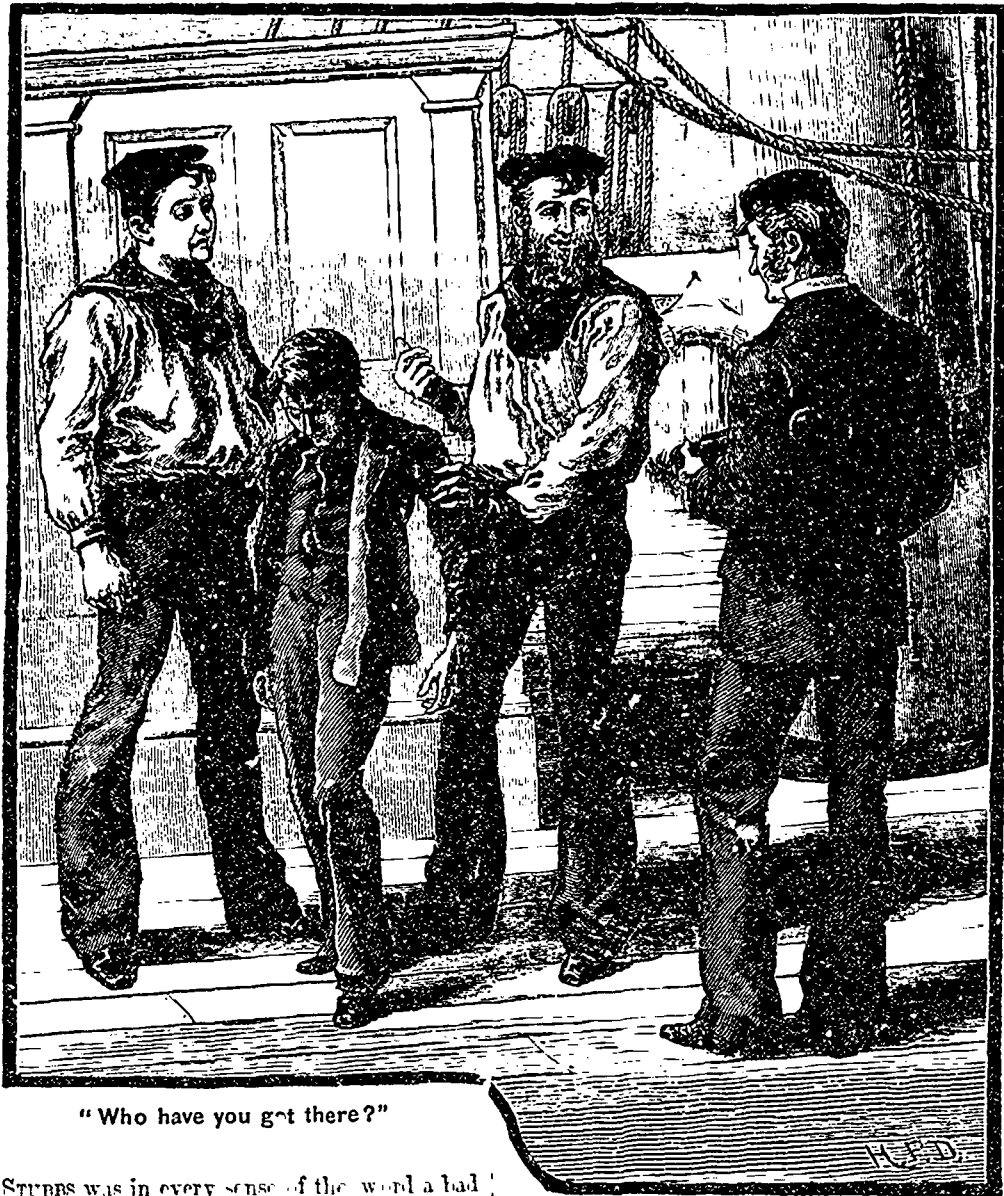


JACK THE STOWAWAY, AND OTHER SKETCHES.



"Who have you got there?"

JACK STUBBS was in every sense of the word a bad lad. His mother and father, his school-master, his Sunday-school teacher, and pretty nearly everybody in the village considered him an extraordinarily bad lad. He was bad from top to toe.

And yet it wasn't from want of a good example or a good training at home, for more respectable, steady-going folks than his parents you could scarcely find. They did what they could for him, and spared no pains to bring him up well; nevertheless, in spite of it all, young Jack was a regular scapegrace, continually in mischief, and up to his ears in wrong-doing.

Was there an orchard robbed? Jack Stubbs was

sure to be at the bottom of it. Were cattle sent a-straying in the lanes? There wasn't the least manner of doubt that it was Jack's hand which had undone the fastenings. Did other lads take to bad ways, play truant from school, or defy their superiors? Everybody knew that young Stubbs was the ringleader and chief instigator. No doubt Jack was sometimes fathered with bad deeds for which he was in no way responsible; but this was after all a rare thing, for there were but few bits of mischief which he hadn't a hand in.