## PROGRESS, SATURDAY. FEBRUARY 6, 1897,

## JACKIE'S ESCAPADE.

Some persons said Jackie Ransom was the worst boy in the world, and some said he was the best, but not a person said he was handsome. Jackie had an enormous mouth, a turned up nose, a sunburned, freckled face, and a tangled heap of sandy, curly hair. But his big mouth had a wonderfully-goodnatured smile, [and his blue eyes looked so honestly into people's faces that they always felt that the boy was a truth-teller.

Jack's age was fourteen, and his capacity for getting into trouble was surprising. Few days passed without adding some exciting incident to his history, until something happened in school that surpassed all his former misadventures.

Carytown, Jackie's home, was in a remote part of northwestern Arkansas, far from the railroad, but there was an excel- frog. Besides. 'teacher' looked so angry lent school there, and the citizens proudly that he seemed fully capable of whipping averred that they were fully up with the times. There had even been some talk of building an ice-factory, but many people angrily. opposed to it as being 'sgin' natur'.' 'How 'That' ice can be frez in hot weather is mo'n I can see, an' I don't believe it can be did,' was one citizen's invariable reply to all arguments.

12

Be that as it may, Carytown was proud of the new schoolhouse. It was built of bright red brick, while the interior walls and ceiling were sky blue, which the school board had considered good for the eyes. The school-room itself was large and very clean; the boys and girls were seated on Jackie's cause any material good. opposite sides of a wide aisle; huge placards all around the room announced that 'Pupils Must Not Deface The Walls.'

The old schoolhouse had been much cozier, and Jackie Ransom often said that 'he hated and d'spised them blue walls and around he picked up some of the broken wisht he was back where a feller could have pieces of glass. The piece with the label some fun.' Here everything was wide, clean on it was whole and unstained, and his and bare, and a great ugly stove took the eyes fell upon the words, 'John Ransom, place of the dear old fireplace. There was his ink. really nothing to do but just to study, and the boys felt all the time that they were besession had passed by.

Almost all the pupils liked Mr. Walters, the teacher. One of them said once, 'Teacher never whips a feller unless he needs it, an' somehow he always knows when a feled slowly up in front of the angry man. brave enough outwardly, but inwardly much disturbed.

it. 'cause I didn't do it.'

'James, did you see Kansom throw that 'Yes, sir,' replied Fatty. 'I was gittin' my 'rithmetic, and I jes' happened to look up, and Jackie sorter reached over on his desk, and did his hand jes' so,'-and Fatty made a sndden jerk with his chubby hand by way of illustration, -'an' he threw that ink-bottle plumb acrost the room.'

'Teacher,' said Jackie, solemnly, '1 never threw that bottle. I did jerk my hand, but I was doin' somethin' else. I didn't throw any ink-bottle. I-' and he stopped confusedly. for he was just on the point of exposing Tommy Boggs and his Tommy, even for so small a thing. 'Well, sir, go on,' said Mr. Walters,

'That's all, sir,' said Jackie. 'They aint no more to tell.

'Does any one else in the school know anything about this matter?'

'Please, sir,' said a tearful, frightened little voice at the back of the room, 'I know Jackie never throwed it 'cause he-'cause me and him-'cause-boohoo-I know he never throwed it-boo-hoo-hoo,' and little Tommy Boggs broke down in a loud wail, too much frightened to do

No one else had anything to say, except that Jackie said that his ink-bottle had not been on his desk that day, that he had put it in the window the day before. This gave the teacher an idea, and turning

'Ransom,' he said, 'I am surprised at this; you have been mischievous in school ing cheated. They stood a little in awe of and have given me trouble, but I have John Ransom was seen by another boy to the newness of everything, and the place never thought that you would tell a lie. I throw a bottle of ink across the room; his was surprisingly neat after nearly a whole am sorry now to believe that you have name was on the bottle; I did not see him done an outrageous thing and are lying to | throw it. but it came so directly from where avoid the consequences.'

something got into his eyes, and for a heard him presistently deny all this, which understanding at recess the day before, lives in the next block. If we can get moment he could not speak. As soon as is tar worse even than the act of throwing and maybe he was punished enough. ler is telling the truth,' and 'teacher's' un- he could get that horrid lump out of his tbroat, he stood up a little straighter and raised his eyes to Mr. Walter's face. 'Teacher,' he said solemnly, 'that was had been forced to expel one of the boys. my ink-bottle; it's got my name on it, but I did not throw it. I vow an' d'clare an' or fourteen years. It was Mrs. Wheeler cross my heart an' hope I may drop dead if and her son Joe, the boy who had been I'm telling a lie !' The children stared at him in horror, and some of them expected to see Jackie Mr. Walters went to his desk, opened it and slowly drew out a long switch. It Teacher was 'working a sum, for one of looked like a hickory stick, and Jackie was not acquainted with its virtues. He intent upon his lesson. Indeed, the silence looked at the boy for a moment, holding it till Nalindy, that's my oldest girl, jes' the switch threateningly in his hand. 'Go to your seat,' he said, suddenly, 'and stay here after school is out. Get to cesk with a long string, and whose frantic your lessons now, children, and not a word School closed for the day, the children went slowly home, and Jackie was left alone with his teacher. He rather expected that Mr. Walters would whip him at once, but the teacher came and sat down by him instead, and talked to him kindly, urging him to tell the truth and confess the whole and ran down on his cheeks this time, but he only shook his head and said he did not do it, until Mr. Walters began to lose patience again. 'Well, Ransom,' he said, sternly, 'I will give you one more trial. To-day is Tuesuntil Friday. Then, if you are willing to tell the truth about it, repair the damage you have done, and take your whipping like a man, you may remain in school. It you persist in the denial, I will punish you in So saying, Mr. Walters walked abruptly out of the schoolhouse, the ink still adorn-The next three days proved the most exciting the school had ever known. The children took sides for and against Jackie, and exceeding bitterness ensued. Fights were frequently indulged in at 'recess,' and little Jennie Walker and Annie King pulled each other's hair every time they had a chance. But Jackie cared little for friends or enemies just then. His spirit was plunged in gloom, and the only ray of comtort he enjoyed was a fierce fight with Fatty James, in which he came off victor, and left Fatty with weeping cyes and bleed-ing nose. But this was only a momentary relief, and the boy was miserable indeed. The fact is that Jackie had been on his good behavior for the past two weeks, and Rock on business, and just before he went away he called Jackie to him and told him that his mother and the younger childree were left entirely in his care, adding gravely:

and Jackie dared not disobey. He walk. approaching, and his situation was not improving in the least. Of course, his mother and the children had heard all about it. and Jac ie told his mother he did not do it. 'Ransom, did you throw that ink-bottle?' but she believed every word he said, bless 'No. sir,' said Jackie, stoutly. I never her heart, and gave him all the comfort threw it at all, and nobody saw me throw she could. Still, that did not alter the state of things at school, and it seemed to Jackie that a boy was never before in so desperate a strait.

Friday morning came, and all the boys and girls were promptly in their seats, for the teacher's proposition to Jackie was known to the whole school, and they were anxious to be present when the all important moment came.

Jackie was not quite so prompt, but he got there in time for roll-call, looking unusually sober and sedate.

The hours passed slowly, it seemed to all the childred ; recess came and went, and it was nearly time for school to adjourn when Mr. Walters closed his book, and bade the children pay attention. He explained to them what he had said to Jackie-though every boy and girl in the school knew all about it before-and told the boy to come up before his desk.

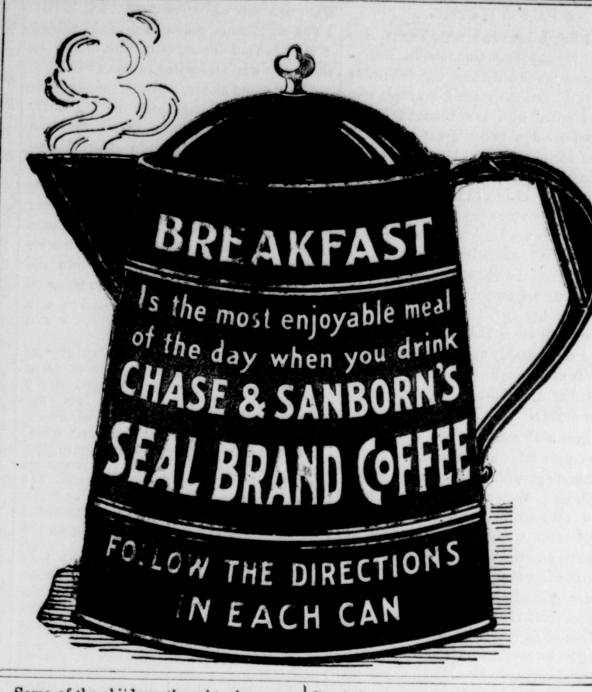
Jackie went; his corly bair was wonderfully smooth and shiny, and perhaps he looked a trifle pale, but that may have been because his face was unusually clean. He stood there, very straight and firm, his honest blue eyes looking into the teacher's face; no cears nor faltering this time, nor protestation of innocence; only a manly, solitary little figure, bearing with what courage he might the hardest trial his childish heart had ever known.

His mother's words sounded in his ears and helped him: 'Tell the truth my son, tell the truth, no matter what happens;' and Jackie resolved that he would tell the truth, cost what it might.

'Ransom, did you throw that bottle of ink ?' asked the teacher, slowly.

'No, sir,' replied the boy, 'I did not throw it, and I do not know anything about

'Children,' said the teacher, rising to his feet, 'you have heard the whole matter; black, and his nose was nearly twice its he was sitting that I would have thought he Poor Jackie! His throat ached, and did it without any evidence. You have natural size. He and Jackie had had an trouble is all about that Mrs. Brown who



Some of the children thought they saw But it is a mistake-a fearful mistaketears in 'teacher's' eyes for just one moment | that I made, and when I think what people but they must bave been mistakenwill say when they hear about it. I just 'teacher' was a grown man. with no one to | want to go away and die, It's simply awpunish him. and why should be have tears | ful to contemp'ate, Harry, and I don't see how I can live in this neighborhood and Mr. Walter did not punish Fatty James | hold my head up after it.'

.Well, we'll move if it's necessary,' he answered. 'but tell me what it is.'

that, though Fatty was a 'tell tale,' he had She brightened up instantly at the sugnot intentionally told an untruth. Then, gestion that they might move. too, one of Fatty's eyes was bruised and

'I never thought of that.' she said. That will fix it all right. You see, the way from her and the people that her. I suppose I can live it down.' 'You haven't had any serious trouble with her. have you ?' he inquired anxiously. 'Oh dear, no !' she answered. 'But you see, I called on her to-day.'

usual skill in these little matters made the young people respect as well as like him.

Yet, early in the session, Mr. Walters This had caused much excitement at the time, and possibly had considerably influenced the boys in maintaining good conduct since. The teacher was not much older than some of his pupils, but there was not a boy in school that would have fall dead. dared to trifle with him.

It was very quiet in school that day. the old pupils, and every scholar seemed would have been almost oppressive had it not been for the flops of a trog which litlle Tommy Boggs had tied to the leg of his efforts to escape filled Tommy's breast of anything else." with delight mingled with terror, lest 'teacher's' eye should stray that way. Sometimes he placed it on his desk, keeping an eye on Jackie Ransom lest he should seize the prize.

Of course, it was quiet on the girl's side, it was never anything but quiet over there; now and then a note or a piece of chewing matter. Tears came into Jackie's eyes gum changed hands, or some girl whispered to some other girl, with a great pretence of studying all the more.

Ned Sanders was hard at work, but then he always studied; Billy Sims and Jack Hunter, who sat together, seemed to have a very funny lesson, for they were looking day; I will say nothing more to you of this straight at their books and giggling with all their might. Even Fatty James appeared to be studying, and Fatty was the laziest boy in the school.

Jackie Ranson sat in the rear of the room with his chair tipped back against the presence of the whole school, and exthe sill of the open window. He may have pel you for outrageous conduct and lying.' been studying, too, for his book was open, but from the way he glanced from time to time toward Tommy Bogg's frog it is to be | ing his face and a heavy frown on his brow. feared that he had designs upon that unfortunate batrachian.

The teacher was working away in the stillness at the example, when whizz ! went something, and crash? against the wall behind his head. A bottle of ink had dashed into a thousand pieces against the wall, making an inormous blot upon its spotless blue surface, and spattering the ink for several teet in every direction. In little rivulets it trickled down upon the floor. Mr. Walters had his share, too, for it sprinkled his face liberally, and dotted his collar and shirt front.

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The boys and girls sat for a moment in awed surprised, while the teacher rose slowly to his feet, trying, as he did so, to wipe the ink from his face. Thus he made this trouble with his teacher came at a a great black smudge on his nose and at a particularly unfortunate time. His another on his chin, but his eyes blazed so father, Mr. Ransom, had gone to Little that he did not look at all funny. The children had never seen him angry, not even when he expelled Joe Wheeler, and he looked so white and furious that it frightened them.

'Who threw that ink-bottle ?' he asked,

The boy had promised, and right man three cents in stamps. If tull postage is not the teacher again, looking about over the felt it unnecessary to try to comfort her. fully had he kept his word. He had cut who wore a white shirt every day, and who silent schoolroom. He was just on the point prepaid, letters will not be accepted. the wood, minded the baby, helped Jane knew more than anyone else in town, 'Why, my dear,' he said, sitting down actually begging his pardon before the of asking the question for the third time, Address Welles & Richardson Co., with her lessons, and tried, oh, so hard, to beside her and putting his arm around her, Montreal, P. Q. when a hand went up. It belonged to Fatty whole school! It fairly took his breath, be good in school! He had even refrained 'what has happened ?' James. and Fatty rose promptly in his and not until the teacher said again. 'I beg from putting a bent pin in Ned Saunders's Wholly Indifferent. seat. 'Jackie Ransom done it ; I seen him,' 'Oh, I shall never get over it-never !' chair when he had the very best opportunyour pardon, Ransom,' did he find his 'Young man,' said the multi-millionaire she cried, unheeding his query. he said, and sat down. ity, and no one was looking. His tather | voice. It was a rule in school that no one was 'Never get over what?' he asked. 'Has 'Why, course, teacher,' said Jackie, would be home Friday evening, only to angrily, 'how dare you get engaged withany one dared to insult you or say anything allowed 'to tell on' any one else, but the pleasantly, 'course you couldn't help thinkknow that Jackie, whom he had trusted, out my knowledge-and to an actress !' teacher was so angry and excited that he ing it was me. It must 'a' looked right unkind to you ?' 'Such a matter sir, is one in which I do had been expelled from school. overlooked both that and Fatty's errors of smart like I'd throwed it, comin' the way 'No-o,' she returned through her tears ; not think that even a father should be abso-No wonder the day's heart was heavy. speech. As for Jackie, his big mouth it did. But I'm awful glad it wasn't me,' 'it isn't that. I did it myself, but-but-' | lute.' Sometimes he felt almost tempted to say flew wide open, and he sprang to his feet 'Oh, never mind,' he said, soothingly. that he had done it, and thus avoid the he added, with his old familiar smile, and 'But you never earned a dollar in your before Mr. Walters bad time speak. worst. There seemed, indeed, no way of Jackie, to the amazement of the whole escape from punishment and dire disgaace. school, held out his freckled little hand to 'There isn't a piece of bric-a-brac in the life. Supposing I publicly renounce you?" 'It's a lie!' he shouted, shaking his fit at whole house that can't be replaced.' 'All right, sir. The oftener you public-The days went by very slowly to the boy | Mr. Walters, and they gravely shook hands .Fatty. . It isn't that, either,' she sobbed. 'If it | ly renounce me the more you advertise my "Come here, sir !' thundered the teacher, I and all too quickly, too, for Friday was after which the boy went to his seat again. was just a money loss I wouldn't care. wife.'-Washington Star.

'I'm going to trust you to be a man, my controlling his voice as well as he could. son, to take good care of everything, and received. caused you.' She was weeping when he entered, and Seal your letter securely, and before The room was as still as death. Jackie could scarcely believe his ears. not to cut up in school while I'm away. they had not been married so long that he 'Who threw that ink-bottle?' demanded Here was 'teacher', a great, grown man, mailing be sure you put on full postage.

the ink bottle. There is only one thing I can do ; 1 must-'

> Here the door was thrown violently open, and an excited woman burst in, dragging by the arm a sheepish-looking lad of twelve expelled from school early in the session. She did not pause a moment, but strode up in front of Mr. Walter's desk, still holding the unwilling Joe firmly in her grasp.

'Mr. Walters,' she began, breathlessly, 'I know this boy'll be the death of me yet, and here he's been and throwed that inkbottle an' me never knowing nothing about this minute told me what he'd done, and that it was laid onto Jackie Ransom.'

Here Mrs. Wheeler paused a moment for breath, and giving Joe a shake, she commanded: 'Now, Joe Wheeler, you jes' pitch in an' tell Mr. Walters what you done and how you done it.'

After much coaxing and mad threats from his mother, Joe managed to tell a stumbling, disconnected story of how he was strolling around the schoolhouse on Tuesday morning; how he happened to look in at the window-sill, and yielding to a sudden impulse, how he flung it at the teacher's head.

'It come mighty nigh hittin' Jackie,' he explained, 'it went so clost over his shoulder.

He had remained under the window just long enough to hear Jackie accused of it, then went home, partly frightened, partly elated by what he had done. He kept the secret for a time, and only that morning had taken some of the other children into his confidence, with the result that his older sister heard of it, and went at once to their mother.

This was the story they learned from Joe, with much quaking and trembling on the part of that young man. When he had finished it, his mother strode out with him with as little ceremony as she had come in. She was a tall woman, and her lank calico gown and sunbonnet made her seem taller still.

It was easy enough to understand it now. Joe Wheeler had thrown the bottle over Jackie's shoulder just as the latter had made a grab at Tommy Bogg's frog. Fatty James had noticed the sudden movement, then seeing the bottle fly from that vicinity, had thought that Jackie threw it. He had an old grudge against the boy, and this was his first chance to settle it.

The room was silent for a moment after Joe and his mother had gone; Jackie had not received permission to take his seat, so he still stood in front of the desk, looking expectantly at Mr. Walters. At last the teacher spoke.

'Ransom,' he said, 'Ransom, my boy, I have wronged you cruelly. The evidence was against you, but I am afraid I did not treat you tairly. I ask your pardon, my boy, I wish I could make amends for the needless trouble and humiliation I have

A proud and happy boy was Jackie when school was out and all the boys and girls crowded around him to talk it over. Prouder and happier still was he when he had slipped away from his mates and had run all the way home to tell of his escape. Margaret Buchanan Yeates.

for telling, because he himselt had asked

about the matter, and it was made plain

in his eyes?

**GREATER THAN EVER** 

**January** Victories Over Disease and Death.

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proof that Paine's Celery Compound is able to meet your case, even though it be serious and desperate-able to give you the new life you so much desire. Try it once; a bottle or two will work wonders.

## HER FEARFUL MISTAKE.

It Causes Her Much Grief and was the Cause of a Move.

Etiquette, strictly construed, is a fearful and wonderful thing, but it is hardly neces. ary to accept as a literal truth the following heartrending story, extracted from the Chicago Post. It will bear laughing at, however, and perhaps may suggest a lesson. The parties to the dialogue are a man and his wite.

'Well? What happened then ?'

'Nothing. She was punctiliously polite but I could easily see she was inclined to look down upon me as a woman who did not understand social customs, but nevertheless was well-meaning and was to be treated with dignified courtesy. I couldn't understand it at first, but later-' •Well?

'Why, later I learned that she moved into the neighborhood two hours before we did. and I should have waited for her to call on me first. Yes. I'm afraid we'll have to move, Harry. I can never be anything here after that."

How Much did the Deer Weigh.

Two gentlemen were out shooting and they shot a very fine deer. They were very anxious to know the weight of it, but had no means by which they could gratify their wish. However, they secured a pole and placed it across a log. One of the two who weighted two hundred and ten pounds, took up his position on the end of the pole while the other, whose weight was a hundred and fifty pounds, sat on the opposite end, and the pole balanced. They changed places, and the gentlemen, who weighed a hundred and fifty pounds placed the deer on his lap and the pole balanced again. What is the weight of the deer?

How the Major Led up to it.

'We are on the eve of a new century," said the major.

'Yes,' said the colonel.

'In the bright morning of the times.'

'Yes,' replied colonel.

'And life has new duties for us.' 'It has said the colonel.

'And would you indorse my note for thirty days ?' asked the major.

'I would not,' replied the colonel, 'and wish you a very good morning.'-Atlanta Constitution.

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