

never do to appear so woe-begone and dejected before the boys, and so he assumed an apparent cheerfulness and began to whistle.

The creek was frozen over with that smooth crystal ice, which only comes at the first freezing,—safe on the whole, but with a few weak spots near the shores, booms and cribs.

The crowd was immense. Almost the whole town seemed to have turned out and “there was as much excitement and healthy stirring of the blood as on the Fourth of July.”

Barry soon had his skates adjusted and was out in the bustle and frolic. “Come Barry,” said the boys, “Get a club. We are going to play shinny.” Under these lively influences, he soon cut himself a club in a birch copse, and joined the game. With hearty will, he worked away to drive the wooden block through the opposing line. Once, twice, they made it, and then tried for a third; but something down the creek caught the eye of Barry. It was the red and blue of Penn. Instantly a thought flashed through his brain, a wish to do do him harm; but no sooner thought, than angrily discarded.

But in the game, he no longer had an interest; and so he started to skate up the creek. Here he found one of those old-fashioned skaters, to whom the sport had yet some attractions, and expressed a desire to learn the grapevine.

“Now you see,” said the old man, “you do this.”

“Yes,” said Barry, glancing covertly down the creek.

“And then you turn this way,” continued the instructor.

“Yes,” said Barry, “I see that all right,” and made the attempt, as a couple skated up the creek.

“Hold on!” cried the old fellow, “You haven’t it yet. Now watch me.” And he proceeded to go through the movement. “Why, Barry, little Tommy Lee learned that the first time.”

“Help! Help!” rang out an agonizing cry upon the air, from a little fellow struggling in the icy water near the