

OUR FARM HOMES

WE NEVER see the target a man aims at in life; we only see the target he hits.

Sowing Seeds in Danny

By Nellie L. McClung

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(Continued from last week)

SYNOPSIS.—The Watson family live in a small town in Manitoba. The family consists of Mr. Watson, a man of few words, who works on the "section," and nine children. Pearl Watson is an imaginative, clever little girl, 12 years old, and is the mistress of the house. Mrs. Watson is often employed to wash and work for the neighbors. Her son, Danny, is a dreamy young man, who has beautiful theories. "Wee Danny" is Francis, domestic affairs, and occasionally helps her to apply her theories. Mrs. McGuire, the old doctor of the village, clever in his profession, but temperate. Mr. Watson, the best friend of the Watsons, has a special antipathy for Mr. McGuire. Mr. Sam Motherwell and his son live on a farm near the Watsons. Mr. Motherwell is a well off but very stingy farmer. A year or two previously in addition to his home, he afterwards regrets this move, and demands payment. After much discussion it is decided that Pearl Watson shall go and work with Mrs. McGuire, and thus "be out of the stall." Young Tom Motherwell has been brought up to regard the gathering of wealth as the chief aim in life. He is, however, invited to a party at one of the neighbors, and as his parents object to such "foolishness," he steals away unobserved.

Mrs. Motherwell looked up apprehensively.

"What are you crying for, Pearl?"

Then, oh, how Pearl wanted to put her finger at Mrs. Motherwell

way a woman did in the look

"I weep not for myself, but for you and for your children," but, of course, that would not do, so she said:

"I am crying—mum!"

Pearl was great, brown-radiant that afternoon, but the tears she shed were for the parted lovers. She wondered

rowed to be true till the moonlight and in the sun, and all the time ran dry.

That's what Egbert had said, and then a rift of cloud passed athwart the moon's face, and Edythe faintly

away because it was a bad luck to have a cloud go over the moon when

people are busy plighting vows, and wasn't it a good thing that Egbert

could just see how Nellie Slater

standing dry-eyed and pale at the window wondering if Tom could get

away from his lynx-eyed parents who dogged his every footstep, and Pearl's

tears flowed again for him.

But Nellie Slater was not standing dry-eyed and pale at the window.

"Did you ask Tom Motherwell?"

Fred, her brother, asked, looking up from a list he held in his hand.

"I sent him a note," Nellie answered, turning around from the back-

out. Poor boy, he never has any fun, and I do feel sorry for him."

"His mother won't let him come, anyway," said Fred smiling. So don't

set your heart on seeing him, Nell."

"How discouraging you are, Fred," Nellie replied laughing. "No, I don't

live he will come. Tom would be a smart boy if he had a chance. I

be like to live with people like the Motherwells. You do not realize

it, Fred, because you have had the superior advantages of living with

clever people like your brother Peter

but for coming back again, perhaps after all, it was better to use the front door. Egbert had used the

sheds, though.

Fortune favored Pearl's plans this afternoon. A book agent called at the

back door with the prospectus of a book entitled "Woman's Influence in

the Home." While he was busy explaining to Mrs. Motherwell the great

advantages of possessing a copy of this book, and she was equally busy ex-

plaining to him her views on the back-

bodied man, Pearl secured Tom's suit, ran down the front stairs, out the

front door and away to the bluff.

Coming back to the house she had an uneasy feeling that she was doing

something wrong. Then she remembered Edythe, dry-eyed and pale, and

her fears vanished. Pearl had recited once at a Board of Hope Meeting a

poem of her own choosing—it was before the regulations excluding secular

subjects became so rigid. Pearl's recitation dealt with a captive knight

who languished in a prison. He begged a temporary respite—his

prayer was heard—a year was given him. He went back to his wife and

happiness. The hour came to part, friends entreated—wife and child

went—the knight alone was calm. He stepped through the casement, a

prayer on his cheek, casting aside wife, child, friends. "What are

you doing, child, to the word of the knight?" he said. "And behold the

day has come!"

Pearl had lived the scene over and over; to her it stood for all that was

brave and heroic. Coming up through the weeds that day, she was that man.

Her step was proud, her head was thrown back, her brown eyes glowed

and burned; there was strength and grace in every motion.

When Tom Motherwell furtively left his father's house, and made his way

to the little grove which his best clothes were secreted, his movements

were followed by two anxious brown eyes in the rear of the little win-

dow in the rear of the house.

The men came in from the barn, and the night hush settled down upon

the household. Mr. and Mrs. Motherwell went to their repose, little

dreaming that their only son had entered society, and, worse still, was

exposed to the baneful charms of the reckless young woman who was known

to have a preference for baking powder and canned goods, and curled her

hair with the curling tongs.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Party at Slater's.

"I wonder how we are going to get all the people in to-night," Edith Slater said gravely as the family sat

at supper. "I am afraid the walls will be bulged out to-morrow."

"The new chicken-house, the collar will do for the overflow meetings," George remarked.

"I borrow the pantry if it comes to a crush, you and I, Camilla," Peter Slater said, helping himself to another piece of pie. Camilla had come

out in the afternoon to help with the preparation.

"No, Camilla is my partner," Fred

too fast, don't you think so, mother? Since I lent him my razor to play

with there's no end to the airs he

to bed at night—clock to-night, same as other nights."

Peter laughed scornfully, but Nellie interposed.

"You boys needn't quarrel over Camilla for Jim Russell is coming,

and when Camilla sees him, what chance do you suppose you'll have?"

"And when Jim sees Camilla, what chance will you have, Nell?" George

asked.

"Not one in a hundred; but I am prepared for the worst," Nellie an-

swered, good naturedly.

"That means she has asked Tom Motherwell," Peter explained.

Then Mrs. Slater told them to hurry along with their supper for the

people would soon be coming.

It was Mrs. Slater who had planned the party. Mrs. Slater was the lead-

ing spirit in everything in the household that required dash and daring.

Hers was the dominant voice, though nothing louder than a whisper had

been heard from her for years. She was contagious, and her tears brought

comfort to those with whom she wept.

When she proposed the party the house was small—there were so many

to ask—it was a busy time.

Mrs. Slater stood firm.

"Ask everybody," she whispered. "Nobody minds being crowded at a

party. I was at a party once where we had to go outside to turn around,

the house was so small. I'll never forget what a good time we had."

Mr. Slater was dressed and ready for anything long before the time

had come for her to arrive.

An hour before he had sat down, signed and said, "Come, girls, do as

you think best with the old man, blacken his eyebrows, not spare him, he's yours," and the girls had

laughingly accepted the privilege.

George lived the scene over and over; to her it stood for all that was

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