than a year. I wish, though, that I could do a bareback act one quarter as well as you do. I should be very proud if I could. Your teacher is before you. What did you think I meant? That will be splendid. You are a very finished performer-- a natural born showman. If you stay in the business long enough you will make a great reputation for yourself. I am going to own a show some of these days," announced the boy confidently. You have the right sort of pluck to get anything you set your heart on. Now if my boy only--" "Yes. But, alas, I am no longer young. I have a son almost as old as you are. He is with his father, performing at the Crystal Palace in London. I expect to join them over there after my season closes here. You have no mother, have you? My mother is dead," answered the lad in a low voice, lowering his eyes. Robinson rolled up her work. These he quickly donned and hurried back to the paddock. There he found Dimples with her ring horse, petting the broad-backed beast while he nibbled at the grass. The hippodrome races are just going on. Sit over just as far as you can without slipping off. You saw how I did it this afternoon? It is just practice. You will catch the trick of it very soon. Now, take hold of the rein and stand up. Besides throwing too much weight on the back, you are liable to tickle the animal there and make him nervous. Tread on the balls of your feet. Very shortly after that the show in the big top came to a close. The concert was now going on, at the end nearest the menagerie tent, so Phil and Dimples took the ring at the other end of the tent, where they resumed their practice. After a short time Phil found himself able to stand erect with more confidence. Now, his instructor, with a snap of her little whip, started the gray to walking slowly about the ring, Phil holding tightly to the bridle rein to steady himself. Tread softly and lightly. Start without a pad, and you never will have to unlearn what you get. Stand straight and lean back a little. Phil promptly fell off, landing outside the ring, from where he picked himself up rather crestfallen. You are doing splendidly," encouraged Dimples, assisting him to mount again. Now do your prettiest. Do you know him? I shall have to tell him that. Remember, you always want to keep good friends with the press agent. He found himself able to stand erect, by the aid of the bridle rein, and to keep his position fairly well while the animal took a slow gallop. He had not yet quite gotten over the dizziness caused by the constant traveling about in a circle in the narrow ring, but Dimples assured him that, after a few more turns, this would wear off entirely. After finishing the practice, Dimples led her horse back to the horse tent, promising Phil that they should meet the next afternoon. Phil had no more than changed to his street clothes before he received a summons to go to Mr. Sparling in his private tent. Sparling in his office.

Chapter 4 : Read The Circus Boys Across The Continent Light Novel Online

The Circus Boys Across The Continent Or Winning New Laurels on the Tanbark Part 3 out of 4. blog.quintoapp.com homepage; Index of The Circus Boys Across The Continent Or Winning New Laurels on the Tanbark.

Phil Forrest, proud and happy, bounded out into the paddock, resplendent in pink tights, a black girdle about his loins, sparkling with silver spangles. Little Dimples ran out at about the same time. The band is playing our entrance tune. Ducro will be in a fine temper if we are a second behind time. Altogether too much depended upon his first public exhibition as a bareback rider to permit his taking any such chances. Dimples owned two horses, so she rode the second one this day. As Phil walked lightly the length of the big top, which he was obliged to do to reach ring No. He attracted attention because of this fact alone, for the people did not recognize in him the lad who had that morning stayed the stampede of the herd of huge elephants. Reaching his ring he quickly kicked off his pumps and leaped lightly to the back of his mount, where he sat easily while the gray slowly walked about the sawdust arena. The management would not permit him to appear this evening on that account, for the Sparling Combined Shows believe in treating its people right. It is his first appearance in any ring as a bareback rider. I might add that he has been practicing something less than three weeks for this act; therefore any slips that he may make you will understand. Ladies and gentlemen, I take pleasure in introducing to you Master Phillip Forrest, the hero of the day--a young man who is winning new laurels on the tanbark six days in every week! Phil had not had such an ovation since the day he first rode Emperor into the ring when he joined the circus in Edmeston. Phil was plainly nervous. He felt that he was going to make an unpleasant exhibition of himself. Going to sit there all day? Phil threw himself to his feet. Somehow he missed his footing in his nervousness, and the next instant he felt himself falling. Feeling her rider leave her back the gray dropped her gallop and fell into a slow trot. Phil scrambled to his feet very red in the face, while Mr. Sparling, from the side lines, stood leaning against a quarter pole with a set grin on his face. His confidence in his little Circus Boy was not wholly lost yet. His eyes were flashing and he gripped the little riding whip as if he would vent his anger upon it. Phil paused on the ring curbing with head slightly inclined forward, watching the gray with keen eyes. Phil had forgotten that sea of human faces out there now. He saw only that broad gray, rosined back that he must reach and cling to, but without a slip this time. All at once he left the curbing, dashing almost savagely at his mount. Sparling, realizing that Phil had no step to aid him in his effort to reach the back of the animal. The lad launched himself into the air as if propelled by a spring. He landed fairly on the back of the ring horse, wavered for one breathless second, then fell into the pose of the accomplished rider. Sparling, hardened showman that he was, brushed a suspicious hand across his eyes and sat down suddenly. Phil threw himself wildly into his work, taking every conceivable position known to the equestrian world, and essaying many daring feats that he had never tried before. It seemed simply impossible for the boy to fall, so sure was his footing. Now he would spring from the broad back of the gray, and run across the ring, doing a lively handspring, then once more vault into a standing position on the mare. Suddenly the band stopped playing, for the rest that is always given the performers. But Phil did not pause. Sparling, catching the spirit of the moment scrambled to his feet and rushed to the foot of the bandstand, near which he had been sitting. Little Dimples, too, had by this time forgotten that she was resting, and now she began to ride as she never had ridden before, throwing a series of difficult backward turns, landing each time with a sureness that she never had before accomplished. The act came to a quick ending. The time for the equestrian act had expired, and it must give way to the others that were to follow. The people were standing up, waving their arms wildly. Many hurled their hats at the Circus Boy in their excitement, while others showered bags of peanuts over him as he raced by them. Such a scene of excitement and enthusiasm never had been seen under that big top before. Phil did not move from his position until he reached the paddock. Arriving there he sat down, slid to the ground and collapsed in a heap. Sparling came charging in, hat missing and hair standing straight up where he had run his fingers through it in his excitement. He grabbed Phil in his arms and carried him into the dressing tent.

Chapter 5 : The Circus Boys Across The Continent by Edgar B. P. Darlington - Free eBook

I The Boys Hear Good News II On The Road Once More III Phil to Rescue IV Renewing Old Acquaintances V Doing a Man's Work VI The Showman's Reward VII Trying The Culprit VIII Phil Makes a New Friend IX The Mule Distinguishes Himself X His First Bareback Lesson XI Summoned Before The Manager XII The.

The Boys Hear Good News "You never can guess it--you never can guess the news, Teddy," cried Phil Forrest, rushing into the gymnasium, his face flushed with excitement. Why, I never cracked a smile. You would say so if you knew it. I know," answered the lad with an emphasizing nod. Never was a good guesser. That letter from Mr. Why, Teddy, there are lots of the boys a long way behind you. And we shall be able to give a performance that will surprise Mr. Teddy heaved a deep sigh. Sparling says in the letter. Mighty few shows are large enough to warrant taking them into the big city. You and I will yet perform in Madison Square Garden. Just put that down on your route card, Teddy Tucker. Where did you say we were--" "After leaving New Jersey, we are to play through New York State, taking in the big as well as the small towns, and from Buffalo heading straight west. Sparling writes that we are going across the continent. What do you think of that, Teddy? It will mean a lot to us to be with an organization like that. It will give us a better standing in the profession, and possibly by another season we may be able to get with one of the really big ones. Next spring, if we have good luck, we shall have finished with our school here. In the meantime we must work hard, Teddy, so we shall be in fine shape when we join out two weeks from today. Phil promptly threw off his coat and vest. A few minutes later the lads were struggling on the wrestling mat, their faces dripping with perspiration, their supple young figures twisting and turning as each struggled for the mastery of the other. The readers of the preceding volume in this series, entitled, *The Circus Boys on the Flying Rings*, will recognize Phil and Teddy at once as the lads who had so unexpectedly joined the Sparling Combined Shows the previous summer. It was Phil who, by his ready resourcefulness, saved the life of the wife of the owner of the show as well as that of an animal trainer later on. Then, too, it will be remembered how the lad became the fast friend of the great elephant Emperor, which he rescued from "jail," and with which he performed in the ring to the delight of thousands. Ere the close of the season both boys had won their way to the flying rings, thus becoming full-fledged circus performers. Before leaving the show they had signed out for another season at a liberal salary. With their savings, which amounted to a few hundred dollars, the boys had returned to their home at Edmeston, there to put in the winter at school. Here Phil and Teddy had worked long hours after school. During the winter they had gained marked improvement in their work, besides developing some entirely new acts on the flying rings. During this time they had been living with Mrs. Cahill, who, it will be remembered, had proved herself a real friend to the motherless boys. Now, the long-looked-for day was almost at hand when they should once more join the canvas city for a life in the open. The next two weeks were busy ones for the lads, with their practice and the hard study incident to approaching examinations. Both boys passed with high standing. Books were put away, gymnasium apparatus stored and one sunlit morning two slender, manly looking young fellows, their faces reflecting perfect health and happiness, were at the railroad station waiting for the train which should bear them to the winter quarters of the show. Fully half the town had gathered to see them off, for Edmeston was justly proud of its Circus Boys. As the train finally drew up and the lads clambered aboard, their school companions set up a mighty shout, with three cheers for the Circus Boys. Sparling calls him, will remember me? Or will he want to kick me full of holes before the season has really opened?

Chapter 6 : The Circus Boys Across The Continent by Edgar B. P. Darlington: Chapter I. The Boys Hear G

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Chapter 7 : HOT FREE BOOKS â€¢ The Circus Boys Across The Continent â€¢ Edgar B. P. Darlington â€¢

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