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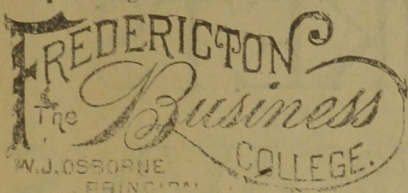
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Rink yesterday and players were not
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However when the season starts in
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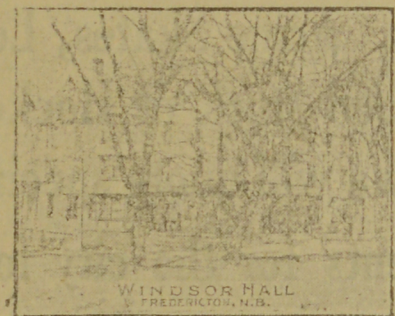
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Buctouche and P. E. I. Oysters

WASHINGTON'S
CAFE
YORK STREET

A GIRL
OF THE
LIMBERLOST

By

GENE STRATTON-PORTER

Copyright, 1909, by Doubleday, Page
& Co.

(Continued)

"Classrooms are never nair nued.
There will be plenty," was the an-
swer.

Elnora removed her hat. There was
no place to put it, so she carried it in
her hand. She looked infinitely bet-
ter without it. After several efforts
she at last opened the door and, step-
ping inside, faced a smaller and more
concentrated battery of eyes.

"Be seated," said the professor in
charge of the class, and then, because
he saw Elnora was desperately em-
barrassed, he proceeded to lend her a
book and to ask her if she had studied
algebra. She said she had a little, but
not the same book they were using.
He asked her if she felt that she could
do the work they were beginning, and
she said she did.

That was how it happened that three
minutes after entering the room she
was compelled to take her place at the
blackboard beside the girl of the hall,
whose flushed face and angry eyes
avoided meeting Elnora's. Being com-
pelled to concentrate on her proposi-
tion, she forgot herself. When the pro-
fessor asked that all pupils sign their
work she firmly wrote "Elnora Com-
stock" under her demonstration. Then
she took her seat and waited with
white lips and trembling limbs as one
after another the professor called the
names on the board, while their own-
ers arose and explained their proposi-
tions or flunked if they had not found
a correct solution. She was so eager
to catch their forms of expression and
prepare herself for her recitation that
she never took her eyes from the work
on the board until clearly and distinct-
ly "Elnora Comstock" called the pro-
fessor.

The dazed girl stared at the board.
One tiny curl added to the top of the
first curve of the "m" in her name had
transformed it from a good old Eng-
lish patronymic that any girl might
bear proudly to Comstock. Elnora
stared speechless. When and how did
it happen? She could feel the wave of
smothered laughter in the air around
her. A rush of anger turned her face
scarlet and her soul sick. A hot an-
swer was on her lips. The voice of the
professor addressed her straightly.

"This proposition seems to be beauti-
fully demonstrated, Miss Comstock,"
he said. "Surely you can tell us how
you did it."

That word of praise saved her. She
was tall, straight and handsome as she
arose.

"Of course I can explain my work,"
she said in natural tones. "What I
can't explain is how I happened to be
so stupid as to make a mistake in



"Did you really let that gawky piece of
calico get ahead of you?"

writing my own name. I must have
been a little nervous. Please excuse
me."

She went to the board, swept off the
signature with one stroke, then, with-
out a tremor, rewrote it clearly. "My
name is Comstock," she said distinct-
ly. She turned to her seat and, follow-
ing the formula used by the others,
made her first high school recitation.

The face of Professor Henley was a
study. As Elnora took her seat he
looked at her steadily. "It puzzles
me," he said deliberately, "how you
can write as beautiful a demonstra-
tion and explain it as clearly as ever
has been done in any of my classes
and still be so disturbed as to make a
mistake in your own name. Are you
very sure you did that yourself, Miss
Comstock?"

"It is impossible that any one else
should have done it," answered Elnora
steadily.

"I am very glad you think so," said
the professor. "Being freshmen, all of
you are strangers to me. I should
hate to begin the year with you feel-

ing there was one among you smart
enough to do a trick like that. The
next proposition, please."

When the hour was gone the class
filed back to the study room, and El-
nora followed in desperation because
she did not know where else to go.
She could not study as she had no
books, and when the class again left
the room to go to another professor
for the next recitation she went also.
At least they could put her out if she
did not belong there. Noon came at
last, and she kept with the others un-
til they dispersed on the sidewalk.
She was so abnormally self conscious
she fancied all the hundreds of that
laughing throng saw and jested at
her. When she passed the brown eyed
boy walking with the girl of her en-
counter she knew, for she heard him
say, "Did you really let that gawky
piece of calico get ahead of you?" The
answer was indistinct.

After noon she returned to the high
school, followed some other pupils to
the coatroom, hung her hat and found
her way to the study where she had
been in the morning. Twice that after-
noon with aching head she faced
strange professors in different branch-
es. Once she escaped notice, the sec-
ond time the worst happened. She
was asked a question she could not
answer.

"Have you not decided on your
course and secured your books?" in-
quired the professor.

"I have decided on my course," re-
plied Elnora; "I do not know who to
ask for my books."

"Ask?" the professor was bewildered.
"I understood the books were fur-
nished," faltered Elnora.

"Only to those bringing an order
from the township trustee," replied the
professor.

"No! Oh, no!" cried Elnora. "I will
get them tomorrow," and gripped her
desk for support, for she knew that
was not true. Four books, ranging
perhaps at a dollar and a half apiece!
Would her mother get them? Of
course she would not, could not.

Did not Elnora know the story by
heart? There was enough land, but no
one to do clearing and farm. Tax on
all those acres, recently the new gravel
road tax added, the expense of living
and only the work of two women to
meet all of it. She was insane to think
she could come to the city to school.
Her mother had been right. The girl
decided that if only she lived to get
home she would stay there and lead
any sort of life to avoid more of this
torture. Bad as what she wished to
escape had been, it was nothing like
this. She never could live down the
movement that went through the class
when she inadvertently revealed the
fact that she had expected her books
to be furnished. Her mother would
not get them. That settled the ques-
tion.

But the end of misery is never in a
hurry to come, for before the day was
over the superintendent entered the
room and explained that pupils from
the country were charged a tuition of
\$20 a year. That really was the end.
Previously Elnora had canvassed a
dozen wild plans for securing the money
for books ranging all the way from
offering to wash the superintendent's
dishes to breaking into the bank. This
additional expense made the thing so
wildly impossible there was nothing to
do but hold up her head until she was
out of sight.

CHAPTER II.

Wherein Is Told Something of Elnora's
Family History.

DOWN the long corridor alone
among hundreds, down the
long street alone among thou-
sands, out into the country she
came at last. She sat on a log and
began to sob in spite of her efforts at
self control. At first it was physical
breakdown, later thought came crowd-
ing. She must go home to feed chick-
ens, calves and pigs, wear calico and
coarse shoes and pass a library with
averted head all her life. She sobbed
again.

"For pity's sake, honey, what's the
matter?" asked the voice of the near-
est neighbor, Wesley Sinton, as he
sented himself by Elnora. "There,
there," he continued, smearing tears
all over her face in an effort to dry
them. "Was it so bad as that, now?
Maggie has been just about wild over
you all day. She's got nervous every
minute. She said we were foolish to
let you go. She said your clothes were
not right and that they would laugh at
you. Were your things right, Elnora?"

The girl broke into hysterical laugh-
ter. "Right!" she cried. "Right! Uncle
Wesley, you should have seen me
among them! I was a picture! They'll
never forget me. No, they won't get
the chance, for they'll see the same
things tomorrow!"

"Now, that is what I call spunk, El-
nora. Downright grit," said Wesley
Sinton. "Don't you let them laugh you
out. You've helped Margaret and me
for years at harvest and busy times.
What you've earned must amount to
quite a sum. You can get yourself a
good many clothes with it."

"Don't mention clothes, Uncle Wes-
ley," sobbed Elnora. "I don't care now
how I look. If I don't go back all of
them will know it's because I am so
poor I can't buy my books."

"Oh, I don't know as you are so
poor," said Sinton meditatively.
"There are 300 acres of good land, with
fine timber as ever grew on it."

"It takes all we can earn to pay the
tax, and mother wouldn't cut a tree
for her life."

"Well, then, maybe I'll be compelled
to cut one for her," suggested Sinton.
"Anyway, stop tearing yourself to
pieces and tell me. If it isn't clothes,
what is it?"

"It's books and tuition. Over \$20 in
all."

(To be Continued)

10 cents

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IN WHITE, PINK AND BLUE

Every kind of Women's Felt Slippers at
a far lower price than other
stores ask for them

McMANUS & COMPANY

Directly Opposite Normal School

SEASON'S GREETINGS

As the year of 1912 is drawing to a close we extend our hearty
thanks to our many customers and friends for their good will and
favor. Wishing them a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

The past year has shown a remarkable advance in sanitation
and has awakened a new interest in the General Public. Conse-
quently it has been a busy year for us and thank you for your past
business.

1913 augurs well and with our Happy New Year goes the hope
that we may still count you as our Friends and Customers.

YOURS RESPECTFULLY,

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I am showing a nice line of FALL SUITS and fancy
WINTER OVERCOATINGS. Prices the Lowest.

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FOR SALE—The residence of Dr.
Atherton, 176 York street. For fur-
ther particulars apply to

MISS SMITH,
On the Premises.

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Notice of Meeting

All members of Court Fredericton,
Canadian Order of Foresters are re-
quested to be present at the meeting
to be held in the lodge room, I.O.O.
F. Hall, Friday evening December 27,
at eight o'clock. Election of officers
for the ensuing year will take place.

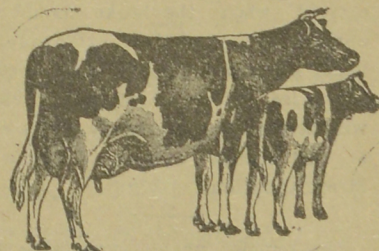
C. H. BURTT,

Secretary

JACK "TWIN" BEATEN

Buffalo, N.Y., Dec. 26—George "One
Round" Davis stopped Jack "Twin"
Sullivan here tonight in the third
round of a bout scheduled to go ten
rounds. Sullivan's right eye was
closed and blood flowed from a cut
above the right eye, blinding him.
Smashing body punches weakened the
veteran and the end was in sight
when Dave Sullivan, Jack's second,
threw a towel into the ring. Davis

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and the Sick

For Descriptive Booklet con-
cerning this milk which is re-
commended by all leading phy-
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WEST END DAIRY

came through the bout without a
mark.

Davis will meet the winner of the
Willard-Kern bout scheduled to take
place in New York tomorrow night.