

guised that they
and, felt certain
w them; and then
re him the surprise
nat, in his shirt
what was awaiting
urprised to see a
lat, turning sum-
olling over on the
top of their lungs.
he could hardly
aw him leave the
t they heard him
ically to get out.
He was a prisoner
didn't seem to un-
ut struggled and
st the door, until
another door, and
to quit. They re-
Ike disappeared
ent as a lamb.

great fuss about
aid, that Ike was
ouldn't prove it;
he knew anything
him was that he
r the fence, and
ited to see Mr.
and catch 'em,
n't! Mrs. Par-
by Isaac's jacket
bering how Grum
plied to him for
We are not stocks
Mrs. Partington
the common emo-
little exultant
o say so. Grum
d complained to
all of them a
would confess;
refused, and
ious lecture, in
respect that the
When he had
of the best boys
ad.

it?" asked the
question?"

respected, ought.

question. What

uddenly, like a
ced that every
andidate for the

ut in here very
d. regarding a

boy's respect for superiors. The question put by the boy gives the condition of the boyish mind. He has no superiors really, and certainly has no respect for what is mean. He feels that he is as good, as wise, and respectable, as any one; and he acts upon the Golden Rule, as he understands it, of treating others pretty much as they treat him. He doesn't analyze very keenly; that is matter for after time and education. He grows into moral wisdom as he grows into his mature clothes; but while he is a boy he cannot be anything else. Affections, morals, duties, have not hardened into purpose yet; but they are silently taking form to be revealed in the "sweet by and bye."

CHAPTER VII.

DR. SPOONER AT CLAM CORNER.—SUNDAY MORNING.—IKE SURPRISED,—A BALD HEAD DECEPTIVE.—VISIT ABRUPTLY CONCLUDED.

The promise which Dr. Spooner had made at parting from her, to visit Mrs. Partington during the summer, had not been forgotten; and so when she received a line from him, stating that he would come and spend the next Sunday with her, she was filled with pleasant anticipations. The note was couched again and again, and she forthwith busied herself to make his visit agreeable. The best room immediately went through a process of airing; and Ike was directed to procure some pine-boughs from the woods, with such wild flowers as he could gather, to render it agreeable to the refined taste of the doctor. Therefore from above the coloured wood engraving of the "Prodigal Son," and the black profile of Corporal Paul, waved sweet-smelling offerings of welcome, and the old-fashioned fireplace seemed almost suffocated with a plethora of green branches, with golden-rod and mullein blossoms in between, which made the apartment very cheerful.

On the Saturday after the receipt of his letter, the doctor came in on the afternoon stage, which rattled through the quiet settlement of Clam Corner, making a great sensation, and saying to all the people who were out to see it, "Here we are!" with as self-satisfied a manner as any stage-coach could present. The doctor was landed at Mrs. Partington's door, with a huge trunk, a jointed fish-pole, and a gun-case, which denoted intentions to remain for some time; and was received in a manner according with the good dame's reputation for hospitality.

"I'm shore I am glad to see you," said he, shaking him warmly by the hand, while

her spectacles beamed with kindly emotion. "I'm glad to see you, because you are one of the kind that come very seldom, and stay but a little while."

"I am very happy to greet you," responded the doctor. "And how is your health and that of the boy?—any better for the change?"

"Much better, thank you. I have not had embargo in my back since I have been here, and Isaac never now complains of illness except when he is sick. Here he is."

Ike came in with a grin on his face, and Dr. Spooner shook him by the hand, saying some pleasant words to him; after which he went out again, leaving the doctor and Mrs. Partington to talk over matters of interest which had transpired at her old home since she left, and a very interesting season was enjoyed. Their conversation was interrupted by the report of a gun; and a cat, wild with excitement, dashed by the window at which they were sitting. Looking out, they saw the head of Ike rise slowly above a huge rhubarb plant, as if looking for something, and then disappear, a slight vapour or smoke hanging over the place he had occupied.

Mrs. Partington glanced at the doctor; and the doctor, very red in the face, glanced at Mrs. Partington, and then went out in the direction of the head he had seen. The head, however, had disappeared; and the doctor looked in many directions to discover the lad, returning to the house soon after. He saw his gun-case behind the door, where he had left it, but did not open it; and, when Ike came in, Mrs. Partington said,—

"Isaac, did you hear that gun?"

"Yes'm."

"Who fired it?"

"Guess 'twas somebody firing at a cat."

Dr. Spooner looked at him steadily over his glasses, but expressed no opinion; while Mrs. Partington, thinking of nothing in particular, tapped her snuff-box in silence. Ike was a well-mannered boy, and sat down, saying nothing, but how much he thought of that fishing-rod and gun standing out there behind the entry-door!

When Dr. Spooner retired to his room, which Mrs. Partington trusted might be "congealing" to his taste, and had bid him good-night, he took the gun from its case, which he had carried up with him; and there was evidence of burnt powder about the nipple, from which he drew his own conclusions. His sleep was not very refreshing. The heat was great, the strange location worried him; and his first nap was broken by a dream that it was the Fourth of July, and that Ike stood by his ear blowing a villanous fish horn, when, starting up, he