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followed the act of cutting down a tree under the circumstances named? Ike was sorry, nevertheless, as he sat and thought about the doctor's "going off mad." A deep and sincere feeling of regret pervaded his mind as he recalled the fishing-pole, and remembered that he had not, in the brief time, had a chance to use it.

CHAPTER VIII.

IKE AND SIM AT THE FARM.—THE DROWNED
WOODCHUCK.—THE HORNET'S NEST.—
UNCLE TRACY IN TROUBLE.

Sim Walters had an uncle that lived a few miles up the big river; and Sim had invited Ike to spend a week with him at his Uncle Tracy's farm in haying-time, assuring him a hearty welcome, especially from his aunt Martha and cousin Bill. Mrs. Partington was unwilling that he should go among strangers on such an invitation as this; and Sim wrote to his aunt Martha to know if it would be agreeable to have them come. The answer being very favourable, the boys, shortly after vacation began, went on their visit.

The farm was near the river, and they went by a packet which carried freight from Rivertown to places on the stream.

They found Bill waiting for them, at the landing. He was very glad to see them, and escorted them up to the house. Uncle Tracy was out in the fields; but Aunt Martha received them very kindly, and said she hoped they would enjoy themselves. They said they thought they should, and, after eating a half-dozen doughnuts and drinking a pint of milk apiece, they walked out to look over the place.

The house was an old-fashioned weather-stained affair, large and comfortable, with a green lawn in front of it, shaded by grand elm-trees. This was enclosed by a fence; and outside of the fence was the barnyard, where the turkeys and fowls ran about with great freedom. One large white rooster attracted Ike's attention; but the bird seemed suspicious of the stranger, and would have nothing to do with him. He strutted off with lordly pride when advances were made to him, and called all the hens around him as if to tell them to look out for that little chap under the straw hat. There were portly pigs in their pens, looking fat and comfortable, and multitudes of geese and ducks, that flocked noisily around a trough in the corner of the yard, where a tall well-sweep was used to draw water with.

Ike had never seen a well of this kind before, and he looked at it with much curiosity.

The "sweep" was a long and heavy pole, suspended at the middle from the top of a tall crotched post, the well-pole hanging from the small end of it, which was up in the air, the other end having a weight attached to it which bore it down to the ground. He looked into the well, and saw the empty bucket hanging there close by the top. Sim knew all about it, but thought he would let Ike find out how it worked for himself. Ike knew that somehow the pole was made to draw up the water, but he did not see into it at once; so he went to the part which had the weight on it, and tried to make it work that way by lifting it up. This he saw wouldn't do at all, and Sim clapped his hands for fun to see him try. Ike then took hold of the pole, and tried to pull it down. It came down readily: the bucket went into the well as the heavy end of the sweep rose into the air; and in a few moments Ike drew up a bucket of cool water, shouting his triumph, and slopping some of the water over Sim. Bill came along just then; and Sim told him how Ike had tried to draw water by lifting the heavy end of the sweep, and they both laughed. But Ike bore it good-naturedly; and then Uncle Tracy came into the yard, looking very seedy and very tired, said, "How d'e do?" to Ike and Sim, and went into the house. The boys soon followed him; and such a nice supper as Aunt Martha had prepared for them Ike thought he had never tasted. After this Bill and the boys went out to milking; that is, Bill milked while Sim and Ike sat on the cow-yard fence, and Ike made friends with the cow by holding out to her a handful of grass which she reached out to take, and came nigh tipping the pail over by doing so.

They all went to bed early, and Ike and Sim slept together. They did not wake up till late the next morning, and heard Bill, away down in the fields, driving some cattle out of the corn. The robins were singing in the trees; and the white crower, on a cart before their window, gave a crow which seemed to say, "Who-the-plague-are-you?" They could see from their window for miles up and down the river. The morning sun was shining brightly, and the fishermen were already out in their boats trying for fish.

"I forgot to bring some lines," said Ike. "No matter: Bill's got lots of 'em," responded Sim. "See there! that man in the boat is pulling one in."

Sure enough, he drew in what seemed to be a fine large fish; and the boys watched him with intense interest, seeing him catch several.

"My gracious! wouldn't I like to be here!" cried Ike.