

scholars, and gave them a frequent taste of "correction," as he termed it; but they took a different view of it, and called it "licking," and were not at all grateful for the favour intended. They had very little respect for the teacher, although they were afraid of him; and his school, for order, had the best reputation of any school in town. One blow of his rattan on the desk would produce the most perfect silence; and every one would take to studying, with one eye on the rattan, as his life depended on the effort.

He seemed to look upon all the scholars as conspirators against his peace and dignity; and Ike, from the first moment of his entering the school, was an object of especial distrust. A boy can detect a feeling of this kind very quickly, and it does not cause him to feel very agreeably towards the one who suspects him. Do what he would, the teacher's eye was upon him; and there was really little encouragement to do well; and Ike thought that if an opportunity should arise when he could play a trick upon the teacher, he would do it. The occasion was not long in offering itself.

It was a serious offence to bring any book into the school except those they studied, and several boys had been "corrected" for presuming to do so. One day the teacher, on looking as usual towards Ike, who sat apparently very busy with his task, saw, or thought he saw, the end of another book projecting beyond the one that he should be studying. He was eager to detect him in the very act, and so would not speak to him, nor let him know that he suspected him; but watching the boy stealthily a moment, till he was quite sure he was right, he left his desk to make a circuit of the room, that he might come up behind the culprit, and surprise him. He chuckled to himself as he thought about it, and planned some new mode of punishing the offender. What an example he would make of him when caught! He went first to the window, and looked out; then he passed quietly down the side aisle, glancing at the work the boys were doing. Reaching the back of the room, he paused a moment, and then moved slowly along the centre aisle, on tiptoe, to where the transgressor sat. He knew that the boy was guilty, because he could plainly see two books open before him. He knew also that he was not observed by the offender, who seemed entirely absorbed by his book. He therefore crept along stealthily, like a cat aiming for a mouse, and when within a few benches of him, before he had a chance to spring, Ike suddenly pulled down the top book, and put it into his desk, which was open in front. Stepping forward then, the teacher said, in his sweetest tone,—

"You call that studying, do you, Partington?"

"Yes, sir," said Ike, apparently confused.

"What book is that which you have just put into your desk?"

"My lesson, sir."

"Your lesson, indeed! Let me see it, sir!"

The book was taken out, with seeming reluctance; and it proved to be indeed the lesson of the morning. He saw that both books were the same; and, colouring away to the roots of his hair, the discomfited teacher moved back to his desk, while Ike, with a sly twist in the corner of his mouth, winked at one of his neighbours, and a simmering laugh was heard for an instant, which was immediately checked by the master's shout of "Silence!"

His suspicion of Ike increased after this; and his eye was on the supposed offender all the time, every look of whom seemed to be defiance, every gesture rebellion. The boy could not move his arm without awaking in the teacher's mind the impression that there was treason in it. Ike saw an opening here for another trick.

The penalty for communicating in any way was severe.

One morning, as the teacher sat overlooking his school, his eye rested upon Ike, as usual; and, though the youngster seemed very busy, he saw something in his conduct which fixed his attention on him immediately. Ike took a slip of paper from beneath his desk, and apparently wrote something on it; then he slyly slipped the paper between the leaves of a book, and passing it to his neighbour, without speaking, made a motion towards Moody, who sat the other side of the room. The teacher saw the book pass from hand to hand until it reached Moody. Before the boy had a chance to open it, he cried out,—

"Bring that book here, Moody."

Moody complied very readily, and brought the book to the teacher's desk.

"What book is that, Moody?"

"My 'rithmetic, sir."

"Who sent it to you?"

"Guess 'twas Partington, sir: I left it at his desk."

"Partington, come here. Did you send this book?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why did you send it to him?"

"'Cause 'twas his, and against the rules to carry it to him."

"What did you put into it before you sent it?"

"A piece of paper, sir."

"What was on the paper?"