NEW BRUNSWICK REPORTER.

(Continued from first page.) farm-eh, Larkin ?'

third member of the board, a little man ment. 'Why, that's our teacher. That's with a cheerful face and a tuft of grey | my wife she's with, don't you see? hair sticking straight out from his chin. am waiting to take then home. And the chairman nodded his agreement. 'Well,' continued little Mr. Larkin, with quite frequently after that the new an air of importance, 'I've had an ap- teacher would come to him about the plication that I guess will suit. It's a broom and water-pail. sort of relative of my wife's and just as examination. She'd make a splendid with the school-teacher. teacher, Molly Sanborn would.'

'any connection of the Sanborns over on day. the river?'

'That's where she's from,' said Mr. -him that died last winter.' Steve frowned.

then, with my consent !' he said, determinedly.

'What !' said Mr. Larkin, with a gasp, while the chairman stared.

That was the trick John Sanborn served

Mr. Larkin's small, bright eves snapped.

what that's got to do with Molly is more ing him. than I can see. She's as fine a girl as you ever set eyes on; not a bit of her pointed him out to her at church the

'Well, well, fight it out between you,' said the chairman, good-naturedly, and

man walked np the street together, talking briskly.

Mr. Larkin was hot and indignant; Prices that defy competition Steve was cool and immovable. 'There don't seem to be any mercy in you,' said the latter almost tearfully, as Steve was different, but they're poor as poverty, and Molly needs the place the worst way.

> the case'-Mr. Larkin walked away triumphant five minutes later.

with bad grace.

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.

'Who is she?' was his first question anything but potatoes and winter wheat after the services were concluded, adsince, that I know of. Better stick to his dressed, as it happened, to little Mr. Larkin, who had come in late.

'Guess you're right,' responded the That?' the latter asked, in astonish-

Steve Tenney found himself wishing

Not that he should furnish them if he nice a girl as ever was. Smart, too. | found they were not needed, but he felt She got a certificate for two years last that he should not object to an interview

He even mentioned the subject to Mr. 'Sanborn ?' said Steve Tenney, shortly; Larkin carelessly, when he met him one

'Well, you see,' was the response, 'she sort of hates to come to you. The Larkin. 'She's old John Sanborn's girl 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 'You won't put her into the school, 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 him-'What would you think,' the young self his purpose in doing so-he strolled man responded, 'if a man sold you fifty down the street, turning off-but he

'I might as well go in and see about me. And he laughed in my face when I 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 'Old Sanborn wasn't too straight, and she held, and her voice was hardly steady everybody knows it,' he admitted. 'But as she expressed her gratification at see-

seat, feeling unpleasantly ogerish.

She was hearing the last spelling-class. How pretty she looked standing there in The tall young man and the little old 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 preparing to turn in at his gate. 'If down the street, the teacher and the they'd been left well off it would be 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 perform-

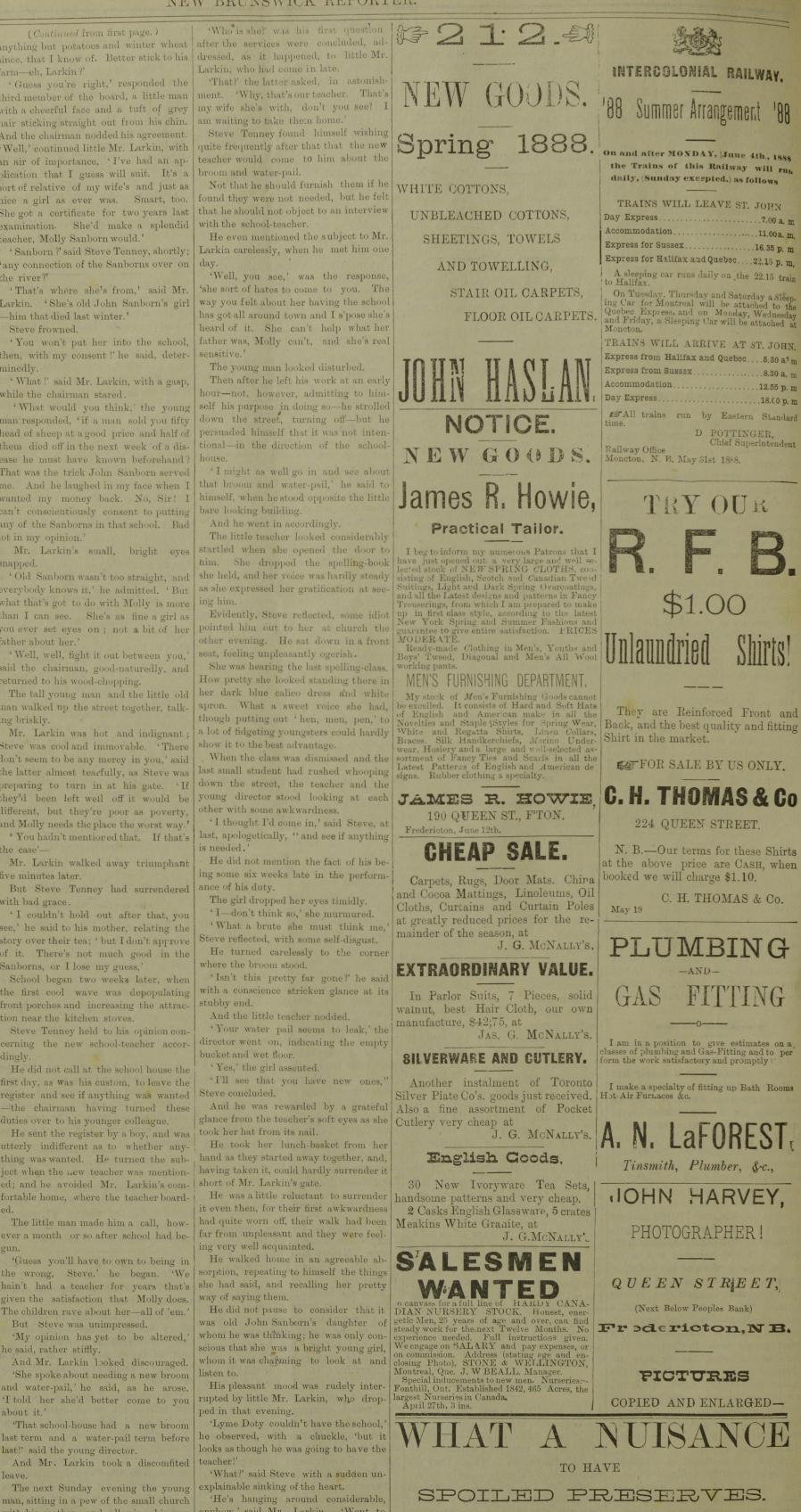
The girl dropped her eyes timidly. 'I-don't think so,' she murmured.

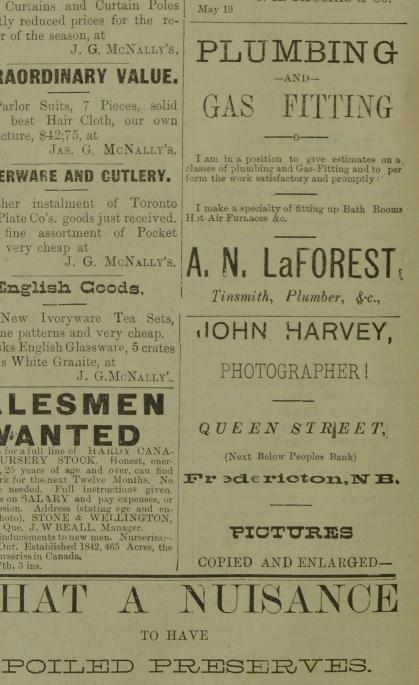
'What a brute she must think me,

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.







head of sheep at a good price and half of persuaded himself that it was not intenthem died off in the next week of a dis- tional-in the direction of the schoolease he must have known beforehand? house.

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.'

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father about her.

returned to his wood-chopping.

'You hadn't mentioned that. If that's

But Steve Tenney had surrendered ance of his duty.

'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

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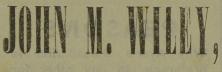
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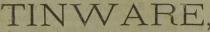
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PHENIX SQUARE, F'TON. lips.

Steve Tenney held to his opinion con-

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 Steve concluded. -the chairman having turned these

duties over to his younger colleague. He sent the register by a boy, and was took her hat from its nail. utterly indifferent as to whether any-

ject when the new teacher was mentioned; and he avoided Mr. Larkin's com- short of Mr. Larkin's gate. fortable home, where the teacher board-

ever a month or so after school had be- far from unpleasant and they were feel-

'Guess you'll have to own to being in the wrong, Steve.' he began. 'We sorption, repeating to himself the things hain't had a teacher for years that's she had said, and recalling her pretty given the satisfaction that Molly does. way of saying them. 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 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 teacher!

leave. The next Sunday evening the young explainable sinking of the heart. man, sitting in a pew of the small church

with his mother, and allowing his eyes anyhow,' said Mr. Larkin. 'Went to to rove about during the rather long visit the school last week and he was sermon, suddenly discovered a new face asking me to-day whether Molly's got and sat studying it for the remainder of any way of getting home Friday night. the evening.

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

'Your water pail seems to leak,' the cerning the new school-teacher accor- director went on, inducating the empty bucket and wet floor.

'Yes,' the girl assented.

'I'll see that you have new ones,"

glance from the teacher's soft eyes as she Cutlery very cheap at

He took her lunch-basket from her hand as they started away together, and, having taken it, could hardly surrender it

it even then, for their first awkwardness ing very well acquainted.

He walked home in an agreeable ab-

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.

ped 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

'What?' said Steve with a sudden un-

'He's hanging around considerable, He said he'd just as lief take her in his

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