

THE greatest homage we can pay to truth is to use it.—Emerson.

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, has taken into her home Elinora Wingate, a famous singer, who has mysteriously lost her voice. Mrs. Mayberry is much loved throughout the countryside. 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." Miss Wingate becomes happier than she has been at any time since the loss of her voice. Mother Mayberry takes into her home one desire it to be able to restore her power to sing. Dr. Mayberry is told by Miss Wingate upon one occasion that she is so happy, it does not matter if she should never sing again; and upon hearing this Dr. Mayberry tells her that all many calls for Mother Mayberry's remedies are made, but she is always up and ready to respond to them. The sewing circle meets with Mother Mayberry, whose fable and philosophic kindness are as usual boundlessly served to her guests. Miss Wingate tells Tom the story of her early years. Tom goes off to the city, where in the morning without letting Miss Wingate know, every one in the Providence neighborhood attends the wedding of pretty Bettie Pratt, the preparations for which were supervised by Mother Mayberry.

"THE baskets and the tubs of roses are in the milk house, and I will arrange them at the last minute so they won't wilt," answered Miss Wingate with enthusiasm that matched Mother Mayberry's. "Do you suppose there is anything I can do to help anybody anywhere? I never was so excited before."

"I don't believe they is a loose end to tie up on the Road, child. Even Bettie herself have finished for the day and have gone over to set a quiet hour with Miss Bostick. Clothes is all laid out on beds, and cold lunch snacks put on kitchen tables. They ain't to be a dinner cooked on the Road this day 'cept what 'Liza and Cindy are a stewing up for the Deacon and Miss Bostick. Looks like everything is on greased wheels, and—here come the child running now! I do hope they haven't nothing flew the track."

"Mother Mayberry, please ma'am, tell me what to do about Miss' Tutt!" Eliza exclaimed with anxiety, spreading all over her little face, which was given a comic cast by a row of red flannel rags around her head over which were rolled prospective curls, due to float out at the festivities.

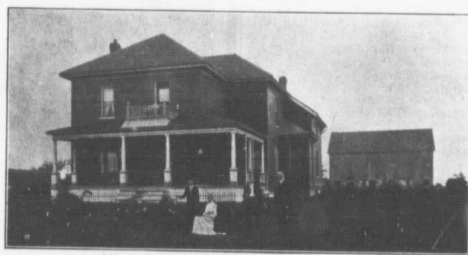
"She says she won't go to the wedding 'cause it's prayer meeting night, and there was a sin to put off the Lord's meeting 'till to-morrow night."

"I didn't know she were a-going to do this way! I got out her dress for her yesterday. The Squire is so mad he says tell Doctor Tom to come do something for her quick, and not to bring no hot water kettle neither!"

"Dearie me," said Mother Mayberry with mild exasperation in her voice. "You run along, 'Liza, and don't you worry with Miss' Tutt. I'll come down there tereckly and see if I can't kinder persuade her some. Go around there and give that message to Doctor Tom yourself. I don't take no stock in such doctoring as he does to the Squire these days."

"Isn't it too bad for Mrs. Tutt to feel that way and miss the wedding?" asked Miss Wingate with a trace of the same exasperation in her voice that had sounded in Mother Mayberry's tones.

"It are that," answered Mother Mayberry. "Looks like religion oughter be taken as a cooling draft to the soul and not stuck on life like a fly buster. But I think we can kinder fix Miss' Tutt some. And that reminds me, I want you to undertake a job of using a little, persuading on Tom Mayberry for me. He have got the most lovely long tail coat, gray



A Dairy Farmer's Home in Far-Famed Oxford County

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lockhart and son may be seen to the left in the near foreground of the illustration. The cow milked on this farm and the system of dairymaking practiced account for the general prosperity here as elsewhere throughout Oxford County, Ont.

britches, gray vest and high silk hat a-going to wear his blue Sunday clothes same as usual, when I asked him careless like about it this morning. I'm fair dying to behold him just out in them good clothes he wears out in the big world and thinks Providence people will make fun of him to see, but I wouldn't ask him outright to put 'em on for me, not for nothing."

"Do you know, Mrs. Mayberry, you really—really flirt with the Doctor!" laughed Miss Wingate as she rubbed her delicate little nose against Mother Mayberry's shoulder with Teether Pike's exact nozzling gesture.

"Well, it's a affair that have been a-going on since the first time I laid eyes on 'Liza, and they ain't nothing ever a-going to stop it. I jesten his wife objects," answered Mother May-

berry as she glanced down quizzically at the face against her shoulder.

"She's sure to—adore it," answered, in his press, and he says he swered the singer lady as she buried her head in Mother's tie so only the rosy back of her neck showed.

"Yes, I think will understand," answered the Doctor's mother with a sweet note in her rich voice as she bestowed a little hug on the slender body pressed close to hers. "You see, child, the tie doist a woman and her own man-child ain't like anything on earth, and I feel it must hold between Mary and her Son in Heaven. I felt it pull close like steel when I felt it pull close like steel and mine weren't fifteen minutes old, and it won't die when I do neither. And that Tom Mayberry are so serious that a-flirting with him gets him sorter on his blind side and works to a finish. Can't you try to help me out about that coat and the silk hat?"

"Yes," answered Miss Wingate with a dimpling smile. "I'll try. I'll ask him what I shall wear and then maybe—maybe—"

"That's the very idea, honey-bird!" exclaimed Mother Mayberry delightedly. "Tell him you are a-going out on your best bib and tucker and it'll start the notion in him to keep you company. If a woman can just make a man believe his vanity are proper pride, he will

praise like the trick horse in a circus. Now s'pose you kinder saunter round careless like to—"

Miss Mayberry's came in a doleful voice over the wall near her porch. "And Mrs. Peavey's mournful face appeared, framed in the lilac bushes. 'I've just been reading the Tuesday

Bolivar 'Herald,' and Bettie Pratt's own first husband's sister-in-law's child died last week out in California, where she moved when she married the second time. I hate to tell Bettie, and have the wedding stopped, but I feel it are my duty not to let her pay no disrespect to her Turner children by having a wedding with some of they law-kim in trouble."

"Well, Heavens Ann, I don't believe I'd tell her, for as bad as that would

them foreign poultry wasn't no good, with which she disappeared behind the top stone of the wall.

"Poor Spangles!" she carried them expected and now don't get no credit for it," said Mother Mayberry as the singer lady gave vent to the giggles she had been suppressing for a good many minutes. "Now, run on, you Tom for me, while I go to try to rub some liniment on Miss' Tutt's conscience. Fill up Martin Luther some time soon, will you?"

And yet in accordance with directions, after a few minutes spent before Mother Mayberry's old-fashioned mirror in tucking three very perfect red musk buds in the belt of her white linen gown; the singer lady descended upon the unwitting victim in the north wing and began the machinations as usual to promise. Doctor Mayberry unfortunately for him showed extravagant signs of delight at the sight of the enemy, for it was almost the first voluntary visit she had ever paid him, and thus he gave her the advantage to start with.

"You aren't busy, are you?" she asked, as she glanced around the book lined room and into the laboratory room. "This is only a semi-professional consultation, and I'll stay just a few minutes!" and the lift of her dark lashes from her eyes was most effectively unfair. As she spoke she settled herself in his chair, while he leaned against the table, looking down upon her with a very slight delight in his gray eyes and a very decided color in his tan cheeks.

"I never can you tell," he answered. "I'll prescribe from a hurried consultation. It always takes several hours for me to locate anything. I'm very slow, you know."

"Why, I rather thought you treated your patients with—very little time spent in consultation," a remark which she, herself, knew to be a dastardly manoeuvre. "You attended to Squire Tutt's trouble in a very few minutes, it seems," she hastened to add, as she glanced at the clock that lay on the corner of the table.

"The Squire's trouble is chronic and simply calls for retelling prescriptions," he laughed, his generosity giving over the retort that was his due. "I somehow think this matter of yours will prove obscure and will call for time."

"It's a wedding dress I want you to prescribe for me," she hazarded at a bit hurriedly, for before she could catch up with her own words he had flashed her an answer.

"That depends!" was the victim's most skilful pary.

"If you wear a white embroidery and lace of a rose-hazelle? A rose hat and parasol go with the white, but the white is perfectly delicious. You haven't seen either one, so I want you to choose by guess. Only the slightest rose signal in your cheeks showed that she had been pressed by the quick thrust. She had taken one of the damask buds from her belt and was faintly nibbling at the folded leaves. Over it, her eyes dared him to follow up his advantage.

"I don't know—I'll have to think about it," he answered her, weakly capitulating, but still on guard. "If I choose one for you, which will I wear the other? Toon?" he bargained for his forbearance.

"Whenever you want me to if you'd like to see it," she answered with what he ought to have known was dangerous meekness. "What are you going to wear?" she asked, putting the direct question with disarming boldness.

"Blue serge Sunday-go-to-meetings," he answered carelessly, as if it were a matter to be dismissed with the statement. "Let's see—say them over again—white with the white, a parasol, rose hat, how did they go?"

(To be continued)

Helping th

To remove bluish become discolored one hour in warm water of which add of kerosene oil, then in this water, rinse as white as at first.

To remove wrinkles in goods may be removed by soaking hours in a weak of lime.

To take out soiled white goods become the spots with a lemon starch and corn thickly and lay in discolored the second necessary, warm water and tiredly disappear.

To take out ink be easily removed, and furniture by the spots with vinegar on any garment, run vinegar until all of course the soap applied the quickest out, but this method.

Hanging clothes dried on a windy more easily as the sun soaks so much trouble as hot day. But wheners have to be much thinks less kindly to no trouble in drying.