The Easton Star.

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, AUGUST 3, 1886. VOL. XXI.—NO. 48.

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Having just received a new and fine Hearse, of the latest style, made to order, with an extra set of white cloth materials for young persons, and a new and complete assortment of Caskets and Coffins, of Cloth, Rose Wood and Walnut, Children's Caskets of P. K. and White Glass Metallic, the Burial Robes for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children, and everything the business may require. I am now prepared to fill any order for burial that may be entrusted to me. Bodies placed on ice when desired. Guarantee satisfaction in every respect, as I expect to attend all business entrusted to me in person.

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Done in all its branches by day or contract. As I am Sole Agent for John Lucas' Ready-Mixed Pure Oil and Tinted Gloss Paint, I can offer inducements to persons wishing work done. I have painted a large number of houses in Easton with this paint since I have been using it. I give a few names of the people upon whom houses this paint has been used:

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I have on hand a good assortment of Mixed Paint, in Pints, Quarts and One-Half Gallons. All work in this branch will be done with despatch and in a good manner by myself or my son Charlie.

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Elegant and Reliable Baltimore

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Beef, from 8c to 16c per pound.
Pork, from 8c to 12½c per pound.
Mutton, from 5c to 15c per pound.
Sausage, from 10c to 12½c per pound.
Corn Beef, 10c per pound.
Pork supplied in any quantity desired.

All Meats first-class.

Mince Meat furnished in quantities to suit, and in quality that cannot be surpassed in this market.

The highest cash price paid for beeves mutton and porkers.

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TAINTOR BROTHERS & COMPANY,
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Select Poetry.

FRIENDS OLD AND NEW.

Make new friends, but keep the old;
Those are silver, these are gold.
New-made friendships, like new wine,
Age will mellow and refine.
Friendships that have stood the test—
Time and change—are surely best;
Brow may wrinkle, hair grow gray,
Friendship never knows decay.
For 'mid friends, tried and true,
Once more we our youth renew.
But old friends, alas! may die,
New friends must their place supply.
Cherish Friendship in your breast;
New is good, but old is best;
Make new friends, but keep the old,
Those are silver, these are gold.

Select Story.

THE NEW TEACHER.

"Halloo, there!"

"Halloo yourself! Say, Carl, you coming back to school?"

"School, nothing! Do you think I'm going back there to be lost home twice a day and suspended once a week for looking round in my seat? I might just as well have been out last term for all I learned. No, sir! I'll never beg Sall's pardon, betchurlife on that!"

"But you know Sall hasn't our room now; she's in the recitation room and we have a new teacher."

"Say, Paul, is it true what all the fellers say of the new teacher? Don't she send them to the office, nor scold, nor whip, nor suspend, nor——"

"This is the fourth week and she ain't punished one of 'em yet."

"Well, how does she get along, anyhow? That always was a deuced hard room. There's Skinny Barry, and Jimmie Oakes, and Tom Quinlin, and Josh Wheland, every one of them holy terrors. My! don't you remember how Sall used to march 'em off half a dozen times a day to the office? And how old Thrasher used to treat the rulers on 'em? Wonder if they've any rulers left up there?"

'What do you think I heard the teacher tell the class in School Economy t'other day?'

'I don't know.'

'She told them only very poor teachers resorted to whipping.'

'If old Thrasher heard that, I'll bet she'd lose her place.'

'Well, say, Carl, you'd better come back.'

'But I can't; the Board and old Thrasher said I'd have to beg Sall's pardon, and stand up on the floor an hour. Besides, 'twasn't me whispering. 'Twas Bill Conkey.'

'Wasn't Sall the ugly old thing, though? I used to do mean things, just to get her mad and see her face get red.'

'I'd like to go first-rate, but I'll never beg her pardon for something I never did, and I'll never stand on that floor an hour.'

'Tell you what, come over to school with me in the morning before any of the scholars do. The new teacher's always early, and I believe she can fix it for you. Dan Tracy and Pat Ryan are back, and I heard she got them permission. Oh, I tell you, she's the teacher that is a teacher!'

And the boys parted at the corners each going his own way and thinking his own thoughts.

Coming up the street was Charlie Barry. The boys called him 'Skinny,' partly because he was skinny, and partly because his clothes had a don't-care sort of a hang that heightened the effect. He was a tall, loose-jointed, raw-boned, sandy haired, freckle-faced, stoop-shouldered lad, who went scuffing along, and who was always ready to sit on the first horse-block or stand on the first corner for a chat. His pants were generally a mile too long and flapped about his legs in a searching sort of way, as if anxious to discover their mission. His coat, which was never quite sure which it preferred—to stay on or come off—was hitched up here and hung down there in a manner scarcely artistic. The whole lining was converted into a huge pocket which served as a storehouse for his possessions. But Charlie had a good, warm, honest, Irish heart in him, and in spite of his grotesque appearance, he was a great favorite among the boys. He always took the part of 'little chaps,' as he called them, and many a sound thrashing he inflicted on boys for striking 'little fellers,' although it was the delight of his life to 'see a good, square fight.'

As Carl turned the corner after leaving Paul Fay, he puffed away at a cigarette a moment, threw it away, and walked slowly along, thinking about what Paul had said of the new teacher. Half way down the street he spied Skinny, and called out:

'Halloo, Skinny, fired yet?'

'Not much!' was the reply.

'What do you think of the new teacher?'

'Think of her? By George, she's a daisy. None of your old cross-patches, scold-'em-all-day-whip-'em-when-you-dast kind. Just as bright as a new dollar and hardly the size of a peanut. Do you good to hear her laugh, and——'

'Say, Skinny, don't you think you're a little sweet on her?' and both boys laughed, while Skinny's face grew crimson.

'Say, Carl, remember Frank Brady? Just know what an awful chap he was to jump up and look out of the windows? Sall kept him in a dark corner till he forgot what his eyes were made for. Well, sir, the very first time he jumped up to look out, the new teacher said, just as sweet like, 'Do you like to look out of windows, Master Frank?' And he looked at some of the fellers and said, springing himself up, 'Yes'm.' Then what do you think she did? She just smiled and said, 'Then sit near them, Master Frank; the windows were made for, but you have a very poor seat to see anything.' Sort of that the most 'shamed feller you ever saw, and the school—well, it just tickled it mighty near to death. Leastways, I guess it did mine. Anyhow, it made me feel—well, I don't know how it made me feel, but it made me feel—well, it just tickled it mighty near to death.'

'What are you going to do with that book?'

'Me and Pat Ryan are going to study together to-night. The boys are going to spell against the girls to-morrow, and we're going to lick 'em. Better come back, Carl, 'tain't nothing like it 'twas.'

As Carl neared home, he met Willie Hoy, a boy noted for his good behavior. Willie, no matter who the teacher was, never had any trouble. These two boys, so unlike, were fast friends, and when Carl saw Willie, he thought he would be a good one from whom to learn the truth. Accordingly, he invited him in, as he 'wanted to talk about something.'

'Say, Willie, all the fellers say they have a splendid teacher in our room this year, and I'd like to go back. Do you like her?'

'Yes, I do. She's a good teacher and a perfect lady. She made us begin Latin, and I understand it perfectly now. Every lesson must be learned. No half-way work about it, but she makes it so interesting that it don't seem like work. Mamma called on her, and she has a high opinion of her.'

'I just met Skinny down there and it was really funny to hear him talk. He was such an awful hard case before. How did she manage him?'

'Haven't you heard the joke about Skinny?'

'No.'

'You remember that queer noise he used to make, that made Miss Ash so angry? She never found out all the time she was there who did it. Last Monday, shortly after opening exercises, the room was very quiet——'

'That's something new for that room.'

'Yes, you'd hardly know it now. It was during study hour. Miss Redcliff sat at her desk, working away and seeming to pay no attention. You remember how Miss Ash used to watch us? Miss Redcliff is so different, but I like her way better. Skinny finally began, and as she paid no attention he grew bolder and bolder. Suddenly she rose, smiling, and opened the organ. Then looking straight at Skinny, she said in the pleasantest voice:

'"I'm very glad Master Barry is fond of singing. I like music myself and if he will step up here, I'll play an accompaniment for him." The whole school roared at Skinny, and the funniest part of it was, that she seemed annoyed at us, and said, "I do not wish anyone to laugh at Master Barry's singing. I am very glad I have one boy who loves singing, and is not ashamed of it," then looking at him, she said, "Master Barry, won't you sing just one song for us?"

'Skinny was all broke up, and he has not had another musical attack since.'

'But he likes her.'

'Nobody can help liking her.'

'How does she look?'

'She's a little bit of a thing, with jet-black hair and bright, black eyes. She's full of life and fun, and she has the keenest sense of the ridiculous I ever knew. She understands just how to manage every one, and the scholars all like her.'

'I wish I could get back.'

'Why don't your father see the Board?'

'He did once, and they told him a lot of stuff about my smoking, and disobeying, and being bad generally, and now he says, 'if you can't go to school and behave yourself, I'll see that you are kept busy,' and I have to stay in the old office every day, till I feel like running away.'

'Go to the Board yourself.'

'I know what they'll say—'Are you ready to go back and apologize before the school and stand on the floor that hour?'

'Well, can't you do that?'

'What! apologize to Sall for something I never did? No, siree, I won't do that if I never go to school.'

'Why don't you tell her it wasn't you that whispered?'

'Tell her, didn't I tell her? But she would not believe me unless I told who did, think I'd squeal on Bill? Paul thinks she new teacher could get me back. He says Dan Tracy and Pat Ryan are there on trial.'

'I did hear she told the Board she'd be responsible for them, or something, but I don' know how it was. It will not do any harm to see her.'

Carl Macy was a bright, dashing young fellow of seventeen or thereabouts. The clear blue eyes that turned to steel at times, and the heightened color that mounted his brow, told of a temper easily aroused. But after all he was a manly boy, and he would stand up for what he called right, with a spirit that would have graced a martyr. His abundant vitality was his greatest enemy, and kept him ever on the defensive with his teachers. He was naturally frank and impulsive, but years of vicious training had awakened suspicion, and those very qualities which, under proper direction, would have enriched his character, were employed in dragging him down. He had been scolded and whipped and suspended, till he considered school imaginable, and teachers the sworn enemies of children. His parents like many others, were too busy to look into the matter, and they had really grown to think he was a very bad boy, and as each new teacher arrived on the scene, he was informed of the hearty support he would receive in whatever way he saw fit to punish Carl. Then those wise parents felt they had done all that could possibly be expected of them. This led to the boy being watched constantly, on the morning under the assumption, every mean and base motive. He was only too glad to leave school, and it is probable he would never have felt tempted to enter again, if it had not been for the wonderful accounts the 'fellers' gave of the new teacher. He thought the subject over that night, and the next morning, when Paul called, he was ready to go.

Miss Redcliff, a young woman of twenty-four, was a bright, intelligent girl of twenty-four. Enthusiastic, sympathetic, humorous, loving, she possessed those qualities especially requisite for a teacher. Sometimes the black eyes grew larger or the thin lips closed firmly, but the voice never grated, the hand never lifted.

She read a child like a printed page, discovered its natural bent, and wisely directed its latent energy. She loved her work; she loved her children, and often she said, 'I never feel the opening mind of a child's intellect is at my disposal, but I pause a moment, as the thought comes, what a sacred, holy thing it is, that God has placed in my hands.' She was the school teacher to whom Carl was about to appeal. Would she see at once the work necessary to be done and shrink from it?

The next morning Miss Redcliff was seated at her desk, looking over the programme for the day, when Paul, accompanied by Carl, entered. As soon as he introduced Carl he withdrew.

Miss Redcliff immediately closed the books, passed them from her, and looked straight into the boy's face, and pleasantly:

'Well, sir, what can I do for you?'

It may be well to add here that this bright little teacher always arranged her work in such a way that she was at liberty to give her time before school, and at intermission, to the children.

She was not the least afraid of her dignity, but laughed and chatted about base ball, foot ball, the historic characters, the recent event, or anything else that might come up. Her quick wit and great store of general information made their talks both interesting and instructive, and it was no usual occurrence to see twenty or more pupils about her desk at such times.

When Carl saw her remove her work in order to give him attention, he said:

'I'm afraid, Miss Redcliff, I'm interrupting you.'

'No, sir, my work's done; and besides,' smiling, 'I'm here to be interrupted.'

'I'd like to come back to school.'

'And I would like to have you here. How is it you did not start at the beginning of the term?'

'Well, you see, I couldn't. I'm suspended.'

The teacher looked sharply into the clear blue eyes, but they met her glance fearlessly, although a slight flush passed over the boy's face, and I'm afraid, in spite of the confession, her conclusion satisfactory, for she said, in a tone that might be understood to convey doubt, surprise or condemnation:

'Suspended? You look like a boy that should be too manly to get into trouble.'

'Twasn't my fault.'

'Now, sir, let me talk a little sense to you. Do you think any teacher would suspend you for nothing? Don't you know teachers dislike very much to punish, and only do so when they feel it is necessary for the pupil's good or the school, or both. Boys don't mean to do wrong often, indeed, I think they seldom do, but they forget how much a teacher has to think about, and do things that cause a great deal of annoyance. Do you know teachers would rather be punished themselves than be compelled to correct their pupils?'

'They ain't all alike.'

'Certainly they are not. Would you wish to have them all alike?'

'Not if they are all like Sall.'

'Like whom?'

Carl blushed and said:

'I forgot. I mean Miss Ash.'

Miss Redcliff was very thoughtful as she said:

'It's very rude to speak of Miss Ash in that way.'

'All the fellers call her that.'

'Then all the fellows are rude,' and she told him in her kindly way how ungentlemanly it was, and finally ended by saying:

'Now, Carl, tell me all about your trouble, till I see what we can do.'

Then the boy told her what the reader already knows.

'Can't you do what the Board asks?'

'No'm, I won't stand on the floor for nobody.'

'Why not?'

'I'm too big to be punished in that way.'

'Then you should be too big to whisper.'

'Twasn't me.'

'Who was it?'

'I can't tell.'

'Why not?'

'Because I won't squeal on any feller.'

'It seems to me he can't be much of a boy to let you be punished for him. If I were he, I'd be ashamed of myself to be such a coward.'

'But he ain't a coward, though. My! You just ought to see him when he's mad.'

'But he must be a coward, or he would not keep still and see you punished. Why did he not tell Miss Ash it was he?'

'Cause he knew he'd be fired.'

'What do you mean by that?' innocently.

'Don't you know? Why, sent away from school.'

'But no teacher would send a boy away for being truthful.'

'S——. I mean Miss Ash would; for when a boy told her he broke a window she sent him to Old Thrasher——'

'To whom?'

'Prof. Cary,' confusedly, 'and he whipped him awful, and we fellers said we'd never tell, no matter what happened, and you see if I told the fellers would all be down on me.'

By this time the scholars were beginning to come in, and as Miss Redcliff saw the case required investigation, she requested him to come again Monday morning.

After Carl left the room she saw the boys talking earnestly in one corner, and now and then she heard some remark like the following: 'I wonder if Carl is coming back? I hope he is, for he wants to; he told me so last night.' 'He'll never beg Sall's pardon' for he said so.' 'I wouldn't either,' chimed in several. Then the bell was tapped, and instantly quiet reigned.

Miss Redcliff went home and spent all that evening thinking about Carl. What could she do? It was evident the boy would not comply with the demands of Miss Ash, because he had no respect and confidence in her. He had a false idea of honor, but who was to blame for that? She had taught long enough to know children often make serious mistakes. They are apt to overlook individual characteristics, and therefore run into trouble that they would be wise enough to avoid. Should children be on the street because they are the results of poor training? Is it right to compel children to apologize when it is duty in outward form accomplished by the offender whatever, and when the culprits show every way but verbally their resentment? It is wise to inflict punishments on grown boys? Are not the foolish mistakes of children the dates of half the troubles in schools? Many Sallsbury was too smarter a woman to do anything that might result in the government of a school. She knew too well the necessity of rule and law, yet she questioned the right of any teacher to rule a child's conscience.

The next morning she started out early, determined to see Miss Ash and find out what she could about Carl. After a very disturbed night, during which her mind had settled to a good deal of Mary Sallsbury, Miss Redcliff introduced the subject, seeing no hope by saying:

'By the way, Miss Ash, do you know Carl Macy?'

'Know him? I ought to, for one whole year I had the pleasure of his acquaintance. An impudent, ill-mannered, ill-behaved boy he was, too! I guess you remember how he was expelled from the school last year.'

'I can't say I do, for I was not here last year.'

'Why, Miss Redcliff, I thought everybody knew that. He was a very bad boy, and I was very annoying to a teacher. I suppose he was sent back because I was young and would not be worried enough.'

'He does not look like a vicious boy.'

'Oh, there's nothing vicious about him, but he is mischievous, and very fond of fun, and a great favorite with the boys, and in that way he influences the whole room.'

'Now, Miss Ash, don't you think it's our duty to help such boys? You have some of these children, and so have I, and I am for the consideration. If we refuse to help them what will become of them?'

'But you'll admit, Miss Redcliff, the necessity of discipline.'

'Yes; but discipline to be beneficial must appeal to a child's sense of justice.'

'Do you know Carl?'

'I've seen the boy.'

'How does it happen you are so interested?'

'Just because I think it a great mistake for any boy to be on the street.'

'But you don't imagine teachers are responsible for that? If they come to us all wrong, what are we to do?'

'Make them all right.'

'Well, I think you'll find it rather hard and a thankless job. However, if you are willing to be bothered with the boy, I don't see why he shouldn't be allowed a trial. I'm sure I'm willing. You might get along all right with him.'

'But, Miss Ash, I do not think that would be right. If you, after due consideration, were convinced that the good of the school demanded his removal, and Professor Cary and the Board agreed with you, I'm sure it would be very wrong in me to reflect on the wisdom of the transaction.'

'I'll ask you just how it was. Last spring my room became pretty unruly, and I knew something must be done. There were several large boys who seemed determined to make trouble, and I knew I must make an example of some one, so one day, the room being very noisy, I saw Carl whispering, and requested him to stand on the floor an hour. He refused, and I suspended him.'

'That makes me think Carl says it was not he that whispered.'

'Why, of course he'd deny it. What boy would not?'

'Is he generally untruthful?'

For once Miss Ash was aroused. She looked sharply at Miss Redcliff, but, meeting a pleasant smile, she replied:

'If it was not he, why didn't he say so?'

'You know boys reverence a sense of honor, and I suppose he would not tell on the culprit for fear of being ridiculed.'

'Why, Miss Redcliff, you don't mean to say you call that honor?'

'These boys, Miss Ash, have not had our opportunities of distinguishing true honor from false. They are living up to their ideal manfully, and it is our duty not to weaken their sense of honor, but to correct their judgment, and that, like all great work, requires time and patience.'

'You're the queerest teacher, Miss Redcliff, I ever met. I wish I could take as much interest in my work; but I just hate to teach, it's perfect drudgery to me.'

When Mary Redcliff reached home she was no little surprised to find Professor Cary awaiting her, and her surprise was heightened when she learned the object of his call was to discuss the admission of Carl Macy.

He went on to say that Mr. Macy had overheard Carl and Willie's conversation the evening before, and being satisfied that his son had been wrongly accused, and that he was really anxious to return, he had attended the meeting of the Board and laid the matter before them. The outcome of it all was that the Board had given the father to understand if Miss Redcliff would receive the boy, he might go back. Then Professor Cary went on to tell how detrimental the boy's return would be to the school, and after several nicely-turned compliments and a great deal of needless explanation, he concluded by saying: 'I trust, Miss Redcliff, you see this matter as I do, and will not admit the boy.'

Miss Redcliff had been listening attentively and thinking deeply during the above remarks. The superintendent had never impressed her as a superior person, and now she knew her conclusion was correct. However she was wise enough to be cautious, so she simply said: 'Certainly, sir, if you think his admission detrimental, and refuse to allow his return, I have nothing to say.'

'But the decision will be left with you.'

'It strikes me as a very unprofessional proceeding to leave the matter in my hands. I have no means of judging the boy. I confess frankly, I should hesitate to refuse any child admission unless I was satisfied his return would do more harm to the school than good to himself. You and Miss Ash are familiar with the circumstances. You both thought it best to suspend the boy, and I have no doubt you gave the subject due consideration. Now it seems to me the Board did a very unpardonable act in overlooking your decision, and I hope you will see how impossible it is for me, if left in my hands, to do other than admit Carl Macy.'

Professor Cary was one of those supercilious beings who make questions and expect them carried out. He never hurled a darkness he made Miss Redcliff feel uncomfortable, and if it failed to crush the couple, he sulked his displeasure by constantly quoting some backless maxim, which, perhaps, had given him the career of a Thrasher. He was too politic a man to incur Mr. Macy's displeasure, when he could just as well gain the same end in an easier way. He had submitted to many similar actions of the Board because he lacked moral heroism to assert himself, and he, in turn, expected his assistants to submit to the same treatment.

He was not only surprised, but annoyed at Miss Redcliff's stand, but he was too politic to show it, and after a long interview, in which it was impossible to convince her that the duty was to quietly give the boy a trial, he asked the conversation to a close.

'I hope you will think better of this before Monday morning,' he said, as he rose to go. 'It will save a disagreeable scene.'

'Then you have nothing to do but to inform Carl Macy that he can come back to school.'

'Well, I suppose I shall have to do that.'

'Then I shall be ready to receive him.'

'Good morning, Miss Redcliff.'

'Good morning, Professor Cary.'

Mary Redcliff was not a coward. She had no misgiving that she had acted in any way but for the good of her school. She was not well versed in the law of the matter, but she felt sure the Board had no right to overrule her decision. As yet she had never had a pupil expelled from her room, but even in her case she felt that the school would be better without the presence of such a boy. Still, she was really bad, and it was very annoying to a teacher. I suppose he was sent back because I was young and would not be worried enough.'

'He does not look like a vicious boy.'

'Oh, there's nothing vicious about him, but he is mischievous, and very fond of fun, and a great favorite with the boys, and in that way he influences the whole room.'

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'But you'll admit, Miss Redcliff, the necessity of discipline.'

'Yes; but discipline to be beneficial must appeal to a child's sense of justice.'

'Do you know Carl?'

'I've seen the boy.'

'How does it happen you are so interested?'

'Just because I think it a great mistake for any boy to be on the street.'

'But you don't imagine teachers are responsible for that? If they come to us all wrong, what are we to do?'

'Make them all right.'

'Well, I think you'll find it rather hard and a thankless job. However, if you are willing to be bothered with the boy, I don't see why he shouldn't be allowed a trial. I'm sure I'm willing. You might get along all right with him.'

'But, Miss Ash, I do not think that would be right. If you, after due consideration, were convinced that the good of the school demanded his removal, and Professor Cary and the Board agreed with you, I'm sure it would be very wrong in me to reflect on the wisdom of the transaction.'

'I'll ask you just how it was. Last spring my room became pretty unruly, and I knew something must be done. There were several large boys who seemed determined to make trouble, and I knew I must make an example of some one, so one day, the room being very noisy, I saw Carl whispering, and requested him to stand on the floor an hour. He refused, and I suspended him.'

'That makes me think Carl says it was not he that whispered.'

'Why, of course he'd deny it. What boy would not?'

'Is he generally untruthful?'

For once Miss Ash was aroused. She looked sharply at Miss Redcliff, but, meeting a pleasant smile, she replied:

'If it was not he, why didn't he say so?'

'You know boys reverence a sense of honor, and I suppose he would not tell on the culprit for fear of being ridiculed.'

'Why, Miss Redcliff, you don't mean to say you call that honor?'

'These boys, Miss Ash, have not had our opportunities of distinguishing true honor from false. They are living up to their ideal manfully, and it is our duty not to weaken their sense of honor, but to correct their judgment, and that, like all great work, requires time and patience.'

'You're the queerest teacher, Miss Redcliff, I ever met. I wish I could take as much interest in my work; but I just hate to teach, it's perfect drudgery to me.'

When Mary Redcliff reached home she was no little surprised to find Professor Cary awaiting her, and her surprise was heightened when she learned the object of his call was to discuss the admission of Carl Macy.

He went on to say that Mr. Macy had overheard Carl and Willie's conversation the evening before, and being satisfied that his son had been wrongly accused, and that he was really anxious to return, he had attended the meeting of the Board and laid the matter before them. The outcome of it all was that the Board had given the father to understand if Miss Redcliff would receive the boy, he might go back. Then Professor Cary went on to tell how detrimental the boy's return would be to the school, and after several nicely-turned compliments and a great deal of needless explanation, he concluded by saying: 'I trust, Miss Redcliff, you see this matter as I do, and will not admit the boy.'

Miss Redcliff had been listening attentively and thinking deeply during the above remarks. The superintendent had never impressed her as a superior person, and now she knew her conclusion was correct. However she was wise enough to be cautious, so she simply said: 'Certainly, sir, if you think his admission detrimental, and refuse to allow his return, I have nothing to say.'

'But the decision will be left with you.'

'It strikes me as a very unprofessional proceeding to leave the matter in my hands. I have no means of judging the boy. I confess frankly, I should hesitate to refuse any child admission unless I was satisfied his return would do more harm to the school than good to himself. You and Miss Ash are familiar with the circumstances. You both thought it best to suspend the boy, and I have no doubt you gave the subject due consideration. Now it seems to me the Board did a very unpardonable act in overlooking your decision, and I hope you will see how impossible it is for me, if left in my hands, to do other than admit Carl Macy.'

Professor Cary was one of those supercilious beings who make questions and expect them carried out. He never hurled a dark threat, but he made Miss Redcliff feel uncomfortable, and if it failed to crush the couple, he sulked his displeasure by constantly quoting some backless maxim, which, perhaps, had given him the career of a Thrasher. He was too politic a man to incur Mr. Macy's displeasure, when he could just as well gain the same end in an easier way. He had submitted to many similar actions of the Board because he lacked moral heroism to assert himself, and he, in turn, expected his assistants to submit to the same treatment.

He was not only surprised, but annoyed at Miss Redcliff's stand, but he was too politic to show it, and after a long interview, in which it was impossible to convince her that the duty was to quietly give the boy a trial, he asked the conversation to a close.

'I hope you will think better of this before Monday morning,' he said, as he rose to go. 'It will save a disagreeable scene.'

'Then you have nothing to do but to inform Carl Macy that he can come back to school.'

'Well, I suppose I shall have to do that.'

'Then I shall be ready to receive him.'

'Good morning, Miss Redcliff.'

'Good morning, Professor Cary.'

Mary Redcliff was not a coward. She had no misgiving that she had acted in any way but for the good of her school. She was not well versed in the law of the matter, but she felt sure the Board had no right to overrule her decision. As yet she had never had a pupil expelled from her room, but even in her case she felt that the school would be better without the presence of such a boy. Still, she was really bad, and it was very annoying to a teacher. I suppose he was sent back because I was young and would not be worried enough.'

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