

right, and on the left
 orted brick-works in the
 sentence of water made it
 at in summer; and one
 inter there must be a
 e there, if the water
 seemed very probable.
 le of a hill at no great
 rare coasting; and
 of the land, an old
 e had dug out many
 ng to build over it,
 nodation of frogs, in
 oncerts in.

Mrs. Partington [and
 "Corner" before they
 caused a stir that it
 a long time. The
 important addition
 they flocked round,
 e him. They were
 t," in ten minutes.
 so reached the ears
 l disagreeable per-
 se next to the cot-
 ; and he was pre-
 the start. He was
 piece for a house-
 d, and his children
 ray; and he saw
 wcomer. He was
 e green lawn—the
 new arrival, and
 pleasantly, as he
 h a switch cut-
 weeds along the

illy, or Grumly;
 olid the boy, as
 es from a green
 n Grum's fence.
 ne, and see that

us have any of
 I catch you in
 I'll take your

lein-root.
 on this grass.
 I'll take a whip.

en he for the
 and thought,
 he just then
 n the grass,
 nestly that
 and he went,
 d man, who
 t boy. Ike
 all day long

he thought of that little grass-plot, not two rods square, when there were acres of as good grass all around that he didn't think of at all. He saw in his sleep, that night, a circus of fifty boys trampling down Grum's grass, while the old man stood at an upper window, threatening them with a double-barrelled shot-gun, which wouldn't go off; and he awakened himself with laughing.

There was another neighbour, of quite a different sort, with whom Ike soon got acquainted. This was "Captain Bob," as everybody called him, a queer old fellow he was too. He was very rough-looking in his dress,—wore a woollen jacket, thick pants, with wide legs, inside of his boots, and a Scotch cap on his head; but he had a cheery face and a good word at all times, and won Ike's heart in spite of his uncouth looks. He had been a sailor in his young days, and had lots of wonderful stories to tell about the sea. To sustain his salt-water habit, he kept several boats on the creek, which he let to the boys, with all of whom he was an immense favourite. His wife used to say as she saw them round him, that he was the greatest boy of them all.

"How fare'ee, lad?" he would cry, as he saw Ike go by; and Ike would say, "All right, Cap'n," showing that they were the best of friends. The captain told his wife that he liked that little chap, for he had the real ginger in him; and Ike believed that since the days of Noah there had been no such navigator as Captain Bob.

Ike soon grew familiar with the people and the locality; but one object of the latter, more than any other, attracted his attention. The street through the Corner ended on a cross street, one side of which was formed by a high wall; and beyond this the boys could not go. This wall enclosed on three sides an old mansion and grounds, the fourth bordering on the creek. A crevice had been cut through the broad wooden gate which opened into the grounds; and beyond it could be had limited views of luscious fruit which hung near the earth, and on these the eyes of the boys gloated every day. There was, however, the shadow of a black dog named Jack, whose bark was not very pleasant to hear; and it restrained longing to their side of the wall, keeping them honest. Ike longed with the rest; but it was ineffectual, for the present at least.

Before a ship goes into a battle the decks are always cleared; and so this chapter has been simply a preparation for the faction of Ike and his friends during the year to which time it is limited. The scene all laid out, and the main characters introduced, there is nothing to prevent smooth sailing; and the

next chapter will show how Ike got along at school.

CHAPTER II.

IKE GOES TO SCHOOL.—PLOT AND COUNTER-PLOT.—TEACHER TWICE SOLD.—THE BE-WITCHED CHAIR.—"JUMP HIM, JACKSON!"—ONE FOR THE TEACHER.

Mrs. Partington was desirous of putting Ike into the "degraded" school, as she expressed it, and consulted her neighbour Mr. Grum about it, because she saw that he had a bald head, and deemed that it was full of wisdom. It reminded her, as she looked at it, of an unabridged dictionary.

"Is there a degraded school near here?" she asked.

"They all are, I should think, from the kind of boys they turn out," said he. "I have to keep an eye on my grass when they are around."

"Is the teacher sufficient?"

"Quite so: I don't see how he could be any more."

"Does he practise moral training in his school?"

"I guess so; the boys are great trainers."

"I don't want my boy to train maliciously, as they do in some schools, with guns, and real persecution caps on 'em."

"Very proper, ma'am; but he must be careful and not train on my grass."

So, after going through the usual forms, Ike was duly enrolled a scholar in "graded school No. 4," Rivertown. He went to school on Monday, with Mrs. Partington's smiles and an armful of books; she having charged him to bemean himself exceptionally, and try for the medal, and he would be sure to win it, as he certainly was a very medalsome boy. He soon got the "hang of the schoolhouse," and awakened such an interest in the teacher, the very first day, that he watched him almost all the time. The teacher saw, undoubtedly, that he was a boy of remarkable merit. Before he had been there a week, by close application he had cut a hole through his desk, spilled his ink on the floor, and took a place so far down in his class that it was very fortunate for him the class was no longer. To enable him to apply himself more diligently to his studies, he was made to stand on various pedestals like a Hindoo idol; but this only made the boys laugh, though he made no sign to cause it, so far as the teacher could see, and he proved a capital example of how not to do it.

The teacher was a sharp and severe man, who had few pleasant words to waste on