

**IKE GLIDDEN IN MAINE:
A STORY OF RURAL LIFE
IN A YANKEE DISTRICT**

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Ike Glidden in Maine: A Story of Rural Life in a Yankee District by A. D. McFaul

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A. D. MCFAUL

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DENNIS MADE THE FATAL ANNOUNCEMENT, "HE'S AS BLOIND AS A BAT."

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IN MAINE

A STORY OF RURAL LIFE
IN A YANKEE DISTRICT

★ ^{Alexander} BY
A. D. McFAUL

ILLUSTRATED



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CHAPTER I.

URIAH JONES' COW.

THAT'S so, Ike Glidden's mischev'ous as the old Scratch," said Uriah Jones as he sat down among the loafers who had congregated on the Post Office steps to enjoy the evening air and discuss the latest pranks of the most stirring boy in town. "Yes, and I'd make him smart fer it," responded one of the crowd.

"Here comes his father after the mail, and I'd just pitch inter him and make him settle for that boy's capers," earnestly said a prominent member of the gathering.

Mr. Glidden drove up, alighted from the wagon and was ascending the steps, when Uriah Jones accosted him, blurring out in an emphatic manner, "Be you a-goin' ter pay fer that cow?"

Farmer Glidden, whose gentle face bore lines of trouble, looked calmly into the enraged and distorted visage of his neighbor. The pain and humiliation caused by the tale unfolded to him by that irate individual deprived him for the moment of the power to express his thoughts. Then, in a kindly tone, he spoke. "Tell ye what, neighbor Jones, if my boy Ike did as ye say he did — tied Lambert's milk cans to your cow's tail — and any harm comes of it, I'll make it right if I have to sell the best cow I've got. But I hain't so sure my boy Ike's to blame for half what's laid agin' him."

"Your boy Ike?" indignantly replied Jones. "Yer boy Ike's a tender innocent, he is! Oh, of course he's as innocent as a child! It wuzn't your boy Ike who broke up prayer-meetin' Wednesday night by puttin' kyann pepper on the stove? It wuzn't your boy Ike who stuffed poor Charley Burr's chimney up and smoked him out on Christmas eve? Oh no, it couldn't be your boy Ike who put Billy Wilson in my orchard one night last fall and got him to stuff his pant legs with my apples till he couldn't walk, and then hollered fer me, so't I'd catch the Widder Wilson's boy helpless? Oh no, course not, it warn't your boy Ike who tied Lambert's cans to my cow's tail? Of course folks who saw the cow start like a crazy creeter with the cans a-bangin' and the milk flyin' behind her and Ike clappin' his hands to his bosom and laffin' at the show, was mistaken? It warn't your little innocent Ike that did all these things? It was some other boy that looks so much like your pet Ike. But then, the best cow I've got went crazy mad into the woods yesterday with a hundred men and boys tryin' to find her. Tell yer what it is, Joe Glidden, you pay fer that cow or your boy'll be taken care of till he learns how to behave hisself. I've stood all of his tantrums I'm a-goin' to. I hain't a-goin' ter loose any more property by him without pay fer it."

"Well, neighbor Jones, ruther than ter have my boy disgraced by court proceedings, I'll pay yer thirty dollars fer ther cow and take my chances of ever finding her. But mind yer, I don't believe my boy Ike ever did it. I allow he's wild and fond of fun and does things that some boys wouldn't think of doing, but Ike's tender-

hearted and honest and never wilfully injured anything or anybody."

"I kin understand ye a-lovin' yer boy, Joe, but I can't understand how 'tis ye can't see that fer the past four years or more, sence Ike was big enough ter shy a rock or toot a horn, he's turned our quiet neighborhood into a noisy, distracted community, and I'll bet a dollar out of this thirty yer jest gave me that your boy Ike is into some mischief this minute," with which final expression of disapproval Farmer Jones pocketed the price of the cow and departed.

That afternoon, on the hills surrounding the town of Bolton, the echoes were awakened by the voices of men and boys searching the woods for Jones' cow and Lambert's milk cans. Apart from the others were Ike Glidden, the terror of Bolton, and his younger brother Hiram. Ike said, "What possessed you, Hiram Glidden, to do such an awful thing? Didn't you know that it is cruel to frighten a poor old cow in that way? I couldn't help laughing at the sight of poor Mooley slinking it for the woods with the cans and milk flying. It was too bad though. I've done lots of tricks, but I never would have done such a thing. Now, it's bad enough to have father and mother worrying about me, for I can't seem to steer clear of mischief; but, if they learn that you would cut up like this, it would worry them both to death. You'd better make up your mind you won't cut up any more capers and just lay the blame on me. I can stand it, I guess, and as the boys seem to be goin' back you follow the crowd home and set father and mother at rest about it, and I'll stay here till I get the cow."