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OUR FARM HOMES

WHATEVER betide, every misfortune must be overcome by enduring it.

The Road to Providence

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(Continued from last week.)

SYNOPSIS OF THE ROAD TO PROVIDENCE
Mrs. Mayberry, a country physician's widow, living near the town of Providence, has taken into her home Eliza Wingate, a beautiful young woman and a famous singer who has mysteriously lost her voice. Mrs. Mayberry is much loved for the skill with which she treats minor ills. Her son Tom is a rising doctor in the city, but among the home neighbors there is a humorous preference for "Mother Mayberry's remedies." In learning to miss Wingate's help, she has been accomplishing other domestic tasks Miss Wingate becomes happier than she has been of a poor missionary. Miss Wingate discovers in the course of cutting out doll clothes for Eliza Pike, how much she is coming to care for Tom Mayberry, and in an anxious consideration of her future, realizes that his strongest desire is to be able to restore her power to sing.

"WELL," answered Eliza confidently, "I think I can tend to her if Mother Mayberry is too busy to come. I was just a-going to watch for Doctor Tom and ask him in anyway. Please come on cold and the scrambled eggs set. Ez, hold the plate straight and the butter will run outen the rolls! Please come on, Deacon!"

"Yes, Deacon, go along with her right away," answered Mother Mayberry, as her eyes rested on the serious face of the ministering child with a peculiar tenderness tinged honey, stop by and tell me how Miss Bostick does when you come back, and let me know if you need me to help you any."

"Yes'm," answered Mother Mayberry, "answering Eliza with a flash of pure joy when she found that she was not to be supplanted in her attendance on the charges. "I was a-coming to see you this morning anyway about the place Mr. Mosbey burned his finger and I tied up last night. Please come on, Deacon!"

"And a little child shall lead them," said Mother Mayberry to herself, as she watched the breakfast party down the road. Martin Luther time and now trotted along at the Deacon's heels like a happy, contented puppy. Ez held the plate carefully and Billy seemed about sure of arriving at his destination with at least half the bucket of cool water. "Yes, a little child—but some children are borned with a full-grown heart."

And true to her promise Eliza appeared an hour or two later to hold serious consultation over the black-smithing finger down the road.

"Liza," said Mother Mayberry, as she prepared a stall for the finger and poured a cooling lotion in a small bottle for which the child waited eagerly, "you are a-doing the right thing to take nice things to Miss Bostick and the Deacon and I'm proud of your being so kind and thoughtful. Do they ever ask you where you bring 'em from?"

"I always tell 'em, Mother Mayberry. Deacon said I oughtn't to get things from other folks to bring to 'em, but I told him that you and Mis'

Pratt and Mis' Mosbey and Mis' Peavey would be mad at me if I just took things cooking. I pick out the best things everybody makes. Maw's cake and cream potatoes, Cindy's chicken and Mis' Peavey for baked Elinory to please her; but Mis' Mosbey's is better. I wanted 'em to have this is old and is on the Road, 'cause "Bless your dear little heart, the best they shall have always!"

claimed Mother Mayberry, as she hugged her small confidante close against her side and wiped away a tear with a quick gesture. "Now you can go fix up Nath Mosbey's finger to suit your mind, Sister Pike," she added with a laugh as she bestowed the bottle.

The rest of the morning was filled to the minute for the Mayberry household, which seemed possessed with a frenzy of polishing and garnishing. After Cindy had done her worst with feather duster and cloth, Miss Wingate threw her energies with abandon into the accomplishing of a most artistic scheme of decoration. She set tall jars of white locust blossoms in the hall which shone out mingled lilac and cool dusk. She blossoms and narcissus and cherry long vines of honeysuckle over every possible place.

"Dearie me," said Mother Mayberry, as she paused in her busy manoeuvres to take in her busy Wingate proudly declared to be the thing they have walked into a flower party. "I'm sorry I never thought of parties before. I wonder if some of the meek folks, I that our dear Lord bays and hedges, might trail along into the feast with 'em. Thank everybody's eye, I know, but you'd better run along and get to whipsnicks. This here is a Mission Circle by-law to it. Make 'em plenty Tom Mayberry, come bedtime, we may feed him a half dozen."

And in accordance with time-honored custom the stroke of one found the Providence matrons grouped along from walk, in the act of assembling for the good work in hand.

"Come in, everybody," exclaimed Mother Mayberry, as she welcomed them from the front steps. "I'm mighty glad of things to tell, as I have been saving by the hardest for three days. A woman holding back news is cork and foam over in spite of all."

"I'm mighty glad to hear something good," said Mrs. Peavey in a doleful tone. "Looks like the world have got to read in the Bolivar 'Herald' last week, a terrible flood in Louisiana, and six children in Kansas? I don't know what we're a-coming to. They just went on talking about the good trade of Springfield and the fine clover stand they have got in the north field."

By this time the assembly had moved their hats, laid them on Mother Mayberry's snowy bed and settled themselves in rocking chairs that had been collected from all over the house for the occasion. Gay sewing bags had been produced and the army of Mother Mayberry still stood in the centre of the room watching to see that

out letting folks already geared round lose again. But what's the news, Sister Mayberry?" There came then, when only Judy Pike's uncompromising veto could lay Mrs. Peavey on the table.

"Well, what do you think? Tom Mayberry have got this Providence big sewing order from the United States Government. Night drawers of things and aprons and all sorts of things."

"Lands alive, Sister Mayberry, you must be outen your head!" exclaimed Mrs. Peavey with her usual fearful manner. "What earthly use can't for night drawers and chimes?"

"Now, Hettie Ann, you didn't let me have my say out," remonstrated Mrs. Mayberry as they all laughed merrily at Mrs. Peavey's scandalized remonstrance. "They are for them poor misfortunates over there that the Government have sent Tom to find the best makes the disease and stop it."

While he's a-working, every body has to see that they are provided for; and their condition are shameful children and Mr. Petway had the order to buy the men's things down in us good price for the work and it will mean a lot of money for the car and the repair fund for the car."

A catter piece for the little night drawers Mrs. Peavey wanted to give us fifty cents but I told him no. I wasn't goin' to let him do it. I country for no little child's own rigging. A quarter is fair to liberal, I say."

"That it is, Mis' Mayberry, and thank Doctor Tom, too, for giving us the order," answered Mrs. Pratt heartily. "When can we begin?"

"I'll cut 'em all if you will give me the goods. I can cut children's clothes out with my eyes shut and sew 'em with my left hand and it needs be."

"Well, if all we hear be true, Bettie Pratt, it's a good thing to come easy to you. The sewing for seventeen might be a set-ting as you like it, so why, maybe—"

"Mrs. Peavey passed on with gooding curiosity in her keen eyes."

"Well, it hasn't been a bit to me and Mr. Hoover, Mis' Peavey," she answered with dancing eyes and a lovely rose color mounting her cheeks. "Looks like all the love have got for each other's orphan children."

"The mixed itself up into a box of pepper and salt," said Mrs. Hoover as she gave the sent everybody. He said to make you say sweet things about him to have one. Mis' Peavey, pass the box!"

With which a general laugh and buzz of inquiry around with the box of sweets, provided by the widower.

"Well, we think we'll just build a long, covered porch across the fronts of the two houses to connect them up, and about her future domestic arrangements, I know it will look but I can put the boys all over into one house and take the girls with me. Mr. Petway and he'll look after to Mr. Petway and he'll look after them if need be, though Liza Hoover and my Henny Turner are a-ttine big, dependable boys already. I'm so glad the children match out in pairs. I always did want twins, and now I'm going to have eight pairs and the baby over. I don't think I ever was so happy before."

(To be concluded next week)



Vines One Year From Planting

Many a veranda may be improved in appearance and be made into a real attractive, cozy spot for summer by planting a few vines. Annuals such as 'Wild Cucumber' or 'Morning Glory' give the quickest results but one is well repaid for any delay experienced if she plants as the better varieties of perennial such as 'man's Pipe,' or the 'Duchess' roses.

all the guests were comfortably seated.

"They were mighty bad happened, Mis' Peavey might know we all feel for such trouble being sent on the Lord's people," said Mother Mayberry seriously, though a smile quirked at the corner of the Widow Pratt's pretty mouth and young Mrs. Nath Mosbey bent over to hunt in her bag for an unnecessary spool of thread. Mrs. Peavey's nature was of the genus kindly and it was hard to steer her in the peaceful waters of social enjoyment.

"I don't think any of that is as bad as three divorce cases I read about in a town paper that Mr. Petway wrapped up some calico for me," answered Mrs. Peavey, continuing her lamentations over conditions in general, which they all knew would get to be over conditions in particular if something did not intervene to stop the tide of her dissatisfaction.

"Divorces oughtn't to be allowed by the United States," answered Mrs. Pike decidedly. "They are too many people in the world that do seem to be able to hitch up together, with-

wedding cake for the family, and here's a box of pepper and salt."

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