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HIDE AND GO SEEK.

It was Wednesday afternoon, and all

the boys of the Oakfield High school

were assembled on a three cornered

patch of grass at the junction of three

roads, wondering how they should man-

age to have a good time.

"My first tell for Coop!" shouted Tom

Mudge.

"Enough said! Let's have a jolly good

game," replied a chorus of voices, and,

arranging themselves in a row against

the fence, Tom Mudge began to count

as follows: Eena, meena, mona, might,

pesta lana, bona, strike, arga, darga,

walk! And the boy that the word

"walk" came to stepped out very will-

ingly, for he knew that he should not

have to be the one to find the others.

Again the mysterious words were re-

peated, and another one was sent out,

and so on until Dick Woodman was left

alone, and of course he was the one to

"stand," while the others hid.

Dick was blindfolded and agreed not

to start to find them until he had counted

250 fairly and honestly. Off they all

scattered, jumping over fences and dis-

appearing around corners with almost

magnificent swiftness. Then came the se-

lection of hiding places. There was no

trouble to lose, for Dick would soon be

after them. John Hinks saw a large

water hoghead standing at the corner

of a barn. It was empty, so he hopped

into it. Sam Pearson squeezed him-

self under a flight of back door steps,

where no one but a cat would ever

think of going.

"Come into old Hackett's barn. Dick

will never think we are in there," said

Will Clark to Horace Barlow.

Now, Mr. Hiram Hackett, or as the

boys called him, "Old Hackett," had

the unenviable reputation of being the

crossed man in the town. He never

agreed with any one, was always dis-

puting, and boys were his especial de-

testation.

Will and Horace thought this barn

would make a grand hiding place, for

Dick would never prove about there in

search of them. They accordingly

climbed into the window and hid in the

haymow.

Another boy, known as Nat Todd, as-

cended to the top of a horse chestnut

tree, where the dense foliage shielded

him from sight.

In the meantime Dick finished count-

ing the requisite number and immedi-

ately started to find his comrades.

Jumping over a fence into a row of cur-

rant bushes, he was lucky enough to

find Eben Wheeler, for he jumped di-

rectly upon him, making Eben cry out

lustily. John Hinks was the next one

discovered, for Dick spied the hoghead

set upon some blocks of wood, and not

knowing whether any one was in it or

not he thought the surest way of find-

ing out was to tip it over, so he ran

against it with all his might, and off it

went with a terrible jolt. Just at this

spot was quite a deliverty, at the foot

of which was a frog pond, not very

large or very clean. Down rolled the

hoghead with great velocity, bouncing

over sticks and stones until it splashed

into the pond, and there, much to

Dick's surprise, out tumbled Johnny

Hinks. The water was not deep; neither

was it very clean.

Meanwhile the hunt went on, and

more boys were found, including Nat

Todd, in the horse chestnut tree. Sam

Pearson's hiding place was revealed by

a hog who was roaming around the yard

poking after something to eat. At

length he pushed his snout under the

steps and so near to Sam's face that he

screamed loudly, thinking he was go-

ing to be bitten. Dick ran to the rescue

and helped Sam out.

Finally they were all found but Will

Clark and Horace Barlow, and Dick

was puzzled indeed to discover where

they were. The other boys began to

grow interested, and they joined in the

search. Every shrub and tree, every

pen and shed, was visited until nothing

remained but old Hackett's barn, and

a council was held as to the expediency

of entering that and exploring its many

nooks and corners.

"I wouldn't risk it," exclaimed a

tow headed boy named Oliver Brown.

"You'd get a pitchfork stuck into you,

sure pop."

"What would you do, boys?" asked

Richard.

"I would give them up, and then we

will play a new game," suggested one.

"Very well," replied Richard. And

he commenced shouting, "Give you up!

give you up!" as loud as he could, but

still the missing boys did not appear,

and finally their companions concluded

that they had played some game on

them, so they ceased to call or search

and chose some other game until night-

fall warned them to go to their homes.

While they are surmising let us hunt

them up ourselves.

Farmer Hackett had been taking a

comfortable nap in an old easy chair in

the sitting room, with a handkerchief

spread over his bald head to keep the

flies from crawling over it, when he

was aroused by the voice of his wife

calling him to go into the barn and get

some eggs for supper.

"Now, Hiram," said she, "be sure

and get a dozen, for I want to make a

right good mess of flapjacks tonight. I

expect Ruth Pike here and her two

daughters."

So Farmer Hackett rose from his cozy

seat, thrust the red bandanna into his

pocket and started for the barn.

"Be sure and look in the hay mow,

for the speckled hen always steals a

nest up there," screams. His wife after

him.

Mr. Hackett knew very well where

the speckled hen was wont to lay her

treasures, so he made his way to the

place and was greatly astonished to find

instead of two eggs two boys huddled

together and half hidden in the hay.

"Ho! Ho! What's here? What's here?"

he exclaimed, seizing them by their

jackets and dragging them both to light.

"Stealing eggs, hey? I'll take care of

you." And, keeping firm hold of them,

he made his way to the house, where

he entered the kitchen with one in each

hand.

"What upon earth have you there?"

asked Mrs. Hackett.

"A couple of young rogues that I am

going to lock up so they shan't steal

my eggs. Just open that cellar door,

will you?" replied the farmer, and then

without heeding the expostulations and

entreaties of his victims he dragged

them in his giant grasp down the cel-

lar stairs, thrust them into a brick

arch, looked the door and left them in

total darkness amid a lot of old bottles

and ancient cobwebs.

"Well, I guess we are hid now where

Dick or anybody else will never find

us," said Will Clarke, who was always

disposed to take things as cheerfully as

possible.

"Oh, dear!" groaned Horace. "I am

afraid we shall be left here all night."

There seemed to be no way but to sit

still and await their release. Nearly an

hour passed in this way—it seemed an

age to the two boys—when Will ex-

claimed:

"Well, I can't stand this much longer.

I must do something toward getting

out."

Farmer Hackett had gone to the five

acre pasture after the cows, but his

daughter Georgiana was at home, and

when she heard from her mother that

two boys were shut up in the cellar she

said it was a shame, and she would let

them out at once. So down cellar she

went and told them to run home as fast

as they could and never to be seen in

her father's barn again. The prisoners

did not need to be urged. They scam-

pered up the stairs and out of the back

door as fast as they could, never paus-

ing till they had reached their respec-

tive homes, where they found their par-

ents much worried at their absence

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