

was a boy it was said by the old folks, that if any one should go at night, and stamp on the grave, saying with a loud voice, 'Clough, what were you hanged for?' he would say 'Nothing.' One night I was stumped to try it. I thought there wasn't anything that could scare me, for I felt pretty courageous, and so I said I'd go; and I went, all alone, as brave as you please. When I came near the place, I began to have the queerest feelings, and wished that I hadn't undertaken the job. But I would be laughed at if I backed out; and though I felt my knees shake, and the sweat pour off my face, I stamped on the grave, and shouted, 'Clough, what were you hanged for?'

Here the captain paused, and laughed to himself.

"Well, what did you hear?" cried a half-dozen impatient voices.

"To tell the truth," replied the captain, "I didn't wait to hear anything, but put for home as fast as I could run. I dare say, however, he said 'Nothing,' just as much as though I had waited." The captain chuckled as he finished, as if he enjoyed the recollection very much.

The boys saw the joke, and gave three cheers for Captain Bob.

There were boisterous games played around the old cellar, when "Bloody Tom" and "Whip to Barbary" made the night hideous to quiet people, whose ears would be assailed by the boyish duet,—

"Who goes round my house by night?"

"Only Bloody Tom."

"Who is it steals my sheep by night?"

"Only this fat one."

Or the other equally noisy:—

"How many miles to Barbary?"

"Threescore and ten."

"Can I get there by candle-light?"

"Yes, and back again."

"Whip to Barbary!"

This last was followed by a race around the old cellar, and down through the street of the Corner, like a hurricane, until the boys reached Barbary,—the place from which they started,—puffing and blowing like young porpoises, but showing very healthy lungs as they disputed about the game; for boys always will dispute, and never know exactly when they are satisfied. On one of these occasions Ike attempted, while racing around the old cellar, to trip the one behind him, and throw him down among the frogs. He was full of the fun of the thing, and laughed to himself as he imagined the figure the fellow would cut as he rolled down the embankment; but when he made the at-

tempt, the one before him stumbled and fell, and Ike, falling over him, pitched head first into the water. Such a shout went up as he crawled out all dripping with wet! Served him right, every just-minded boy will say; but Ike felt as if he was a sort of martyr, and didn't laugh any to speak of. The frogs complained to one another, after the boys had gone, because Ike's dropping in upon them so suddenly had interrupted a first-class concert.

"Isaac!" said Mrs. Partington as he came in drenched with water, "what do you want to act so like the Probable Son for? You are not a fish."

"I fell in," replied Ike.

"Well, now go to bed; and if you fall in again, you and I will fall out."

CHAPTER IV.

THE OVEN BY THE SHORE—THE SEA-MONSTER.—CAPTAIN BOB'S ENTERTAINMENT.—THE GREAT SHOW.—THE CAPTAIN TREATS ON GRAPE-CULTURE.

The creek was a scene of rare sport for the boys, who met there on Monday and Saturday afternoons to sail or swim. There was a rich deposit of clams along the shore; and when the tide was out the boys would dig these ground-nuts, as Ike called them, and roast them with fire made of the chips that had drifted ashore and dried. No dish cooked at home tasted half so nice as these clams, seasoned with smoke and black mud; and the labour of digging them was prime fun, although the boys would have thought it hard work if they had been compelled to hoe out weeds or split kindling-wood with half the labour.

One afternoon they determined to build a "real oven" down by the shore, in which to bake their clams, so they hired Captain Bob's boat, "The Jolly Robin," at two cents an hour, and brought a load of imperfect bricks from the old brick-yard up the creek; and one having brought a shovel, another a trowel, a third a hatchet, and others something else to work with, they took off their jackets, and went at it. The confusion attending the building of the Tower of Babel could hardly have been greater than that which was shown here. All would be engineers. The boy who brought the shovel insisted on his right to do the digging, the one with the trowel to lay the bricks, while each one claimed some special office for the tool he had brought.

There was a stone, about two feet high, jutting out from the bank, which was