

3T is astonishing what a lot of odd minutes one can catch during the day, if one really sets about it.

The Road to Providence

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MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS

(Continued from last week.)

"Oughter told me to take spiritstold me to take spirits to to to take spirits to ton't you know, Mis' Mayterry, a man with a sanctified wife can't take no spirits; they must be gave to him by somebody net a member of the

family. Me a-suffering tormints tor-

mints-two cups of hot water-tor-mints, tormints!"

feet wail, but came down a note or two as Mether hastily reached in the press and drew out a tall, old demi-john, and peured a liberal dose of

john, and poured a liberal dose of the desired medicine into a glass. She added a dash of red pepper and a few drops of peppermint. This treatment of the Squire's dram in Mother's estimation turned a sinful

beverage into a useful medicine and served to soothe her conscience while it disturbed the Squire's ap-

preciation of her treatment not at all. He swallowed the fiery dose without as much as the blink of an eyelid and on the instant subsided into comfortable complacency.

"Please forgive Tom for net hav-

ing gumption, Squire, and next time right over to me same as usual.

right over to me same as Course I know all the neighbors feel

right over to me satise as usuar. Course I know all the neighbors feel as how Tom is young and have just him out his mistake against Tom."

I hold this mistake against Hold this to no more, but you must sell nim to stop fooling with these here Providence people. Stopped Ears Pike's wife feeding her baby on pot-liquor and give it blied milk watered with lime juice. I'll die!"

"Oh no, Squire, it's a-getting well—jest as peart as can be,' Mother said in a mellifying tone of voice.
"It'll die—it'll die! Cut one er the lights outen Sam Mosley's side—called it a new fangled impendix

The old man's voice rose to a per-

66 M IS' Mayberry! Oh, Mis' May- to take that instead of hot water.

berry!' came a high, quav- 1'm sorry---' the corner of the house, and Squire
Tutt hove in sight. He was panting
for breath and trembling with rage as he ascended the steps and stood in the kitchen door. Mother hastened the kitchen door. Mother hastened to bring him a chair into which he

wheezingly subsided.

"Why, Squire," she questioned anxiously, "have anything happened? Is Mis' Tutt tooken with lumbage again?" she questioned

"No!" exploded the Squire, "she's well—always is! I'm the only really sick folks in Providence, though don't git no respect for it. In pai In pain all the time and no respect—no spect!"

"Now. Squire, everybody in Pro-vidence have got sympathy for your tisic, and just yesterday Mis' Pike

was a-asking me-"Tisic! I at tisic now! It's "Tisic! I ain't talking about tisic now! It's this pain in my stomik that that young limb of satan of your'n insulted me about not a hour ago. Me a-writhing in torhour ago. Me a-writining in tor-mint with nothing less'n a cancer— insulted me!" As the Squire pro-jected his remark toward Mother Mayberry he bent double and peered expectantly up into her sympathetic

"Why, what did he dc, Squire?"
demanded Mother, with a glance at
Miss Wingate, who still stood at the
biscuit block cutting out her dough.
She regarded the old man with alarm-

"Told me to drink two cups of hot water and lie down a hour-me in tormint!" The Squire rairly spit his

tormint!" The Squire narry spit nas complaint into the air. "Dearie me, Tom had oughter known better than that about one of your spells," said Mother. "Why, I've been a-curing them for years for you myself with nothing more'n a little drop of spirits, red pepper, and mint. He had oughter told you

roof right this minute, Squire, and alive," said Mother May-," said Mother May-good-humored smile berry with a good-humored smile while Miss Wingate cast a restrain-ed though indignant glance at the

ed though indiginant glance at the doubting cld magistrate.

"An old Deacon Bostick drink-ing cow-hot milk and sucking raw eggs! He looks like a mixed calf and shagnhai rooster! So old he'd oughter die--and he'll do it! Hot water and me in tormint! Het water on his middle in a rubber bag r bag He'll and nothing inside er him! die—he'll die!"

die-he'll diel"
"Oh no, Squire, the good Lord
have gave Deacon Bostick back to us
from the edge of the grave; Tom aworking day and night but under
His guidance. He have gained ten from the edge of the grave; ton sworking day and night but under His guidance. He have gained ten pounds and walks everywhere. It were low typhus, six weeks running, too! I'm glad it were gave to me to see my son bring back a saint to earth from the the gates themselves. Have you been by to see him?"
"Yes," answered the Squire as he reas much more briskly than he had

rose much more briskly than he had seated himself, and prepared to take seated nimself, and prepared to take his departure. "Yes, and it was you a-nussing of him that did it—nuster slipped him calimile—but I ain't a-disputing! Play actor, ain't you, girl?" he demanded as he paused on his way out of the doer and peered over at Miss Wingate with his heatling suprisions guissions. his beetling, suspicious eyes.

"Yes," answered the singer lady as she went on putting her biscuit into the pan. If her culinary man-oeuvres were slow they were at least sure and the "riz" biscuits looked promising.

"Dearie me," said Mother as she returned frem guiding her guest down the front walk and into the shaded Road, "it do seem that Squire Tutt gets more rantankerous every day. Poor Mis' Tutt is just every day. Poor Mis' Tutt is just wore out with contriving with him wore out with contriving with him. It's a wonder she feels like she have got any ease at all, much less a second blessing. Now I must turn te and make a dish of baked chicken hash for supper to be et with them feather biscuits of your'n. I want to compliment them by the company of a extra nice dish. If they come of a extra nice dish. If they come out the oven in time I want to ask out the oven in time I want to ask
Sam Mosbey to stop in and get some,
with a little quince preserves. He
brought his dinner in a bucket,
which troubled me, for who's got
foot on my land, two or four, I likes
to feed myself. I expected he was
some mortified at your being here.
He's kinder shy like in the noticing
of wirk!

He's kinter say has to girls."

"That seems to be a failing with the Providence young—with Providence people," ventured Miss Wingate with ambiguity.

"Ch. sountry how is all alike."

"Oh, country boys is all alike," answered Mother comfortingly, only in a measure taking in the tentative observation. "They're all kinder co'ting tongue-tied. They have to be eased along attentive, all 'cept Buck Peavey, who'd like to eat Pattie up same as a cannibal, I'm thinking,

and don't mind who knows it. Now and gon't mind who knows it. Now the supper is all or the simmer and can be got ready in no time. Let's me and you walk down to the front gate and watch for Tom to come around the Nob from Flat Rock and

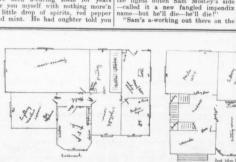
around the Nob from Flat Rock and then we can run in the biscuits. Maybe we'll hear some news; I haven't hardly seen any folks te-day and I mistrust some mischief are a-brewing somewhere."

And Mother Mayberry's well train-ed intuitions must have been in un-usually good working order, for she met her expected complications at the very front gate. She was just balls on the old shrub by the gate-post when a suldued shifting made post when a subdued sniffling made it elf heard and caused her to concentrate her attention on the house opposite across the Read. And a opposite across the Read. And a sympathy stirring scene met her eyes. Perched along the fence were all five of the little Pikes clinging to the top board in forlorn despondency. On the edge of the porch sat Mr. Pike in his shirt sleeves with his pipe in one hand and the Teether Pike balanced on his knee. His expression matched that of the children in sicn matched that of the children in the matter of gloom, and like them he glanced apprehensively toward the door as if expecting Calamity to is-sue from his very hearthstone. "Why, what's the matter?" de-manded Mother as she hurried to the edge of the sidewalk followed by the singer lady whose assumitations.

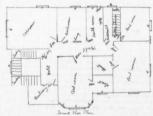
the singer lady, whose acquaintance with the young Pikes had long before ripened to the stage of intimate friendship. At the sight of her sympathetic face, Eliza, the first Pike, slipped to the ground and buried her head in her new but valued friend's dainty muslin skirt. Bud, the next rung of the stair steps licked out his tongue to dispose of a mortifying tear and little Susie sobmortiving tear and little Susie sob-bed outright. At this juncture, just as Mether was about to demand again an explanation of such united woe, Mrs. Pike came to the door, and a large spoon and a bottle full of amber, liquid grease made further inquiry unnecessary.

"Sakes Mis' Mayberry, I certain-

ly am glad you have came over to ly am glad you nave came over to back me up in getting down these doses of cil. Ez," with an indignant and contemptuous glance at her sul-len husband, "don't want me to give it to 'em. He'd rather they'd up and die than to stand the ruckus, but I suit against by let my own but I ain't a-going to let my own children perish for a few cherry seeds children perish for a few cherry seeds with a bottle of oil in the house and Doctor Tom Mayberry's prescription to gire 'em a spoonful all around.'' Mrs. Pike was short and stout, but with a martial and determined eye, and as she spoke she began to measure out a first does with her glance and the short and the short and the short around his little white around his little short shor clung to the fence. Susie's sobs rose to a wail and Eliza shuddered in Miss Wingate's skirt.
"Wait a minute, Mis' Pike," said







Floor Plans of the Home of Mr. Isaac Holland, Oxford Co., Ont.,

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