



NEVER bear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some people bear three—all they have had, all they have now, and all they expect to have.

—E. E. Hoe

The Second Chance

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NELLIE L. McCLUNG

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(Continued from last week)

Pearl, the oldest daughter of John Watson, a C.P.R. section man living in Milford, Man., receives a large sum of money from the relatives of a young Englishman who had nursed when ill. She decides to educate herself and the rest of the family. The Watsons are joined by their Aunt Kate, who proves not an unmixt blessing. Pearl proves an efficient and clever scholar and has dreams of being a school teacher. She sees that her small brothers are learning bad habits in the town and gives up her ambition to be a school teacher and suggests moving the family onto a farm to which John Watson agrees. We are introduced to the children at a country school. Tom Steadman, a bully, in a game of alimony, intentionally chaps Libby Anne Cavers, for which he is thrashed by Bud Perkins. Libby Anne does not dare to say the blow was intentional, as her father owes Mr. Steadman money. Bud Perkins is angry, but forgives Libby Anne, as he understands the circumstances. In the meantime the Watsons are getting established on their farm.

"WELL, I should say not. His wife had some money; but you bet, she has it yet. She was a Hunter; they're as tight as the bark to the tree, every one of them—they'll fight for the hide and tallow. Well, I'll just tell you, she lent him forty dollars to buy a cow with the first year they were in this country, with the understandin' he'd pay her back in the fall. Well, the crop didn't turn out well and he couldn't pay her, so she sold the cow, and the kids had to do without milk. Well, I must be goin' now to see how things are goin'. I don't work much—I just kinda loaf around and take care of the stock. How would you like a yoke of oxen to plow with? I got two big husky brutes out there in the pasture that know how to plow—I got them on a horse deal—and they've never done a stroke of work for me. Come on over with me and I'll fix you up with harness and all. I got the whole thing."

John Watson looked at him in grateful surprise and thanked him for such welcome help.

"Oh, don't say a word about it, John," Mr. Perkins said genially, "I'll be glad to see the beggars having to work. Look out for the black one—he's a sly old dog, and he'll do me like an ox that would keep friends with a man for ten years to get a good chance to land a kick on him at last."

When John Watson went over for the oxen, Mrs. Perkins came out bare-headed to make kind inquiries for his wife and family. From within came the mellow hum of the cream-separator, as Martha, the steady member of the family, played a profitable tune thereon.

That night Pearl called all her family to come out and see the sunset. The western sky was one vast blue lake, dotted with burning boats that ever changed their form and color; each shore of the lake was slashed into innumerable bays, edged with whitest gold; above this were richest shades of pale yellow, deepening into orange, while thick gray mountains of clouds were banked around the horizon, bearing on their silken

faces here and there splashes of color like stray rose-petals.

John Watson watched it silently, and then said, more to himself than to anyone else: "It is purty, ain't it?"

CHAPTER IX. MRS PERKINS'S TURN.

Tell you like this the Long about knee-deep in June Some afternoon Just to git out and rest And not work at nothin' else.

—James Whitcomb Riley.



The Home of a Well Known Stockman in Eastern Ontario

This illustration shows the home of Wm. Stewart, an Ayrshire breeder of Northumberland Co., Ont., at which place was held a meeting on August 23rd, of the Montic District Ayrshire Breeders' Club.

—Photo by E. S. Duncan.

Out in the poplar grove behind the house, on a fine, sunshiny Saturday afternoon, Pearl Watson and Billy were busy making a hammock under Aunt Kate's directions. They had found an old barrel in the scrub, and Aunt Kate was showing them how, with the staves, they could make the loveliest hammock by boring two auger holes in each end and running ropes thro' the holes.

When the hammock was completed and swung between two big trees,

Pearl ran into the house for her mother.

"Ma," she said, "we've made this hammock mostly for you, and you're to go in first." She took a quilt and pillow off one of the beds and brought her mother out to the hammock, which was now held down by the four youngest boys. By a quick movement Pearl applied her hands on the grass and, spreading the quilt on the staves, soon made her mother comfortable.

"Now, Ma, here's where you're to come every afternoon," she said. "Aunt Kate'll see that you do it when I'm not here to watch you; but, anyway, I know I can trust you. Look up to the clouds and listen to the birds and think of the nicest things you ever heard, and forget that there ever comes holes in the little lads' pants, and forget that you ever had to wash for other people, and just remember we've a farm of our own and the crops' growin', and so in the garden just as fast as if you was up watchin' it."

Aunt Kate, standing by, looked in wonder at her little niece.

"Faith, Pearlie, you have quare ways," she said. "Ye're as much like yer Uncle Bill as if ye belonged to him. He'd have taken great comfort of you ever heard, and forget that there ever comes holes in the little lads' pants, and forget that you ever had to wash for other people, and just remember we've a farm of our own and the crops' growin', and so in the garden just as fast as if you was up watchin' it."

After a pause, Pearl said: "You see, Ma, a person has to get soaked full of sunshine and contented feelings to be able to stand things. You've just got to lay in a stock of them, like a squirrel does the nuts for the winter, and then when trouble comes you can go back and think over all the good times you're had, and that'll carry ye over till the trouble passes by."

"Every night here there'll be a lovely sunset, all blue and gold, like the streets of heaven. That ought to help some, and now the leaves are comin' and new flowers every day nearly, and the roses'll be here in June, and the cherry Lossoms will be smellin' up the place before that, and at night ye'll hear the wild ducks whizin' by up in the air. They'll all keep us heartened up more'n we need just now, but we better be settin' it away to us when we need it."

"Look! Who's yon?" Aunt Kate

went forward and introduced her to her mother and Aunt Kate, with due ceremony.

Mrs. Perkins was a short, stout woman, whose plump figure was much like the old-fashioned churn, and was less was it of modern form improved. Mrs. Perkins's eyes were gray and restless, her hair was the color of plain "buck" with bits of white, and rolled at the back of her neck, a little knob about the size and shape of a hickory nut. She was dressed in a clean print dress, of that good old color called "pearlie." It had little white daisies on a striped ground and was of that peculiar shade that people call "clean looking." It was made in a plain front, and a plain, full skirt, one which she wore a white, starched apron, with a row of insertion and a flounce of crocheted lace.

"Well, now, you do look comfortable," said Mrs. Perkins, with just a shadow of reproach in her voice that did not escape Pearlie. "It must be nice to have nothin' to do but to laze around."

"She's done a big day's work already," Pearl said, quickly. "She worked all her life raisin' up, and as she's goin' to take a rest one in a while and watch us rustle."

"Well, upon my word, you can talk some, can't you?" Mrs. Perkins said not altogether admiringly.

Aunt Kate gallantly interposed a Pearl's behalf by telling what a fine help she was to her mother, and so the conversation drifted into an amiable discussion of whether or not peas should be soaked before they are planted.

Then Pearl and Mary went into the house and prepared the best meal that the family supply of provisions permitted. They boiled eggs hard, and spiced them the way Pearl had seen Sammie do. Then they made up some Aunt Kate's home-made bread as she saw she could, and buttered it; she brought out from the packing bag that they were still in, one of the loaves of pease-seed old Mrs. Gilbert's tea. She and Mary covered the table with a clean white flour-sack; they filled a glass jar with ferns and anemones for a centerpiece, and set it on the table as daintily as they could, even putting a flower beside each plate.

"Land alive!" Mrs. Perkins exclaimed, when they carried the table out under the trees, where she sat with Aunt Kate and Mrs. Watson. "I haven't et outside since we used to have the picnics in Milford in all Major Rogers' time. I mind the last one we had, see old Mrs. Gilbert just fillin' the stuff into her basket, and I do believe she took more home than she brought, though I ain't the one to say it, because I do be talkin' against a neighbour, though there are some as say it right out, and don't even put a tooth on it."

"Don't you go to the 'Picnics' picnics, now?" Pearl asked, as she poured the tea.

"No; I haven't gone since Mrs. Burrell came. I don't like her, she ain't what I think a minister's wife ought to be, mind you; she said at awful queer thing at our place the very first time she was there. She was askin' me why we didn't get on to eatin' and drinkin' and tellin' her about all the chores we had to do, milkin' and feedin' the stock, and that, and she didn't say much, but when she got down to pray before she left, she started off all right, and I wasn't really noticin' what she was sayin' until I hears her say: 'Lord, take away the cows and the pigs and the hens from these people. It is to be the cows and the pigs and the hens that keepin' them from attendin' church; for it is better for them to do without milk or butter or eggs all their lives than to be eternally lost.' Them was her words."

(Continued Next Week.)

OUR HOME

Clad to Be

I have in mind things aged about 10 or 12 years, but I tell you why that put me to my mind except remember that age other. If you are a little beyond, I can feel it. It seems I was a 10-year-old child, vividly remember that eventful morning, when I went about just below the turkey and breakfast. I felt beneath "a man," year-old mark was between boyhood and I resented with a bit of a barefoot, healing "tied to mother and wash dishes and run to work around the cows and work in the yard. Now I am not so a bit if you feel just the same way is one that a farm boy privileges is just what attention to.

Sometimes you peep boys in the towns or better time than 2

