

The second day passed about the same as the first one, and when noon had passed, they began watching for the father to come home. The afternoon wore on but he did not come.

"Surely," she thought to herself, "John will be home today." As evening came on, and he did not come she thought she had best get the outside work done for she knew it would be late when he came.

When they had eaten their supper she placed his supper on the back of the range where it would keep warm, and put the older children in bed.

Baby Glen, however, was in no mood for sleep, and it was almost dark, when she finally put him in bed.

Getting her milk-pails, she went out to the barn.

She expected to find the cattle in the lot, but some they were milking were not there, and she knew she would have to hunt them up.

Calling the dog, she started down across the pasture for them.

"Oh! dear," she said to herself, as she came up to them, "another fresh cow to take care of tonight." With the dog's help she drove them slowly to the barn.

The little calf did not care whether it went to the barn or not, and gave her considerable trouble. She finally drove them into the lot.

Glancing around she saw that John was nowhere to be seen.

"Not home yet. Well I might as well tackle these chores again and be done with it for it's no John tonight." She took her buckets down from the pegs she had hung them on and went at it.

When she reached the house after finishing the outside work, she sat down in the nearest chair.

The clock struck ten.

"Well, I am tired," she said to herself. "I just wonder how a man would enjoy doing the work in the house, taking care of three children and doing chores too. I guess they would find out it was something more than mere trifles."

She was so tired she went to bed immediately, glad of a chance to rest.

The children were all sleeping peacefully when she went to bed, and she soon dropped off to sleep. How long she slept she did not know when she was awakened suddenly by hearing Josie coughing. She got up hurriedly, for she knew she had no time to lose when Josie had the croup.

Hastily she measured a dose of croup medicine from a bottle on the shelf and coaxed Josie to take it.

Sitting down by the bedside she gave her frequent doses of medicine and watched her carefully for nearly two hours. She quit coughing and went back to sleep.

Knowing that the danger was over for the night, Mrs. Thompson went wearily back to bed.

The baby had been cutting teeth and was quite fretful the rest of the night, and she arose in the morning, almost as tired as when she went to bed the night before.

"Raining," she said to herself as she heard the rain on the roof.

"I think I will get breakfast first this morning, and it may quit raining before I go outside to work."

She soon had a tempting meal ready, and the little folks dressed. In spite of the bad weather they had quite a merry meal.

Josie seemed quite well again and only coughed several times. Her mother was thankful it had been no worse.

Breakfast things had been cleared away, the children were playing school, with their blackboard and chalk. Glancing at the clock she noticed it was nearing ten o'clock. The rain was still coming down in torrents, but she hunted up her jacket, cap, and rubbers and prepared to face it.

The chores were hard to do this morning, but finally the last of them was attended to. She was just going through the gate with two pails of milk, and not noticing a hoop which the children had left in the path the day before, she stepped into it, and the next moment she measured her length on the ground.

When she struggled to her feet she was mud, water, and milk from head to foot.

"Well, Maggie, you are a sight."

"So are you," she retorted. "Why didn't you come home to do the chores and then I wouldn't be quite such a sight. You may find this quite funny, but I fail to see it," and with an angry toss of her head she stalked into the house.

"Well," thought John, as he climbed down from the wagon, "I guess I'd better keep still."

When he entered the house some time later, he found his wife with a clean dress on, hair combed neatly, and looking as though she had never had any accident with the milk pails.

"Well Maggie, I didn't mean to make you so mad," he apologized, as he came in, giving her a present.

She was pleased with it, but was

too angry yet to say so. Pretty soon she asked, "Why did you stay away last night?"

"Well you see," John explained, "it was like this—I ran across an old friend of mine in town that I had not seen for ten years, and he invited me out for supper. I went intending to come on home afterwards, but it got dark so quickly, they would not hear of me driving home after dark."

"It would have been too bad if you had driven home in the dark," she said sarcastically.

"It was too dark for you to come home, but," she added, "it wasn't too dark for me to do the chores, take care of a fresh cow, get up in the middle of the night to doctor Josie with the

croup, and spend the rest of the night soothing a fretful baby."

One of the neighbors called and left the mail and she laid it aside until after supper. When supper was over and children in bed, she brought out the mail.

John was soon deeply interested in the farm papers and Maggie read her letter.

"Oh! John," she exclaimed as she read it, "Father says in his letter that mother is quite sick and wants me to go home."

She handed the letter to him and when he had read it through he said:

"You will have to go early in the morning as she must be quite sick."

When he came back, he washed the dishes and cream separator, made up



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