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LINDSAY On

The Weekly Post. LINDSAY, FRIDAY, MAY 25th, 1900

was sportiffe -THE BOY WHO HAD NO FRIENDS

> A NEW ENGLAND TALE. By the Author of "Sundries."

Continued from last week.

Poor little Margaret was a spectator of unlucky Jonce's castigation; and while Jonce did not shed a tear, she cried as if her heart would break. "Lord-a-massey," cried her kind mistress, "if you must bellow, do cry for

something."

CHAPTER II.

Whereupon she lent Margaret such a box upon the ear as made her too retire from the street almost at the same instant that Jonce Smiley carried away his aches and pains. Margaret retreated through the house to the bottom of her garden, where it was her usual custom, when she had need to cry, which was not seldom, to repair to shed the tears which it might not have been politic to drop before Mrs. Underwood. There might, too, have been some attraction to the spot in the fact that just at that place in the fence there was a knot-hole, through which our little heroine and hero had more than once conversed, like Pyramus and Thisbe. And hardly had she reached the place before her own tears were stopped by hearing poor Jonce, who, on the other side of the fence, was giving vent to the boo-hooings which his stubborn courage would not permit to escape before taunting witnesses.

If there were any remarkable features about this trysting-spot of the young lovers, we should feel bound to describe them, like other annalists of love's vagaries, but the only noticeable points were as follows: First, a large apple tree sheltered this particular part of the fence, and the garden adjacent; second, the shade of the tree aforesaid prevented cabbages from growing, and the spot was, therefore, left unimproved by garden culture; and third, and most important, the Deacon, with a wise economy of space about his homestead, had placed a large grindstone

mere, thus improving the shade and the

Now it so happened that Peltian Perkins, who was the Deacon's next-door meighbor, being mercilessly disposed to improve his mood of furious daring by some deed of high emprise, determined after having whipped Jonce, to grind his axe, by way of letting off the valor which oppressed him; and he applied to the Deacon for permission to use the stone, the situation of which we have already remarked upon. As the Dea con gave permission, his wife added: "Margaret's out there somewheresshe'll turn for you."

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axe should have such a whetting, as axe never got before; inasmuch as Margaret had dared to cry when he beat Jonce Smiley, and the extra turns at at length said: the grindstone should be her punish-

ed shouting, as soon as he reached the place, "come and turn this here grind-

Margaret hesitated, for she saw John following at a distance, and she saw no propriety in her being called upon, while Peltiah's own son was coming. for two reasons. He had a mortal aversion to the grindstone at all times, and in his father's present mood he knew that whoever did turn the stone swould have a long task at it. AndJohn felt not quite easy on the cow score. He wished, and still feared to speak to his father, to repeat his lying demial of any agency in that transaction, and thrust all the blame upon Jonce, but he preferred to wait until his honored parent had put a portion of the keenness of his anger into the edge of the axe. Margaret at length reluctantly came forward, and as she very innocently happened to turn the wrong way, Peltiah in the most manly and magnanimous manner struck her in the

face with his open hand. Jonce, who had watched proceedings through the fence, was upon the top of it in an instant; but as Peltiah's back was turned, he was not perceived. The blow was not repeated, and Jonce was just thinking about getting down again, when he was perceived by his old enemy John. That young gentleman could conceive of no other motive for Jonce's presence there, than a dasire to exculpate himself from the cowgiding. He feared that young Smiley away from folks, and go into the woods curing him for you!" might succeed in persuading his father if such were his notions. But the of the truth, could be once get his ear. stranger had watched both Jonce and eyes twitched a little, while the emi-Desperate cases require prompt and desperate measures, and Master John

Perkins picked up a stone. calculated the force and direction of When he stopped for the night at the hunted high and low last night, and projectiles. He threw with all his next inn, he was not sorry at all, after couldn't find hide nor hair of him, and strength-but the stone intended for he had taken his own children from his mother went away from here in a Sonce Smiley, knocked Peltiah flat and the wagon, to find the identical Jonce terrible taking. I wonder if she found insensible upon the grass. Jonce, Smiley creeping out, and looking up him to home?" rightly judging that the sin would be, into his face with that sheepish expresimputed to him ran away for his life

John sneaked into the Deacon's barn, trightened almost to death, and Margaret ran screaming into the house, "Mr. Perkins is killed! Mr. Perkins is

The Deacon and all his loungers-the

emigrant and all his family, and, in fact, all the neighborhood, were out in the garden in an instant. The Decon tooked at Peltiah, as he lay-a di everybody else looked alternately at the Descon and at the corpse, as they fully believed it was. "Bleeding," said the blacksmith and farrier-not loud, but low, for the Deacon had not yet spoken. Wormwood, rue, hot flannel, new rum, and other specifics were buzzed among the women-but still none spoke above their breath-for the Deacon still kept silence. To acknowledge the whole truth, the oracle was nonpluesed. Never in his whole experience had he met before a case like The He felt ther ne was pound to sav something and yet he knew not what to say, a fact that it would not answer for his to acknowledge. Peltiah stood a fair chance, so far as he depended upon assistance, of going out of the world insensible, when at last the Deacon, suiting the action to the word, said, "Somebody must go for the doctor!" and as Deacon Abijah Underwood trudged off to call the physician, all his retinue started too-men, women, and children. Before they were out of the garden they broke into a run, as if nothing short of a scrub race of a whole village to the doctor's door, could impress that functionary with a due sense of the great importance of the case. The emigrant remained, and as soon as he found himself alone, he coolly took up the grindstone bucket, and dashing the contents in Peltiah's face, refilled it, and dashed again. Under this discipline, Peltiah so soon recovered, that when the doctor, the lawyer and the minister arrived at the door of the Descon's house, Peltiah, to th wonder and admiration of the whole village, walked forth to meet thema little ghastly in countenance, and rather blue and swelled in the forehead, it is true, but far enough from being a dead man.

The first subject of inquiry naturally was, how all this came about. Margaret was the only witness, and she could only say that she heard the stone strike, and saw Peltiah fall-farther than this she could not with certainty depose, and would accuse no one. The Deacon, who was ex-officio presiding judge of the inquiry, at length asked, with judicial solemnity: "Where is Josathan Smiley?"

"Sure enough!" was the response. All the village was there even John Perkins, finding his father alive and well, had come boldly out of his hidingplace, but Jonce Smiley was nowhere

"If that boy could be found," continued the Deacon, "he might tell who threw the stone, if he had a mind to. "Ay-ay," said every one, "there's no doubt of it." And Peltiah added -"I believe he throwed it himself."

"Certainly, father," said John, know he did, because you gave him that whipping for almost killing our brindle cow to-day," "I know he didn't," said Margaret,

"Come, now," screamed Mrs. Underwood, "you'd better go in, and do up your work, miss, if you don't want to čatch it. We've heard quite enough of you to day!"

Poor Margaret dld as she was bidden. She was sure that Jonce did not throw the stone, and almost as certain that Peltiah's own son did; but as she felt afraid that she should only commit her friend by speaking, she wisely held her peace. Jonce, at any rate, was in no immediate danger, for all the boys who had been despatched as scouts made the same unsuccessful re-Peltiah inwardly resolved that his curn; and we are not to wonder, under these circumstances, that all present who said any thing denounced poor Jonce as the guilty one. The Deacon

"That boy must go to the poor-house or the county jadl. We've stood it long "Here—you Margaret!" he commenc- enough—and to put up with his actions any longer, would be the ruination of him, if it wasn't the death of some

of us." The lawyer, who, as squire, had the ostensible disposal of the administration of the law, nodded his assent; and everybody considered Jonce's flint as John, however, was not perceived by fixed—if they could catch him. Even the father, and was in no haste to be, his mother, though the son's disgrace and danger awakened more maternal pity than she had ever felt before, could but admit the justice of the sentence, while she went weeping home.

The emigrant had seated himself in his wagon, and taken up his reins. Still he lingered, listening to the conversation. At length the Deacon asked him: "Well, Mister, taking it altogether,

what do you think?" "Looking at it all round,' said the stranger, "I don't know exactly what I do think-but there's one thing I will say. Judging from what I've seen and heard, that boy Jonce, or Jonathan whatever his name is, don't owe many thanks to any of you"-the Deacon started!"-"and if he had a throwed the stone,-which arn't proved yet,-I won't say, after the thrashing he got for nothing that, I for one should want

to hang him, if he'd killed the man!" An earthquake could not have startied all Hardscrabble more than this speech of the emigrant did. But he waited no answer, and was soon on his way, leaving the villagers in earnest discussion of his daring wickedness. The universal conclusion was, that they did not wonder he had to move that the way you'd thank anybody for Margaret with unprejudiced eyes-he grant waited for his answer. The Deasaw that the girl knew more than she | con spoke, but evaded the question by dared to speak, and that Jonce bore another: "But where is the creature? more blame than he enacted evil. Does any body know, I wonder? We sion of deprecation of expected wrath,

The sun rose the next morning up-Ever have them? on Hardscrabble, just as calm as Jonce Smiley had not been whipped, or Peltiah Perkins knocked in the head. And Peltiah Perkins's cow sauntered away as leisurely to her pasture, under the guidance of one of the little Perkinses, as if she had never been the cause and abettor of a great commotion in Hardscrabble. And Deacon Abijah Underwood was, as he had been on every pleasant morning for forty years, punctual as the sunrise upon the top of the little knoll behind his barn, Thence he watched the rising sun, first evident by the gilding weather-vane, upon the steeple of the old "meetinghouse;" then diffusing golden light over the pleasant plain in which was sitnated the ancient settlement which is the scene of the opening of our veri-

table history. The Deacon, despite his little eccentricities, and the whimsicalties of his character, was a good citizen, and a sincere Christian. The mind which could watch and love the kind manifestations of Supreme Benevolence, in the cheerful features of the creation which he who made it pronounced good, could not be insensible to the true and kindly influences of that religion which breathes "peace on earth, and good will to men." Doctrinal subtleties might sometimes contract his brow; sectarian and other prejudices might occasionally lead him into theoretical illiberality; and the unlucky influences of his position might now and then betray him into practical injustice; but all the time he thought he was doing right, and earnestly labored and

which had become habitual to the per-

CHAPTER III.

secuted boy.

strove so to do. Fresh from his untroubled sleep; placid in thought as the scene around him; grateful to Heaven for his happiness, as the little birds whose throats were bursting with their matin song; the old man scanned the prospect from the knoll as he had a thousand times done before, not in the expectation of seeing any thing new, but silently to welcome to the light of day each object, so long familiar to his senses. He would have pained, indeed, rather than pleased, at any change in the landscape -improvement would have seemed an intrusion-a foreign daub introduced by an enemy into the picture. That is not the way he would have expressed it, for beyond the Washington with his nose beaten out by the weather, upon his tavern sign, the Deacon knew nothing of pictures. The print of John Rodgers at the stake, with his nine small children, their tears being prominent as ordnance balls, was, to him, the very perfection of art. Of poetry, beyond Watt's simple and beautiful lyrics, he knew nothing, as a mode of expression. No heathen images of Aurora and Hesperus came to his mind at morn and eve, no fauns and satyrs haunted his thickets and meadows, no images borrowed from mythology aided his thoughts. Still had he the true innate feeling and inspiration of poetry -the elevation of thought from earth to heaven, the suggestion of the Creator in the creatures of his hand. He felt the holy enthusiasm of the Psalmist, when with pious David he exclaimed, "Great and manifold are thy works; in wisdom hast thou made

Suddenly the apparition of some unexpected object broke his revery. "Well, I declare!" he exclaimed-"why no it ain't-and yet it is too, as sure as my name is Bijie Underwood!" and clapping the hat upon his head which he had held in his hand that his temples might be fanned by the morning breeze, the Deacon stumped briskly down the hill, and met the emigrant, just as he had turned, on foot, up to the house, and was about to apply for admittance. The Deacon commenced the conversation:

"There haint no accident nor nothing happened to you, I hope?" The good old man had forgotten entirely the unkind thoughts against the stranger with which, in common with all the willage, he let him depart on the previous

The emigrant shook his head. The Deacon had by this time filled a brimming mug of cider, which he pressed upon the stranger, while he pursued his "You ain't lost nothing, nor left

nothing behind you-and nothing has been stole, I do trust, in Hardscrabble, But that there dumb Jonce Smiley-" "No, no!" said the stranger, a little impatiently as he sat down the mug. to the contents of which, as was the ante-breakfast custom in those days, he had done justice. The Deacon put away the drinking cup, with a true landlord's eye to business, and apparently lost in wonder at the emigrant's return, pushed his half-questioning re-

"But you are out early, and afoot, and on the back track too-it beats me out and out to know what it can bo

"That is just what I've come to tell you; and I come early because I've a long journey to go, and no time to spare, and because I did want to see

I come afoot to spare my horse with his day's work before him. I don't mind a six mile walk, and a merciful man is merciful to his beast, you know."

The stranger had, with Yankee shrewdness, blocked up all chance for farther cross-questioning, and the Deacon had nothing to do but to sit as patiently as he could, and listen. The stranger resumed.

"Well, it's about that boy, Jonce, or Jonathan Smiley-" "Possible!" ejaculated the Deacon,

in undisguised wonder. "And you've walked clear back to Hardscrabble, at this time in the morning, to say that?" The stranger merely nodded in answer to the interruption, and proceeded. "You've seen more of the lad than I have, but a man can sometimes guess as much in half an hour, as he could see in half a lifetime. His mother is a poor widow woman, and I judge you'll agree with me that the boy will never come to nothing, if he stays rampaging about here, and taking his own head in

every thing." "That's just the conclusion I'd come to," said the Deacon, now beginning to feel his official importance, "and I was just going to have something done

about it this very day." "Yes," said the other, "but what kind of a something? I heard you talk yesterday about the workhouse, or the county jail. Is that doing justly as you'd be done by? Now, allowing you had a son, a little bit wild or so, is

"No," answered the emigrant. "Possible! I wonder if he dared to

Then we can't tell you anything about them. You know how dark everything looks and how you are about ready to give up. Somehow, you can't throw off the terrible depression. Are things really so

blue? Isn't it your nerves, after all? That's where the trouble is. Your nerves are being poisoned from the impurities in your blood.

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MANAGE PARTIES

stay out all night! wen, chere are some children who beat all for wickedness. To torment his mother, and the whole town so! It's right down wicked! But I guess you could tell us some news if you would."

Without heeding this sagacious peradventure the stranger answered, "Dared to stay away! a dumb beast dere to keep out of the reach of kicks and cuffs, if he could, and shall not a reasonable creature dare to keep whole bones in his skin if he knows enough to try! Why, Deacon, I don't suppose you can see it, and I don't believe that you would wrong a fly if you knew it; but that child has been abused here beyond all account; and the very mother that bore him has had her ears filled till she's e'en-a-most lost all natural Tre Deacon shook his head. "He's

a bad boy-a dreadful bad boy-terribly opstropolous. And to crown all, to think of his e'en just killing Peltiah Perkins. What a dreadful thing that would have been, if his strength had been as good as his will! But I reckon, talking about filling ears, that he's put something into your'n besides cotton-"Deacon Underwood, that boy hasn't

often had a chance to speak to any body that would hark to his story, I reckon, by the way he talked to me. And it isn't his tongue alone that is his witness. The whole of his body, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, is one black and blue spot; and the wales on his back are as thick as my thumb, and as close together as the hoons on your cider barrel"

"Peltiah Perkins did thrash him peskily, that's a fact," said the Deacon, "He beat him like a brute-worse than a brute. And, after all, Deacon, it wasn't him that was to blame about the cow, I do beffeve, and I know he didn't throw the stone. He was on the left-hand side of Peltiah Perkins, over the fence, and it don't stand to reason he could fling a rock, and hit him on the right side of his head. took notice of that last night, and he declares by all that's good and great he didn't do it."

Little Margaret was called. A kind question or two from the emigrant, and an aproving look from the Deacon, brought out the whole truth. It was hard to decide which was best pleased with the Deacon's admissions in favor of Jonce, Margaret or the stranger. Her story finished, Margaret hastened away, lest the treble screech of her mistress should be ringing through the house for her; but where Jonce, and Jonce kindly spoken of, was the theme your name-" of the discourse, she would gladly have listened to the last, if she had dared. But the acquital of Jonce, while it really gratified the Deacon, placed him in a quandry. He knew the bitterness | the moon." The Deacon took a turn of hi- wife, the "power behind his or two about the room, and offering throne," against the lad; he knew the his hand to the stranger, pressed it general tenor of public opinion, as he warmly, and continued: "Last night, had aided to form it against Jonce; and if a parcel of Ishmaelites had come he knew that to throw the Perkinses along, I do believe the Lord might have into the wrong, and to show that they left me in my sin, to sell that boy to had abused poor Jonce, would make that strong party in the Hardscrabble body politic, more the poor boy's ene- You've put the lash on the raw pretty

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fast, Mrs. Underwood could not help

him?" at length he asked. "As you say he will never come to anything in this "I'll take him," said the stranger.

"Yes. Just now, as overseer of the poor, you was going to send him the workhouse. You dont want to do that now. Send for his mother, bind him out to me, and I'll take him west, and make a man of him. The Deacon deliberated within himself. At length he said, hesitatingly, "Mister-er-I don't so much as know

"Mr. Berry, I do know your name now, but I don't know no more about your character than about the man in go down into Egypt-but the truth is, you've touched and reprimanded me. mies than ever. "What shall I do with knowing it. I have a son of my ownmy only child, and Heaven only knows how he will end. But," said the Deacon, dashing away a tear with the back of his hand, "we'll let that go. I believe you're a right up and down good man, and I'd put my own life and happiness in your hands without a doubt if so be it was necessary. But God is the judge between me and this poor boy, and you have been the means, in his hands, of opening my eyes to my responsibilities, and my heart to pity." The stranger muszed a moment. "If you could only go with me to the

next village--"Sartainly I can!" said the Deacon, his face at once lighting up, "and just so sartainly I will. I'll have the horse put into my wagon, and after breakfast we'll drive down there, a little quicker than you walked up; and Mrs. Smiley shall go along, too, and poor little Jonce shall have one kind word from her to take west with him, any how. I reckon you mean to give me a refback Ma'am Smiley."

erence, of course, but that's between us. It's reason enough to tell the folks for my going down, that I do it to bring A messenger was forthwith despatched for Mrs. Smiley, and in a few moments all was arranged, as far as her consent was concerned. She hurried home to pack poor Jonce's little effects, and left the Deacon and her boy's new master to finish their breakfast, and call for her with the wagon. At break-

wishing Mr. Berry joy of his Jonce, whereat Mr. Berry smiled and the Dea-con bit his nether lip. But Mr. B. was not swayed by trifles, and Deacon Underwood had heard his wife talk before. They were seated in the wagon. Mar-

garet ran out, placed a parcel in Mr. Berry's hand, and had just time to esay, "It's for him!" when "Margaret! already booked prove that many interyou Margaret!" came from the house builders are shrewd-they know that in Mrs. Underwood's well-known fal- prices of all building materials are also setto. As the wagon rolled from the cing constantly. By ordering now door the little girl ran back into the factory man will have to stand the house, and bent all her thoughts to her | That's good business. hard, and conquered her feelings for matter of contracts. No firm north all the hour; but at the first pause in her onto can give you better satisfaction daily work, she slipped out to the tryst- work or prices than can ing-place beneath the tree-the spot where accident had decided Jonce's future fortune. There she cried till her little senses were so confused that she fancied Jonce, too, was present, and crying on the other side of the fence. "Margaret! you Margaret!" again pursued her, and hastily drying her eyes, the little true lover-none the less true that she was little-hastened to repair by her diligence the whole hour she had lost. In certain kind of tears, ar well as in joy, time flies apace. (Continued next week.)

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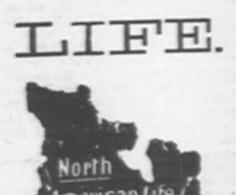
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