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TINWARE,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL

PHENIX SQUARE, F'TON.

(Continued from first page.)
anything but potatoes and winter wheat since, that I know of. Better stick to his farm—eh, Larkin?
'Guess you're right,' responded the third member of the board, a little man with a cheerful face and a tuft of grey hair sticking straight out from his chin. And the chairman nodded his agreement. 'Well,' continued little Mr. Larkin, with an air of importance, 'I've had an application that I guess will suit. It's a sort of relative of my wife's and just as nice a girl as ever was. Smart, too. She got a certificate for two years last examination. She'd make a splendid teacher, Molly Sanborn would.'

'Sanborn?' said Steve Tenney, shortly; 'any connection of the Sanborns over on the river?'
'That's where she's from,' said Mr. Larkin. 'She's old John Sanborn's girl—him that died last winter.'

Steve frowned.
'You won't put her into the school, then, with my consent!' he said, determinedly.
'What!' said Mr. Larkin, with a gasp, while the chairman stared.

'What would you think,' the young man responded, 'if a man sold you fifty head of sheep at a good price and half of them died off in the next week of a disease he must have known beforehand? That was the trick John Sanborn served me. And he laughed in my face when I wanted my money back. No, Sir! I can't conscientiously consent to putting any of the Sanborns in that school. Bad lot in my opinion.'

Mr. Larkin's small, bright eyes snapped.

'Old Sanborn wasn't too straight, and everybody knows it,' he admitted. 'But what that's got to do with Molly is more than I can see. She's as fine a girl as you ever set eyes on; not a bit of her father about her.'

'Well, well, fight it out between you,' said the chairman, good-naturedly, and returned to his wood-chopping.

The tall young man and the little old man walked up the street together, talking briskly.

Mr. Larkin was hot and indignant; Steve was cool and immovable. 'There don't seem to be any mercy in you,' said the latter almost tearfully, as Steve was preparing to turn in at his gate. 'If they'd been left well off it would be different, but they're poor as poverty, and Molly needs the place the worst way.'

'You hadn't mentioned that. If that's the case—'
Mr. Larkin walked away triumphant five minutes later.

But Steve Tenney had surrendered with bad grace.

'I couldn't hold out after that, you see,' he said to his mother, relating the story over their tea; 'but I don't approve of it. There's not much good in the Sanborns, or I lose my guess.'

School began two weeks later, when the first cool wave was depopulating front porches and increasing the attraction near the kitchen stoves.

Steve Tenney held to his opinion concerning the new school-teacher accordingly.

He did not call at the school house the first day, as was his custom, to leave the register and see if anything was wanted—the chairman having turned these duties over to his younger colleague.

He sent the register by a boy, and was utterly indifferent as to whether anything was wanted. He turned the subject when the new teacher was mentioned; and he avoided Mr. Larkin's comfortable home, where the teacher boarded.

The little man made him a call, however a month or so after school had begun.

'Guess you'll have to own to being in the wrong, Steve,' he began. 'We hain't had a teacher for years that's given the satisfaction that Molly does. The children rave about her—all of 'em.'

But Steve was unimpressed.

'My opinion has yet to be altered,' he said, rather stiffly.

And Mr. Larkin looked discouraged. 'She spoke about needing a new broom and water-pail,' he said, as he arose. 'I told her she'd better come to you about it.'

'That school-house had a new broom last term and a water-pail term before last!' said the young director.

And Mr. Larkin took a discomfited leave.

The next Sunday evening the young man, sitting in a pew of the small church with his mother, and allowing his eyes to rove about during the rather long sermon, suddenly discovered a new face and sat studying it for the remainder of the evening.

It was that of a young—not a remarkably pretty—girl, fair and fresh and innocent, with a bright intelligence in her dark eyes and a sweetness in her full lips.

'Who is she?' was his first question after the services were concluded, addressed, as it happened, to little Mr. Larkin, who had come in late.

'That?' the latter asked, in astonishment. 'Why, that's our teacher. That's my wife she's with, don't you see? I am waiting to take them home.'

Steve Tenney found himself wishing quite frequently after that that the new teacher would come to him about the broom and water-pail.

Not that he should furnish them if he found they were not needed, but he felt that he should not object to an interview with the school-teacher.

He even mentioned the subject to Mr. Larkin carelessly, when he met him one day.

'Well, you see,' was the response, 'she sort of hates to come to you. The way you felt about her having the school has got all around town and I s'pose she's heard of it. She can't help what her father was, Molly can't, and she's real sensitive.'

The young man looked disturbed.

Then after he left his work at an early hour—not, however, admitting to himself his purpose in doing so—he strolled down the street, turning off—but he persuaded himself that it was not intentional—in the direction of the school-house.

'I might as well go in and see about that broom and water-pail,' he said to himself, when he stood opposite the little bare looking building.

And he went in accordingly.

The little teacher looked considerably startled when she opened the door to him. She dropped the spelling-book she held, and her voice was hardly steady as she expressed her gratification at seeing him.

Evidently, Steve reflected, some idiot pointed him out to her at church the other evening. He sat down in a front seat, feeling unpleasantly ogreish.

She was hearing the last spelling-class. How pretty she looked standing there in her dark blue calico dress and white apron. What a sweet voice she had, though putting out 'hen, men, pen,' to a lot of fidgeting youngsters could hardly show it to the best advantage.

When the class was dismissed and the last small student had rushed whooping down the street, the teacher and the young director stood looking at each other with some awkwardness.

'I thought I'd come in,' said Steve, at last, apologetically, 'and see if anything is needed.'

He did not mention the fact of his being some six weeks late in the performance of his duty.

The girl dropped her eyes timidly.

'I—don't think so,' she murmured.

'What a brute she must think me,' Steve reflected, with some self-disgust.

He turned carelessly to the corner where the broom stood.

'Isn't this pretty far gone?' he said with a conscience stricken glance at its stubby end.

And the little teacher nodded.

'Your water pail seems to leak,' the director went on, indicating the empty bucket and wet floor.

'Yes,' the girl assented.

'I'll see that you have new ones,' Steve concluded.

And he was rewarded by a grateful glance from the teacher's soft eyes as she took her hat from its nail.

He took her lunch-basket from her hand as they started away together, and, having taken it, could hardly surrender it short of Mr. Larkin's gate.

He was a little reluctant to surrender it even then, for their first awkwardness had quite worn off, their walk had been far from unpleasant and they were feeling very well acquainted.

He walked home in an agreeable absorption, repeating to himself the things she had said, and recalling her pretty way of saying them.

He did not pause to consider that it was old John Sanborn's daughter of whom he was thinking; he was only conscious that she was a bright young girl, whom it was charming to look at and listen to.

His pleasant mood was rudely interrupted by little Mr. Larkin, who dropped in that evening.

'Lyme Doty couldn't have the school,' he observed, with a chuckle, 'but it looks as though he was going to have the teacher!'

'What?' said Steve with a sudden unexplainable sinking of the heart.

'He's hanging around considerable, anyhow,' said Mr. Larkin. 'Went to visit the school last week and he was asking me to-day whether Molly's got any way of getting home Friday night. He said he'd just as lief take her in his buggy as not. Molly generally walks; but I guess she'll be glad of a lift.'

'You don't mean to tell me,' said Steve, warmly, 'that she'd have anything to do with him?'

(Continued next issue.)

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