Carrying Out the Teacher.

"He don't know a hawk from a hand-saw!" said Jad Day. "If he did he wouldn't come here."

"But we'll teach him so't he'll know, afore we git through with him," laughed Jote Yates.

"Won't we though!" chorused Ziby Swain, "Cuffy" Wayman and Nat Dursee.

These were some of the Kaidger boys. They were lounging about the school-house waiting for the new master to come. The winter's school was to begin that morning.

"O, you think yer smart," retorted Sally Briggs. "Talk about consate! He may take the consate out of you. It'll be a pity if he don't."

"Who's that just spoke up and said nothing!" sneered Jote, looking around with mock seriousness.

The others laughed and Sally was silent, but she determined not to forget the insult.

"They say he wears store clothes," said Ziby. "I s'pose he thinks we never saw any here. Won't he feel highly honored, though, when he hears us all salute him when he comes in!"

"Here he comes, fellers, just round the turn out by the alders thar," cried Nat. "Be ready now to yell when he comes in. Bray and whinny just your prettiest when he shows his head in the door."

The boys at "Kaidger Hill" were a rough set, as the reader has already seen. They were the worst in the country; at least in the town of Gainsboro', where the Kaidger Hill school-district was located. Since the town was first settled, there had been trouble in school here nearly every winter.

It was not wholly the fault of the boys. The parents were constantly quarrelling, one family with another. The year before my story opens there had been loud contention concerning the school-house, the old one having mysteriously taken fire and burned.

Some of the towns-people wished to buy a new one, but the majority thought it best to occupy for school purposes a recently erected log house, which a young settler had built, intending to make his home in the district; but who had suddenly changed his mind and departed for another state.

It happened, therefore, that after much wrangling the log house was taken for a school-house. It was a strong structure, twenty-four by twenty feet on the ground. At a distance of twenty-five feet from the house there was a low but strong log cow-barn fifteen by twelve, with a roof of large "splits" covered with turf.

The house had a front door and four windows, also an end door opening out of the school-room into the covered walk, and there was also another door where this walk connected to the wood-house.

The other outside door of the former cow-barn was now nailed up, so that the only way into the present wood-house was from the school room. The doors were each provided with strong iron "hasps" and staples, as is common in such pioneer structures. From this rather peculiar arrangement of the wood-house it bore among the boys the name of the "trap."

I have frequently noticed that when the parents in a good school district are at variance, that district is noted for ill behaviour and rebellion in the school-room. The Kaidger Hill district was an extreme case of the truth of this statement.

Jad Day, Cuffy Wyman, Jote Yates, Nat Dursee and Ziby Swain were rough youngsters, from seventeen to nineteen years old, not lacking in bone or brawn, boastful of their powers at rough and tumble, and correspondingly deficient in intellectual gifts.

Jad was a thick-set, round-headed boy, with the little twinkling eyes of an arrant rough; while Jote was a thin specimen of backwoods aggressiveness, nearly six feet tall. Nat, Ziby and Cuffy Wyman were less peculiar in appearance, but not a whit behind in their aptitude for making trouble at school.

For the last three years there had not been a complete winter term of school in the district. Four "masters" had been "carried out" by the "boys" and they declared that they would carry out every master that the agent could hire to come there.

Their mode of doing the "carrying-out" was commonly to rush upon the unfortunate pedagogue and carry him out of doors willynilly, and throw him into a snow drift, or else to put him into the "trap" and keep him there during the rest of the day.

Usually the luckless victim was glad to depart—as soon as he could—from the school-room and the district. One, however, a young theological student—mustering courage enough to return to his post next morning after being carried out, was taken to the top of the long hill, which had given the district its name, and lashed fast to a hand-sled and set going, Mazeppa-like, out of the district.

The young rascals left him the free use of his feet to steer with, a favour the unfortunate man was no doubt duly grateful for before he reached the bottom of the hill, after a wild ride of nearly a mile. He did not return even for his hat, which flew off his head midway of the hill.

A still more atrocious trick was played on the next master, an itinerant minister of the Methodist church, who had been induced to take the school, and whose plan it was to combine religious with mental teachings for these young barbarians.

The method gave great offence to the Kaidger boys, and they played a sly, but outrageous prank to bring him to confusion. For a week they pretended to have great respect for him, some of them even pretending to become "converted." They so deceived the poor man, who was certainly well meaning, if not very shrewd, that he went about openly rejoicing over the good work he had wrought upon them.

But his eyes must have been painfully opened two mornings later, when after duly informing him that "this thing was played out," the young ruffians seized him, and carrying him into the woods, bound him fast to the top of a young birch tree, which they had bent down by main strength and then left it go.

The poor man was hurled upwards and left dangling fifteen feet from the ground; and it was two or three hours before his distressed shouts brought him assistance. Legal punishment was threatened for this act, but I am sorry to say that the threat was not acted upon.

There was no school that winter. A sign "To Let," was nailed by the boys on the front door of the school-house, and each one of the brutal clique made it a point to smash a pane of glass every time he went past. As a result, the "temple of science" at Kaidger Hill was soon in a deplorable condition.

The following autumn a young land surveyor named Ammi Bray came into the township to "run" certain lots of wild land. The people liked his appearance. He was rather above medium height and muscular; but his most distinguishing feature was his eyes, which were very noticebly blue, and had a habit of dwelling with unusual steadiness upon any person with whom he was speaking. When he had been at the hill a few weeks, the school agent asked him one day whether he had ever taught school.

"Never," replied Ammi Bray.

"Wal, I don't keer if yer never did,' exclaimed the agent; "I want yer to take our scule this winter."

"But, my dear man," replied Mr. Bray, "it would not be from all accounts, a good place for an amateur. Besides, though I know something of mathematics, and once knew a little grammar and geography, I do not feel qualified to teach."

"I dunno's I keer ef ye don't know B from a bull's foot," exclaimed the perplexed agent. "What I want is a man that ken whop them confounded boys! Thar'll never be no scule here till they're whopped and cowed. And I believe you're the man to do it. But I tell ye what! there a parcel of hyannys!" he added, almost doubtfully. "I dunno, sometimes as the man walks ken whop um!"

Ammi Bray took a day to think of it; and then he told the gratified agent that he would take the school. This was in November. The winter term began on the first Monday in December.

Thus we find the young surveyor on his way to the log school-house that Monday morning, "just rounding the turn by the alders," as Nat Dursee said, ana the Kaidger boys waiting to "s'lute him."

And the moment he showed his face in the doorway they saluted him! From a dozen lusty throats was poured forth a chorus of raspy whinnings and hoarse brays—as a personal insult to his peculiar name of Bray.

But Ammi walked in quite coolly, and seemed not at all disturbed. He paid no attention to the brayings, but took possession of the master's desk, and presently called the school to order bidding them all choose and take their seats for the term. But his steady blue eye was so assertive of his authority, that somehow the riotous Kaidgers were a little disturbed themselves.

Something, perhaps, in the muscular case with which the new master tossed the great "fore-sticks" and "back logs" into the broad fire-place, served to hold them in check that day. Then, too, his manner of giving and hearing lessons were off-hand and manly. For once they felt hesitation in beginning the "war" and for the next four days following their mutinous salute, they were impelled to behave quite well. But it would never do to let him rule them a whole week; their reputation as the champion master hoisters in the country was at stake!

The eighth of December was one of those bitterly cold days which sometimes dawn on Northern New England at this season. A cold wave had come down over night. That morning the thermometer stood fourteen degrees below zero, and the wind blew piercingly keen.

It was a cold walk to the schoolhouse and on his arrival there Master Ammi found matters in anything save a pleasant or satisfactory condition. Apparently the chimney had refused its ordinary functions. There was no doubt. The room was full of smoke, and the children stood shivering and coughing about the fire place.

The five large boys above mentioned were sitting on the forward benches, pretending to study; but something in their manner caused the master to feel that mischief was intended.

"This is a bad fire for so cold a morning," he remarked. "Who made it?"

"Jote Yates," exclaimed Sally Briggs, spitefully, "and it seems to be stuffed up. But it can't be that anything's in the chimney," she added, sarcastically, "for I see Jote on the roof looking into it as I come along to school."

"Something in the chimney!" repeated the master innocently. "What can it be?"

He saw the trap at once and for reasons of his own he choose to walk into it, and stepping forward he got partly down on his knees, with his back to the boys, ana essayed to look up the broad flue.

This was the very thing the Kaidgers were lying in wait for. With a shout they all sprang upon him, pulling him backward on the floor, and then began dragging him through the door and along the covered way opening into the log wood-shed, or "trap."

Somewhat to their surprise the master did not offer much resistance. "Don't be so rough with me, boys," he said, in what they thought a rather queer tone.

In a moment more they had him in the wood-house—just where they wanted him, they thought—but just where he wanted them really.

No sooner were they all inside than the athletic, but hitherto passive, Ammi Bray, suddenly turned the tables by bounding to his feet like a Hercules, and delivering two lightening-like blows which sent Jote and Ziby headlong, and with tremendous force against the others. Before they had time to rally or even to breathe, the master was out at the door and had hasped it upon them.

Never were five conspirators more completely taken aback.

"You will remain there, boys," said Ammi, through the door, "till you can appreciate a good-fire!"

With this parting salutation the master went back to the school-room. After some delay the wad of brush and turf was removed from the chimney, and lessons proceeded as usual, without Kaidgers.

Thanks to their own precautions, the outer door of the wood-shed had been securely barricaded; the mutineers were hopelessly prisoners, and ere long began to shiver in the cold wind which whistled through the chinks between the logs.

"Yer don't b'lieve he means to keep us here all day, do ye?" whined Nat, at length.

"Yis, I do," snarled Ziby, rubbing a very puffy black-and-blue bunch over his right eye. "Jes' like 'im too. I tell you he's a reg'lar blue-pill, he is. Look at my eye!"

"Wal, we'd a' sarved him the same sarse of he hadn't up an' got the better on us," said Joe.

"But there was no comfort in that reflection, with the thermometer thirteen degrees below zero.

"We'll be left at by the hull town, growled Cuffy; and then each began to lay the blame on the other.

But they soon had to bestir themselves to keep from freezing, and after doing their best they were soon thoroughly chilled.

After a time they began shouting to be released; but two doors intervened between them and the school room, and a high wind was blowing.

Noon came, and the noon recess passed. No one came near them, and by three o'clock in the afternoon they were so benumbed and so near freezing that they were ready to accept succor on almost any terms.

Perhaps it was for this that Master Ammi had waited; for not much after three o'clock he called up little Asa Foster and bade him go up to "minister's tree," as the children called the yellow birch to the top of which poor Mr. Wentworth had been tied by the Kaidgers, and cut ten sticks, each as big as the butt end of a whip-stock.

When these had been brought in, Master Ammi first warmed them before the fire-place and twisted them a little; and then he went to the door of the wood-house and asked the Kaidgers if they were cold, and whether they would like to come in and get warmed.

"Yes! yes!" they roared. "Let us out! Let us out!" He could hear their teeth chatter.

"Well, replied the master, "you can come out in the school room, one at a time, and get warmed. Do you agree to that?"

"Yes yes," they chattered.

"Well, then, Jad may come first,' said the master, and he opened the door partly, but stood ready to force it to if the Kaidgers showed bad faith.

Jad squeezed out, and the master, after hasping the door upon the others, escorted him into the school room. Half frozen, the youngster rushed towards the fire place; but Master Ammi laid a heavy hand on his collar.

"Not so fast," said he. "I did not say you were to have fire heat. I have something that will better suit your case," and he pointed to the pile of big birch withes.

"You great boys," continued Mr. Bray, earnestly, "have abused your teachers here for years. Some you have maltreated, even put in peril of their lives. Those were mean, ruffianly tricks. What a cruel, fiendish outrage on Mr. Wentworth, who was honestly trying to do you good. You meant to use me in the same way this morning. But the day of retribution has come to you. 'Poetic justice,' is about to be executed. I doubt if you have much appreciation of poetic justice, Jad Day, but you will soon feel the force of it."

Whereupon the master selected one of the withes and proceeded to quicken Jad's circulation.

Jad howled and squirmed.

But it was not till a second withe was reduced to a mere stub in the stalwart master's hand that there was any visible lull in the proceedings.

"Are you warm now, Jad Day?"

"Ow, ow! Yes, yes! O, I naver'll do nothin agin you agin—naver will—naver will!"

"Take your hat, then, and go home," said Master Ammi; and he now proceeded to let out Jote Yates.

Jote was as tall as the master. He had on a thick coat. After hearing a speech similar to that which had greeted Jad he was sternly bidden to take off his coat.

Sullenly he refused, and backed into a corner; but with one jerk the master took the coat clean off from the fellow except the two sleeves on his arms; and it is doubtful whether the annals of old school districts can furnish an instance to match the "birching" that Jote then received.

Completely cowed, smarting from head to heels, but effectually warmed, the ringleader of the Kaidgers was in his turn sent home—behind Jad. And then Cuffy, Nat and Ziby were in their turn admitted to their equitable share of the yellow birch stimulant.

The ten withes were piled up, the floor liberally sprinkled with the bits, and the five Kaidgers were sent homeward, in Indian file, all warm.

A good job had been done. The backbone of riot and rebellion at Kaidger hill was effectually broken.

Jote left the place in a few days and went to work in the "logging swamp." After a week had passed, the other four boys came to school, and were made to study. Odd as it may seem, they came to be on pretty good terms with Master Ammi before the twelve weeks of school were past; and later in life Jad Day often said that Master Ammi was the best teacher he ever had.

Mr. Bray taught the school at Kaidger Hill for three winters in succession, and from being the worst school in the country he made it one of the most orderly and best.

REVERE HOUSE,

LOWER WATER STREET,
CHATHAM, N. B.

Comfortable accommodation for permanent and transient guests.

GOOD STABLING on the premises.
A new BOWLING ALLEY has been put in the present season, which is fitted up in first class style with every convenience for patrons—Open day and evening.

DANIEL DESMOND

Law Notices, etc.

Notice of Sale.

To Peter Loggie of Chatham, in the County of Northumberland and Province of New Brunswick, Carpenter, and Elizabeth T. Loggie, his wife, and to all others whom it may concern.—

NOTICE is hereby given that by virtue of a Power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the twenty-fifth day of April in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one and made between the said Peter Loggie of Chatham in the County of Northumberland and Province of New Brunswick, Carpenter, and Elizabeth T. Loggie, his wife of the first part, and Asa R. Shamlich, of the same place, Merchant, of the second part; which mortgage was duly recorded in the Records of the County of Northumberland, on the fifth day of May, A. D. 1881, in Volume 60 of the County Records, Pages 531, 532 and 533, and is numbered 521 in said volume—There will, in pursuance of the said power of sale and for the purpose of satisfying the money secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage, default having been made in payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction on Saturday, the TWENTY-FIRST DAY OF OCTOBER next in front of the Post office, Chatham, in said County, at two by o'clock, noon, the lands and premises in said Indenture mentioned and described as follows, namely,—All that those one parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Town and Parish of Chatham aforesaid, being part of the lands formerly owned by Peter Loggie, deceased, which piece is bounded and described as follows, to wit,—Commencing at the south west angle of the lot of land owned by Wm. Sandalls and fronting the east side of the street, running southerly along the east side of the Presbyterian Academy lands, thence easterly along the north side of the said street fifty feet to the Northerly corner of the land owned by George Hutchison, thence easterly along George Hutchison's northerly side line, one hundred feet or to the west side of the Chatham Joint Stock Company's lands; thence northerly along the said Company's lands fifty feet, or to William Sinclair's southerly side line, thence westerly along said Sinclair's side line one hundred feet of the first mentioned lot of land and street, being the piece of land and premises which said piece of land was conveyed to the said Peter Loggie by Thomas Doyle, by deed bearing date the tenth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one. And also all that piece of land, with the exception of that part of it conveyed to Joseph Forrest situate in Chatham aforesaid, and being the same land that was conveyed to the said Peter Loggie by Arthur Stewart, Jemima Stewart, John Sutherland, and Harriet Sutherland, by deed bearing date the twenty-second day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-three, as by reference thereto will more fully appear. Together with all and singular the buildings and improvements thereon, and the rights, members, privileges and appurtenances to the same belonging or in any wise appertaining, and the reversion and reversions, remainder and remainders, rents, issues and profits thereof, and of the said Peter Loggie and Elizabeth T. Loggie, his wife, of, in, or upon the said lands and premises and every part thereof.

Dated the 21st day of July, A. D. 1884.

J. B. SNOWBALL,
Mortgagee.

L. J. Tweedie, Solicitor for Mortgagee.

Equity Sale.

THERE will be sold at Public Auction in front of the Post Office in the Town of Chatham in the County of Northumberland, on TUESDAY, the THIRTEETH DAY OF SEPTEMBER next, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, pursuant to the provisions of a Decretal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity made on the 2nd day of June, A. D 1884, in a certain suit in the said Court wherein James C. Loggie is plaintiff and Peter Loggie is defendant, with the approbation of the undersigned Barrister, the mortgaged lands and premises described in the mortgage decreed in the Plaintiff's bill mentioned and in the said Decretal Order as follows:—

All that piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Parish of Chatham, in the County of Northumberland, bounded as follows,—Westerly, by a street running along the east side of the Presbyterian School land in the town of Chatham, northerly by land now owned and occupied by William Sinclair, southerly by the house and lands formerly owned by George Hutchison, and now the property of Joseph Lindsay, having a front on the said street of fifty feet and extending easterly one hundred feet to the west side of the Chatham Joint Stock Company's land and being the same land conveyed to the said Peter Loggie by Thomas Doyle by deed dated the ninth day of November in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine, together with all and singular the buildings and improvements thereon, and the rights, members, privileges, hereditaments and appurtenances to the said premises belonging or in anywise appertaining; also all the estate, right, title, interest, property, possession, claim and demand, whatsoever, both at law and in Equity of the said Peter Loggie, of, in, to, out of or upon the said land and premises and every or any part thereof.

For terms of sale and other particulars apply to Johnson & Murray, Plaintiff's Solicitor, Chatham, N. B.

Dated the twenty-third day of June, A. D. 1884.

WM. A. PARK, Barrister.

JOHNSON & MURRAY, Plaintiff's Solicitor.

E. LEE STREET.

STREET'S

Mosquito Antidote

PERSIAN INSECT POWDER.

HELLEBORE.

500lbs. Paris Green

—AT THE—

NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE.

E. LEE STREET.

1884.

International S. S. Com'y

Summer Arrangement.

3 TRIPS A WEEK.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, May 5th, and until further notice, the Steamers of this line will make Three Trips a Week, leaving St. John

Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday Mornings, at 8 o'clock,

for Eastport, Portland and Boston, connecting both ways at Eastport with Steamer "Charles Houghton" for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen.

Returning, will leave Commercial Wharf, Boston, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY Evenings at 8 o'clock, and Portland at 9 o'clock, p.m. for Eastport and St. John.

With more frequent trips in June, July, August and September, of which due notice will be given.

Through tickets can be procured at this office and at H. Chubb & Co's, to all points of Canada and the United States.

☞ No claims for allowance after goods leave the Warehouse.

☞ Freight received Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday only, up to 6 o'clock, p.m.

A. W. CHISHOLM, Agent,
Reed's Point Wharf, St. John, N. B.

April 25th, 1884.

NOTICE.

I hereby notify all parties whom it may concern not to buy, sell or negotiate any note of hand given by C. H. Belcher, as I have not received value therefor and will not pay the same.

C. H. BOUCHER.

Administrator's Notice.

THE undersigned has been appointed Administrator of the estate and effects of Cristian Langmuir, late of Chatham, in the County of Northumberland, deceased. All persons having any just claims against the said deceased are hereby required to exhibit the same duly attested within one month from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to the said deceased are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

Dated at Chatham, this twentieth day of August, A. D. 1884.

GEORGE ROBERT,
Administrator.

t. r. 11

STRAWBRIDGE'S BLOOD SYRUP.

Cures Completely Scrofula, Syphilis, Cancer, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Ulcers and Skin and Blood Diseases of every description.

$1000 reward to any chemist who will find, on analysis of 100 bottles of Shaker Blood Syrup, one particle of Mercury, Iodide of Potassium, or any mineral substance.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Price, - $1.00 Per Bottle, or Six for $5.00.

Sold by J. D. B. F. Mackenzie "Medical Hall," Chatham.

General Business.

The Most Simple but Reliable Medicine ever used in the diseases for which it is recommended. READ Proof Below.

Saved Him 1,000 Dollars!

ADAMS, N. Y., Jan. 21, 1882.

Dr. B. J. Kendall & Co.: Gentlemen—I used a bottle of your Kendall's Spavin Cure with great success. I thought I cured it, but found it had come for me. Two years ago I had as spavin as big as my fist, and I used to be sent County. When I was driving I had to lie down every few miles and rub my leg. I was so lame I could hardly walk. I had a valuable horse that I was afraid would be ruined. I had spavin cured with your Kendall's Spavin Cure and it has never come back, but the horse is as sound as a dollar. I have never had a lame leg since that time, and I have used it on my horses many times since, and it has always cured them promptly and lasting. I consider it saved me $1,000 in horse flesh.

Very respectfully,

[illegible]

From the Akron Commercial, Ohio, of Nov. 28th, 1882.

Replies of the most satisfactory character are received by the proprietors of Kendall's Spavin Cure, showing that a large share of success has been taken place in the use of this celebrated remedy. [illegible] Kendall's Spavin Cure [illegible] for years, and the results have been [illegible] in effecting a cure. We have dealt with him for many years, and the results have been fully satisfactory, and we can say that he is a good honest man, and that his advertisement in Spavin Cure is not only all that it is represented to be, but that the Kendall's Liniments are not equal to the recommending it too highly.

Kendall's Spavin Cure will cure spavins. There are hundreds of cases in which the horse is apparently so far gone that it would seem a waste of time and money to try to cure it, but experience proves the matchless virtue of this celebrated medicine. In curing spavins alone, they have a big reward for the proprietors, but more than that is a grateful world for thousands to the human family. It is good for pains and aches, sprains, bruises, and in just a word for pain. Every man and children in it is to house. We know that there are other good liniments, but we believe this spavin cure to be far better than any ever invented.

Kendall's Spavin Cure.

Hatchtown's Ranch, 12 miles north of Denver, Col., at 5 p.m.

Dr. B. J. Kendall & Co.: Gentlemen—For the past three years I have used Kendall's Spavin Cure. In every case it spoke, of which I [illegible] I have killed the spavin, and [illegible] the use of spavin. I have [illegible] I had a valuable horse that I was afraid would be ruined. I had spavin bone [illegible] I have used your Kendall's Spavin Cure on my horses many times since, and it has always cured them promptly and lasting. I consider it saved me $1,000 in horse flesh.

Very respectfully,

[illegible]

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Santa Rosa, Cal., Feb. 20, 1882.

Dr. B. J. Kendall & Co.: Gentlemen—I feel it a duty I owe to humanity to inform you of the great benefit I received from your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I had a spavin on my horse's leg, which I thought would ruin him for life. I had tried everything, and had given up all hope of curing him, when I saw an advertisement of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I bought a bottle of it, and it did the work. My horse is now as sound as ever. I have used it on my horses ever since, and it has always cured them promptly and lasting. I consider it saved me $1,000 in horse flesh.

Yours respectfully,

[illegible]

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Vevay, Ind., Aug. 12th, 1882.

Dr. B. J. Kendall & Co.: Gentlemen—I had a valuable horse that was lame in his shoulder, caused by a bone spavin, and I had tried all your Kendall's Spavin Cure