

THAT which is past is gone and irrecoverable, and wise men have enough to do with things present and to come. - Bacon.

The Second Chance

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ND so it came about that Pearlie straw-covered shed stand near Watson was once more called to face the large and cheering nce, while Father O'Flynn, with many kind words, presented her with the W.C.T.U. oratorical prize. Miss Morrison went home that

night disturbed in spirit, wondering if, after all, there might not be some-thing more in it than gestures, voice, memory, and articulation.

CHAPTER V.

AT THE CHICKEN HILL SCHOOL

Ho! I'm going back to where We were youngsters! Meet me there Dear old barefoot chums, and we Will be as we used to be,

Lawless rangers up and down
The old creek behind the town -James Whitcomb Riley.

If a river is measured by the volume water in its current, the Souris little town of Millford is built, is but an insignificant stream; but if bold and precipitous tanks, sheer cliffs, broad valley are to be consider ed, then the Souris may lay claim to ed, then the Souris may ray chain to some distinction. For a few weeks in the spring of the year, too, it is a swift and mighty flood that goes sweeping through the valley, carry-ing on its turbulent waters whirling -jams, branches of trees, and even broken bridge-timbers from the far country known as the "Antlers of the Souris When the summer is very Souris." When the summer is very dry, the river shrinks to a gentle, trickling thread of water, joining shallow pools, overhung with graygreen willows that whiten in the

At Millford, the Souris flows most straight east and keeps this direction for about three miles, and then turns sharply north toward the Sand Hill country, where six miles farther on it joins the Assiniboine. On one of its banks, just before it takes the northern turn, stands the farmhouse of Thomas Perkins, a big white frame house, set in a grove of maples; a mile south is the big stone house of Samuel Motherwell, where Pearlie Watson wiped out the stain on her family's honor by working off the old ten-dollar debt of her father's.

Two miles farther east, on the old Turtle Mountain trail, stands the weather - beaten schoolhouse where Martha Perkins got her meagre edu-cation and where Bud, her brother, Martha retained and where Bud, her promes, was now attending. The schoolhouse is bare and unlovely, without tree or flower. The rain and the sun, the scorching winds of spring and win-ter's piercing blizzards have had their way with it for many years, and now it defies them all, for its paint is all gone, and it has no beauty for them

A straggling woodpile and a long ary.

Three dows, curtainless and starn each side, and a small ing, ar porch with two steps leading up to it is at the south end. Here the gophers frolic in the quiet summer afternoons, and steal what is left of the children's dinners from the tin pails behind the door. The porch smells of crumbs.

Away to the east, Oak Creek runs Away to the east, Uak Ureek runs through a wooded belt of fertile lands, its tall elms and spruce giving a grateful shade to the farmers' cattle. To the north are the sandhills of the Assimboine, where stiff spruce trees shand like sortinals on the red sand. stand like sentinels on the red sand; but no tiny seedling had ever been brought to the schoolyard, no kind

hand had ever sought to relieve that desolate grayness, bleak and lonely as a rainy midnight in a deserted house. Inside, the walls are dull with age, so dark and smoked you would think they could become no darker shade, but on the ceiling above the long stovepipe that runs from the stove at the door to the chimney at the other end, here runs a darker streak still. The stove is a big, square box, set on four stubby feet, and bears the name "Sultana."

Some small effort has been made to brighten the walls. One of Louis Wain's cat pictures, cut from a London Graphic, is stuck on the wall with There is a picture of the late King Edward when he was Prince of Wales, and one of the late Queen Victoria, framed with varnished wheat. There is a calendar of '98 showing red-coated fox-hunters in full Here the decorations end abruptly.

The teacher's desk is of unpainted wood, and on its lid, which lifts up, wood, and on its lid, which lifts up, revealing the mysteries of mysteries below, there run ancient rivers of ink, pointing back to a terrible day when Bud Perkins leaned against the teacher's desk in class. A black spot on the floor under the teacher's chair shows just how far-reaching was Bud's offence

The desks are all ink-stained and The desks are all ink-stained and cut and inscribed with letters and names. Names are there on the old desks that can be read now on busi-ness and professional signs in Western cities, and some, too, that are written in more abiding type still, on the marble slabs that dot the quiet on the river-bank.

The dreariness of the school does not show so much in the winter-time, when the whole landscape is locked in snow, and the windows are curtained by frost-ferns. The big boys attend school in the winter-time, too, for when there is nothing for them to do at home the country fathers believe that it is quite proper to pay some

festivities were over, and the Mani-toba winter was settling down to show just what a Manitoba winter can do in the way of weather. The sky was sapphire blue, with fleecy little strings of white clouds, an innocent-looking sky, that had not noticed how cold it was below. The ground was white and sparkling, as if with silver tinsel, a glimmer of diamonds. Frost-wreaths would have crusted the trees and turned them into a fairy forest if there had been trees; but there was not a tree at the Chicken Hill School, so the frost-wreaths lay like fairy lace on the edges of the straw-covered shed and made fairy frills around the straggling woodpile. Everything was beautiful, blue and silver, sparkle and dance, glitter and glimmer.
Out on the well-tramped schoolyard

he boys and girls were playing 'shinny," which is an old and honorable game, father or uncle of hockey

Big Tom Steadman was captain of ne side, and his fog-horn voice, as he shouted directions and objurgations to his men and his opponents, was the only discordant note in all that busy boisterous, roaring scene.

Libby Anne Cavers was on the other Libby Anne Cavers was on the other side, and Libby Anne was a force to be reckoned with, for she was little and lithe, and determined and quick, with the agility of a small, thin cat. She was ten years old, but looked about seven.

Never Trouble

There's a saying old and trusty, And good as any new-'Never trouble trouble

Till trouble troubles you." Trouble's like a thistle,
That hangs along the way;
It cannot fail to grab you
Some other bitter day.

But why not walk around it? That's just what you can do; Why should you trouble trouble Before it troubles you?

Trouble is a bumblebee, It keeps you always vexed
It surely means to sting you
The next time—or the next.

But, bless you, bee thinks only Of breakfast dipped in dew; Keep right ahead—this trouble Will never trouble you.

O, merry little travellers, Along life's sunny ways, When bumblebees and thistles Affright you at your plays.

Remember the old promise That your sorrows shall be few, you "never trouble you."

Till trouble troubles you."

-E. P. Allen.

Big Tom had the ball, and was preparing to shoot on the opposing goal He flourished his stick in the air with a yell of triumph, and in his mind the game was already won. But he had forgotten Libby Anne, who, be-fore his stick reached the ground, had slipped in her own little crook, and his stick struck the empty snow, and his stick struck the empty show, for Libby Anne was fast flying up the field with the ball, while the players cheered. It was neatly done.

Tom Steadman ran after her in hoppursuit, and evertook her just as she passed the ball to Bud Perkins, who has cantain of her side. Then Tom Steadman ran after her in mad was the captain of her side. Then Tom Steadman, coward that he was, struck her with his heavy stick, struck fair and straight at her poor little thin shins, a coward's blow. Libby Anne doubled up into a poor little

whimpering, writhing ball.

A sudden horror fell on the field, and the game stopped. Bud Perkins attention to education.

It was a biting cold day in Januloked at her poor quivering little
ary. The Christmas and New Year's face, white as ashes now, his own face almost as pale, and then, pulling of his coat, ran Steadman stood over to "Drop yer stick, you coward, and

"Trop yer water, you country as stand up to me," he said in a voice that rang with the blood-lust. Tom Steadman was older and big ger, and he felt very sure that be could handle Bud, so his manner was fall of saying and

full of assurance.

The school closed in around them and watched the fight with the stolid indifference of savages or childre which is much the same thing B Tom Steadman dealt his cruel sledge hammer blows on Bud, on his face, head, neck, while Bud, bleeding, but far from beaten, fought like a nered badger. The boys did nered badger. boys did cheer; it was too serious a business for noisy shouting, and besides, the teacher might be aroused any minute, net and stop the fight, which would be a great disappointment, for every be and girl, big and little, wanted to see Tom Steadman get what was coming to him. Bud was slighter but quicker,

fought with more skill. Big Ton could hit a knockout blow, but there his tactics ended. He knew only the his tactics ended. He knew only as one way of dealing with an antagonist, and so, when one of his eye suddenly closed up and his nose began to bleed, he began to realize that had made a big mistake in hitting Libby Anne when Bud Perkins was there. With a clever underarm hot Bud clinched with him, and he f.

heavily.

Libby Anne, limping painfully, put
her "shinny" stick into Bud's hand
"Sock it to him now, Bud," she
said, "now you've got him."

Bud dropped the stick and tried to laugh, but his mouth would not work right.

"Get up, Tom," Bud said. "I won't hit you when you're down. Stand up and let me at you again."

Stand up and let me at you again."

Tom swore threateningly, bu
showed no disposition to get up.

"I guess he's had enough." Bel said. "He's sorry he hit you ner,
Libby Anne. He sees now that it's,
dirty shame to hit a little girl. If
mover thought much about it before
Come away, kids, and let him think!
When school was called, the who
story of the fight came out.

Tom Steadman was the only age of

Tom Steadman was the only son of one of the trustees—the trustee, in-deed, the one who lived in the bigges house, was councillor of the munic pality, owned a threshing-machine, boarded the teacher, and made poli-ical speeches—and so Bud's offens was not a slight one.

A school meeting was called, to w what was to be done. Young Ton was there, swollen of lip and nose, and with sunset shades around both Libby Anne was there, too, but she had been warned by her father, poor, shiftless fellow, living on a ren d farm, that she must not say any thing to offend the Steadmans, for Mr. Steadman owned the farm that they were living on.

The trial was decided before it began. The teacher, Mr. Donald, wa away attending the Normal, and him place was being filled by a young fellow who had not enough courage to stand for the right

The question to be decided was the Did Tom Steadman strike Libb Anne with intent to hurt her; or d "shinny on her own side"; or did service at the ball? Tom Steadman said share at the ball? ran under his stick, and he didn see her, whereupon some of the chi-dren who were not living on rents farms groaned. Several of the chidren gave their testimony that To had without doubt struck her "

(Continued Next Week)

********** The Upware ***********

August 17, 1911.

The Nature of No. 21 There is no fear in lo love casteth out fear hath torment. He tha made perfect in love

Did we but underst trous consequences that we allow ourselves to li overned by our fears frem them as we would tilence. Our fears for apon themselves. The tertain them the large formidable do they will but let them they hey cover our whole h

In this department la tated that the spirit ato our hearts by Sat the spirit of powering of fear. Just in permit Satan's spi irit of power departs. ss, fear and power hese, rear and power the same mind at the pear, therefore, being of the must fight it just a we would any other for

