



PUT away all sarcasm from your speech. Never complain. Do not prophesy evil. Have a good word for everyone, or else keep silent.

Henry Ward Beecher.

## The Second Chance

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NELLIE L. MCCLUNG

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(Continued from last week)

Pearl, the oldest daughter of John Watson, a O.P.R. section man in Millford, Mass., receives a sum of money and starts in to educate herself and the rest of the family. She proves a clever scholar but seeing that her small brothers are getting into bad habits in town, suggests moving the family on to a farm. We are next introduced to the children at a country school. Tom Steadman, a bully, is threatened by Bud Perkins for striking Libby Ann Govers. The Watsons again take up their education at the country school. As the Watsons' friends, Bill Govers, father of Libby Ann, gets drunk and is found dead. Sandy Braden, the hotel keeper, deeply affected, closes up his saloon in consequence. Mr. Perkins plugs his grain with frozen wheat and Bud gets the blame. He leaves home. Mr. Perkins' daughter, Martha, is in love with a young Englishman from a neighboring farm. Arthur Wemyss, Arthur is engaged to an English girl, who is shortly to come out and join him in his new home. On the boat she falls in with another young man.

### CHAPTER XXVII.

#### THE WEDDING.

Life? 'Tis the story of love and troubles  
Of troubles and love that travel together

The round world through.

—Joaquin Miller.

THE two young men stood looking at each other, but for a full minute neither spoke.

"I have only one question to ask you, Mr. Smeaton," Arthur said at last. "Do you love her?"

"I do," the other man replied, "as God hears me."

And Arthur, looking into his clear grey eyes, believed him, and his last hope vanished.

"I feel like a miserable sneak in your presence," Jack Smeaton said humbly. "Upon my word, that enchanting little beauty turned my brain. Isn't she the most bewitching little girl in all the world?"

"I have always thought so," Arthur said quietly.

"I have behaved badly to you, Mr. —"

"Wemyss," Arthur said. "Mr. Wemyss, and I humbly apologize."

"It is not necessary," Arthur said, with an effort. "Her happiness is the only thing to be considered. She was only a child when she gave me her promise only seventeen, and I can see now that she would not be happy with me."

"Come with me now, Mr. Wemyss. I want you to meet my people. They will be glad to have you stay for dinner."

"Thank you," Arthur said, trying hard to speak naturally. "I would rather not."

"I shall go back with you to-morrow, if I may," Mr. Smeaton said. "I cannot just say to you all that is in my heart, but you have taught me a lesson on what it is to be a gentleman."

He held out his hand, which Arthur took without hesitation, and they parted.

That night as Jack Smeaton was selecting a pearl necklace for Thursa, along with all sorts of other beautiful gifts, he was pondering deeply one thought—that perhaps, after all, successive generations of gentle breeding do count for something in the make-up of a man, and having a bishop in the family may help a little, too.

with his good clothes when he reached the Watson home.

"By golly! John," he said, "that Arthur's a game one, and don't you forget it—he's simply handed his girl over to the other fellow; and I tell you he's done it handsome, just as cool and cheerful about it as if he could do the job. The little devil there that Thursa, she's pretty enough to make men draw their shootin'-irons on each other. I'm fifty-three years old myself, but, by jingo! I was proud to be seen walkin' down the street with her yesterday in Millford; she drove in with me, and we walked around a bit. She has a hat as big as a wagon wheel, carrying as many plumes as a hearse. Whew! You should 'a' seen the people lookin' at us. She took my arm, mind ye, John, and say, now, I can't understand Arthur bringin' that other gent. right back with him. Arthur went up to find out about this fellow, if he was the straight goods, and all that—she told me the hull thing yesterday. It was a secret, she said, but she just told me and the missus and Martha, she didn't see any one else—and she was that glad to-day when she saw this 'Jack' fellow that she kissed him and kissed Arthur, too—kind of overflow meetin' his was—I stood around handy by, but she overlooked me some way, and then her and Jack went into the parlour to decide who was goin' to be boss and a few things like that, and I'll be blessed if Arthur didn't pitch right in to help Martha and the missus to get dinner ready. Never winked an eyelash, that fellow—the English have great grit, when you get a nice one. So hurry along now, we'll have to rustle. The minister's comin' at twelve o'clock sharp, and they're goin' away on the afternoon train. He's a right smart-looking fellow, this Jack—the little girl's doin' well, all right, all right; he maybe hasn't got as good a pedigree as Arthur, but he'll suit her better. She won't sass back to him. I'll bet she will she would to Arthur. She'd give Arthur a queer old time, I know, but this chap'll manage her; he's got that sort of a way with him. I could see it, though I was only speakin' a few words to him."

Pearl was dressed in her cream silk dress and carried a bouquet of roses. "Land sakes!" Jack Axtel exclaimed, "where does any one get roses at this time of year, I'd like to know? I lived in Ontario many a year, and that's what I never saw was roses in December. They must 'a' had a sheltered place to grow in." And every one who heard her was too loyal a Manitoban to enlighten her.

Thursa, in a trailing gown of white silk mull, came into the parlour leaning on Arthur's arm, and made responses as demurely as the staid Aunt Prudence would have desired. Any one looking at Arthur's unmoved face would never have guessed at the tragedy that was taking place in the young man's heart.

The wedding breakfast was a wondrously meal, and everybody, Arthur included, was in the best of humors. Young Jack Smeaton clearly demonstrated that the old lawyer had expressed the truth when he said: "Jack Smeaton has a way with him." He discussed the various knittings, wools with Mrs. Perkins, and told Thomas Perkins a new way of putting formalin on his seed-beat to get rid of the smut, and how to get patches on grain bags with the sifter. Mrs. Perkins told very vividly the story of Mary Ann Corbett's wedding, where the bridegroom failed to appear, and she married the first love, who was acting in the capacity of best man, and the old man hadn't saved them the deed of the hundred and thirty acres of land, and a cow and a feather-bed, and some other tokens of paternal affection, and they lived happy ever after.

While she was telling this, her husband, in his usual graphic way, told his story, which happened to be on this occasion an account of the death of his old friend, Tony Miner, which had happened the winter before.

The last words Tony said—mind ye, he was sensible to the last—was to tell his mistress not to let the undertaker do her on price of the coffin. He was a very savin' man, was Tony, but he couldn't have worried, for the undertaker could get a hole in a ladder as quick as me, could he, and even an undertaker couldn't get ahead of her. The old lady went herself and picked out the coffin. They sent it down in a box, of course, with Tony's name on it in big black letters, and when they charged her a dollar, he the box she wanted them to take it back, but they said they couldn't when it had the name on it; but I tell you, she's a savin' woman, and no wonder Tony died rich. She wasn't gettin' a let the box go to waste when it cost money, so she made a deal for the hen-house out of it, and there it is, yet, with 'Anthony Miner' in big black letters on it. Some say she's 'roin' to make it answer for a headstone, but I don't know about that. She's a fine savin' woman, and no one can say she is squeamish or afraid, or filled with false pride."

The two stories ran concurrently and filled in most of the time at the house. Mr. Perkins did not believe in having awkward pauses or any other kind.

Pearl could not help noticing the glow on Martha's cheek and the sympathetic way she had of watching Arthur.

"My, but women are queer," Pearl thought to herself. "Here's Martha now, glad as glad that the other fellow has got Thursa, and still feels so sorry for Arthur she can't rest by her vilties. Wasn't it fine that Martha had so much good stuff cooked in the house and was able to set up such a fine meal at a minute's notice? I wonder if it ever strikes Arthur that a fine housekeeper she is! I'll bet Miss Thursa'll never be able to bake a Jenny Lind cake like this, or jelly red currants so you can cut them with a knife."

Thursa and Jack left on the five o'clock train. It was a heavy night, day, the kind that brings a storm and the loose snow that lay on the ground needed only a strong enough wind to make a real Manitoba blizzard.

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(To be continued)



Typical Farm Steading in the Home of the Ministers

Everything under one roof is the plan adopted in many of the farms in Holland. The homestead here illustrated is that of Mr. Grueneman, a successful breeder in The Netherlands.

Correspondent in Holland.

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