BOYS AT SANDOVER;

OR

LIFE IN A PUBLIC INSTITUTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE CONGREGATIONAL SABBATH-SCHOOL AND PUBLISHING SOCIETY, AND APPROVED BY THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.

BOSTON:
CONGREGATIONAL SABBATH-SCHOOL AND PUBLISHING SOCIETY.

1	Edwin Scholes	1	1.	
2	Walter " " "	1	1.	
3	Otis " " "	½	½	
4	Eugene " " "	½	½	

Mary Scholes
Leaders.

Mary Scholes

Leaders

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER IX.

CHAPTER X.

CHAPTER XI.

CHAPTER XII.

CHAPTER XIII.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHAPTER XV.

CHAPTER XVI.

CHAPTER XVII.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BOYS AT SANDOVER.

CHAPTER I.

THE NEW BOYS.

"HERE'S a pair of youngsters for ye!" said Farmer Gray, as he drove up to the gate of the charitable institution at Sandover, one cold December day. He had been riding several miles in the freezing air, and his heart seemed to be as icy as his fingers; for he gave utterance to the above expression in a petulant way, that made even the old gate-keeper, who was used to all sorts of surly remarks, start up with a look of surprise.

"A precious freight it is," he added, "to bring all the way from Pressville, on such a

day as this! The boys ain't so much to blame, to be sure; but this is a terrible wicked world, when folks will make themselves fools with drink, and then throw their babies out into the street, to be picked up and looked after at the public expense.

"Why, you see, sir," said he, addressing the superintendent a few moments after, and unbuttoning his outer coat, as if to gather some of the warmth of the office fire into his chilled nature, "them boys were kind o'left on my hands, as they were our nearest neighbors; and Polly — that's my wife — could not bear to see 'em suffer. Their mother was a likely enough sort o' woman in her day, but she got awful broken down at last with anxiety for the old man, and with hard work too, I 'spect; for she had to support the family by taking in washing, and it isn't natur' for a woman to hold out under such circumstances for ever. Pat, her husband, was a drinking man, and a brute when

he was in liquor, as you may judge by the mark on that boy's face. All the money he got went *for rum, and when he was on a spree, wo be to* anybody who came in his way.

"The mother died, as I was saying, of overwork and hard treatment, seven months ago, and since then the oldest girl has been trying to keep the children together, and do a little something for 'em, but it's no use. There's six on 'em in the house, and nothing to eat, and Pat as drunk as a beast. I took these two to the town overseers this morning, and they sent me here."

The boys referred to seemed to be about the ages of nine and eleven. Their clothing was scanty and poor, and they were evidently as glad as Farmer Gray to find a comfortable shelter from the biting air. The eldest was of fair complexion, with sharp black eyes and raven hair. There was an arch look about him that indicated the rogue; or it may be that the

training which he had received in the street *and among bad companions had given him a* habitually sly expression. The younger was the direct contrast of his brother. He had a mild blue eye, out of which beamed honesty and good-nature, and his whole appearance betokened more of frankness than the other's. His cheeks had lost some of the rosy tinge of health, and in its place were pallor and disfigurement, the result of hunger and abuse.

"What is your name, my lad?" kindly asked the superintendent of the eldest.

"Terence Malone," said the boy, with his eyes fixed upon the watch-clock at the other end of the office. He seldom looked at any one when he spoke, unless it was with a side-long, mischievous glance.

"How old are you?" pursued Mr. M——.

"Eleven: going on twelve."

"Have you ever been to school?"

"Not much; I had to work."

"And what could you find to do? you look *rather slender for hard work.*"

"I usen't to work, only to pick berries and mind cows for the gentlemen on the road in summer, and sometimes I would catch a mess of fish at the big pond and sell 'em; till my mother got me a place to stop with a farmer, and then I had to do chores at the barn, and work out-doors and such; but I didn't like it, so I ran away from my man; and then my father set me to chopping wood with him, when he got any jobs."

"What is your brother's name?"

"That's Jimmy, sir."

"And he has had the same kind of schooling as yourself, I suppose,—in other words, none at all?"

Jimmy started up at this insinuation, and his eyes kindled as he replied,—

"*Indeed, sir, I am not of that sort at all.* My mother sent me to school wunst, and Terry

was kept out to do the work; but as soon as I got bigger, my father took me away and tore up my book; and when I cried, he hit me over the head. The mark of it is here on my face now. I learned to read, and my mother was going to tell me everything she knew, only she died —" and here, as the thought of this best earthly friend came across him, and of what he had lost in her, he faltered, and the tears came to his eyes. Then recovering himself, he added, —

"I don't want to go back where I get beatings every day. Will I stay here all the time, and can me and Terry both go to school?"

"Then you would like to become a scholar, would you, my little man?" said the superintendent. "That is a noble aspiration, and one which may be the making of you. We will see if we cannot give you a little better care and instruction than you have thus far received. You shall stop with us for the present, at least."

"Hard case, this," remarked Farmer Gray, as he rose to his feet, and stood back to the fire, preparatory to his setting out on his return. He had evidently become quite softened down by the boy's recital, and had lost in a measure the feelings which he had entertained while reflecting on his cold ride.

"Take them, John," said Mr. M—— to one of the attendants, "and have them washed and properly clad."

The boys were treated to a bath, of which they stood in considerable need, their rags were laid aside, and they were soon rejoicing in the possession of a full suit of house clothes of the warmest material.

We have given enough of the history of these children to show that the change which now came over their lives was in many respects for the better, and that this particular period was an important one for them both. To boys who have passed their early days in a family, how-

ever poor the home may be, there is something strange in the introduction to a large school, where life in-doors and out is continually with scores of other children of all ages. Terence and Jimmy had never burrowed in those filthy dens of the metropolis, where so many of the *vicious poor are congregated. They had never* loitered around wharves in Boston, slept in old sugar-boxes, or under tables in grog-shops, like many who, of the tenderest years, are thus being trained in the school of iniquity. Indeed, they had never even seen the city, except in the distance, from the top of a rugged hill, which they used to climb in their tedious tramps for berries. They had never looked down the harbor from the stately pier, and seen *the flocks of white sails, and the islands,* and the blue ocean beyond; and consequently they knew nothing of sailor-slang and the low phrases of the dockyards. They had known much of the suffering, but comparatively little

of the dreadful crime, which is often connected with a life of poverty. They had passed their days in a small village, moving from one wretched tenement to another, and picking up their living as best they could. Their companions had not been altogether of the lowest class, for in thinly settled districts there is not that distinction existing among street boys which there is in larger places. They knew nothing of great schools of vice, and of troops of rugged boys hanging around beer-shops, fighting and smoking, and gathering up all sorts of low talk from the lips of gangs of loafers.

Their entrance upon the kind of life at this institution was as much the birth into a new world of observation and feeling, as that of a boy who leaves home for the first time to go to a boarding-school. So when the attendant, who had taken them in charge, after giving them a thorough cleansing, and some good advice with

regard to their conduct, ushered them into the play-ground, where were collected several hundred boys, they looked upon the novel scene with amazement, mingled with a degree of fear.

"Oh, what shall I do without Biddy!" thought little Jim; and he had a good mind to cry. Biddy was his oldest sister, who had always been a good angel to him, and doubly so since his mother had died.

But there was no time for such reflections as these. "New fellers! new fellers!" rang out from all parts of the yard, as crowds of boys ran together to catch a sight of the two. This was the usual greeting on such occasions, and every fresh comer, be he little or great, was always subjected to a siege of questioning and riffling from the whole fraternity of boys.

"From Boston, hey?" cried out a big bully, named Mike, whose rough appearance showed what his previous life had been, and gave indi-

cation also that he had not very long enjoyed the advantage of wholesome discipline. "Been playing hookey, and got into the lock-up, hain't ye?"

Then followed a series of questions from one and another of the crowd, accompanied with sundry pulls to attract attention, till poor Terry and Jim thought they were in danger of being crushed to death.

One thing was pretty sure: as in all cases of new arrivals, every article which they had brought with them seemed destined in a few hours to find a way from their pockets, by a kind of forced trade, into the hands of certain knowing ones, who were always on the look-out for a bargain. In place of some trinkets which Farmer Gray's children had given them in the morning, and some cakes which the kind Mrs. Gray had pressed upon them as she had put them into the wagon, they soon found themselves in possession of a few worthless articles,

such as a broken jack-knife, some buttons, and a comb minus half its teeth. Every effort, however, failed to despoil Jimmy of a little brass medal, the gift of his sister, which was securely fastened by a string about his neck. Not even a display of rings and other fanciful ornaments, carved out of old beef-bones, or out of black rubber buttons, could induce him to part with this memento of one to whom he owed much of that childish innocence which was still retained in his sorely tried nature, notwithstanding the evils to which he had been exposed.

Many a night afterwards, if you had watched him as he lay asleep in the narrow cot which he occupied beside his brother, you would have seen his hand clasping tightly this precious token, as though he feared the approach of some midnight robber. And often, as he looked at the image of the Virgin which was stamped upon it, he wondered if it were not really a

likeness of his mother, as she now looked, with her long, shining garment and bright crown, of which Biddy had told him.

Of a far different kind were the remembrances of his father, whose coarseness had always repelled him, and whose cruelty had left its trace in the ugly scar upon his cheek. Thus varied were the impressions of an earlier home, uniting the harsher with the tenderer emotions, yet with such a retentive force that weeks and even months sufficed not to erase them.

Our two "new fellers" were lions among the rest only so long as they had something with which to make a trade, or some news to tell the crowd of eager questioners about what they had seen outside. As soon as they had been thoroughly drained, they fell at once to the common level, and were left to seek their company as they should choose.

A few of the boys, however, seemed disposed to continue their patronage by following them

about the play-yard, and in an impertinent manner enlightening them with regard to the *ways of the institution.*

"Don't they catch the lickin's, now, Bill, *when they don't behave 'emselves here?*" said big Mike, addressing a rough-looking specimen *who stood near by, but speaking loud on purpose* that Terry and Jim might hear. "Boys *gits it worst when they first come in, 'cause* they's green. 'Twon't do to be lyin' and *cussin' round here.*"

"Yes," joined in the other with a sanctimonious expression, "*and new fellers always* do git snaked up, 'cause there's plenty to tell on 'em."

"Mighty tight place this for *little* boys, what hain't got no *father and mother,*" *added* another. "Have to walk right up to the chalk, or git some of the bigger fellers to take their part."

"Hist, there! what's the use of scaring new

boys to death with your nonsense?" said one of more respectable appearance, who had just come within hearing of the last speaker, and who had evidently a kindlier nature, as well as a better sense of propriety.

So saying, he took Terry and his brother by the arm, and walked off with them to a distant part of the yard, where a group of boys of a different character were playing. The new-comers were not slow in getting acquainted, and in a few minutes were as heartily engaged in the game as the others.

CHAPTER II.

HAGDOVER.

A DESCRIPTION of the premises is needed, in order to acquaint the reader with the kind of home to which these boys were introduced. The establishment consisted of a cluster of twenty-five or thirty buildings of almost every conceivable shape and size. Conspicuous among these were great barns and outhouses for the protection and comfort of the live stock, and for storing a vast amount of farm produce. It was a pleasant sight to behold, — those treasures of the field and garden, stowed away on high mows, or laid in piles, or gathered into cellar bins. Cartloads of golden ears had been dumped upon the spacious floors, and there divested of their silky coverings by

the busy fingers of the children, who prized these husking frolics as some of their choicest holiday sports.

Now that the harvest season had passed, and winter had come, the grain had been removed to its appropriate lofts, from which it was to come again in generous measures to the tables of the dining hall every week, in the shape of mush or hominy for the Sunday dinner, or on other days in big slices of brown bread which stood sentinel beside plates of baked beans. Everything useful had been stored, and the rubbish had been swept from the barn floors and dooryards, so that nothing was to be seen inside, on that December afternoon, but long, cleared passages, lined with heads of sleepy-looking cattle complacently ruminating on the comfortable prospect for the winter, foreshadowed in the solid walls of hay that rose on either side and arched overhead.

What an easy life the cows lead! thinks some

little boy or girl who has a hard lesson to learn, or some other difficult task to perform. What *a fine thing to live in a luxurious house, where* the rooms are packed with everything sweet to the taste, with choice bits lying here and there *under foot and on all sides, so that one need* only to eat, and doze, and eat again, from autumn till spring! But then there is restraint *in every form of gratification. The short-*sighted beasts that sleepily enjoy their cud must be fastened to their cribs, or be yoked for *labor, that they may serve man. And what* little child would be willing to exchange the vision of the future, with which God has blessed all human *creatures, for the lower brute life,* which is satisfied with a present pleasure? But on this point there is no need to moralize. It is certain that the oxen and cows which furnished their daily quota of service and support for this great establishment had no reason to

envy either children, or others of their own species. They were well kept.

The barnyard with its occupants, and the storehouses in which the wealth of the field was garnered, comprised the outskirts or suburbs of the miniature city which we are describing. The institution might well deserve to be called, at least, a village. Like the old fortified towns of Europe, it was completely inclosed; not, however, with walls of masonry, but by a high picket fence. This was designed not so much as a protection from enemies without, as a check upon the juvenile population within. There was one public gate, through which it was no difficult matter to find entrance: whoever attempted to pass out was sure to be challenged by the gate-keeper, and obliged to give account of himself before he was allowed to proceed.

Old Brown, as this vigilant official was called, had come to be regarded almost as a necessary

part of the premises, as he had occupied his position ever since the buildings were erected. He ate, and slept, and entertained company in the ten-by-twelve lodge which had been put up and comfortably furnished for his accommodation just outside the gate. This had been his home for the past twelve years, and from his look-out he had watched thousands passing in and out of this minnie city.

The only times he ventured into the larger world were when he took his basket on his arm, of a Saturday afternoon, and made a pilgrimage to the village half a mile off, to replenish his store of apples, candy, and nuts, which he kept constantly on hand for sale. The commodities were in particular demand on holiday occasions; and his stock in trade generally diminished considerably on the eve preceding Christmas, St. Patrick's Day, or Fourth of July.

The sports of Hallow-e'en, or Holly-eve, as

it is vulgarly called, furnished necessity for a *fresh supply. It is a custom imported from the* old country for all the old women, boys, and girls, to come together on that night to indulge in a kind of diversion, which to the young American reader may in this description have the charm of novelty. Some one skilled in the execution of these feats usually takes charge of the business, and having provided a tub of water, solicits apples or pennies from the spectators. These are thrown into the tub, and *whoever is skillfull enough to get possession of* them with the teeth, without the use of his hands, becomes the rightful owner of the prize. The company becomes uproarious at the sight of the many awkward failures and fruitless attempts to lay hold of the swimming apples, or to bring up the cents from the bottom. *Sometimes the performances are varied by* suspending an apple by a string at a little distance above the head, and offering it to those who can

seize a bite as it swings. Another feat, requiring still more skill, is to pick from the floor a coin without spilling a basin of water balanced upon the top of the head.

From this digression we return to the gate-keeper's variety-shop, where, if it were summer, we should find the proprietor armed with his ordinary weapon, which consisted of several leather thongs attached to the end of a short stick, vigorously lashing the flies about the door, or menacing some roguish boy who was trying to sneak out. During cold weather, however, he chooses to shut himself up with his stove, and keep watch through the window-panes.

Passing inside the pickets, one meets every appliance needful for the support and comfort of a great family. So many mouths to be fed, so many bodies to be kept tidy and comfortable, so much cooking and washing and repairing, not only for a day, but for successive days,

without any prospect of a diminution of labor, *requires the most ample provision in material*, and the most complete arrangements for effective service.

The population is mostly of foreign origin. The children are of Irish, Scotch, and Dutch *parentage, with a sprinkling of southern con*trabands, or freed-boys, as they may be appropriately called. Yet there is no distinction on account of nationality. They class together in every department, and constitute one great *family*.

It is not necessary to dwell upon these details further. The incidents of the succeeding chapters will suffice to sketch to the mind of the reader those parts of the establishment not *already described, as well as some of the* peculiarities of life in such an institution.

CHAPTER III.

ROGER'S ROOM.

THE play-ground presented a lively appearance on holiday afternoons, when the weather was fine. Groups of boys were to be seen in every part of the inclosure, engaged in a variety of sports. The lucky possessors of bats, balls, hockeys, marbles, and the like, always drew together cliques of a dozen or twenty "good fellows" who were regarded as the best players, or who were satisfied to look on and wait for their chance. But since the supply of toys amid such a crowd and in such circumstances would naturally fall far short of the demand, the ingenuity of the rest was constantly taxed to devise games of a more general character. Even the bigger boys might

sometimes be seen on all-fours, with legs intertwined in an odd fashion, creeping clumsily along in a style which they called "walking the elephant." A score of such grotesque figures formed quite a caravan. A rougher, but no less comical sport, consisted in tossing up a small boy, laid at full length upon the outstretched arms of a row of older ones, while they kept time to the motion with a monotonous song or repetition of the words, "Ship on the wave," "ship on the wave," — the whole performance reminding one forcibly of the tossing of Sancho Panza in the blanket, in the story of Don Quixote.

Terence and his brother found enough in all this to divert their attention from the little griefs and apprehensions that had at first disturbed them. They almost forgot that they were in a strange place, far away from the old, wretched home at Pressville. Least of all did it seem that they were really in the big house,

which had been described to them beforehand, and which had impressed itself upon their childish imagination as a kind of dismal prison. There were certainly no iron gratings and fetters here. Every one ran and jumped and shouted as he pleased. Only occasionally there would occur a lull in the tempest of boisterous mirth, when the word of caution went round,—"There's Roger,"—or when two or three boys who had been up to some mischief would dodge behind their companions, and shout "Chaw, chaw!" This, among Boston street boys, is the well-known warning cry to indicate that the "geevies," or police, are about, and, with other slang, it is introduced into public institutions wherever city truants or other juvenile offenders are committed.

"*Who's Roger?*" inquired *Jimmy* of a boy who had just stumped him to leap further than he in a game of "Hop, skip, and a jump."

"You won't be long in finding out," an-

swered the boy, with a writhe which might have been occasioned by a sudden twist of his leg in *jumping, but which to the initiated was suggestive* of a recent switching. "You keep your eye on that corner and you'll speck him in a *jiffy. I seen his shadow beyont the acres there,* the last half hour, and I know he's watching somebody. He'd give it to big Mike for trying to snub you when you come in, if he'd heard him. He don't allow no bullyin' round here."

"Is he the schoolmaster?" asked Jimmy, timidly.

"Indeed he isn't. He's bigger nor him. Sure, he's the man that minds the boys in the yard, and gits 'em combed and changed."

A word is needed to explain to the reader the meaning of certain terms in common use among this class of boys. To be *combed*, is with them an *ordinary operation*, and *may* be attended to as many times a day as is convenient, especially if the boy himself is in posses-

sion of a coarse comb, or *rack*, and is disposed to give proper attention to the improving of his own personal appearance. To be *fine-combed* is an entirely different affair. It is performed statedly, and with the utmost care, by persons who have this particular business in charge. It deserves, therefore, a special mention in this connection.

There are other points of order in institution life which are equally marked. To be *changed* has a varied significance. The phrase may be employed to indicate the renewal of some parts of the clothing, as when new shoes are substituted for *broken* ones, or when new jackets and trowsers are put on. But in general, a boy who is *changed* is one who has just been through the bath, and is arrayed in a complete suit fresh from the laundry. In this condition he scorns to be ranked with the dirty urchins who play in the streets and live in cellars; and it is not surprising that these processes, regularly re-

peated, should so assume the dignity of events as to determine to a great extent the character of his future habits.

The common idea which the boys entertained with regard to Roger is sufficiently shown by the preceding dialogue. It was true that it did not take long for new-comers to find out who he was. In his own estimation, he was one of the important personages of the place. Boys thought him a tyrant; he believed himself set to accomplish by rigid discipline the most wonderful result ever anticipated in the management of children: that is, to curb their wayward propensities, and stifle their childish emotions, while he should make them acknowledge him at the same time as their greatest benefactor. How well he succeeded we shall see.

He had not certainly quite the dignity of a pedagogue, but having been "put over the boys," as they generally expressed it, he deemed it essential to assume somewhat of the air of a

sovereign, in order to secure the obedience of his subjects. He had lost the use of his right arm by a stroke of paralysis, yet with the left he could wield the rod as effectually as many who are sounder in body. It was occasion for wonder, indeed, that he with a single hand could restrain a host which might have resisted the potent energy of the hundred-handed Briareus. The battle, however, is not always to the strong, as one might believe after seeing the slender form of the redoubtable Roger. The boys feared him, and he knew it. Hence it was no inconvenience for him sometimes to lose all patience, and become "crosser than thunder," as they termed it. It was this loss of self-control that acquired for him the reputation of being a tyrant.

Yet there was a better side to Roger. He possessed many good traits. In his cooler moments he could calculate well how to interest children, and was fruitful in devices for

their diversion. It was this faculty which eminently qualified him for his position. Many a long winter evening was spent in amusements, which he had planned, but which had to be carried out indeed under his eye, exactly according to his programme, and with the strictest decorum. Any breach of propriety was a serious offense.

A large basement room was appropriated to the use of the boys, when they were in-doors, and bore his name, though oftener it was designated by the homelier epithet, "The shanty." During the long twilight hours of summer, it was seldom occupied between supper and bedtime except in rainy weather, but as the evenings lengthened and the cold increased, they were glad to avail themselves of the privileges of a light and a fire. "Bringing them in" was a part of Roger's duty, and was invariably preceded by the ceremony of "calling them into line." In response to the shrill sound of

a whistle which he carried in his vest pocket, and after much shouting and brandishing of the rod, they were arranged according to size in a single rank along the side of the inclosure, and at the command, "*Double up; forward,*" were marched off to his room. Here, with much *clattering of feet, especially on occasions just* after the general distribution of shoes, they disposed themselves on the seats, which were placed in rows along the walls, fronting a large open area in the center. For a few moments, the whole scene was a Pandemonium. Even Roger was powerless at this point. The voice of the undaunted leader is lost in the universal din. As well might you expect to turn a herd of buffaloes with a word as to quell instantaneously the disorder among a troop of boys who are trying of themselves to get into order. Every one shouts to his neighbor, or jostles his elbow, in the effort to produce quiet. When the time comes, then the tumult subsides; and

under the potent influence of Roger's eye, when once the mastery was obtained, every foot was in its place, every arm folded across the breast, and every head erect.

One evening in each week was devoted to the initiation of new-comers. This was a ceremony gotten up for the special diversion of the children, and for visitors, who happened in occasionally to enjoy the sport. Five or six boys were to be *put through* at this time, among whom were Terry and Jim.

The stick came down with a whack, and every eye was fixed on Roger. "Masters Malone, McGilvey, and O'Flynn will retire to the ante-room," was the first command, in a peremptory tone. The ante-room was simply a recess in one corner, separated from the rest by a curtain which could be put up or laid aside at pleasure. It served the purpose of wash-room and store closet, in preparing for their evening performances. On the beams overhead

were hung rows of red flannel caps, decorated with gay feathers and army buttons, which were worn by the boys on occasions of military display. Garments of all patterns were arranged along the walls. A table, a looking-glass, a cradle, stacks of wooden guns, and an almost endless variety of articles needed for scenic effect, occupied the greater part of the space inclosed.

Thither the new boys were conducted with some show of reluctance. Meanwhile other preparations were going on. Twenty or thirty of the boys were dressed in gay or grotesque costume, and assigned their parts. A squad of soldiers was detailed as a guard, attended by Patsy Koofe, the little drummer. At a given signal, the new boys, under this pretentious escort, were led into the room and placed in front of a grave-looking personage, who acted the principal part in the ceremony. A grand flourish by little Patsy succeeded, and then the

whole company broke out in an almost deafening chorus, each verse ending with these lines, vocalized in a tone *midway between a shout and* a laugh: —

"Come, brothers, sing, and make the shanty ring
With songs of cheer to-night: ha, ha!"

This was followed by a series of random questions proposed *by the chief* speaker, and answered by the new boys with the help of a prompter, who stood as an important official at the elbow of each.

This dialogue was designed to create sport, *and occasionally a spunky fellow who could not* be intimidated by all this pageantry would add to the mirth of the occasion by giving such sharp replies as almost to silence his cross-examiner. The purport of the conversation always turned upon the *disposition of the boy* to obey rules, and at a certain point a few regulations were read pertaining to conduct while under Roger's jurisdiction. Silence being en-

strued as an assent to these articles, the candidate was admitted at once to all the privileges of the older boys, by the investiture of the blue frock, which the attendant assured him, in placing it upon his shoulders, was the distinguishing dress of this mendicant order, and was never to be removed, except at night, and at those times when they were *changed*.

Then followed the chorus, —

"Happy are we to-night, boys;"

and a boy, disguised as an old man, with gray wig and spectacles, and long, straight-bodied coat, hobbled in, and taking his position in front of those who had just been initiated, began to bestow upon them his patriarchal advice. He alluded to the evils which they were to avoid, not forgetting to mention the habits of drinking, smoking, and swearing, which have been the ruin of so many. He advised them to begin at once to walk in the paths of virtue, that they might grow up to be wise and good

and useful men. This speech, which had been prepared and learned beforehand, was designed to contain nothing but the best counsel for boys; and the sport of the thing consisted only in the look of sober reality with which the part of the old man was personated. If a few of the older ones were led by the disguise to consider the matter as a farce, it is certain that the impressions made upon some who listened to those words were of a more serious kind.

In such diversions as these were many of the winter evenings passed in Roger's room. The popular songs of the day were caught up by the quick ear of a few who possessed rare musical talent, and, after a little practice, made familiar to all. The boys learned to act well their parts in the plays and dialogues which were furnished for their recreation, and in these performances they took actual delight. If Roger could have relaxed his stern demeanor, and made it appear less that they were his pup-

pets, appointed to carry out his will in all their sports, they would have been better pleased. As it was, if he was too exacting, they rebelled, and sometimes, when a song was proposed, not a voice would be heard throughout the whole line; or, if preparations were made for a play, the opening act would be conducted in such an indifferent or awkward manner as to make it necessary to stay the proceedings. This was the boys' revenge; and certainly nothing could have been a greater mortification to Roger than to have this occur, as it sometimes did, when visitors were in.

For the most part, however, things went on pretty smoothly with our two boys, and not many months had elapsed before Terry had not only learned to read with considerable fluency, but to take the part of Tell in the drama of Schiller to the entire satisfaction of the occupants of the shanty.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ESCAPE.

THE sleeping apartments of the boys consisted of several wards in different parts of the building. These were mostly upon the second or third floors. At some seasons, however, when the number to be accommodated was large, a spacious room in the upper story was called into requisition. Indeed, there was always a row of beds to be seen, well filled with the cleanest straw from the barn, and covered with neat spreads, extending the whole length of this apartment, all ready to be occupied in case there should be a demand for them. The ceiling was the naked roof, with its whitewashed rafters and heavy beams stretched from side to side, forming, together with their multitude of

braces, a complete wilderness of arches. The light came through a set of dormer windows, in whose deep recesses were piled bed quilts and blankets, affording a comfortable lounging-place in the day-time for any one who might wish to creep away unobserved, and enjoy the magnificent prospect there presented to view. There were, at the time of which we are speaking, about thirty occupants of the beds in this room. They were generally designated as the "Long Attic boys."

Nothing is more natural than that children massed together in a great establishment should parcel themselves off in companies, with reference to some accidental circumstance or local distinction. So, in the present case, there were not only the "Long Attics," with their peculiar rights and privileges, but the "Middle Ward boys," the "Bunkers," the "West Enders," and others, whose names were derived from the quarters in which they slept. A like

division into parties arose from the diverse tasks which were allotted to different boys in the course of the day, as well as from the rank which each held in the school. Society, even among the little folks, will have its aristocracy, its gradations, and its feuds; and sometimes the most trivial circumstance will serve on the one hand to dissolve friendship, or on the other to create lasting intimacy between boys.

The two brothers had been assigned their beds in the "Long Attic," at the special request of Maurice, the boy who had befriended them in the yard. One night, about a week after the event of the last chapter, they had retired as usual, and Jim had fallen asleep. Terry law awake a long while, talking in a low voice upon the subject of ghosts with Maurice, who occupied the adjoining bed. This is always a prolific theme with boys. They never know where to stop in the account of the marvelous, and when the world of fact is exhausted, they

ease into the wild region of fancy. Terry had regaled his companion with a long narration of his own experience in graveyards and out-of-the-way places, when Maurice, whose faith in apparitions of this sort was not yet established, but who did not think it worth while to spoil a good story by letting his incredulity appear at once, leaned over on his pillow, and with a mysterious whisper said, "What would you think to see a real ghost right here in this attic, and have him stand at the foot of the bed, looking at you with his big eyes?"

"Where? where?" exclaimed Terry, starting up and turning in the direction indicated, as if he expected to see the veritable object there at that moment.

"Oh! I didn't say that he was there now," said Maurice, falling back on his pillow and laughing heartily. "I only meant that the boys used to see such things. I have known plenty of fellows who would be willing to swear

that they had watched them many a time creep along the beams and drop down with a noise just like the rattling of bones right in front of their beds. I never believed it, though, for it always turned out in the morning that in the very places where they had been seen there was a parcel of bed blankets, or a pile of clothes; *and then the rats scampering across the beams* made more noise than twenty ghosts."

"Didn't you ever see one, though?" inquired Terry.

"Well, the nearest I ever came to it was one night when we all got pretty well scared. Not long after we had turned in, we heard something creeping along in the passage-way, and sure enough there it was in the moonlight; it kept walking back and forth, and every once in a while it hit the beds with its club, till one of the boys got courage to throw his shoe at it, and then slipped out to give the alarm. After all, it was only a half crazy fellow, who had got

into the attic by mistake, and could not find his way out.

"The boys were so scared that whenever they came to bed they were always imagining that something horrible was in the room. Sure enough, it was not many nights before a fellow who had got into a squabble with another while undressing, and was talking pretty loud, felt himself grabbed by the nape of the neck, and squeezed rather tight. The lantern was burning dimly at the further end of the attic, so that he could not see what it was, and he was terribly frightened. 'Oh! please let me go this time, Mr. Ghost,' he squealed out. 'I'll bet it's that crazy man,' said one of the others. 'Give it to him, Tom.' But the more Tom kicked and screamed, the tighter he was held, till, just as he was going to give up dead, the old fellow that had him growled out, in a voice that couldn't be anything but Roger's, 'What's all this row for, boys?' You better believe

that they settled off to bed pretty quick, and that we 'Long Atties' didn't hear the last of that ghost affair very soon."

Terry, whose mind was quick to apprehend anything of a startling nature, had been so wrought upon by this narration, that he had leaned over almost unconsciously, and brought his ear in close proximity to the face of his companion, so as to catch every word that he said. While in that position the half-past-eight bell rang, and the few closing sentences had to be uttered in a hurried whisper, for at this signal the watchman was to commence his beat, and every sound in the wards must be hushed. He sank back into his bed with a lonely, restless feeling, and lay for a long time revolving the wildest fancies which his mind could conjure up. The white beams overhead just visible through the darkness, yet presenting no distinct outline, seemed to nod and dance be-

fore his eyes. He covered his head with the bedclothes to shut out the sight.

And now the scene changed. He imagined that he was once more in Pressville, away off in the fields by the side of a familiar pile of stones and rubbish, where the largest and the richest blackberries were wont to grow, but which he had always heard was the ruins of an old building that had been haunted. And from there all the way round by the lonely road, and to the top of Rag Rock, which he had climbed a hundred times, he seemed to be traveling heavily, with a frightful phantom close at his heels.

It must have been an hour or more that Terry passed in this half dreamy state, for Maurice had fallen asleep, and twice he had heard the tread of the watchman on the stairs, and caught the glimmer of his light as it streamed through the passage-way. He had but just left the attic on his last round, and gone to a dis-

tant part of the building, when Terry heard other steps stealthily approaching. They stopped immediately opposite his bed, and he felt a hand pass over the clothes. Then, with a low and hasty exclamation, it was withdrawn, and the object, whatever it was, moved on. Then there were whispers at a distance, and other steps, and, as he fancied, the creaking of a window, and the rattling of chains. But of all these phenomena he was not qualified, in his present disturbed state of mind, to judge very accurately.

He would have raised an alarm if he had not been afraid of getting the laugh on himself for being a silly coward. If the ghost should turn out like that of Roger, he would be spotted as a proper subject of ridicule for months. So he concluded to lie perfectly still, and it was perhaps the wisest course he could have pursued, for the sounds soon ceased, and being left to himself after so much watching and excitement,

he gradually settled away into an unquiet slumber.

In the morning the whole mystery was explained by the first exclamation which greeted him as he entered the yard, "Three boys run away from the Long Attic last night!"

"Are you sure of that? Then I can tell you about what time they went," said Terry.

"Better not say that before everybody, you new boy," said one of the others, "or you'll get took up for evidence."

"Why! you don't suppose I helped 'em off, do you?" he said, indignantly.

"Looks mighty suspicious, as some folks might say, not knowin' the character of the chap," replied the other, with a mischievous leer.

"Well, suppose I did; is it any of your business?" said Terry, getting quite angry.

"May be it is, and may be it isn't. Wouldn't

jest like to have it known, would ye, old fellow?"

Terry found it was getting rather hot for him, and so he marched away from his tormentor.

The escape made considerable stir among the boys, on account of its novel character. Running away was not, indeed, such a very uncommon occurrence, but it did not usually take place in the night, and under just these circumstances. The boy who had planned this affair was notorious for breaking loose on every occasion that offered itself, so much so that he had acquired the name of Hookey Joe. He had tried every method that could be devised, by climbing fences, breaking windows, or running Old Brown's blockade, and though he always found his way back in a day or two, and was subjected to the severest punishment, he would persist in braving the peril, apparently from the mere love of adventure. This time Hookey had

associated with himself two other boys, who were fresh hands at the business. Neither of them had friends whom they expected to reach by breaking out, but trusting to the many specious promises of their leader, they fancied that if they were once outside there would be no difficulty in getting work, and that they could in some way better themselves. This notion is very apt to take possession of boys even in the most fortunate circumstances, and unhappily produces in them a spirit of restlessness and discontent.

It so happened that a new apparatus for safety in case of fire had just been affixed to the rear of the building in which the boys slept. It consisted of an iron ladder extending from the roof to the play-ground. This Hookey had measured with his eye the day before, and concluded that it would afford him a fine chance to exhibit his skill in this particular line. It was not difficult to persuade others to join him.

This part of the premises was not guarded very closely, for there was but one entrance to the play-ground, and that was through a door which was always locked in the evening as soon as the boys had been called into Roger's room. It had not occurred to the watchman that a convenient sally port had been opened from the rear by this mode of descent from the upper story. So no sooner was his back turned, on the night in question, and the light of his lantern seen to fade away in the distance in one of his half-hour rounds, than Hookey started up, and having dressed himself, crept along to the place where he expected to find his companions. In the darkness he had stumbled upon the wrong bed, and it was his hand that Terry had felt pass over his clothes. A moment had sufficed to show the boy his mistake, and passing on, he soon managed to arouse the ones whom he was seeking.

It was not a very difficult matter to open the

window and step out upon the ladder; but it shook and creaked as they descended, so that they were in some danger of falling. When once in the yard, the fear of detection was for the most part removed; but quite a barrier was yet to be overcome. The high picket fence must be scaled, before they could reach the outside of the inclosure. A light snow had fallen during the evening, just enough to muffle the sound of their footsteps.

"Ship off your frocks, boys," said the ringleader in a commanding tone, and with the air of one who had had experience in the business.

"And what shall we do wid 'em?" said one of the others.

"Hand them to me; I'll take care of that." So saying, he commenced climbing the fence with the agility of an old sailor, and bade his comrades do the same. He then tied the frocks together by their sleeves, and fastened

them to the top of one of the pickets. "There," he exclaimed, "is a signal of distress for them. When they see that in the morning they will know what way we stepped out, and perhaps they will follow and give us a helping hand."

This little feat was performed as a kind of bravado, for though it was invariably the practice of runaways to take off their frocks as soon as they got out, so that they should not be *recognized as institution boys by their dress*, they generally took pains to hide them away under some fence or stone wall. This time, Hookey thought he would do up the business in a different style, and show his bravery by leaving his signal on the pickets.

Just as they reached the opposite side, the moon, which had been obscured by the clouds, broke forth from its hiding-place, and shining on the thin white sheet of snow which had just been spread over the ground, made the boys cower and creep along the highway stealthily,

lest they should be discovered even at this late moment. It was not quite so pleasant to be traveling in the chilly night air without their frocks, although their jackets and other garments were made of tolerably thick material. They stumbled along, however, with their hands in their pockets, and their teeth chattering with the cold, trying to keep up their courage by occasional bits of conversation. It was evident that some of the party were almost sick of their bargain, and would gladly turn back even now.

"How far is it to the city, Joe?" said one.

"Oh, never you fear but we will get there by sunrise if we are lucky!" replied the undismayed leader. "If I was alone, I would catch a ride on some of the market carts; but when a fellow takes company with him, he can't do anything else to be polite but jog along afoot. Folks on the road might 'spect such a gang as

this; so, if you fellers hear anything, just step into the bushes."

Their point of destination was a manufacturing city about eight miles distant. Thither they pressed onward, starting now and then at some object by the roadside which awakened their fears, or dodging behind the walls as they fancied they heard the steps of some one in pursuit. They passed several farm-houses on the way, but all was as quiet as the grave.

At last, weary and chilled, just as the first streaks of day began to appear in the east, they caught sight of the spires of the city in the distance, and in about half an hour the gigantic mills, and the long rows of boarding-houses and other buildings, loomed up before them on the opposite side of the river. They crossed the bridge like a set of vagrants anxious to hide from the gaze of the few early risers whom they met in the street, rather than as honest boys in search of employment. We will leave them

looking up at the tall brick buildings, in doubt which course to take next. If we are not mistaken, we shall find them, as in most such cases, back at Sandover before many days.

CHAPTER V.

THE SCHOOL.

MR. FOREST'S school was an important adjunct of the establishment. The mental training and instructing of all these children was no trifling affair; for, though their education in the broadest sense was accomplished through influences exerted upon them every hour of the day, and by every officer of the household, there could be nothing more direct than that discipline which they received during the five or six hours spent in contact with each other, and with their teacher, in the school-room. For the larger number of pupils, this was the amount of time per day ordinarily devoted to study, and was interspersed with short periods for play and lunch; but in the

case of certain older boys who were serving an apprenticeship at a trade, or working on the farm, the opportunity for attending school was more limited. With the latter, three hours in the morning devoted to their books, two at noon for recreation, and three or four more in the afternoon spent in the workshop or field, made up the greater part of the day.

It had been a matter of experiment, in this particular institution, to ascertain if such a division of time was the best for the boys; and also if the system of alternate labor and study would not in the end prove more beneficial to them than uninterrupted attendance upon the duties of the school-room. The results had been such as to justify a continuance of the operation of this plan for some years; so that Terry had been connected with the school but a few weeks when he found himself suddenly promoted one day to the shoemaker's class, and it now became necessary that he should learn

as much from his books in three hours as he had previously done in twice that time. The key to this problem, if it appear in any sense mysterious to the reader, is found in the fact that with close application a person may do more in a limited period than by indolence and inattention in a routine of longer duration. The boys at Sandover found it so, and Terry with the rest. His brother for the present was too young for advancement; so he plodded on through the winter, mastering the rudiments of an English course, as much, perhaps, by hearing others, as by downright hard study.

It was Mr. Forest's plan — and he had a corps of teachers who seconded this effort — to break up, so far as is possible, the coarse and incorrect style of conversation which is so common among this class of children. Such a task might, in individual cases, and in ordinary schools, seem to be in no wise difficult; but when it is remembered that every fresh invoice

of boys from the streets and cellars of the cities, or from the haunts of poverty and crime in the country towns, brought in a new set of words and phrases, and so perpetuated the evil, it will be seen that some extra measures were needed to accomplish the end. Newsboys and boot-blacks would stick to their *h*'s at the beginning of words where the pure sound of the vowel was needed; and they would be sure to leave off the offensive letter just in the wrong places, in accordance with their previous habits of calling out, "'Ere's the 'Erald," or "'Ave a shine, misther?"

"That feller be's a 'ittin' me," says one little imp in a spiteful tone of voice.

"No, I hain't," says the other, bristling up; "it's 'im that's onto me."

In settling the quarrel, the language is also to be corrected. And so it goes. Through the complete vocabulary of inaccuracies and slang phrases, the way to a better style is to be

wrought out for this neglected class by the patient painstaking labor of the instructor.

To remedy the evil in part, as well as to afford entertainment for the boys, Mr. Forest had organized what was termed a "Club," the object of which was to promote correctness in speaking, as well as improvement in other important points. It comprised the two highest classes in school, and had its by-laws, its officers, and its records. Members were under obligation not only to avoid the use of improper language among themselves, but to discountenance and check anything of the kind in others. In this way, a kind of censorship was maintained over the whole school. At the meetings of the club, which were held one evening in each week, two boys were appointed to criticise and report. This practice in the course of time produced the desired result, and without exaggeration it may be said that quite a number of the boys, without so much as a knowledge of

the terms or principles of grammar, came to be ready and accurate debaters.

The exercises of the club were in some respects the counterpart of the performances in Roger's room, though of a more staid and sober character. The interest of the boys was about equally divided between the two, and many a long winter evening was thus spent not only pleasantly, but profitably. The former entertainment was generally regarded as more elevated in its character, from its connection with the school, and the special patronage which it received from the teachers. The meetings were held in a portion of the building adjoining the chapel, and which was designated as the Teachers' Room. A large table occupied the center, covered with juvenile books and periodicals, and around this seats were placed. Pains had been taken to make the room as attractive as possible, by pictures hung upon the walls, and by other little decorations, which were adapted to

give the whole a cozy, comfortable air. Upon the window-sills were pots of flowers; and, in the summer, vases filled by the children with bouquets *fresh from the garden or field* were tastefully arranged in different parts of the room. Nothing so tends to diminish that coarseness of manner which culminates in complete rowdyism, and to substitute in its place the gentleness and refinement of good society, as constant companionship with nature in her beautiful forms. Hence it was the aim of Mr. Forest to direct the attention of the children to the works of creation, and to elevate their minds to a contemplation of the wisdom and benevolence of God as seen in all these. They were encouraged to plant little flower-beds in their yard, and, as the blossoms matured, to gather bunches for the dining-hall, or for the other rooms.

The teachers' room contained a large box of dried butterflies and other insects, and also

a cabinet of curiosities which had been collected entirely by the children. The most attractive feature of the place, and one which afforded an endless source of amusement, was the aquarium on the table in the center of the room. To stock this, the neighboring brooks and meadows had been ransacked; and not only had a variety of fishes, water-bugs, and turtles become denizens of this wonderful abode, but perched upon a moss-covered rock, which rose a few inches above the surface of the water, was a demure-looking frog, who had occupied that position for months. He was an attentive listener to the discussions and speeches of the boys. Not always was he content, indeed, to hear in silence, but sometimes he would break in upon the most serious part of the exercises with his monotonous croak, and set the whole meeting in an uproar.

The history of "Old Joe," as the boys called him, is worthy to be chronicled. He was for a

long time the solitary tenant of the aquarium. He was found sunning himself upon a log one spring afternoon, and before he had time to whisk his nimble legs in the air and disappear with a *chug*, he was made a lawful prize. And so he lived in a glass castle, perched upon a mossy look-out, instead of roaming freely in the meadow. The boys christened him Joe Frog *on the very day that they captured him, and he* always went by that name. But this was of little consequence to him. His nature remained unchanged, by whatever title his frogship might *be addressed. He never could be made to eat* anything but live insects. Dead matter, of whatever kind, was a perfect abomination to him. His native habits clung to him in his domesticated state. Every month he stripped himself of his outer skin, drawing it gradually over his head, and swallowing it. This process, once witnessed by the children, impressed upon their minds this strange fact of natural

history more strongly than any mere verbal instruction could have done.

Joe liked to feel the stroke of a finger upon his head, and under this queer kind of petting he would cause his great staring eyes to sink into their deep sockets, as if he were assuming again the form of his tadpole babyhood. His prominent eyes constituted the chief part of his beauty; but his superior skill manifested itself in the use of his tongue. This he kept shut up like a jack-knife during the long hours that he sat so dreamily looking into vacancy. But if a fly, or any other small insect, happened to stray near his post, in an instant the dream was dispelled, the eyes acquired luster, the tongue darted out with the rapidity of lightning and seized the prize. Alas the day! when, after a two years' sojourn amid all the splendor of this regal state, it was thought best, in making some necessary repairs, that the aquarium should be

emptied, and that he should be transported back to his native puddle!

In finishing this sketch of Old Joe, we have got before our story. The point to which we now return was many months before his unhappy migration. The club was in all its glory, and the fishes and the turtles, together with his frogship, were privileged listeners to the eloquent speeches and the able compositions and the reading of choice extracts which found a place in the children's performances. Short dialogues were sometimes spoken, problems offered for solution, and even conundrums proposed. Generally two or three boys in an evening were called upon for stump speeches, and *the display of oratory in such cases, though it* might provoke a laugh, or even raise a roar, was often superior in style and matter to the harangues of some self-conceited demagogues who always manage to be heard in a political caucus.

Maurice took the lead in most of the discussions, and was sure to be called out on any extra occasion. He was naturally fond of books, and his fund of information, acquired by constant reading, was always available to throw light upon any subject that might be presented.

The only one who could in any degree compete with him in this respect, was a sickly-looking boy, of fair countenance and deformed body, who went by the name of Tailor Tim. Like most persons who have some defect in their constitution, he had from early childhood received more attention than his companions, and was allowed a wider range of privilege. If any task were given requiring strength of muscle, Tim was of course exempt; and if, on the other hand, any special favor was to be conferred which could not be enjoyed by all, it was unhesitatingly conceded to him.

The title of distinction which Tim wore was given him by his own choice of occupation.

The trade to which the boys were apprenticed was unsuitable for him, and at his request, therefore, he had received appointment as assistant in the sewing-room. His exploits with the needle and shears, however, were not destined to make him a hero. He soon lost his interest in this particular calling, and concluded to devote himself exclusively to study, for which he had a decided taste.

No one could declaim on the stage with more *energy and with better expression than Tim.* No one could get off an extemporaneous speech with statelier grace and abounding in sharper wit than he. When he addressed the club, it was necessary that he should take his stand upon a stool, in order that he might be seen above the table.

"Now, boys," he would say, "I want you to take some good advice from me. I was once as young as you, and know something of the ways of little folks. When you have stumped it through

life as long as I have, you will learn not to trust to appearances. Don't believe a fellow that says he is your friend, and then tries to lead you off the wrong way. You better trust Tailor Tim, who gives you good advice, though he is but the ninth part of a man. Don't lie nor swear, boys. Don't drink rum, nor use tobacco. You see what sober habits have done for me: follow my example. Another thing, fellows, is,—Don't aspire too high. Look at me, if you are anxious to be great. Think what my chances are if a man lifts his gun to pop me over. Ten to one the bullet would fly over my head, while you big chaps that want to grow out of all reason would take the whole charge."

Tim was a pet among his companions, and his words were always followed by applause, whatever their import might be. He was quick at rejoinder if interrupted; but invariably, when hard up for an idea, would settle down on his

stool, and wind off by saying, "I see that I am wearying your patience. I will give way to my friend Maurice, who is more learned than I."

Before closing this chapter, we will mention one particular feature in the management of Mr. Forest's school. Under his mode of discipline boys felt that there was not only opportunity, but a real stimulus to advance, since the deserving were noticed and encouraged. Moral excellence was regarded as especially meritorious, and a scholar was able to ascend by regular gradations even from the lowest position to the fullest confidence of his teachers. The English method was to some extent pursued in the division of classes, the conduct and scholarship of a certain rank entitling those who held it to a position of responsibility in the management of the others.

According to this plan, Tailor Tim had for a considerable time occupied the post of monitor or head boy of the school. His judgment was

appealed to, and his assistance sought, in any serious questions of discipline. Other boys enjoyed a similar honor in a lower degree of the scale. There was in this way a large class of pupils who could be relied upon to aid in the preservation of order, or in the introduction of any new measure for the prosperity of the school. An effective police was instituted, which served as a check upon the popular propensity for wrong-doing, which finds its real element of strength in concealment.

An instance of the operation of this system will be found in the succeeding chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TRIAL.

THE meanness as well as folly of running away had been impressed upon the boys pretty effectually by many serious conversations which their instructor had held with them. He was accustomed to say that a boy who would degrade himself so much as to creep through a hole in the fence, or burrow out by some secret passage under ground, to gain the trifling advantage of being able to go where he pleased, was capable of almost any form of meanness, or even of crime. The next step in his career might be to break into a house for the purpose of stealing, or to lie in wait on the road with the design of committing robbery or murder. So long as they were kindly treated,

he thought they should feel under some obligation to submit to the restraints which were necessarily placed upon them, and they ought *especially to bear in mind the folly of attempting* to escape by stealth from the very place to which they had been brought, in search of a comfortable shelter and home, from circumstances of wretchedness and want.

This kind of reasoning had had its effect on many of the older scholars, so that attempts of this sort were much more rare than formerly. Those who did try to get away were generally such as had been in the institution only a short time, or else a class of boys like Hookey Joe, who had a mania for this species of adventure, and who, very likely, if they had been placed in Paradise, would have broken out, just for the sake of roaming through worlds of chaos outside.

Not only was this low and foolish practice becoming unpopular among the boys at Sando-

ver, but any project of this nature was likely to be baffled, unless special care was taken to conceal it beforehand. At the instigation of Mr. Forest, a vigilance committee had been organized, consisting of the older and well-tried boys, headed by one named Aleck, who was always ready to take the lead in any good or bad undertaking. If such ruling spirits can be won over to the side of truth and good order, an important advantage is gained. A vast amount of evil is prevented, and the same extent of influence of an opposite character is secured.

Aleck was a stout, athletic fellow, the ringleader in every rough sport, good-natured and honest when he chose to be, but of just that temperament which would qualify him to become a rowdy or a downright villain in certain circumstances. Mr. Forest had watched the boy, and, fully appreciating his character, had managed to win his confidence, and bring him

in a measure under his control. He saw that Aleck, if rightly directed, would make a good champion in the work of reform. The result of this prudent management was, that through *the exertions of the fearless leader and half a* dozen of his coadjutors it was becoming decidedly unpopular to engage in this business of running away.

"I call it real mean for you boys to try that game, when you have so much done for you as you do here," was Aleck's invariable comment, whenever the subject was broached for discussion in the yard. This was but the echo of an *opinion which he had often heard expressed by* his teacher, and which he was bound fearlessly to advocate, although there had been a time, not very remote in the past, when he would not have been quite so scrupulous with regard to the moral quality of the act. Aleck's remark generally stopped all controversy for the time being; for it was well known that his giant

fist was able to carry conviction if his words failed. As proof of his devotion to the cause, he had two or three times succeeded in arresting and bringing back deserters, and once had performed this service for Hookey, to the no small disgust of that migratory individual. It was on this account partly that the latter had manifested a little of the spirit of bravado, on the late occasion, by tying the boys' frocks to the fence.

It was ascertained, a day or two after the escape, that the affair had not been so much of a secret as it had at first appeared. According to the original plan, it was to include several other boys, but these had backed out at the last moment. They had, however, gone so far as to take from the table in the dining-hall several slices of bread, and hide them away beneath their jackets, for the purpose of supplying themselves with food on the way. These spoils had been subsequently exhibited in the yard, and

the matter had been talked over, so that a dozen or more had had intimation that something was in the wind, although they were not fully acquainted with the details of the plan.

In view of these facts which came to light after the occurrence, through the agency of Aleck and his posse, Mr. Forest, in private consultation with them, proposed that for an evening's entertainment the school should be assembled, and the case investigated by a mock trial. Prosecuting officers should be appointed from the boys, the evidence produced, and the case decided by processes similar to those employed in courts of law. This proposal was received with enthusiasm, and the evening of the next meeting of the club was designated as a suitable time for the trial to take place.

Accordingly, preparations were made for the novel entertainment. The teachers' room, in which the club usually met, being considered too small for the purpose, the furniture of the

larger school-room was temporarily arranged to accommodate the court. A bar was extemporized out of three or four settees. The teacher's desk served for the judge's bench, and the open space in front was occupied by the lawyers and other parties interested in the case. Aleck was to take the part of counsel for the prosecution, and Maurice for the defense. Mr. Forest reserved for himself the right to judge of the affair according to the testimony which should be offered, and to decide upon the kind and degree of punishment which the offense merited.

At the assembling of the court, Tailor Tim, who was deputed as lord high constable for the occasion, and whose physical proportions, with the addition of a tall beaver, qualified him to act this part in a burlesque, appeared with a long staff considerably higher than his head. In compliance with a warrant demanding the arrest of Lane, O'Flannegan, Quigley, and half

a dozen others, charged with being accessories to the heinous crime of breaking out and running away, lately accomplished by Hookey Joe, etc., etc., the constable with much pomp produced the individuals specified, and they were arraigned at the bar to answer to the charges alleged against them.

Most of the boys had been kept in ignorance of what was about to take place, and were therefore in doubt whether to consider the affair seriously, or as a mere joke. The prisoners were especially puzzled, bewildered, and half terrified. The only really undaunted one amongst them was Terry, who, with an indignation which arose from the feeling of conscious innocence, had heard his name announced with the others, and found himself brought before this mock tribunal.

He saw at a glance that he had been implicated on the ground of the careless remark which he had made in the yard on the morning

after the escape. He wanted to go at once to Mr. Forest and tell him all the circumstances, but the occasion was not favorable, and his pride, moreover, held him back. Since he had been unjustly suspected, he felt sure also that it would thus appear in the investigation, and he was especially confident that his friend Maurice would, if possible, clear him from all complicity in the affair.

"Guilty, or not guilty?" said the clerk, addressing each of the prisoners in turn. Some of them hung their heads in a sheepish way, and replied in such an indistinct voice that the little constable, before this part of the business could be transacted to his entire satisfaction, was obliged to shake his long stick in their faces, and threaten them with severe punishment for contempt of court. Some were induced to plead guilty for the sake of their evidence, which was needed in convicting the others. A smile went round, when, as Terry's

turn came, he answered with a clear, firm voice, "Not guilty," and then sat down with a proud curl of the lip, which might have been construed as real contempt of the court.

The customary oath was omitted, and in its place a mild form of affirmation was substituted. The business then proceeded in the usual way.

The first witness called was taken from among the prisoners. He was a raw specimen, lately imported from the old country, and not particularly sharp. He was remarkable for his awkward appearance, and almost unintelligible brogue.

"Tom Lane, you may take the stand," said Aleck, in his blunt, coarse way. "You helped these fellows off, I believe. Tell us all you know about it."

"I object," said Maurice quickly. "It isn't fair to make him testify against himself."

Tom had a defect in his vision, and he stood

squinting and making wry faces, as though the prospect of an examination was anything but pleasant to him. He found voice, however, at the instant, and before Maurice's objection could be duly considered, bellowed out, —

"Faith, I tould the boys they'd git tuck up, and they laughed at me, they did, for a big fool and a coward, what would bring 'em all out, if I should go wid 'em. And so I wouldn't mind 'em at all."

"*Did* any of the prisoners here know anything about it?"

"About the bread, did ye mane?"

"Yes; or anything else that concerns this business of running away."

"I seen some on 'em wid the bread, and heard 'em say it was for Hookey. That's all I know."

"Are you sure that you saw it in their hands?" inquired Maurice.

"I *didn't see it in nobody's hands.* An'

'sure is it I am that I seen it a-stickin' out of their jackets."

"And you heard them talk about running away?"

"They axed me to go along wid 'em, first."

"And then they wouldn't have you, because you was afraid of getting caught?"

"Indade, they wouldn't."

"Was Terence Malone amongst them at the time?"

"Faith, I couldn't say for sure; but I b'lave so. He tould the boys the next day that he knowed all about it."

"That will do for you, Tom."

Several boys were called and questioned in this way, most of whom were themselves implicated; but since the affair seemed likely to come out, they did not hesitate to criminate each other. Aleck pursued the investigation with the zeal and perseverance of a leader who feels that his own reputation as well as the suc-

ress of his cause depends on his exertions. Maurice, on the other hand, was more reserved, but no less vigilant and shrewd. He showed himself to be the better tactician. He completely upset the testimony of Lane, by showing that he was so near-sighted that he could not tell a sixpenny loaf from a brick at the distance of a yard, and that he was utterly at fault in his statement of what Terry had said.

With reference to the latter, it must be admitted that the case looked dark. His own remark, when taken by itself, appeared to imply some knowledge of the matter, and nothing could be produced on the opposite side to disprove this. The poor boy felt himself disgraced in the eyes of his teacher, and of the best part of the school. He had depended upon Maurice to clear him, but he had failed. All that Maurice had been able to do was to call upon the stand a number of boys who testified to Terry's good character, and who said that they had been

with him on the night of the escape, as well as on the succeeding morning, but that he had made no mention of having known of the affair beforehand.

When Mr. Forest, after listening to what the counsel on both sides had to say, rose to express his judgment, it was not surprising that he made no distinction in his estimate of the guilt of the boys. All of them in his opinion had connived at the escape of Hookey and his companions. He did not wish to encourage a tell-tale spirit amongst the pupils whom he instructed, but he believed there was nothing unreasonable or unmanly, he said, in disclosing any affair which was of the nature of a plot against the general welfare and prosperity of the whole community, and which could result only in injury to those engaged in it. So far as punishment was concerned, he did not intend to be hard upon the prisoners. In view of this public reprimand which they had already re-

ceived, he had concluded to pass on them only a light sentence. They were to be placed on probation two weeks, with the loss of certain privileges, and if at the expiration of that time it was found that they had shown a disposition to mend their ways, the restriction would be removed. He concluded by thanking the older boys for the assistance which they had rendered him in this little item of discipline.

Terry heard all this with a bitter, defiant feeling in his heart, although the words of the teacher had been uttered in the kindliest spirit. He might have gone to Mr. Forest and had the whole matter explained so as to clear himself from all blame, but he was too angry for that. He made up his mind then and there that he would run away at the first opportunity. How soon he would have carried this resolution into effect, it is impossible to tell, had not his own innocence been very shortly established beyond a doubt.

It was only the next day that a wagon drove up to the gate with two of the truants in charge of a policeman. They had been found lounging about the streets without any place of shelter for the night, and so had been taken to the station-house. When arrested, Hookey with his accustomed agility had managed to slip out of the clutches of the "geevy," so that the others had been brought back without him. The account which they gave of their adventures was the same as we have already described up to the time of their arrival in the city. They had then wandered about the streets during the daytime, and slept at night under the frame of a sleigh which they found in the rear of an old building. Unable to find work, and driven at last from their uncomfortable sleeping-quarters, they had fallen into the hands of the police, and were not sorry indeed when they found themselves back at Sandover. Joe returned of his own accord, a few days after, received his

usual punishment, and was prepared to start again whenever an opportunity offered.

The result of all this was, that Terry, by the statement of the runaway boys themselves, was exonerated from blame in connection with the affair, and those who had purposely misrepresented him for the sake of getting him into a scrape were punished. He still continued to cherish some feelings of spite against the instigators of the charge, but concluded to abandon for the present his idea of running away.

CHAPTER VII.

WORK AND REWARD.

MANUAL labor was not considered disreputable at Sandover. The working economy was that of a human hive in which no drones were allowed, and where each individual knew his appropriate place. Every sizable boy had his particular task allotted to him, from the little fellows who went around the courtyard in the morning with their baskets, picking up the weeds and rubbish between the paving-stones, to the big apprentice boys who worked every afternoon in the shops. We have already alluded to the social distinctions which were apt to arise on account of the variety in their employments. Some positions of responsibility were regarded as posts of

honor, and in general the very name of a task to be regularly performed by a boy, or a set of boys, was suggestive of official rights and privileges. The operations required for the maintenance of such a great establishment, together with the trade which had been introduced for the benefit of the older ones, furnished plenty of occupation and honor for such willing hands.

The aristocracy of the working classes consisted of the "gentlemen shoemakers," as Roger had tartly designated the apprentice boys, in view of their contempt of his authority. The fact was, they had, most of them, reached that age when they began to feel the chafing of the chains which had held them under Roger's system of petty tyranny. He never could see that he was too strict with any. To him, there was no distinction to be made between large boys and small boys. All ages were expected to accommodate themselves to his Procrustean standard. Boys who had reached the dignity

of apprenticeship could not see the matter in this light, and as they were accustomed to enjoy certain favors at the hands of their "bosses" in their shops, as well as some marks of approbation from Mr. Forest on account of their advanced position in the school, they were disposed to be somewhat turbulent at times in Roger's room, if a like distinction were not conceded to them there. Hence the appellation which had been sarcastically given them. Nothing could have pleased them better, since it indicated that their conduct nettled Roger.

And so the breach was only made the wider. A few kind words and a little concession would have settled the difficulty in the outset. The result of the whole was that they became more intensely a distinct class, the envy of little boys, and the perfect abomination of Roger. Among these were Maurice, Aleck, Terry, and others to whom slight allusion has already been made. They were no worse than boys in general, al-

though they were responsible, once in a while, for some pretty severe jokes, played off upon their inveterate enemy, in return for his treatment. In the shop they worked well, especially if any sport was in prospect, — any good time to be had, — after their task was accomplished. By such means they were kept busy during three or four hours of the afternoon, and, as a special privilege or reward, enjoyed many pleasant rambles in the woods, or other excursions in the neighborhood.

Tailor Tim held the rank of a shoemaker, and was always associated with them in any favors which they enjoyed, inasmuch as he felt bound to sustain the dignity of his occupation, notwithstanding he had ceased to bear its responsibilities. To have been engaged once in the pursuit of that exalted calling — to have sat cross-legged beside a goose and a pair of big shears, and to have sewed up a few rents, even though it were but for a short time — was

enough, in his estimation, to entitle him to be for ever regarded as an apprentice to the trade. So, whenever the "gentlemen" went out on a walking excursion, Tim, with his diminutive body, invariably brought up the rear.

Two or three boys were employed in the bakery half of each day. These with their white caps, their sleeves rolled up, and their aprons covered with flour, presented quite a business-like appearance. Their position was esteemed an honorable one, and any vacancy in that department was aimed at with the eagerness of an office-seeker in a municipal election.

Last of all in this class of workers was the sole representative of the carpenter's shop. He was commonly designated as Whittler, — a title which he had earned by his particular skill in carving out wooden toys and manufacturing fancy boxes with an old knife-blade which he had found in the yard. Such genius, it was

thought, needed to be encouraged, and accordingly he was permitted to stay out of school every afternoon to help the carpenter.

Entirely distinct from this class was an order of workers in this busy hive whose duties, though varied in character, were yet sufficiently marked to admit of no confusion in the general economy. It comprised the fire-tenders, the wood and water carriers, the sweepers, scrubbers, and others who were needed in the care of the school-rooms, dining-halls, and dormitories. The idea of responsibility and the hope of reward are both powerful incentives with the young in the accomplishment of any task. This middle class of boys at Sandover were not insensible to such motives, as was well attested by the promptness and fidelity with which they performed their work.

There was a still *lower rank, composed of* the smaller fry who were unwilling to be outdone by their elders, after they had once learned

the principle that office brings emolument. These occasionally found some light employment to occupy their spare moments, and constituted the tag-rag and bobtail of the juvenile populace, always on hand for duty, and ready to urge their special claims for reward whenever an opportunity to gratify them was presented.

As the season advanced, and the time for plowing and planting drew near, preparations for the spring campaign of farm work were set on foot. For this purpose it became necessary to pick out a set of boys who should assist in getting ready the ground and putting in the seed, and who should be retained as an available force for out-door service during the entire summer. Such a position as this was esteemed, in point of honor, next to that of the shop apprentices. The farmer boys were expected to exhibit some size of limb and fullness of muscle, though fellows of light build, whose sprightly

ness and energy made up for their want of strength, were sometimes selected.

Jimmy had been a "scrub" boy through the winter, that is, he had helped scour the school-room floor once a week, and though not so quick in his movements as many of the others, he was never known to slight his job. He was, in his work as in his study, slow but sure. He was consequently regarded as the most reliable fellow in his gang. With this recommendation, he was selected almost the first one in the spring for out-door labor. Nothing could have suited him better, not even to work in the shop with Terry. He had an eye to the sport of the thing. It was good fun to catch hold of the handcart with three or four more boys, and start on the run for the field where they were to pick up stones, or clear the ground of rubbish, and when there, pulling away at the obstinate roots, to dig deep into the soft dirt with *his hands, until they looked like* the paws of a

black bear, and their traces upon his sweaty face resembled the tattoo marks of a New Zealander. What cared he for the jokes and insinuations of the "upper class"? The question had been seriously discussed in the club a few evenings before he had been promoted to the farmer's gang,—"Which is the best occupation,—shoemaking or farming?" and, although considerable derision had been thrown upon the latter, and the question had been decided emphatically in favor of the former, Jimmy was determined not to be bluffed out of his summer job.

One afternoon in the latter part of April, Mr. Forest himself took the farmers out to work. It was his practice occasionally to leave the school in the care of his assistants, and to spend even several half days in succession thus in the open air. He found himself invigorated and better fitted for his in-door duties by such recreation. It was, moreover, a relief to Roger,

on whom the superintendence of the boys while *in the field generally devolved.*

There were about thirty of the farmers detailed for this occasion, and as they marched out of the yard in pairs, with the exception of a select few who had been allowed to run ahead to secure the handcart and wheelbarrows, a derisive shout greeted them from the shop windows. The shoemakers' eyes had been upon them as preparations had been made for this first grand demonstration of the season, and they could not resist the temptation to give them a salute as they passed, and to try to tease them a little by calling after them with such *expressions as "Go it, gentles;" "Bring us* back some pumpkins." The farmers, on the other hand, shouted back good-naturedly, "Stick to your lasts, old fellows, peg away;" "Don't you wish you were out of prison this fine day?" and then passed along, as merry as the bobolinks which had just come from the

sunny South to enliven the fields with their songs that spring afternoon.

They stopped in front of a piece of plowed ground, about three or four acres in extent, thickly strewed with stones. The sod had been turned over, and revealed the rocky nature of the soil. All these stones were to be picked up and laid in piles, and then carried away. The job would have looked rather formidable to an ordinary farmer with only three or four men at his disposal, but sixty hands, all nimble, though small, make light work. Some of the boys were so eager that they could not wait for the word of command. They rushed promiscuously into the lot, and began to gather up the stones here and there, and drop them, without much regard to order. Others took the shovels and crowbars, and wherever they saw a big rock they tried their skill in prying it up. Mr. Forest saw that they would not accomplish much in this way, but he let them go on for a short

time, so that their first ardor might become in a measure cooled. He then directed them all to come to him.

"Now, boys," said he, "I have a plan for you. Fall in here, along the edge of the plowed ground. In two ranks, form company. Little boys in front, and big ones in the rear. Attention, company!"

The boys knew what these orders meant, for they had been exercised in the drill, and were tolerably accurate in their military movements. In obedience to his commands, they placed themselves in two ranks, and waited further orders.

"Now, my lads," said Mr. Forest, "I see some of you prefer the guerilla mode to open, fair fight. But that isn't the best way, under present circumstances, when we have such hard customers to deal with as we have to-day. It's got to be straightforward work in battle line. Just look at those stones there, and imagine

that they are so many 'rebs.' Now, you must go into them with some kind of order. They can't stand a solid column. They won't make much resistance. I can tell you, if they do, Mike, you take the crowbar, and they will soon succumb. The front rank will do the fighting on this charge, and the rear rank will follow up with the lumber wagons and ambulances to carry off the dead and wounded. You mustn't leave one of the contemptible fellows on the field. Now forward! lively, boys, lively!"

This little maneuver of their leader delighted the boys, and served to bring their ardent spirits into something like subjection, without their feeling the restraint. A vigorous onset was made upon the field of stones. The enemy, yielding to the unbroken front, fell in heaps, and were deposited by the sturdy rear in the wheelbarrows and cart, and taken off the field. It was not long before a cleared passage, just the width of the line of boys, appeared across the whole ex-

tent, like a swath which the mower makes in the tall grass.

There is nothing like method for the speedy accomplishment of any sort of business, and especially in the heading of restless spirits to the drudgery of toil. If boys can only be made to feel that work is sport, and if thus pushed on *they can also be kept within bounds*, an incredible amount of labor may be performed in a short time. The tactics of the leader on this occasion proved a complete success. The work progressed finely. There was a little flagging, it is true, on the part of some, at the close of the second hour, but this time the hope of reward was held up as a motive, and put fresh life into their movements at once.

"Sweep 'em down once more, my boys," shouted Mr. Forest; "make another grand charge across the field, and then hurrah for the woods."

This portion of the farm was separated by

a stone wall from an adjacent lot which was covered with a young hard-wood growth, at whose roots among the fallen leaves of last year were plenty of partridge-berries and box-plums. These the children liked, as well as the tiny blossoms, which even at this early part of the season might sometimes be found peeping out of the ground by the side of a snow-bank.

A half hour in this delightful spot was compensation enough for the afternoon's toil, and with the prospect of speedy reward the boys went at it again with fresh energy. It was wonderful how quickly they accomplished the remaining portion of their task. And when the last stone was picked up, and the last load emptied upon the pile, with a scramble and a shout the whole party bounded over the wall in an instant, and were soon digging away for berries among the leaves. It was something to be able to take back to the house a pocketful of the little, red, tasteless two-eyes, and exhibit

them as trophies in reply to the old taunt about "pratics" and "pumpkins."

"We have made a pretty good beginning to-day, boys," said Mr. Forest, as they started homeward. "We have got nearly a third of the lot cleared, and had a good time."

The boys said nothing, as usual when no particular one was addressed; but they looked as though they felt satisfied. That single word we had a world of praise in it.

"If we get along as well as this the next two or three times we come out, we'll take a trip to Spy Hill on Saturday."

It is unnecessary to say that there was an answer this time, although a considerable part of it was expressed in pantomime, and the rest in such inelegant fragments as "Won't we, though!" "That's bully!"

The farmers were evidently in for a time.

CHAPTER VIII.

SET MILL.

THE job was at last completed. It took a little more time than the boys anticipated, judging from their first afternoon's performance. The novelty of an imaginary fight could not be expected to last through a long campaign, and other devices were needed to keep up their enthusiasm at the right pitch. The promised excursion, however, acted as a potent stimulus in keeping them busy.

"Will we go to-morrow?" said one of the boys, as they were gathering up their tools Friday night after finishing their work.

"I can better answer your question," replied Mr. Forest with a smile, "than if you had said '*shall* we go?' The *will* is good enough, I pre-

sume, but circumstances must decide the *shall*. I am afraid, from present appearances, that it may rain." And it did rain.

April showers never fell more copiously, or more provokingly, to dampen the ardor of expectant boys, than they did through the whole of that next day. The same thing happened for several successive holiday afternoons, until it seemed to them that the sun never would shine out again at just the right time. The promise, however, held good, and in a few weeks the weather was propitious. The delay proved an advantage, since the ground had become more settled, and the fields and forests had put on a more decided tinge of green by the advance of the season.

Spy Hill possessed nothing in its form or aspect to distinguish it from hills in general. It was simply the highest point of land in the neighborhood, and was quite easily accessible, being only a mile from the house. It presented

on the south side, which was nearest, a surface of pasture crossed in several directions by stone walls. Near the summit were clumps of oak and walnut trees, and further over, on the west and north, were woods and partly cleared land, continuing to the base on the opposite side.

Mr. Forest with his boys proceeded by the public road until they came to a gate which formed the entrance to a cow-path leading up the hill. Here it was proposed that a part of the company should separate from the rest and make the ascent through the woods further on, and then meet the others again at the top. By this arrangement, indeed, some of the boys would be left to themselves, and, being without a leader, might fall into mischief, or perhaps take it into their heads to run away. This was the first suggestion which occurred to Mr. Forest when the plan was proposed, but, on further thought, it seemed to him that it might be best to test their fidelity by such a course. Chil-

dren always like to feel that they are trusted, and under such circumstances are seldom brought to betray confidence. The boys at Sandover had illustrated this by invariably choosing to escape from the institution in some sly manner, after neglecting plenty of favorable opportunities. Scarcely ever had a boy been known to run away when permitted to go out without restraint, although perhaps, the very next day, some one who had been thus privileged would dodge off by creeping under the fence.

Mr. Forest, therefore, concluded to run the risk, and, selecting the most trustworthy, to place them on their honor for the preservation of good conduct, and for a safe return. Among these were Jimmy and Mike, — the latter a big fellow, to whom slight allusion has been made two or three times before. He was not a good boy, although he had the faculty of assuming a fair appearance in the presence of his supe-

rior, and often succeeded by his blarneying way in making folks think him almost a saint. He was a capital worker, and it was on account of the valuable assistance which he had rendered in picking up stones that Mr. Forest now showed him this mark of his confidence. Jimmy had never liked him since the first day that he saw him in the yard, when he accosted him and Terry in such a rough way. The bully had, however, become considerably improved by six months of discipline, although the pewter of his composition could never become of the brightness of silver through any amount of polishing.

They started off, about a dozen of them, along the road which wound around the hill, while Mr. Forest with the others turned in at the gate to make the direct ascent. The latter found it no light task to climb the hill, even though it was by an unobstructed path, and as they reached the clumps of trees near the top,

they were glad to rest themselves, and take a look at the prospect. A good view of Sandover was to be had from this point. The buildings looked like a bunch of toy houses, grouped together to make a miniature city; while the white row of pickets in the light of the afternoon sun appeared like a cordon of almost dazzling brightness encircling a large part of the premises. The farms in the immediate vicinity were spread out in irregular patches, yet with a kind of artistic beauty. A few villages were in sight at different points, and far away to the left the spires and tall chimneys of a manufacturing city were discernible, — the same which had so inhospitably ejected the renowned Hookey and his companions at the time of their late adventure.

After gazing at the prospect as long as they wished, some of the boys amused themselves by climbing the trees, and pelting each other with the dried acorn cups and with bits of

twigs. Others strolled around the pastures in search of some form of insect or reptile life which might serve as an addition to the treasures of this kind already collected in the teacher's room. They succeeded in capturing a mole-cricket, and a fine specimen of a beetle. The former is a curious creature of the insect kind, but its fore legs are like the paws of the field mole, and are dexterously used in digging its way into the ground. It takes but a few *moments for it to cover itself, even in the hard*est soil. It is very irregular in its shape, and, when dried, presents an odd appearance, not unlike the lower order of crustacea. The boys were glad to get a specimen of this kind to add to their collection.

Nearly an hour had elapsed since they had started up the hill, and it was time to hear something of the other party. Mr. Forest began to feel uneasy, lest they had fallen into *some mischief, or met with an accident. Their*

way was through the woods, and without much of a path. Most of them, however, knew what course to take, as they had accompanied him in excursions, the previous summer, on that side of the hill, and there was no danger, therefore, of their getting lost.

Another half hour slipped by, and Mr. Forest was on the point of starting in search of them, when a boy appeared on the right, just at the edge of the woods. As he drew nearer, they saw that it was Jimmy, and that he was laboring under considerable excitement. His face was very red, owing in part to the violent exercise which he had taken, and in part to the disturbed state of his feelings.

"Why are you alone, Jimmy?" asked Mr. Forest.

"I didn't want to stop with Mike, and so I came away from him and the rest of the boys," replied he, almost crying with rage.

"Why, what has he done?"

"He began ordering me about before we got half way to the woods on the other side; and when I wouldn't follow his lead, but turned off *another way, to get some flowers that I saw* growing among the brakes, he undertook to beat me back with a switch."

"Did you get into a fight with him?"

"No, sir; some of the boys told me to hit him, and said they would take my part, but just then the fellows sung out, 'There goes a rabbit,' and they all started off into the woods, Mike with the rest. I chased them awhile, and then I wandered round a long time before I could find my way out."

"Do you know where the rest of the boys are?"

"I guess I know pretty near where they were when I left them, for I crossed my own track two or three times getting up here, and I could get back a much straighter way. I don't *think any of them are very far off. I thought*

I heard somebody sing out that they had found the rabbit-hole."

"Let us all go and see if we can find them, boys," said Mr. Forest. "And you, Jimmy, shall be our guide if you know the way. We will submit to your orders this time."

They entered the woods, and started down the hill, passing through a considerable tangled undergrowth, but now and then coming to a cleared space where there was the semblance of a path. Jimmy could perceive the traces of his own former progress in several places, by the broken branches, and the leaves which his steps had displaced. They had not proceeded far before they heard voices, and they soon caught sight of a faint glimmer of light, accompanied by a dense smoke, through an opening in the trees. The boys were gathered about this, and did not see Mr. Forest till he and his company were close upon them.

"What is all this?" said he sternly.

Mike started. He was evidently the ring-leader.

"We was a smokin' out the rabbit," said he, recovering himself and putting on a bold front. "We tracked the old feller into his hole, and we are tryin' to get at him."

"Well, don't you know, boys, that this is a dangerous experiment to try here, surrounded by all this underbrush? It is lucky for us that there happens to have been abundance of rain lately. Put the fire out at once. These woods are not our property, and if any damage is done the responsibility will fall upon me.

"As for the rabbit, he is probably snugly seated in his inner parlor, away beyond your reach, and as safe as though you were a mile off, unless you punched him with your sticks before he got fairly settled. Don't you know the heat which you apply at the mouth of the hole will not be likely to descend so as to affect the air at any great distance beneath? A few

pails of water are more effectual in dislodging an animal from its burrow, that is, if it have but one entrance, than any amount of blaze applied at the mouth."

During these remarks, the boys had extinguished the fire, and Mr. Forest added, seriously,—

"I am very sorry that I must reprove some of you for doing that which you would not have done had I been with you. The excitement of the chase after the rabbit may perhaps excuse you for your thoughtlessness in building the fire in the woods, although you must remember that it is against the rule for any of our boys to have about them the means of kindling a fire."

"Mike had the matches," ventured one of the smaller boys. Mike looked at the speaker with a scowl that seemed to say, "I'll crush you for this." But he said nothing.

"I see," continued Mr. Forest, "that the blame rests to a considerable extent upon the

biggest boy in the company. It was he also who undertook to provoke a quarrel with Jimmy here, *and some of you would have been glad to* see a fight, if your attention had not been called off by the rabbit. I purposely put no leader over you, hoping that you would keep along peaceably together. You must learn to do bet*ter than this, or you will not succeed in life.* The Bible says, 'Be kindly affectioned one to another, with brotherly love, in honor preferring one another.' Your way through life will be like this tramp through the woods. You must concede to one another. *Above all, avoid* a quarrel, if it is possible to do so."

By this time, the afternoon had so far advanced that it was deemed best to start for home. So they raked up the embers carefully, in order to prevent the possibility of communicating a blaze to the neighboring brush; and, after prying into the hole once more to see if they could not distinguish Bunny's white nose

or his round eyes, they reluctantly turned away. It was decided to proceed down the hill on the north side, through the woods, and so around by the road which Mike and his party had taken.

On the way, Mr. Forest took pains to have Jimmy walk near him for a short distance, that he might remind him of his own fault in giving way to an *irritable disposition*. *He believed* that it was not so much Mike's demands, as the dislike which Jimmy had previously entertained for the fellow, that led him to rebel against his leadership.

"Try to control that little wayward spirit of yours," said the teacher kindly, as he walked *by his side*. "*You had an old grudge against* Mike, and that made you angry with him when he spoke to you."

"Ought I to have minded him, when he had no business to set himself up for a leader?"

"Perhaps not; but you should have spoken to him in such a way as not to make him more

insolent. You have heard me say before that 'a soft answer turneth away wrath.' Guard your tongue, and you will save yourself much trouble. Try to love everybody, even those who you think are your enemies, and then you will not be likely to get mixed up with any foolish quarrel."

Jimmy saw his fault, and determined to overcome his irritable nature. As we have already said, he was uncommonly frank in his disposition, and honest in every movement. This was shown by the confidence which he placed in Mr. Forest. He would not have given the latter pain by withholding the truth, even to save himself from this reproof. He was heartily thankful for the advice, and meant to do better. With this resolution he left the side of the teacher, and rejoined the boys.

They reached the gate just in time to hear the gong for supper, and managed to take their places in the line as it passed into the hall.

CHAPTER IX.

LITTLE PATSY.

IT was but a week or two after the tramp to Spy Hill, mentioned in the last chapter, that the smaller boys took their turn. The fine weather had made them restless. They could not bear to be shut up behind pickets all through those beautiful days, while the birds and the squirrels were enjoying a perfect freedom in the soft air and bright sunshine. It was a great undertaking, but their earnest appeals could not be resisted. So they went out one afternoon in a mass,—a couple of hundred in all,—with half a dozen lady teachers and assistants to take care of them. The shop-boys were at work, and the middle class, left to themselves in the yard, "would

have a jolly time of it," they said, "now that the little fellers were out walking." They could play tag without tumbling over a score of such trash and breaking their noses, and so run the risk of having Roger step in to stop the game.

The "little fellers" were evidently as glad as the bigger ones to part company for a while, and when once outside they frolicked and capered to their hearts' content. What a task it was to keep them within bounds! They would be continually dodging into forbidden places unless they were closely watched. The edge of every newly planted piece of ground on the way was sure to be fringed with rows of little shoe-marks, and not a buttercup or dandelion that appeared in sight could be suffered to remain untouched, even if it required a tramp in a field of grass or grain to obtain it.

The point of destination was the wood-lot beyond the stone wall, where the farmer boys

had previously taken their recreation. The piece which they had cleared of stones was now covered with a luxurious growth of young millet. Along the edge of this the children walked, and then clambered over the wall into the woods. Here they spread themselves in every direction. The ground was much drier than before, and thick bunches of moss and strings of evergreen decorated the surface like a rich carpet. Many portions of the woods were covered with the tender sprigs of the checkerberry, known better to the children as ivy leaves, or "young Johnnies." A few wild strawberries had made their appearance, and these, with the June blossoms which were lifting their heads everywhere in sheltered nooks, peeping from under old logs and fences, and nestling among beds of green moss, gave employment enough for nimble fingers. There was abundance of the wood anemone, the little white star-flower with its many pointed rays,

and the trifolia; while in the deeper recesses of the forest grew the showy purple lady's slipper, and other rarer varieties, which were eagerly seized and appropriated.

Among the children none seemed to enter more fully into the spirit of the occasion, none manifested more life and gayety, dodging here and there in pursuit of the objects of his childish fancy, than little Patsy, the drummer. He was intensely fond of flowers, and the repetition of his gifts, as he ran back and forth every few minutes and threw handfuls into the laps of the teachers, would have been almost tedious, if the simple act had not been accompanied by such marks of lively pleasure on his part.

Patsy Keefe was supposed to be an orphan. He had been brought to the institution at the time of his mother's death, when he was only three years of age. It was not known that his father was alive; for he was a sailor, and though he had been away at sea more than a

twelvemonth when Patsy's mother died, he had never been heard from since he left port. Five years more had now gone by, and still no tidings; so that the poor boy might very properly be considered an orphan.

He had no relatives in the States; for his parents had been in the country only a short time previous to his birth. He was a lonely stranger in his native land, knowing nothing indeed of the world, except what he had seen in the immediate vicinity of Sandover.

Yet Patsy had plenty of friends in this his only home. He was a common pet, both among the officers and children. People were attracted by his oddity of look and manner. Nobody could call him beautiful, yet there was something interesting even in his homely features. He had the large mouth, the projecting lower jaw, and the thick pug nose, which are the marks of a genuine Hibernian. His eyes were not well set, for while one of them looked

directly in your face, the other had a tendency upward and to the left, as though that side of him were gazing somewhere else. This peculiarity seriously affected his vision, so that he could see only such objects as were very large or very near. His other senses, however, were correspondingly sharper. His motions were almost like those of a blind person, for he had a nice discrimination of sound. When called, he would start nervously, turn quickly in the direction of the voice, and appear to be gazing into vacancy.

Yet Patsy was not a dull scholar. He was in many respects a prodigy. He could make figures and reckon with wonderful accuracy. Few even of the larger boys could go ahead of him in this particular. He spent all his spare moments in working out problems in arithmetic; and visitors in the school always took notice of the little mathematician.

His performances in Roger's room have been

mentioned. He was an expert drummer. Every flourish upon his favorite instrument was executed with the precision of a master. The boys thought they could not march to any other beat than his. There were plenty of amateur players among them, but he was the finished artist in their estimation. He was the general favorite, indeed, on all occasions. If it was not his drumming, it was certainly his sunny disposition, and the childish simplicity of all his movements, that had won for him a sort of prior claim in the regard of his companions.

Patsy, as we have said, was uncommonly frolicsome and lively on the day of the walk. He had frisked about a great deal more than usual, and had eaten a great many of the "young Johnnies," so that when he came home at night he was very tired and a little sick. He did not complain, however, and no one noticed at the time the extra flush upon his cheek,

and a certain wildness of expression in his countenance. During the night these symptoms increased to an alarming degree, so that it was found necessary to remove him at once to the hospital ward, and place him under the doctor's care.

In a short time he was seized with violent spasms in which he seemed to suffer intensely, and then, during the intervals between the paroxysms, he would lie back with his eyes closed, and his limbs motionless, as though he were dead. Everything was done which constant watching and medical attendance could furnish, for the dear little boy was a favorite of the doctor, as he was of every one else in the household. It was distressing to see him lie thus, without any possibility of affording him relief. But the progress of the disease was rapid, and it soon became evident that he could not hold out long. The day, the quiet Sabbath, passed; and as the sun went down, his spirit,

released from its burden of suffering, took its flight upward.

"*It is well with the child,*" said the pious doctor as he folded the little hands gently across the breast. "I once taught him to repeat the precious words of the Psalmist, 'When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up,' and now the promise is indeed verified."

There was one of the boys who was a witness of this scene, on whom the impressions made were of a peculiarly solemn and lasting character. This was Jimmy. He had been an inmate of the hospital nearly a week. He was not very sick, but a scrofulous affection, which had troubled him at times from his infancy, had lately manifested itself in a more decided form. Painful swellings had appeared upon his neck and head, requiring special treatment and good nursing, though not confining him to his bed.

He was, therefore, present during the day

when little Patsy lay in his agony and his helplessness, now moaning with pain, and now feebly prostrate without consciousness or motion; he was near him when he breathed his last, and had felt a chill pass through his own frame at the moment of the final leave-taking of the spirit. It was a new sight to Jimmy. Death had never seemed so real to him before. It was a year since his mother passed away. That scene was fresh in his mind, but the feelings which it had awakened at the time were only those of sad bereavement. Now, the emotion was different; it was one of intense awe; and the ideas of God, and of his own frail nature, and perhaps to some extent that of moral obligation, were associated with the reverent feeling. It is not too much to say, that as he repeated his customary prayer that night, there was a faint resolve in his heart that he would try always to be a good boy, that he might be ready for death at any moment.

The next day dawned as beautifully as though nothing had occurred to darken the hours that preceded it. The children had heard the sad intelligence, and several of them had gone out to the woods at an early hour to gather wild flowers and evergreen to place around the form of their little companion. The funeral services were to take place immediately, at the opening of the school, for there were no long preliminaries to be adjusted before the burial. No despatches were to be sent to distant friends, for there was no one in the wide world to whom the message of Patsy's death might thus come to cause pain. There was no fine shroud or rich casket to be ordered by the undertaker; there was no preparation of mourning apparel needed, *as in ordinary cases* when death comes into a household.

The body was placed in a plain coffin; fresh *wild flowers with the dew still upon them* were profusely scattered over it, and then it was

borne on the shoulders of four boys, and laid in front of the teacher's desk in the school-room. The children came in half an hour earlier than usual, and silently took their seats. The services were simple and befitted the occasion. The chaplain addressed a few words to those who were assembled, a prayer was offered, and then a group gathered about the coffin, and sang in low and tender strains the hymn,—

"Go to thy rest in peace,
And soft be thy repose;
Thy toils are o'er, thy troubles cease;
From earthly cares in sweet release
Those eyelids gently close.

Go to thy peaceful rest;
For thee we need not weep,
Since thou art now among the blest,
No more by sin and sorrow pressed,
But hushed in quiet sleep.

Go to thy rest, and while
Thy absence we deplore,
One thought our sorrow shall beguile;

For soon, with a celestial smile,
We meet to part no more."

The children came up by division to look for the last time upon the face which had been so familiar to them. His own classmates came first, and as they gazed all seemed like a dream. They stood where they were wont to recite. Nothing was wanting but the bright animated form of the boy who usually occupied a place beside them. Some one had put upon the master's desk Patsy's slate, with the problems for that day's lesson all neatly wrought out with his own hand the very morning before he was taken sick. His drum, too, in which he had taken so much delight, was laid at the head of his coffin.

So closely were life and death brought together, not as a work of the imagination, but as a sober reality. The children felt it. Such scenes were not frequent with them. It had been a long time since a funeral of one of their

number had taken place. Death was not a familiar visitor among the juvenile part of this great household. The last time the boys had come together to witness a burial service was more than a year previous, when a frail little creature, nursed in the hot-bed of the South, and bearing in his delicate complexion just the faintest tinge of African blood, had yielded to the severity of this northern clime, and perished by the destroyer consumption. He had pined all through the winter months, and just as the breezes from his sunny far-off home had come to wake the flowers, and paint the flush of hope upon his pale cheek, he passed away. The boys had not known him much. He had spent nearly all the time in the hospital, and his death seemed like that of a stranger.

But the case was now different. There were many true mourners, and the tears fell thickly over their child comrade. The scene was one to be remembered.

As proof of this, let us take a step forward just one year, and observe a simple incident *that then transpired.*

"To-morrow is the anniversary of little Patsy's death," said the kind-hearted doctor to a group of *boys whom he met one morning.* "Do you call to mind the circumstances?"

"Oh, yes," they replied; "we were just *speaking of it.*"

"Shall we commemorate it in some way?"

"How do you mean?"

"*Come to the hospital to-morrow night at dusk,* with a few of your companions. There is no one ill enough there at present for us to *disturb by* our conversation."

They came. The doctor had prepared a parody on the familiar song,—

"'Twas just one year ago to-night
That I remember well,"

which he requested them to sing. The quietness of the hour, the associations of the place,

and the plaintiveness of the melody, all conspired to make the scene a touching reminder of the past; and at the close they talked long and seriously upon the practical questions of life and duty, which the thoughts of death will sometimes suggest.

A year had swept by with its changes. The grass had withered and freshened over the grave of the child, but he was not forgotten. And at his head still stood the memento of their sincere affection, placed there by the hands of the boys themselves, — a pine board on which Whittier had carved a rude representation of a drum, and the single word, PATSY.

CHAPTER X.

THE GOOD DOCTOR.

DR. FAY deserved this title; not perhaps *in the ordinary significance of the term*, for he was not sufficiently skilled in the arts of the new-school practitioners to suit most people; but he was eminent in goodness of heart. Everybody admired his gentleness and geniality. The children thought there could be no one like the doctor, for it seemed to them almost that he could *soothe their* aches and pains by his pleasant smile and kind words. Dr. Fay always knew all about the personal history of his sick boys, for he would sit by their bedside, or take them in his lap, if they were able to converse, and draw from them all which they could remember of their earlier as-

sociations. In this way he interwove his own existence into the very fibers of their hearts, and so identified himself with all their tenderer emotions, that more than once, as it was said, a sick child waking from the delirium of fever and seeing the doctor stooping over the bed, and remembering dimly the dream of the immediate past, had faintly whispered, "Father."

It is wonderful that his presence should ever have proved a terror to anybody. Yet the doctor himself used to tell a funny story of the manner in which he once quite innocently drove a poor negro almost out of his wits. It was late in the fall, and Diggs, the young contraband, who had not been long from old Virginia, was sent with an ox-team for a load of wood from the farm-lot, about half a mile distant. On the way he was obliged to pass the burying-ground, which was close beside the road, separated from it only by a stone wall. It happened that the doctor had gone out for a walk in the same di-

rection, and was in a corner of the graveyard, searching for nuts under a large chestnut tree that spread its branches over the way. It was nearly dark, and Diggs was returning along the solitary cart path, his eyes twinkling like two stars on a black ground, when, just as he reached this spot, a cow, which was waiting rather impatiently at the bars of a neighboring pasture, sent forth an unearthly roar, and at the same moment the doctor's form slowly rose and became visible behind the wall. He had on a light skull-cap, which, with his gray locks and tall gaunt frame, gave him in the twilight the appearance of a specter. The goad-stick dropped from the affrighted negro's hand, and with a cry of "*murder*" he started down the road, his arms uplifted, and his heels swinging madly behind him. The team remained fixed until the doctor came out, and took it along with him to the house. When questioned afterwards with regard to the affair, the darkey honestly af-

firmed. "I thought the day of judgment had done come for sartin, and that the dead folks was all gittin' up out of their graves."

The doctor's good nature made his company always acceptable to the boys. He could amuse them by the hour with his stories, or he could talk to them on serious themes with all the sincerity and earnestness of a Christian parent who seeks the highest welfare of his children. Those who had ever been his patients knew well how to prize his sagacious counsel as well as his genial friendship. Many were the pleasant sessions which the boys had spent when they were only a little sick, or as they were convalescing, in listening to his conversation, or in quiet games of his proposing.

The hospital and the dispensary constituted a sort of friendly refuge for suffering humanity. If there was a sore toe to be bound up, the doctor was on hand to do it. If a boy was a little hoarse, he could step in and get a bit of

liquorice, which, after all, was not the very worst kind of medicine to take. Sometimes a tooth needed to be drawn, and then the doctor had such a faculty of examining it while he was talking about something else, and all the time telling his funny stories, that, before the little fellow was aware of it, the troublesome ache had gone, and the tooth was exhibited before his wondering eyes.

The hospital was divided into two compartments or wards. In one of these were the chronic cases, or such as were for an extended period under treatment. There were among these a few paralyzed persons, and some boys who were permanently afflicted with a hip or spinal disease. In the other ward were fever patients, and at certain seasons, when the measles or other epidemic diseases prevailed, whole rows of beds would be filled with boys.

Just now there was but little sickness in the institution, and Jimmy found it not a very un-

pleasant task under the circumstances to be laid aside a few weeks, and to be kept in comparative confinement. He could read as much as he pleased, for Mr. Forest had taken pains to visit him, and keep him supplied with books from the library in the teachers' room. Everything was so neat and comfortable in that part of the hospital which he occupied, that there was really a kind of home feeling connected with his invalid state. He was getting, too, quite attached to the doctor, and watched for his visits with as much interest as if his whole happiness depended on his presence. The influence of the physician's practical piety was beginning to be felt on the boy. This may be seen from the following conversation.

Jimmy was one day half-reclining upon the side of his bed, with his chair tipped up, and his head laid in an awkward position. He had been reading for some time in one of his story books, but had just thrown his arms back and dropped

his book in a lazy way. He seemed to be engaged in thought. Just then the doctor came in quietly, and stood by his side.

"Well, my boy, how are you to-day?"

"Oh, I am almost as well as ever, doctor," said the boy, starting up. "I suppose I shall get my discharge in a few days, shall I not?"

"I hope so; and yet I shall feel sorry to have you leave my care. I am afraid you will lose some of your thoughtfulness when you get out among the boys. What were you thinking of when I came in, Jimmy?"

Jimmy blushed, but did not answer.

"Was it about Patsy's death?"

"Not exactly," said the boy, "although that might have had something to do with my thoughts."

"What was it, then?"

"I had just been reading in this book about a boy who suffered dreadfully because he was treated so by his cruel father; and then I

couldn't help thinking how different some grown people are from others in the way they act towards children. I was wondering what makes you and Mr. Forest take so much interest in us boys, when some fathers and mothers do nothing but beat their children. I think you took care of little Patsy as though you loved him, and I believe Mr. Forest really enjoys his walks and his talks with us as much as we do. Why is it?"

"My dear fellow," said the doctor, laughing, "you are trying to make me solve for you a great social problem. I think there may be some mystery here which I can not exactly explain. The secret of my own regard for children, however, is simply this: I never allow myself to forget that I was once a boy myself; and I have heard Mr. Forest say frequently, that he is in the habit of inquiring how he should feel and act, and what would be his desires if he were still a child, and then he regu-

lates his conduct toward you accordingly. This is one way of observing the Golden Rule."

Jimmy was silent. He had comprehended the drift of the doctor's explanation so far as a boy of his years could do.

The latter continued: "But, after all, my boy, there is One who is more considerate of your wants than ever we can be; for He can always place himself in your position. Do you know who I mean?"

"I suppose it is God," was the low reply.

"You are right. And can you tell me where you first heard about God?"

Jimmy thought a moment, and then looked up honestly in the doctor's face, and said, "It was here in this house, sir."

The doctor seemed surprised.

"Are you sure that you knew nothing about Him before?"

"I had heard the name, but I never knew who it meant till Mr. Forest explained it to me."

Here was a strange admission, but it was a truthful one. Jimmy's mother, who was sincerely devout in her own religious observances, had been very strict in teaching her boy the form of worship and the language of religion, but in the whole routine she had failed to give him any definite impression or idea of God. The conduct of the father had had a tendency to keep the son still further in ignorance of a ruling and superintending Being.

The fact is, that many parents teach their children the observance of moral duties, while they take no pains to give them any distinct conception of God, who is the source of all obligation.

Jimmy had started on a new train of thought. He was disposed to philosophize.

"Does God love me?" he inquired.

"Certainly He loves you as one of His creatures," answered the doctor.

"And does He make you and Mr. Forest try to do us good always?"

"When we seek to make you happy, I suppose it is God who puts it into our hearts."

"Why did He not make my father kind to me, then? and why is not everybody in the world good?"

"There you have me again, Jimmy. People's dispositions are influenced very much by their habits. I suppose your father's drinking propensity made him cross and unkind, and God had a purpose in letting him become so. Some good was to come out of it that we can not see now. There is a Providence in all these things. We do not always know what is best. I suppose Mr. Forest often does things which you can not understand, and that you even get quite angry when he acts contrary to your wishes; and still you know that he would not harm you for the world."

Jimmy was thoughtful. He remembered

that, only a few months before, he had been very averse to the idea of commencing the study of geography. His teacher sent for him two or three times to assign him a lesson, but he had in some way avoided obeying him. When at last he had met the teacher, he had shown some willfulness and received a severe reprimand. Now that he had become interested in the study, and was pretty well skilled in the use of the maps, he could look back upon his own folly, and recognize the superiority of Mr. Forest's judgment. The illustration was a good one, and it tended to increase his confidence in the character of God.

The conversation continued somewhat longer, and the impression which it made upon the mind of the boy was of a salutary nature. Its influence, together with the circumstances of Patsy's death, had a tendency to restrain him in many instances after he had been discharged from the hospital, and had got once

more among the boys in the yard. He seemed to have a better idea of what the Lord's Prayer meant than ever before. It was the practice for the whole school to repeat this every evening in concert, at their chapel service. The teacher often explained it, so as to prevent, if possible, its becoming a mere formal repetition. Of course the full benefit of such instruction was lost on the greater part of the pupils, but a few felt its good effects, and among these was Jimmy.

Terry, on the other hand, was growing more reckless. His early experience in the institution had soured him. Mr. Forest had tried every means to win his confidence, and thought at times that he had succeeded. But then he had such a sly way, that no one could ever tell what he was driving at, and once in a while he had been detected in absolute dishonesty. A divergence in the course of the two brothers became apparent after a few months. They no

longer slept together, and they were not seen much in each other's company in the yard. Jimmy preferred the society of Maurice to that of any other boy. The latter was much the older of the two, and it was perhaps on this account that Jimmy selected him as a kind of protector. However this might be, he could not have found a better intimate companion. Maurice was exceedingly conscientious. He was truthful in the highest degree. He would not suffer a fault of his own to pass without a note of apology to his teacher. There were times, it is true, when he became willful, but he generally came round to the right point after a short interval, and his penitence was as complete as his willfulness. Jimmy was much under the influence of Maurice, with whom he now shared his sports and his bed.

Terry seemed bound to make himself as intimate as possible with companions of an opposite character. He had fallen in with a boy

named Madson, with whom he soon became on terms of special friendship. They were in the same class in school, they worked side by side in the shop, and they managed to be together most of the time when they were at play. Madson was not decidedly vicious in his disposition. There were many worse fellows in the yard. He was simply mischievous, and, when not under restraint, would carry out this propensity to the fullest extent. If he was on a walk, he needed to be watched, or some garden would be despoiled, some bird's nest would be robbed, or some stray horse would be sent hastily through the bars into the cornfield. He was tender-hearted, and his feelings could be easily moved by direct appeal, but the effect was only momentary. Nobody had seemed more deeply affected than he at Patsy's funeral, and nobody had been fuller of mischief and fun an hour afterward.

He needed a curb, but it was dangerous work

trying to curb him. If he took an affront he was henceforth almost beyond control. He hated Roger with a perfect hatred, and he had transferred a part of this bitter feeling to about all of the officers who had anything to do with managing him. Hence he was always restless, always chafing under restraint. He was never satisfied with kind treatment, and if he found himself crossed on any occasion, he would go as far as he dared in a course of rebellion.

This was the companion whom Terry chose. Mr. Forest saw with pain the intimacy which had sprung up between the two boys, as well as the breach which was growing wider and wider every day between Jimmy and his brother. All he could do, however, was to encourage the younger in his efforts to do right; and, as he knew that he could not fully control Madson, he aimed to counteract as far as possible his dangerous influence over Terry.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DAM.

THE sultry heat of midsummer had come. The long days dragged heavily at Sandover when the thermometer ranged high. Boys panted under the shadow of the great buildings while they were in the yard; for there were no trees to spread their friendly branches over them, and the glaring white of the fences was almost painful. Within doors, they were dull and disinclined to study or work. The summer months in school are tedious for both teachers and scholars. And yet there is no escape, ordinarily, in an institution. There is no sending the children into the country or to the seashore for a vacation. They will be on somebody's hands, and their wants must be

attended to. The form of calling them together, therefore, is gone through with every day of the year, though much less is required of them in the way of study during the hot season than at other times. Their exercises while in-doors are more of the nature of recreation, and they have frequent opportunities to walk out or engage in diverting games toward evening.

Nothing is prized more among school-boys in general than a good swim at the close of a hot day. No reward could be offered to the boys in the institution which would so effectually arouse them from their listlessness and langnor as this. It was the practice to take out some of them for this purpose every day. The farmer boys must go in bathing after every job of weeding, ostensibly to wash off the dirt, though in reality for the sake of having a good time. The smaller boys must have their chance on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, and the

shop-boys would think it a great privation if they could not have a swim about every night after they had finished their work.

But Sandover was very unfortunately situated with respect to water privilege. It was near no great river, and there was not even a small pond within a mile. The only place that was in any way suitable was about half this distance, and consisted of the mere widening of a brook, which with the boys went by the name of the "hole." It was not more than a couple of rods wide in the broadest part, and in the deepest places scarcely over a man's head. Yet here were the best accommodations that could be had, and this was the popular place of resort every summer from June till September. Great account was always made of who should be the first boy in at the commencement of the season, and if he had a good reputation as a swimmer he was esteemed the "bully water-dog."

There was one unfavorable circumstance connected with the boys' bathing, which threatened seriously to interrupt their sport. The "hole" was private property, and frequent complaint had been made every season about their trespassing on the land that surrounded it, and trampling down the grass. They had been indirectly admonished by the owner many times, but somehow could not make up their minds to be driven completely off.

At last the shoemakers had gone down, one night in July, and were enjoying themselves, running along the bank, diving and jumping and turning somersets, and playing all sorts of pranks in the water, when the proprietor of the premises made his appearance, very much excited. It is needless to say that the boys got a pretty thorough dressing down, as they called it, and were forbidden to set foot upon the land until the grass was cut. This, according to the ordinary movements of the

man, was the same as telling them that they could not swim again for three weeks at least.

"That's a pretty scrape," said one of them, as they marched up to the house. "What are we to do now?"

"Make the best of it, I suppose, and wait our three weeks," said Maurice coolly.

"That will never do: we shall die this hot weather," said Aleck.

"Let's go to the superintendent about it," suggested one.

It was agreed, and the matter was referred to him. He was commonly very indulgent to the boys, and on the present occasion was very sorry to see them deprived of an innocent pleasure in such a way. He promised to consider what could be done.

The result of a little private consultation on the subject appeared the next day. Mr. Forest detained the boys at noon a few moments after school, and proposed that they should try to

make a swimming place for themselves in the meadow which belonged to the farm. The plan was as follows. The water which supplied the "hole" entered it through a brook which passed through this meadow. There were several convenient points where a dam could be thrown across the brook, and the banks above so dug away as to leave considerable room for them to move about in the water. Even if it should not prove to be quite so desirable as their old place, they would have the fun of building it, and when it was completed there would be the assurance that nobody could interfere to drive them off.

This proposition, which had originated with *the superintendent, was received by the boys* with the tossing up of caps, with whistles and shouts, and other hearty demonstrations of applause.

"When shall we begin it?" asked two or three.

"This very afternoon," replied Mr. Forest. "That matter has been all settled. You are to be let off from the shop to-day at least, and I shall go down with you to oversee the building of it."

Accordingly, after dinner, the team was got out, and backed up to a pile of old lumber in the rear of the barn. Aleck, whose valuable services could be the most effectually secured by affording some slight tribute to his propensity to lead off, was appointed driver of the cart and general superintendent of the job. Maurice and Whittier were to do carpenter work, *while the rest should aid in various ways in* carrying material and digging away the bank. The cart was soon loaded, and Aleck drove off.

The spot was nearly half a mile distant from the house, and was reached by a crooked cart-path passing through a cornfield, thence by the burying-ground, and down through the meadow, which on one side of the brook was planted

with potatoes, and on the other was covered with rank grass. A bridge made of logs crossed the stream, and the point selected for the dam was only a few rods above this. Still further up another small stream entered the brook, and at their junction was a building used as an engine-house, whence the water was forced up through pipes to supply the institution. The engineer passed most of his time here, having his meals brought to him by day from the house, and sleeping at night in a comfortable bunk. He was a cripple, but a good mechanic, and a man of fine taste. It was his delight to adorn the grounds of his little farm, as he called it, with beds of flowers, and with patches of tomatoes, squashes, melons, and other garden vegetables. Some of these were so tempting in their season as to lead to occasional depredations by midnight prowlers. Mr. Chase kept his dog to drive off intruders, but he was not quite so formidable as he might be, since he

was only a pup, and boys could usually bribe him to silence by offering him a bit of bread.

One of the chief attractions of the engineer's farm was the reservoir or well connected with the brook from which the water for the house was pumped. It contained two pickerel and a large trout, which by frequent feeding had become quite tame. These were Mr. Chase's pets, and he watched them with as much care as he could well bestow on these odd companions of his solitude.

The first step in building the dam was to clear the banks of their rank growth of weeds and grass. Then a long beam was laid across from side to side, and fastened securely at the ends, and boards were cut of convenient length to drive into the ground and to nail to this cross-beam. This operation was attended to mainly by Mr. Forest and the two carpenters, Maurice and Whittier. The other boys, under the superintendence of Aleck, were occupied

in digging off the bank, and bringing muck to fill up the holes between the boards. Several of them had stripped, and were engaged in deepening the bed of the brook before the water should rise. What is a swimming place for boys unless it is deep enough for a good dive? They want not only room enough to turn round in, but a hole where they can go plump down, and, after staying under half a minute or so, make their appearance, puffing and blowing, and holding up their fists to show that they have "brought up bottom."

The top of the bank was about even with the larger boys' heads as they stood in the water, so that a couple of feet at least needed to be removed from the bed of the brook, in order that it might be of the requisite depth when the water should rise to the top of the dam. The banks were to be dug away also on both sides, so as to make the place of suitable size. Some of the boys were sent off into the neighboring

woods to get a kind of coarse moss, which, together with the sods taken from the sides, served to fill the interstices between the boards, and to plug up the crevices about the edges of the dam.

Toward the middle of the afternoon, there was the appearance of rain. Still the boys worked on with a good deal of vigor. Most of them were thoroughly interested in the undertaking. A few were indifferent or lazy. Among them was Madson, who had been disposed of late to do contrary to the wishes of everybody. First he wanted to saw off the ends of the boards; and then, because he was not allowed to do that, he crept along the bank, and amused himself with loosening a sod here and there with a spade. His services rendered in this way proved of no great account.

At last, just as a party started for the woods with baskets to collect moss, he managed to slip off in the direction of the engine house,

giving a sly wink to Terry, who was in the water. He crept along through the tall grass till he came to the reservoir, where he sat down on the curb. He had been seated but a moment, when, with his usual aptitude for devising mischief, he was seized with a sudden thought. He started for the bushes, and drawing from his pocket Terry's knife, which he happened to have in his possession, he cut off a twig a few feet long. He then returned to the well, and tied a string to the end of the stick. Fastening to this a bent pin, with a bit of bread for bait, he threw in his line with the intention of catching one of Mr. Chase's pet fish. The well was hid from the engine-house by bushes, so that the engineer could not see that he was there. One of the fish soon spied the bait, and darted at it, but Madson pulled too quickly. Again it was aimed at, but the soft bread gave way, leaving the pin bare. Madson tried another piece, but still he was unsuccessful.

At last, out of patience, he uttered an oath, and dashing aside the rod and line, he seized a sharp, flat stone, and threw it with considerable violence at the fish. The stone struck with its edge upon the surface of the water, making that peculiar sound which boys designate as "cutting an egg," and by a curious accident hit squarely the back of the trout, almost dividing it in halves. The mutilated fish at once rolled over, and Madson, alarmed at the mischief which he had done, ran off in a direction opposite to that in which the boys were, to a huge sand bank, in which a score or more of martins had built their nests.

Meanwhile Terry, after working for some time industriously in the water, came out and approached the place where Mr. Forest was standing.

"Can I get a drink?" he asked.

"Where will you go for it?"

"To the engine-house."

"Yes; but do not stay long."

He hurried on his clothes and proceeded in the direction in which Madson had gone. He went first to the engine-house to get some water. There was always a pailful standing in the engineer's room. After drinking, he started for the sand bank, where he had caught sight of Madson as he came along.

"You are a fool to stay down there," said the latter as he approached. "I won't be a mud-digger for anybody."

"Why, we are working for ourselves, ain't we?" said Terry. "We'll have a good swimming place when it is done."

"I don't care for that; there's no fun round here. I'm tired of the whole concern. I shall step out one of these days; and you will too, I bet you, if you get a chance.

"See here; see what I have found;" and he hauled a couple of young birds out of the

bank, while the mother martins flew around his head, apparently in an agony of grief.

Terry was not too tender-hearted to do the same thing, and they both spent considerable time in cruelly despoiling these little households.

"Have you seen Chase's fish lately?" said Madson, after an interval.

"No; not since a week Saturday," replied Terry.

"Somebody has been afoul of them, and one of 'em is killed," continued his companion.

"Killed? what did it?"

"I don't know. Like enough it got poisoned."

"Did you see it?"

"Yes; it was floating round on the water with its back broke."

"How broke? Of course it wan't poisoned then. If it was, it would make the water so bad we couldn't drink it. You better own up that you killed it yourself."

"'St now; mind you don't peach, and I'll

tell you all about it," said Madson, in a low voice. "It was all in your eye about the poison; you understand?"

He then gave his companion a detailed account of the mischief which he had done, embellishing it with such lies as he thought best suited to his purpose. He wished to secure Terry as an accomplice; and the latter, being thus let into his confidence, felt himself bound not to betray him. Such is the influence of bad company in deciding the course of boys who throw themselves in the way of temptation. There is a certain principle of honor which is recognized among rogues, which holds the weak-minded in spite of themselves. Terry thus found himself bound fast to Madson in the accomplishment of all the plans for mischief which he might devise. They talked together some time, plotting how they would leave the institution at no very distant day.

After a while, as it commenced to rain, they

slipped around to the woods back of the engine-house, and came up just as the boys who had been at work upon the dam reached the spot from an opposite direction. In the confusion of gathering together the tools, and the hurry on account of the rain, their absence was not noticed by Mr. Forest, and they joined their companions without remark. They then proceeded with them to the house.

CHAPTER XII.

GRIEVANCES.

THE next afternoon, they went to the meadow again. Madson staid in the shop, for he said he would rather work there than in the mud. Two or three others followed his example, since they had got tired of the sport. Terry, however, went with the majority to finish up the dam; but he did not take hold with quite the energy of the previous day. The leaven of discontent was operating in his mind, producing a disrelish for anything and everything that he saw about him. Still he was cheerful, and at times seemed to take a lively interest in the progress of the work.

Toward night the dam was nearly done. A board had been fitted to the middle part of the

cross-beam, and then laid aside, leaving a hole through which the water could pass freely until the moment of closing it. The edges had been stopped up with considerable difficulty. Owing to the sandy nature of the soil, they had broken through more than once. Indeed, Mr. Forest on this account had doubts whether that part would stand the pressure of the water after it was all done. The banks were made as firm as possible under the circumstances, by means of branches and were plastered with mud, and at the completion of this process the board in the middle was adjusted and nailed in its place.

The work was now done; but the rise of the water was so slow as to be almost imperceptible. The land in the vicinity was nearly level, and the course of the stream consequently sluggish. It would probably take several hours to raise the water to the top of the dam, and then the stream would be affected for the dis-

tance of nearly a quarter of a mile above. It was too late to think of waiting for this, and so the boys, after finishing their job, went home, a little disappointed that they could not see at once the result of their labors.

On the way, Mr. Forest called a moment at the engine-house, and there learned of the depredation which had been committed on the premises of the engineer the day before. The indications were strong that it was no accident, but rather a premeditated and wanton act. The rod and line with the pin attached had been found by the side of the well, and also the knife which Madson in his haste had inadvertently left upon the curb. Mr. Forest could scarcely believe, even with such evidence, that any of his boys had perpetrated the deed. He took the knife, however, thinking that it might serve as a clue in discovering the offender.

He carried it with him to the house, and, without mentioning the circumstances, showed

it to several of the boys, and among them Jimmy. The latter at once recognized it, and said it belonged to his brother. Mr. Forest now remembered that he had given Terry permission to go up to the engine-house on the afternoon previous, and that he had been gone a long time. This evidence seemed almost conclusive.

Terry was getting a bad reputation. From his connection with Madson he appeared even worse than he really was. Unless he should disclose the truth, he would be obliged to bear the whole blame of this affair. If he should implicate his companion, he might save himself, but this was out of the question with a boy who had gone so far as he in the path of deception, and so he chose to lie about it.

Mr. Forest showed him the knife, and charged him with doing the mischief, but he stoutly denied all knowledge of it. He had not been at the well, and did not know that any one had

meddled with Mr. Chase's fish. He even went so far as to say that the knife was not his, that he had never seen it before. In the face of such an absolute denial, Mr. Forest thought best not to press the inquiry further just then, and so the matter dropped. It is extremely difficult to get at the truth by any course of investigation, when such a system of deception is to be encountered as is practiced almost universally by this class of children. Boys learn to lie as soon as they can speak, and in the case of the foreign population which crowds our public institutions, the habit seems to be second nature. There are a few rare exceptions of strict honesty among such children, but in the majority of instances the evil is deeply rooted and widely spread. Unless the conscience can be aroused to act with reference to this particular sin, the force of moral precept is to a great extent lost.

Mr. Forest awakened Maurice early the next

morning after the work was completed, and they took a walk together to the meadow before breakfast. On the way they stopped frequently and listened to hear the sound of the water falling over the dam, but all was silent. Something was evidently the matter. As they approached the scene of their labors, a field of desolation presented itself. The brook had apparently risen in the night nearly to the top of the dam, and then the yielding soil, unable to sustain the immense pressure of the water, had given way on one side, and the whole body had rushed through the opening, tearing away the bank, and leaving one end of the cross-beam wholly unsupported. The whole structure was a complete wreck, and the work of repairing would be greater than that which was first required in building. So the two days' labor of the boys proved to be altogether lost.

When the result was communicated to them by Maurice on his return, something more than

a feeling of disappointment seemed to affect them. They were like a discomfited host after a hard-fought battle, giving vent to their displeasure in sullen murmurs or loud complaints against their leaders.

Madson was disposed to make the most of the failure by seizing the opportunity to banter the rest.

"I told you so," said he exultingly. "You didn't get me very deep into that scrape, anyhow."

"No," said one of the others; "you were too plaguy afraid of wetting your precious legs to get very deep in the mud."

"I didn't mean to do any of the dirty work at all. I knew all the time it was only a trick to keep us easy because we couldn't go down to the 'hole.' Can't pull the wool over my eyes in that way. I won't work to please nobody."

"I should like to know where you were all the afternoon," said Alock; "I didn't see you

in my gang. You are a smart feller, to slip off when there ain't nobody looking. I suppose you couldn't tell who went fishing in a well and caught a blind eel? You better quit blowing about the dam, or you may get hauled up for that other scrape."

"Who hooked the knife and then couldn't hook the fish?" said another.

"Hush up, fellers, about that, will ye?" interrupted Madson, a little cooled. "There's no use in bringing it out *now*. Terry did up that business bully. Takes him to snake out, and save them that's his friends. We shan't hear from Mr. Forest on that subject again if you all keep still. I'll own up to Chase and get him to forgive me before I leave."

"When are you going?" inquired Aleck.

"Wouldn't you like to have me tell?" said Madson sneeringly. "It is the business of you committee to find out, the best way you can."

The boys kept up their sparring for some

time with alternate jokes and hard hits, but they were evidently considerably disturbed. There had been a fracas in Roger's room after they had returned from the meadow the night previous. Madson had been saucy, and had got rather roughly handled. As usual, the disturbance became infectious, and order was only partially restored when the time came to go to bed.

There are periods when ugliness, like a distemper, breaks out in a set of boys. They are just like older people in this respect. They have their fluctuations of feeling, presenting sometimes their good and sometimes their bad sides of character. So long as they are coaxed and flattered, things go pretty smoothly with them. But a trifling matter, a dispute, a disappointment, or a fancied attempt to control them in a way distasteful to their feelings, will start up the evil disposition, and put into them a most determined spirit of opposition to

every effort that is made to please them. Mr. Forest was accustomed to observe these changes in the flow of feeling among the boys, and, unless the circumstances were beyond his control, would try to check the current in its first divergence from the ordinary channel. He was not always successful, for boys will oftentimes manage to have their way, though yielding apparently to an outward restraint.

It is curious to watch the operation of this willful spirit under different circumstances. In a set of ragged fellows, gathered promiscuously in the street, or in a public hall, it will result in hootings and yellings, perhaps in a determined riot. Where restraint is exerted, but not enough to produce fear of the consequences, there may be broken heads and black eyes. Quarrels in the low places of the city, culminating in violence, and embroiling a whole neighborhood, are often occasioned by this

infectious spirit, communicated at first perhaps by one who is crazed with drink.

Among boys of an institution where strict discipline is preserved, and where they dare not therefore exhibit anything like open hostility to the recognized authority, the rebellious disposition manifests itself almost invariably in the form of a fit of *sulks*. Nothing can be done to suit them while they are in this state, and they refuse, on the other hand, to do anything themselves which is not absolutely required in the routine of duty. Rebellion in Roger's room made itself apparent in complete silence when the boys were asked to sing. When they got cross, it affected them in all departments. They recited badly in school. They were indifferent about their work. They would cut up shines in the yard, if they could do so without being discovered. They would accept no favor from their superiors, lest it should seem to be a compromise. They would

rather suffer great inconvenience than enjoy a pleasure provided expressly for them, since the acceptance of it might seem too much like yielding their point.

Mr. Forest found that the boys had taken just such a freak as this, shortly after the affair of the dam. It was difficult, as in most instances of the kind, to account for it. One bad spirit might have infected the whole, or a malignant power, like that which used to take possession of the bodies of men in Christ's time, might possibly have infested them. At any rate, nothing could be done for their relief. It would do no good to scold. Coaxing or bribing was out of the question. There was no overt act of rebellion which would justify a summary course of procedure. The *sulks* must wear off of themselves. Any sort of interference would only postpone the result.

Meanwhile the boys continued to testify their disapprobation at any slight restraint, although

they were very careful not to lay themselves open to punishment by the violation of rules. They wouldn't go out to walk, because they couldn't go when and where they pleased. They didn't want to play ball, because it was too hot, or they were too tired. They even lost interest in the club, refused to perform their parts, and wished the old thing was "blowed up dead;" and therefore its meetings were discontinued for several weeks as a special accommodation to the circumstances. Nothing could be devised to suit them. So they lolled upon the door-steps until they were ordered off, or piled themselves away in the corner of the yard in the most uncomfortable positions they could find, wishing that the time would come when they should be free from such tyranny.

This is a bad frame of mind for any individual or class of persons to be in, but fortunately the disease is not chronic, and in the case of boys whose elastic nature furnishes a means of

speedy recovery, when it passes off, it is succeeded by a state of feeling which bears a marked contrast to the former. Perhaps a change of weather may have something to do with these periodical fluctuations. The philosophy of the thing is yet to be explained.

We will leave the boys in their *sulks for* the present, and make a digression in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.

PUTTING OUT.

THIS term has a specific meaning in the dialect of institution life. It has reference to the outlet by which the population of such establishments is kept reduced. The practice in the almshouses and reform-schools, as well as in the orphan asylums and places of refuge which are sustained by charitable associations, has been to place the children in families from time to time, on the application of persons who promise to provide them with suitable homes.

This business is often transacted without much formality. If a stranger wishes for a boy, he has only to apply in person at the office of the establishment, having provided himself with

a testimonial of good character, signed by the selectmen of the town in which he resides. The boys are then brought before him and he makes a selection. If he is satisfied at the end of the month, the terms of indenture are settled; if not, the boy is returned. Some are "put out" and brought back several times. Others stay but a few weeks in the institution, and then find permanent homes. These children are scattered all over New England, and crowds of them have been sent to the West.

"Putting out" was not unknown at Sandover, although it had been practiced comparatively little while the experiment with the shoemakers was being tried. Aleck and Maurice, and even Jimmy, considered themselves fixed as securely in the institution for two years, at least, as though they had been made subjects of a written agreement. The two farmers with a dozen others had been placed at work some time before the commencement of our story.

and the latter had risen from the farmers' gang to the dignity of a shop apprentice about the time of the building of the dam. Jimmy had also heard by a boy, who came in from the neighborhood of Pressville, that his father was dead, and that his sister had married. Two younger children of the family had gone he knew not where, perhaps to Father Haskins' school in the city, or to some other asylum for the friendless. His home, therefore, if he had presumed to think of such during the past year, was now wholly broken up, and he was compelled to regard himself as a fixture at Sandover, at least for a considerable time to come.

Terry was at the pegging block with his brother the next day after he had been questioned about the affair in the meadow. He had been placed there to give Jimmy some of his first lessons in shoemaking. He felt rather cross at the charge which Mr. Forest had brought against him, as well as a little dis-

turbed at the falsehoods which he had told to screen Madson.

"What did you tell Mr. Forest that was my knife for?" said he angrily.

"I couldn't help it; he asked me," said Jimmy.

"And what if he did? couldn't you keep still? If you hadn't let on, I shouldn't have been suspected."

"I didn't know what Mr. Forest was driving at when he showed me the knife. And if I had, I wouldn't have told him a lie," said Jimmy firmly.

"You are a fool," said Terry, "and I hope you will get into a scrape yourself one of these days. You may stay here and be shoved round for ever, if you want to; but I won't stand it much longer."

"Where will you go to, now father is dead, and Biddy is away?"

"I don't care anything more about Pressville.

I guess I can pick up my living somewhere. Jack Develin, who climbed the pickets last April, was back here yesterday with a new suit of clothes on, as big as anybody. He says he is earning ten dollars a month and his board, and that there are plenty of chances as good in the city. What do you think of that?"

"I don't believe a word of it. He told some of the fellows that he picked up the money for his clothes in the street, and that was the way he meant to make his living, after he had learned the trade. Anybody that will lie like that will steal too, if he gets a chance. Lying and stealing go together, the doctor says."

"Ho, ho! you are a pretty saint. So you'll make me out a thief, will you, because I lie? Well," added he more gently, "if money's to be picked up in the street, I would like to have a grab at it, wouldn't you?"

Terry said this confidentially, and with the air of one who had made up his mind to do some-

thing desperate. For a moment he looked at his brother with his sharp eye, as though he would penetrate his thoughts. He failed, however, to discover any indication on the part of the latter of yielding to such violent kind of persuasion so far as to become a partner in any wrong act. The integrity of the boy was unshaken.

"I shall stay here as long I am treated well," he replied, "and if I get a good trade I shan't be sorry."

The influence of the younger of the two brothers might have prevailed at this point, and Terry, perhaps, might have been induced to give up his scheme of running away, had not the thought of Madson, and of what he would say, flashed across his mind. The fever of discontent returned, and with it the old harshness of manner, as Jimmy, after a pause, said somewhat reproachfully, —

"You will not leave without letting me know when you are going?"

"What should I tell it to you for, and have you report me all over the house? I am not sure but I shall be hauled up for what I have said to you now; because it is very wicked to tell a lie, you know," he added in a mocking tone.

"I am no tell-tale, sure," said Jimmy.

"Well, you stick up for Maurice, who is only a sneak; and you are one of the favorites of the doctor and Mr. Forest. Favorites are always getting other fellers into trouble."

"I only want to do what is right; and if anybody takes notice of me, and likes me for that, I can't help it."

"Well, I shall say 'good-by' to you, and all such sneakers, before the summer is out. I wouldn't wonder if you staid here always though. They can't spare you."

Jimmy was silent. The tears gathered in his eyes, and he could scarcely see to drive his awl

into its place, as he bent his head over the shoe. He still loved his brother, and all the fondness of the old affection came over him as thoughts of Pressville rose in his mind, and as he realized that he was now almost alone in the world. He made one more effort to speak, but his voice choked with emotion as he said, —

"Oh dear, if mother had only lived! then we should have had a home."

"Before I'd be a baby," said the unfeeling Terry, and the conversation closed.

Just then Madson came in from the office, his face radiant with an expression of pleasure. This was something uncommon for him; for his countennnce had of late worn a sour look, which was a true index of his feelings. He marched up to Terry with an air of exultation and said, —

"I'm off; no more pegging for this chap. Here; you may have my tools."

"What do you mean?" asked Terry.

"Why, don't you know that I was sent for at the office half an hour ago, and there's a man there that wants me to go and live with him?"

"I thought the shop boys wouldn't be let go," said two or three of the apprentices who had gathered around Madson.

"That's so, as a general thing: but this is a particular case. You see the captain's glad to get rid of me, and as I want to go, and the man wants me, and nobody wants me here, I'm going to be 'put out.'"

Madson had stated the case pretty fairly. This was the first instance in which such an exception had been made as to allow any boy of that class to leave before his term of apprenticeship had expired. The truth was pretty evident that Madson was a troublesome fellow, and that his discontent would prevent his future usefulness in the shop, while his influence would not fail to be injurious to the

other boys. The superintendent had therefore given him his discharge.

The man who took him wanted him as help on his farm. The haying season was nearly passed, and being short of hands, he was considerably pressed to get in his crop. Madson himself did not know where he was going, although the boys rightly judged as he drove off that the man lived at no great distance from Sandover, since he came with his own team, and appeared not to have traveled far. Madson swung his cap to the shop windows as he passed out of the yard, in high spirits at the idea of leaving the old institution for ever. Poor boy! he little realized what are the trials of an orphan in the wide world without a home. He was yet to experience some of the rough treatment to which this class are often exposed in a life of aimless wanderings.

But we shall have one more sight at him before his name drops out of our story.

CHAPTER XIV.

RECONCILIATION.

WE have allowed time enough for the boys to get over their "sulks." This they did of their own accord. Perhaps Madison's departure had something to do with restoring their equilibrium. It was such a surprising event for one of their number to leave in this way, that their minds became at once engrossed with the topic. Anything new and exciting often has the tendency to drive off ill-feeling and quiet old disturbances. The first evidence of a return of peace was the application of two or three of them for liberty to go down to the meadow with the cart and bring up the remains of the dam. Their request was at once granted. Then followed a note from

Maurice expressing sincere sorrow for having given pain to his teacher on several occasions; for even *he* had been infected by the prevailing spirit, and had shown some signs of willfulness. Aleck went even further than this. He sought an interview with Mr. Forest, and had a long conversation on the subject of delinquencies in general, and especially those of which he had been guilty. He expressed a desire to become a good boy, and his wish was no doubt sincere, although his resolutions were often hastily made and imperfectly carried out.

Aleck's was really a noble specimen of character. There was much beneath the rough exterior which was worth searching after and bringing to light. A great deal that might have added to his moral strength and manliness had been crushed out by the defects of his early education, but enough remained to give a direction to his conduct. He was bold when once his foot was set in the right path, and with

a firm hand to *guide*, not to *drive* him, there could be no fear of the result. When engaged in serious conversation about himself with his teacher, Alick appeared sometimes almost a Christian. He had expressed a desire to be such. He had promised to pray, and there is no doubt that the force of that petition, "lead us not into temptation," had often so controlled his thoughts as to restrain him in the commission of wrong. The influence of such a boy, when he was in the right mood, could not fail to be good. It was with considerable satisfaction, therefore, that Mr. Forest seized the opportunity to talk earnestly on those subjects which were so vitally important to him. He pointed out to him the power of example, and the advantage of pursuing a straightforward course, unaffected by those petty sources of animosity and vexation. He especially commended to him the need of looking to a higher source for help, and of consecrating himself

entirely to that Being who looketh with compassion on the lowliest as well as the most wayward of His creatures. Aleck was deeply affected, and promised to seek strength and wisdom from God to aid him in becoming a true follower of Jesus.

The restoration of good feeling, and the establishment of perfect serenity in the minds of boys, after a season of disquietude and discontent, is like the appearance of the afternoon sun after a drizzly, disagreeable morning; the heavier clouds roll away, the droppings cease; one ray of light and then another struggles through the rents in the enveloping curtain overhead, until the whole heavens are filled with an effulgence which contrasts gloriously with the previous gloom. If there is coldness between the teacher and his pupils,—if the latter are sullen and reserved, repelling every kind office, and performing each duty with a listless, indifferent air,—there is not much com-

fort to be taken on either side. The governing power, in every position where there are parties so related, needs to be brought, as the French would say, *en rapport* with the governed. The closest confidence must exist between individuals in order that sunshine may be around them and in their hearts.

So do we need to live daily in our intercourse with God. The further we remove from Him the more unhappy we become, and the less do we feel the influence of His holy character. But when we cling to Him with the affection of a child, when we fear not to stand by His side as Adam walked with Him in Eden before he sinned, there is perfect serenity, there is perfect repose.

We will not say that there was no wickedness lurking in the hearts of the large boys at Sandover after they came round again, but there was certainly a remarkable disposition to keep on in the right track for a while. They were

encouraged in this by several circumstances which we will mention.

Mr. Forest himself went to the owner of the swimming hole and got permission for the boys to make use of it again, even before the grass was cut, on condition that they should follow one straight path to the spot, and keep off the banks as much as possible. This was a great concession, and nothing could have afforded more satisfaction than this restoration of their time-honored and esteemed privilege. You may be sure that they were not slow to avail themselves of the opportunity, and that when invited to walk out after this, especially in the direction of the "hole," it was never too hot, nor were they apt to be too tired.

Another thing which helped along the good state of things was Roger's removal from the oversight of the boys. He had been connected with the establishment several years. A little of his history may not be out of place. He

was not much over thirty years of age, and was a native of Boston, though of Irish parentage. He had received a common education in the schools of the city, and was something of a genius. He had been in trade for himself some years, but unfortunately had fallen into the habit of drinking. Paralysis had ensued, together with the loss of what little property he possessed, and he had taken refuge in the asylum for the poor. Away from the temptations of society he was safe, and was a man again, all save those marks of physical decay which rum had left in his constitution. Nothing could ever give life again to his palsied hand; yet he was a smart, efficient person to have on the premises. He was placed over the boys, and for a time seemed to have gained their confidence, and to have won his way to their hearts. He had a store of anecdotes to relate to them of what he had seen and read. There were many little diverting games which his genius

devised or his memory supplied for their amusement. He was not obliged often to correct the boys, but when he did, it was pretty effectually done.

It was during this part of his reign that the drum was purchased for his room, and a series of exercises, half military, half dramatic, was instituted. Through two long seasons the great center of attraction had been the performances in Roger's room. Officers, and visitors in the superintendent's part of the house, always came in to see the plays. The representations of Cato and Tell, and the operatic song of Johnny Smoker, had quite a run. But in time the boys became tired of the same thing so often repeated. *Roger himself lost interest, and either* would not or could not start anything new. He became nervous and irritable, and the boys became mischievous and turbulent. The breach continued to widen. Roger resorted to severity, and the boys took refuge in dogged obsti-

nacy. The rupture with the shop boys became an open quarrel. Still, matters went on without any very serious disturbance for several months. Probably the lowering clouds that oftentimes covered the whole horizon for days, making everything so gloomy and uncomfortable, took their rise, in many instances, from this particular locality; and when sunshine came again, it might have been occasioned by a smile on Roger's face.

But the truth was, the boys were outgrowing their leader, not physically, but intellectually. Many of them were getting to know considerably more than he. Maurice and Tailor Tim had advanced to the higher mathematics, and the former had been studying Latin nearly a year. A very foolish idea for a boy in a public institution, thinks some narrow-minded social economist or parsimonious observer of the distribution of the charities of the State. Well, passing by such comments as not exactly to the

point here, we may say that Maurice had become quite a scholar, and others of his companions, though not quite so far advanced as he, had likewise made good progress. Their aspirations, as well as their attainments, were somewhat above Roger's level, and they had therefore lost respect for him. They disputed his statements and corrected his grammar. This gave offense, and the war of words continued.

Luckily for Roger, and for the boys also, the former received intelligence, just after the departure of Madson, who was his most inveterate tormentor, that he had inherited a little property from a relative recently deceased. This, with the wages due to him while in the institution, would set him up in business again in a small way, as he thought, and so he concluded to leave. Vain hope! His old habit still clung to him. He could never do anything in life while temptation was in the way. All his pow-

ers were forced to yield to our ruling propensity, and when the means of gratifying the appetite for drink were exhausted he became once more a poor, homeless, helpless creature, dependent upon charity.

But he had nothing more to do with the boys.

The sensation of feeling occasioned by his abrupt departure was such as to please everybody. A bright, sunny atmosphere seemed to pervade the whole circle of juveniles. Even Terry's face was cleared a little of clouds, although the loss of Madson was a severe blow to him. There were plenty more congenial spirits in the yard, if he chose to seek them out, but he had never had much to do with anybody except his chum, as he called Madson. He was resolved to follow suit, and get out of the institution, if not by fair, then by foul means. Meanwhile he would appear to be contented, though cherishing his natural reserve by keeping aloof from most of the boys. He even went so far as to

stay in several times when the others went out to walk, and spent the time in finishing up a stint which he had set for himself in the shop.

The favorable aspect of affairs among the boys induced the superintendent to try an experiment with them. This was, to allow them, in a measure, to take care of themselves. He called them into the school-room one day, and proposed to them a plan. The whole of the school was to be divided into sections, and a large boy was to be entrusted with the oversight of each section. He was not to have the authority to punish offenders, but was to report such at the office or in the school-room. Tailor Tim was to have charge of Roger's keys, and superintend the washing, combing, and a part of the changing. The monitors who were placed over the sections would be removed at intervals, so that the novelty of the thing might not wear away too quickly. The arrangement, however, was understood to be temporary, last-

ing only so long as it should appear to be effectual, or until a suitable person could be employed to fill the place.

"Now, boys," said the superintendent, addressing the school, "I shall depend upon your fidelity. You are placed in a peculiar position. You are to constitute a kind of democracy; in other words, you are to govern yourselves. There is no reason why you should not present the aspect of a quiet little republic. You will certainly do so if you all try to act aright. You must not be jealous of those who are placed as monitors, for all of you who are old enough shall take your turn. Be good servants, and thus show that you are qualified to become good masters. And you, who are to take Roger's place, imitate all that was good in his example."

"You could put that in your eye, and see clear," said one of the boys.

"No, no," said the superintendent. "You

must not say that. There is good in everybody, only we are often blinded by prejudice, and so do not see aright. You used to like Roger's stories, and his games, and sometimes would do anything in the world to please him. But you got offended, and, I must say it, a little ugly at times, and then everything went wrong.

"Now, what I want you to do is to try to keep in good humor all the time. You have got bad hearts, as is the case with everybody, and, unless you are careful, the badness will come out. You know that the Bible says 'the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked,' and that 'out of it are the issues of life.'

"I have read a story of a man who was presented with a fine basket of apples. The fruit was plump and fair, and he promised himself great satisfaction in eating them. He took one and removed the skin, and then cut deep into it, but at the core there was a black speck. It

was the beginning of corruption. In a little while it would have spread all through the apple.

"The thought of sin in you, children, is a black speck which may spread and destroy you. I want you to take care of it. Don't let the evil come out in the form of passion, but try to subdue the wrong, and ask God to take away the corruption.

"You are my basket of apples," continued he, "plump and fair to look upon, but I know there is the little black speck inside, and I pray God it may not increase; and I think if you try, and pray too, you will really become fair and good."

This figure interested the boys, and they long remembered it. They often called themselves the captain's basket of apples, and when one and another got angry, or was unkind, they would frequently say, "Look out, the little black speck is spreading."

The superintendent gave some farther directions with regard to the conduct of the boys while in their rooms and at play. He then delivered up the keys formally to Tim, who received them with becoming dignity.

It had been the practice every year to have one grand excursion of the larger scholars, during the summer. Their common resort was a pond about three miles distant, where they were accustomed to spend the day, and have a sort of picnic.

Before separating, the superintendent reminded the boys that the season for this excursion had now arrived, and that in a few days, as soon as Mr. Forest could make the arrangements, they should have a holiday for the purpose, and that, as usual, the younger and larger portion of the school, who would be necessarily left at home, should enjoy a frolic and a treat under his own direction in the grove near by.

This was a new incentive to good behavior, and under such circumstances it was not strange that the plan of governing themselves bade fair to work well for a time, at least.

The first week in August passed. The day for the excursion was set, and the boys looked forward to it with a delight which could hardly contain itself in words.

"To-morrow!" was the cry along the line, as the different sections in proper order filed up to their sleeping-rooms the night previous, under the leadership of the monitors who had been placed over them.

"To-morrow," repeated Mr. Forest, as he went through the wards and bade them good-night.

CHAPTER XV.

THE POND.

TERRY *awoke the next morning some* time before the bell rang, and as he looked up he felt certain that it was the last time that he would be lying there in the attic watching the daylight as it came streaming through the deep recesses of the windows. He had made up his mind to escape that very day. *He knew that there would be plenty of* opportunities, and he had got beyond all scruples with regard to the manner of accomplishing his object. He had no definite plan yet formed, but concluded to allow himself to be guided by circumstances.

It was a bright day. It promised, moreover, to be a hot one. Preparations were ac-

cordingly made for setting out upon the proposed excursion immediately after breakfast. A dozen strong pillow-cases were provided, in each of which a quantity of bread was placed, and slung over the backs of several of the boys. Baskets containing gingerbread, cold meat, and other articles needful for their usual repast, were added to the stock of provisions. There were about forty in the party, including Mr. Forest and the doctor, and two or three other officers of the house. The boys took turns carrying the bags and baskets, and sweat some under the load, though they consoled themselves with the thought that it would be lighter on their return. The way was upon the railroad track, over three wearisome miles of sleepers; yet that was nothing to light-hearted boys on a pleasure trip. It was soon accomplished, and the pond lay open before them, its glassy surface, in all its midsummer beauty, reflecting the clear sunlight. It occupied an area

of several miles, and was dotted with islands. Along its shores, in some places, the forest came down to the very brink of the water, while elsewhere there were sandy slopes which afforded convenient opportunity for bathing.

One of the wooded points which extended out from the direct line of the shore had been cleared of its undergrowth, and fitted up with tables and swings and other apparatus for the accommodation of picnic parties. Further back in the grove were seats, and a rough building for protection in case of rain, and a well. In a little cove on the opposite side of the point was a row of boats, fastened with chain and padlock to the trunks of the trees, which here grew close to the water's edge. These boats were flat-bottomed, and of sufficient capacity to hold from seven or eight to a dozen persons. There was a fishy smell about them, indicating the use to which they had been last put. The fact was, that this pond was a noted resort for

pleasure parties, and boats were always in great demand. Even at this early hour in the day, a few had already gone out, and could be seen close to the opposite shore, about a mile away, where a stream made its entrance into the pond, and which was regarded as the best fishing ground.

It was not Mr. Forest's design to remain in the grove during the day. His eye had been fixed upon a small island not more than forty rods distant from the shore, just abreast of the point, and covered over with trees and bushes. This, he thought, would afford them both a pleasant and secluded retreat. He therefore sent one of the boys to find the owner of the boats, with directions to hire two of them for the day, and to bring back the keys and oars. Having selected two which seemed most desirable, the provisions were stowed away in them. Several of the boys, too impatient to wait for these preparations, had divested them-

selves of their clothing, and depositing it with the baskets in the boats, plunged in and swam over to the island. On the side farthest from the point was a bold shore, and aiming for this with the instinct of good swimmers, they amused themselves after reaching it with jumping and diving from the rocks until the arrival of the boats.

"This is bully fun, ain't it, Jack?" said one of the boys. "Do you suppose we can have the loan of the boats to take a row round the pond by ourselves?"

Jack was the "water-dog" of the season, and was in his element just at that moment. "I don't care for your rowing or sailing," said he. "I'm in for a good swim, which we don't get every day. This pond is worth a dozen of the 'hole.' Mind ye, how long can I stay under the water now;" and with a quick movement he threw himself forward, jerked his heels in the air, and down he went to frighten

the fishes in their lurking-places, and to raise a consternation among the mud-turtles and eels. Several minutes seemed to elapse before he appeared, and then he was seen a long way off from the spot where he went down, moving along almost without effort, and apparently as unconcerned as though he were paddling a boat upon the surface.

"Halloo there!" shouted his companions. "Monitor ahoy! come ashore and take us aboard. We'll give up boat on that race."

"No wonder you don't like boating, when you can walk water like that, after scouring bottom."

"Say, fellers," said Jack, coming up to the rocks, puffing a little after his exploit, "I'll tell you what we can do: there's the nicest place up yonder to bring in the boats; I saw it round that point when I was out in deep water; and we can run across the island and hail Mr. Forest, and tell him to come round on this side,

and when he gets the grub out, he might let us take one of the boats out a little ways to dive from."

"Pooh!" said Terry, who was among the number; "I'd sooner get one to go clear down to the pond and stay all day. I hate to be penned up in this coop. There'd be more fun over there in the grove than stopping around here amongst the bushes."

Terry was evidently disappointed at Mr. Forest's arrangement.

The boys did as Jack suggested, and the landing-place was selected, according to his direction, at a spot looking out upon the middle of the pond, and entirely hid from the observation of persons upon the main land. There was a smooth piece of grass near by, under the shadow of some large trees, almost the only position upon the island which was suitable for unpacking their provisions and sitting down to eat. The other parts were occupied with

birches and alders, and occasionally a few young oak or walnut trees, whose roots and stems were encumbered with much tangled shrubbery. Along the shore on one side was quite a space covered with bushes of the swamp blueberry, full of the ripe fruit, and at the point where they touched the low banks there was a mass of floating lily pads extending into the water, with their beautiful white blossoms peeping out between the green leaves. The island contained but a few acres in its whole extent, and this was pretty thoroughly explored by the boys in the course of an hour. The loan of one of the boats was obtained by Jack for a diving-stand, and with the other the doctor went back to the main land to get a supply of water from the well in the grove.

"You must amuse yourselves on the island till after dinner," said Mr. Forest, "and then you shall all have a boat-ride."

"By ourselves!" asked Terry.

"Yes, if any of you can manage the boats."

"I can! I can!" cried a dozen voices; "it's nothing to manage a row-boat."

"Yes, unless you all want to be masters," said Mr. Forest. "I think you would do well to take the doctor or myself along as ballast, so that you wouldn't upset the craft if you got into a quarrel. However, you shall go alone, and have the whole swing, if you will agree to take turns rowing, and choose your skipper before you start. Doubtless your tour of exploration will be something to boast of."

The doctor soon returned with the water, and the hours until noon passed quickly in rambling over the island to gather berries, in rowing out among the pads in search of lilies, in diving from the boat, in searching along the shore for mussels to be used as bait, and in fishing from the rocks. A couple of score of shiners and flat-fish were caught, and Tim superintended their cleaning and cooking.

performing the latter operation over a pile of blackened stones which appeared to have been used for that purpose before. The dinner was despatched without much regard to order or ceremony. A picnic party of hungry boys cannot be expected to stop for etiquette. Besides, they were in a hurry to get off on their expedition. They could hardly wait for the needful preliminaries before starting.

But here arose a serious difficulty. Some of the boys must inevitably be left behind, as the boats would not hold more than one half of them at once, and there was no little dispute who should go first. It was finally adjusted by dividing them into four parties, allowing each to choose its own leader, and to take its turn by lot.

The first crew were soon aboard, and started off, under the direction of Maurice, with the design of crossing to the opposite side of the pond, where were visible several pleasant-look-

ing farms, and a row of ice-houses, and a little further along a mill at the mouth of a stream which poured its waters into the general reservoir. This was the fishing ground, and they took their lines with them, thinking that they might possibly try their luck before it was time to return. The orders were that they should not be gone beyond an hour and a half.

Jack, with a second party, steered up the pond in the direction of several islands, some of which were hidden from view by a sharp bend in the course of the shore. We will follow the fortunes of this last crew. It consisted of Jack, who was skipper, Terry, and Whittler, a boy named Martin, and four others. There was some awkward pulling at first, for several of them had had but little experience in the business. Skipper Jack could paddle better lying on his back in the water than he could sitting in the thwarts of a boat with oars in hand. Whittler was an old salt. He had been

brought up in a seaport among sailors, and knew every rope and spar in a ship. Terry had been on the pond at Pressville enough to enable him to handle the oars quite readily. These two were the only boys aboard who made much show of knowledge in managing even a row-boat, yet the others took their turn and did the best they could. The boat passed out of sight of those who were left behind, around the bend previously mentioned, and entered a kind of bay, almost enclosed on the one side by the main shore of the pond, and on the other by a row of islands.

"Let's pull along shore, and find a good place to land," said Terry, exerting all his power to turn the boat in that direction.

"We must wait for the captain's orders," replied Whittier. "What do you say, Jack?"

Jack seemed at a loss how to decide.

"I see bushes over on the islands," said one

of the boys, "and I wouldn't wonder if there were plenty of berries around there."

"They are just as thick on the opposite side," said Terry, "and ten times better chance to get at them. I am sick of islands."

"We might just touch at the one with the tall pine in the middle of it, and see what we can find," suggested Whittier. "If there's nothing there, we can cross over, in less than a quarter of an hour, to the other side."

"That's so," said Jack, who, though silent, had not been disposed to favor Terry's notion. "I say, fellows, steer for the pine-tree, and while you hunt for berries I'll take another swim."

The decision seemed to meet with the approval of the rest, and Terry was obliged to submit, though with a bad grace.

After several complete revolutions of the boat, occasioned by the dropping of the oars and the unskillfulness of the boys who were

having their turn, they were finally headed toward the island. After a ten-minutes pull in a zigzag course, they reached the shore, and drew up by the side of a rock which projected into the water. Having secured the boat, they all scrambled up the bank with some difficulty, and found themselves in a dense mass of tangled underbrush, which was spread over a considerable part of the island. Still they pressed on, until they reached a point where there was an abundance of berries ripe and large.

Here the boys became considerably scattered, and Jack, having found a convenient spot, made another dash into his favorite element. Martin and Whittier followed suit.

Meanwhile Terry, who had all through the day been planning a chance to escape, slipped off unobserved, and reached the boat. Hastily clearing her, and shoving out into deep water, he attempted to paddle off in the direction of the opposite shore. He had got but a few rods

when he was discovered by the three boys who were in the water.

"Halloo, there!" shouted Jack, as he caught sight of him; "where are you going with that boat?"

"I am trying my hand at paddling," answered Terry, redoubling his exertions. "I'll be back again in half a minute."

"What business have you to take her without orders?" sang out Jack, in a louder voice. "Bring her in."

Terry seemed not to hear this last call, but kept on with a more rapid movement of the oars, as if determined to get out of their reach.

"He's a goner, no mistake," said Whittler. "He means to run away and leave us here on the island without a chance of getting off."

Upon this the three boys dashed off in pursuit, swimming with rapid strokes after the boat.

"It's no use," sang out some of the others

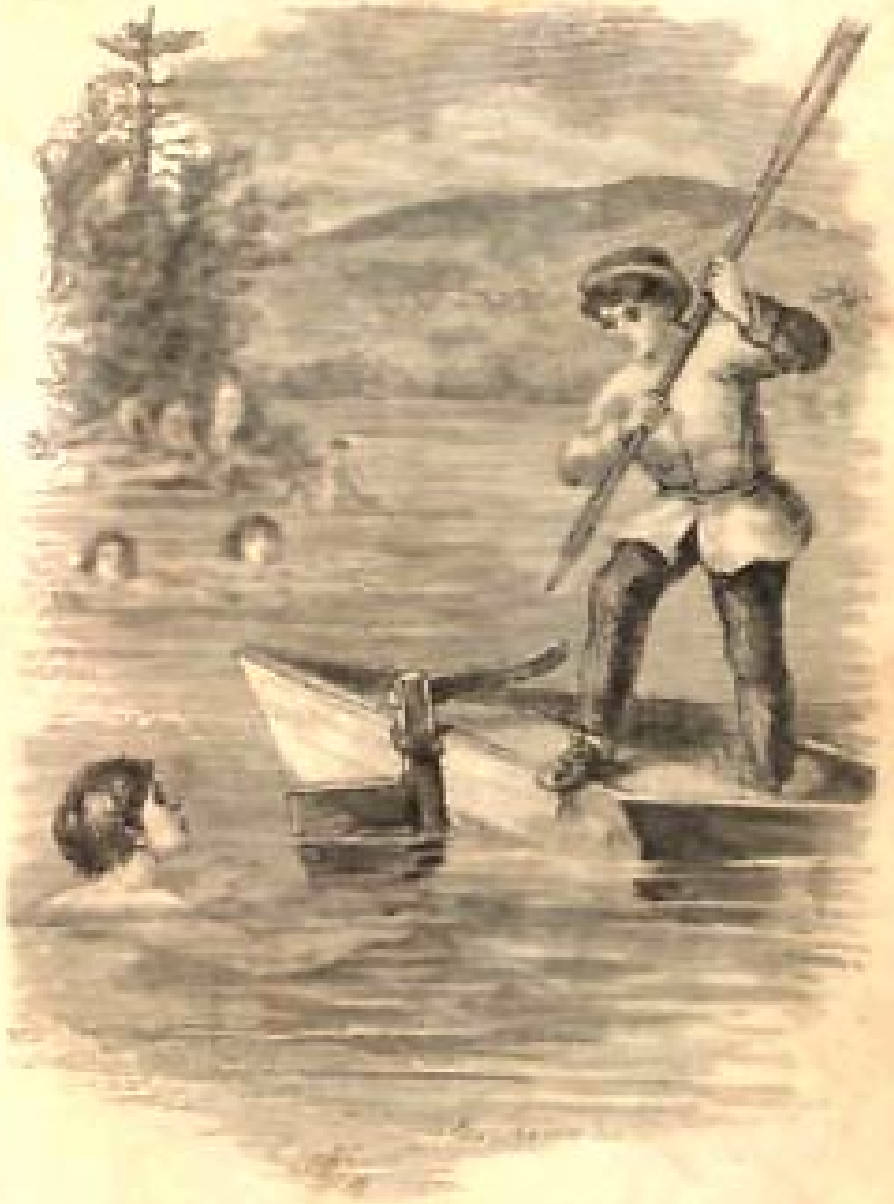
as they came down to the shore. "You'll never catch him."

Just at that moment Terry lost his balance, one of his oars went overboard, and the boat swung round, giving the swimmers the advantage. Martin, who was a stout fellow, and struck out with more vigor than the others, was ahead, within a few yards of the boat.

"That's mean in you, Terry," he gasped, all out of breath; "come, let us aboard."

"No, you don't," replied Terry, angrily, and raising the other oar as if to strike Martin. "Keep off, or I'll hit you. You had your say while you was in the boat, and now I'll have mine. I am going across, and if you want the old thing, you will find it somewhere along shore when I have done with it."

So saying, he recovered himself, and soon got out of the reach of his pursuers, who reluctantly turned back, securing the oar which Terry had dropped.



The Pond. Terry's Escape.

Boys at Sailflower. Page 226.

Heading directly for the main land, which was nearly a mile distant, Terry succeeded in reaching the opposite side of the pond, and ran the boat up as far as he could amongst the bushes. He then pressed his way through the woods till he came to a path that led into the road. He had proceeded but a short distance when he caught sight of a boy coming in the opposite direction toward the pond.

In a moment he discovered who it was. "Is this you, Terry?" shouted Madson, with a tone of surprise. "How did you manage to get on my tracks? I thought I was out of creation."

"Got ashore in a high wind, that's all, and happened to turn up in your tracks, old feller. Can't you give us a lift, Mad?"

"I'll bet I will. Which way are you bound?"

"To Boston, if I can find the way there."

"Good! I'm with you."

Madson had been at work a few weeks for a farmer who lived half a mile up the road from where he met Terry. His place did not suit him, however, and he was glad of a chance to get away.

As the narrative of the subsequent adventures of these boys forms no part of the record of institution life, we will simply give the substance of a rumor which reached Sandover, that they ultimately found their way to the city, and thence to a neighboring town, where they obtained employment for a short time, but being still restless and unsatisfied, they separated, and wandered off to other parts.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE RESCUE.

THE boys on the island were left in rather awkward circumstances. They had no means of getting off, nor of making their situation known. Most of the fishing boats had gone in, and not one was in sight at that moment. Jack thought of trying to swim across from one island to another, but he soon gave up this idea, as he would then be at considerable distance from anybody who could render him assistance. They could see across to the spot where Terry had deposited the boat, but it was a long stretch even for the boldest swimmer among them.

In this dilemma, they concluded to make the best of their situation. If worst came

to worst, they could subsist on berries, and manage to pass the night pretty comfortably, with the example of Robinson Crusoe to afford them some suggestions on the subject of bunking out. The pine-tree offered a good chance for an observation. It stood almost alone in the center of the island, and was full fifty feet high. Jack resolved to climb it, but it was not such an easy matter. It was bare of branches for some distance from the ground, and the trunk was so large that it could not be readily clasped. After repeated trials he succeeded in surmounting this difficulty, and reached the lower limbs. Having rested there a few moments, he crept cautiously along towards the top. But here appeared a fresh obstacle: almost at the highest point, right in his way, was a huge pile of rubbish, consisting of chips and dried grass and leaves. Jack had some curiosity to know what it was, as well as a desire to seat himself in the crotch which it

occupied. So he commenced beating it with his fists, and trying to knock it to pieces. A shower of the fragments fell to the foot of the tree, on the heads of those who were below. Nearly half a bushel of the twigs and leaves came fluttering down, and with them a couple of diminutive creatures of the quadruped kind, unlike anything which the boys had ever seen. They could not have been more than a day or two old, for their shape was hardly definable, and their eyes were not yet open. They were entirely destitute of fur, and resembled more than anything else the huge fleshy worms which are frequently found upon potato vines, only there were four tiny feet, the two on each side being connected by a thin membrane.

"What sort of a bird's nest was that?" shouted Jack. "I thought it might be an eagle's or fish-hawk's: did you catch anything?"

"We've got a couple of the young ones," exclaimed Whitther, holding them up by their

tails, "but they haven't got their feathers on yet."

"What are they, anyhow?"

"I don't know, any more than you. There's no bird about them, that's sure. I should like to know how they came away up there. They look like mice, but how did they get to the top of the tree?"

"Perhaps the birds took them up there to eat," suggested one.

"Well, of course they couldn't have been alive then; they'd been swallowed up," said Whittier. "Birds don't hide critters away like that and then go off and leave 'em. I'll put them in my pocket and take them home, if we ever get out of this place."

During this conversation, Jack had stepped up and seated himself in the position which had been occupied by the nest. He could see a long distance around, but the clumps of trees on the intervening islands still hid from view

the objects near the head of the pond. Disappointed in this, he lowered himself down to a more convenient position, that he might fix up some sort of signal. We will leave him here for the present, and take a look at Mr. Forest.

Maurice had returned promptly at the expiration of his hour and a half, with a number of fishes which they had caught, and with the boat decorated with a lot of green boughs collected along the shore. On his arrival a second party had gone out in the same direction. The absence of Jack and his crew was not regarded as anything wonderful until another half hour had elapsed, since boys are not very apt to be on time when there is any sport in hand. But as the afternoon advanced and still there were no signs of the boat, Mr. Forest began to get uneasy. There was yet a portion of the boys who had not had their promised row, and it was long past the time for the others to be back. Nothing remained, however,

but to wait patiently until the second party should return, when somebody could be sent in quest of the missing boat. Mr. Forest was in hopes that Jack would come back before that time. But the middle of the afternoon passed, and they did not make their appearance.

The party from the opposite shore at last returned, and it was decided that Alock should go in command of the expedition in search of the lost boys. He had been previously chosen as one of the leaders, but had been obliged to wait for the last turn. No one could have been better fitted for the particular service with which he was now intrusted. The remaining boys were to accompany him, among whom was Tim, who, in accordance with the favor usually shown to him, was considered as a kind of first-class passenger, and assigned a position where he could assist the commander by his sage counsel, if any difficulty should arise. Jimmy was also one of the company.

He could not help feeling apprehensive that Terry was somehow accountable for the detention of the boat, knowing how uneasy the latter had been of late. He, however, said nothing of this.

They followed in the same direction which Jack had taken, passing round between the first island and the bend in the shore. The particular objects of their search could not be seen from this point, being shut out of view by one of the other islands, so they concluded to keep along the shore, and, after following its line for a considerable extent, if unsuccessful to cross over and come back among the islands. Proceeding in this way, they soon came to the place where Terry had left his boat. It was pulled up among the bushes, and only part of it was visible. It was easily recognized, however, and the boys now felt sure that they must be somewhere in the vicinity of their missing comrades. It could not be that they had all

deserted the boat with the design of absconding. Such an idea was preposterous. They must, therefore, be in the woods. If the attention of the boys had not been wholly absorbed by the unexpected finding of the boat, they might, perhaps, have seen the others, upon the island in the distance, who had already discovered *them*, and were making signals. But Alock, after securing the boat, thought best to look around in the woods, and considerable time was spent in scrambling among the bushes and in shouting. Tim, who had gone but a short distance, fell into the path which Terry and Madson had previously taken, but instead of following it, as they had done, turned back to the shore of the pond. Here he came in full sight of the island. His eye at once caught an object in that direction.

"Hallos, boys!" shouted he with all the voice which he could command. "What is that over there?"

Some of them who were near ran to the spot, and they could now see something white floating from the pine-tree, which was a prominent object at that distance.

"That must be the fellers; but how came they over there, and the boat here?"

It was Jack's signal which had attracted Tim's notice. It consisted of some of the boys' undergarments fastened to the end of Terry's lost oar, which Jack had drawn up into the tree by means of a fish-line, and which he had fixed to one of the upper branches. It had accomplished its purpose, and after a short interval the two boats were seen crossing over to their rescue.

We need not repeat the circumstances of Terry's escape, which had to be gone through with in detail as soon as the boys came within hailing distance of each other. Nor shall we stop to mention the various conjectures which were raised in regard to his subsequent course.

Jimmy was saddened though not surprised at the termination of the affair. He had previously made up his mind to lose his brother, but it was painful to feel that he had gone in such a way, and that now they were probably separated for ever; for he knew enough of Terry's disposition to believe that he would never allow himself to be brought back to Sandover, if he could possibly avoid it.

When they all reached the island, where Mr. Forest was waiting for them with considerable anxiety, it was within half an hour of sunset, and they were obliged to hurry the empty baskets and other things aboard, and start directly for home. A little delay was occasioned in the transportation by the necessity of going back for a second load, after they had landed at the grove from which they had started in the morning.

While sitting upon the bank, waiting for the last load to arrive, Whittier bethought himself

of the queer creatures which he had picked up at the foot of the pine-tree. Drawing them carefully from his pocket, where they had been rolled up in his handkerchief, he showed them to Mr. Forest, and asked him what they were.

Mr. Forest took them, and after examining them a moment said, —

"I need to know something of the circumstances under which you found them, before I undertake to answer your question."

Whittier described to him the adventure of Jack.

"I thought at first," said Mr. Forest, "that they were field mice; but I have the impression now that they are squirrels. I am inclined to think also, from this little fold of skin on the sides, that they are the young of the species called the flying squirrel, found occasionally in almost all sections of America. It is not so fond of nuts as the chipmunk and other common varieties of squirrel, but prefers the sprouts

of the birch, and especially the cones of the pine. It generally selects the latter tree, therefore, in building its nest. This it places where the branches fork, and often at the highest point, forming it of moss, twigs, and dry leaves, bound together with such art as to resist the most violent storm. It covers the structure on all sides, leaving a single opening at the top just large enough to admit the animal; and this opening is defended from the weather by a kind of canopy, which keeps off the rain."

"That's the reason I couldn't get my hand into it, I suppose, when I reached it over the top," said Jack. "I thought it must be solid, and so I hit it a knock that scattered it some."

"It puzzles me," said Whittier, "to know how the first squirrel got over there on the island. There were lots of 'em round amongst the trees."

"That *is* a serious question, truly," said Mr. Forest. "I could give you two theories, but perhaps neither of them will furnish the correct explanation. Some sportsman may have taken them over in the first place to stock the island for his accommodation, or else they might have taken a notion to travel on their own account."

"Travel?" exclaimed Whittier. "How could they do that across the water?"

"It is not such an incredible thing as you imagine," replied Mr. Forest. "The fact is well established that squirrels do sometimes take journeys upon the water. They can actually turn sailors, if occasion requires. In the north of Europe, whole fleets of them have been known to cross rivers, each of the little animals seating himself upon a piece of bark which served as a boat, and using his bushy tail alternately as sail, rudder, or oar. They

are said to go several miles in this way, sometimes, on the surface of lakes, in search of a convenient place for a home. Perhaps the pine-tree where you found these young ones, and the birches around there, attracted some adventurers to make just such a voyage, and so the island has been peopled with squirrels.

"I suppose the same instinct which took them at first, would enable them to return in a similar manner, if there was any danger of the island being overrun with them. There is much to be learned from a study of the habits of these animals, but we have not time to talk more upon the subject at present. We shall be very late home even now. We must start immediately."

The boys had all reached the grove during this conversation, the boats were secured, the keys returned to the owner, and they were soon off. The darkness deepened, and it was

late in the evening when they reached Sandover.

Thus closed the holiday excursion to the pond.

CHAPTER XVII.

PARTING.

ANOTHER season passed, and the time of the shoemaker apprentices was about to expire. There had been an understanding at the first that they should stay two years, and then they were to receive a small outfit and a recommendation to good places, to work at their trade or to engage in some other occupation. A few of the younger ones had become restless during the latter part of the time. There was a charm connected with the idea of gaining their freedom, which even the necessity of providing for their own support could not dispel. The older boys, on the contrary, with more maturity of understanding, and with better judgment, were disposed to improve their

opportunities with the greater diligence as the time lessened. The winter evenings were spent in reading and study. Better facilities for this purpose were afforded to such as showed that they appreciated them. The teacher's room was opened every evening. Some of those who had been foremost during the previous summer in denouncing the club, were now as earnest to have the number of its meetings increased. This proposition, emanating from such a source, was, of course, carried without opposition. Several public exhibitions were given, consisting of dramatic performances, declamations, and singing. These were attended by people from the neighboring cities, who left behind them considerable donations in money for the purpose of replenishing the children's library.

In the course of the winter, official visits were paid to the institution by committees of the legislature, and members of the charitable

and the educational boards. These all gave more than a passing notice to the school, and by their encouraging words served to animate the indolent, and still further stimulate the diligent. Little do the speakers on such occasions know how deep is the impression which they may make upon the youthful listeners. These visits are not forgotten.

The presence of the governor, in the course of his annual tour for the inspection of the different public institutions of the State, was an affair of special consequence to the boys. They were anxious to appear well before the chief magistrate of the Commonwealth, and it is certain their ambition was of a measurably higher order, after having had a sight of him, and having heard him address them in such a kind, pleasant way, so much on a level with themselves. And when, a few weeks subsequent to his visit, several of them received letters from his Excellency, in accordance with a

promise which he had made them, there was a feeling of pride even in connection with the thought that they were charity scholars at Sandover, and that nothing but noble aspirations and persevering efforts were essential to raise them to the highest positions in society.

The habits of the boys had greatly improved during their stay in the institution. Many of them had led vagrant lives previous to their admission. Some had been exceedingly vicious, but the removal of temptation, and the frequent inculcation of moral precepts, had accomplished, in many instances, a complete reform. There was little doubt that, with the increased knowledge which they had gained, and with conscience reinstated as director and arbiter of their acts, they were better prepared to make their way through the world, in spite of its evil influences, than when they entered.

Mr. Forest, a short time before the departure

of those who had finished their apprenticeship, requested each of them to write a brief history of his previous life. The manuscripts thus collected were particularly valuable in exhibiting the contrast which a few years of wholesome training had accomplished in the character of many of them. The following may serve as a sample of these biographies, both in respect to the style of composition, and the kind of incidents narrated. The first is by one whose name has not been previously mentioned, for the simple reason that among so many it would be impossible to designate all. He was a fine scholar and a trusty boy; and the change in him had been particularly marked during his stay at Sandover, as may be inferred from his narrative.

BRIAN'S LIFE.

"I was born in the city of Boston, on the 7th day of November, 18—. My parents were

born in Ireland. I lived in Boston eleven years. I don't know much about the first part of my life. I only can remember since I was seven years old, when my father began to drink rum, and since that time I have been knocked around a good deal. When I was about eight years old I began to go to school, and, after staying in the primary school a while, I was sent to the Boylston School on Fort Hill. Mr. Kimball was the principal, and afterwards Mr. Adams. I used to go selling papers late in the afternoon, and earned a little money. Before school and at noon, my mother would send me picking wood. Sometimes we had nothing to make a fire with, and once, when it was very cold, we had to chop up my sled for fire-wood. My father used to come home drunk very often. Sometimes he would be taken up by the police, and we wouldn't see him for months, while he was in jail. When I was about twelve years old my mother took sick,

and I had to leave school to help support the family; and then she died. We were worse off than ever then. We could not live at home any longer, so my sister was sent to her aunt's, and my brother and I came here."

We have become so familiar with Maurice in the preceding chapters, that it will be interesting to learn something of his previous history. His experiences were even more varied than those of Brian. We will give them in his own words.

MAURICE'S LIFE.

"I can not remember my father, for he died when I was very young. That was in the city of Lowell. Some people that I know have hunted the city records to find my birthday, but it happens to be left out, so I don't know exactly how old I am. It was not long after my father died that my mother married again, and then I began to be treated

badly. I never liked my step-father. When I got old enough to go to school, I was always playing hookey, and at last I was sent to a place where they kept truants. This was partly an almshouse, and partly a reform school, and was kept by Captain Lang. I was up there for a year. Some time after I got out my folks moved away to another city, where my step-father could find a better chance to work at his trade, which was shoemaking.

"He was a pretty hard man. I liked the place the best of any, but I got so disgusted with my way of living that I ran away from him, and went to Boston. I got employment there in a bowling-saloon. My work was to set up the pins, and send back the balls to their places. I used to sleep every night on a bag in the corner, at the end of the alley. That was when I was about eleven years old. I got out of work again pretty soon, and so I roved around

the streets, till I was taken up to the City Hall, and sent off to an almshouse in the western part of the State. It was not long before I was bound out to a farmer, but not liking farming or the farmer, I ran away, and went back to my mother. While I was away my father had enlisted and gone to the war. We have never heard from him since. My mother kept house for a lady, and so I stayed round in different places. One place where I worked, the man said he would board and clothe me as long as I would stay with him. He kept the first promise, but not the last; so I left him. Then I looked around, but could find nothing to do, till at last I went to the city marshal, and asked him if he would try to get me a place, and he advised me to come here and stay through the winter. And here I have been ever since, except six months, when I was put out with some other boys to work in a manufactory. The man who took us did not

keep to his agreement, and so we were brought back, and not long after he got into a bad way and lost his property, and his own children were sent to this place to be taken care of.

"I have lived a while in three different institutions, and have had a rough time in the world; but I am not sorry that I have now almost got a trade, so that I can work my way along better. My mother is dead, and I have not a near relative anywhere, but I have found some good friends."

A letter to one of these good friends, written a year later, closes as follows: —

"The boys are all scattered. What good times we used to have together! How we rambled through the woods, each one trying to find something different, and down to the famous old *hole* for a swim, and along the

road to Spy Hill, and back again to Roger's room! I have but to shut my eyes and I live those scenes over again. And this I do very often.

"With sincere regard,

"Your quondam pupil,

"MAURICE."

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONCLUSION.

THIS little volume does not claim to represent institution life in general. Its point of observation has been taken within a single one of the many establishments which have been provided for the dependent class of children. Yet, so far as it goes, it is truthful. Sandover is no fiction. The characters here introduced have been drawn from life. The incidents are facts, with but slight embellishment.

It remains to take a farewell glance at those who have figured most conspicuously among the "Boys at Sandover." It would be well if we could trace their course through the critical period of youth, into the decisive age of

fully developed manhood; but they are still boys, and their future can be read only in the prophetic record of the present.

Maurice has become a druggist's clerk, and is certain that his shoemaking and his Latin have both helped fit him for his present situation. He understands that habits of industry which are formed while engaging in one branch of pursuit, may serve to mould an individual for usefulness in *any* profession, and, moreover, that all study is invaluable for the mental discipline which it affords.

Alock is a factory hand. His physical constitution will enable him to do a vast amount of hard work, but he will never be satisfied to remain long in a subordinate position. If he has sufficient resolution to try to work his way up, and the patience to wait for promotion, he may yet become overseer or superintendent.

Jimmy is a grocer's boy, and retains much of his simple, confiding nature.

Tailor Tim has arrived at the honor of being employed as assistant in a large school. His attainments are not to be measured by his physical stature; and his long experience as head monitor, under Mr. Forest, qualifies him for the higher step which he has taken. He would doubtless choose to drop the undignified prefix by which he has been designated, and to be known henceforth only as Mr. Tim, the schoolmaster.

Jack, with a few of his comrades, sticks to the "last," although he has managed to locate himself in a manufacturing town close by the seashore, so as to lose no opportunity of indulging in his favorite pastime during the hot season. His habits are those of a tectotaler, since he always has a decided hankering for water.

Several boys, among whom may be mentioned Mike and Brian, are at work farming; one is in a market stall in the city; and still another has a good situation in an establish-

ment where he is learning an important branch of mechanical trade. It is a significant fact with regard to the latter, and one which is a true index to his future course, that he has chosen to connect himself with the Young Men's Christian Association in the city where he resides.

Terry turns up once more in the streets of Boston, in the pursuit of the humble calling of a boot-black, as, with a forlorn look which does not quite conceal the arch expression still lingering in his countenance, he addresses you with the familiar inquiry, "Won't you have a shine, Mister?" He seems to have lost whatever of noble purpose he may have once had while pursuing his studies and his trade with the boys at Sandover, and his habits are by no means improved by the society which he keeps. If you were to ask him about Madson, his reply, in a tone which showed that he had parted from his friend with but little regret,

would be, "Gone to sea, and that's the last of him."

New faces and forms take the places of the old, in the continued routine of life in the institution. Changes are constantly occurring, and each incident becomes a reminiscence which tells upon the future character of some of the boys. The weeks, and in some cases years, which they pass in their isolated community, cannot be a blank in their history. Influences of a salutary and pleasing kind, though mingled with much that is evil, are at work upon the impressible nature of childhood, the full result of which will be more apparent by and by.

We are no apologist for the system, which, in the name of charity, collects vast numbers of the young into a common receptacle, bearing little resemblance to a home, and proving often a conservatory of vice. Smaller communities, organized as families and placed in the

cere of intelligent, large-hearted philanthropists, who know how to win the confidence of children, and furnish them with a practical education, would, in the judgment of the author, be far preferable.

Yet, even with the congregate plan, much can be done, by kind treatment and judicious management, to make the lot of the poor and the friendless a pleasanter one. The touch of a sympathetic heart is alone needed in many instances to call forth the better feelings of nature, and to awaken new hopes and aspirations. The unloving wastes of depravity may oftentimes be brought into subjection by the force of moral teaching, and the seeds of a noble life made to germinate under the gentle ministration of Christian love.

THE END.