

"Well, I ought to have the first chance, for I got the boat," answered Frank.

"Now, take care a minute, here comes a whopper of a fish. I guess it's a regular built codfish, or a haddock; maybe it's a haddock," said John, eagerly, and he directed his hook toward the new comer.

"He's after it! see! Surely, I've got him," said John, and he began to haul up his line with the unfortunate fish at the end. It was quite a large fish, and John was greatly pleased at his capture, but Bushfield was a little envious of his comrade's success, and just as John lifted him out of the water, Frank maliciously jerked his arm in such a way as to free the fish, which fell back into the water with a splash, and darted out of sight forever.

"What did you do that for, Frank Bushfield? You're a mean fellow, and I have a good mind to chuck you overboard!" exclaimed John, highly exasperated.

"No sarce!" said Frank, "it's my turn to fish, and if you don't let me have that line I'll throw you overboard."

"I won't do it, and I'd like to see you throw me over," answered John defiantly.

"There goes your hat to begin with," said Frank, as he seized John's hat from his head and scaled it into the air. It skimmed gracefully across the water, and then taking an upward sweep, found a resting-place on the summit of Baldwin's Rock.

John was very angry; he flew at Bushfield, seized him by the collar, and in a moment they were both struggling violently until they went over into the water. Each was a good swimmer, and when they found themselves overboard, they let go of each other, and scrambled for the boat. Bushfield succeeded in getting in first, when he seized an oar and rapped John's fingers, that were on the gunwale of the boat, so hard that he was obliged to let go.

"You shan't get in here; this is my boat!" exclaimed the bad boy.

"What shall I do?" gasped John despairingly.

"Get up on that rock where your hat is; you can't get in this boat anyhow," and Frank commenced to scull the boat away.

John swam to the big rock, and with some difficulty climbed upon it, and recovered his hat. He looked around him dismayed; there he was, wet to the skin, perched upon the top of a barren rock, his treacherous and wicked companion carrying away the boat, and no other apparent means of escape left him.

"Father was right, after all," he said to himself; "he told me that Frank Bushfield was not a proper playmate for me, and now I am punished for disobeying him. I do wish I had minded what he said."

Two long, dreary hours John sat on Baldwin's Rock, watching and waiting for something to release him. It came at last. A plank floated slowly down the river, and struck the rock. In an instant John was astride of it, and after struggling hard with the current, he contrived to reach the shore, dripping, tired and forlorn, and as he was on the opposite shore from the town he had to walk nearly three miles to a bridge where he could cross over.

A sorry plight he was in when he reached home, but he told the whole story to his parents, told them how sorry he was, and they forgave him.

"Where do you suppose Frank Bushfield is?" asked Mr. Choate of his son.

"I do not know, sir; have you heard anything about him?"

"He is in jail, locked up there till to-morrow when his trial will take place," said the father.

"In jail!" repeated John, much amazed. "What is he to be tried for?"

"For stealing the boat you went in; it belonged to a man who lives up in