



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. Hae

The Second Chance

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(Continued from last week)

Pearl, the oldest daughter of John Watson, a C.P.R. section man living in Millford, 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 unmitigated 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 sends 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, like stray rose-petals, 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 skin a fox 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 understanding 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 it's 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 look to 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 to the oxen, Mr. Perkins came out bareheaded to make kind inquiries for his wife and family. From within came the mellow hum of the cream-separator, as Aunt Kate, 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 showed 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 brightest 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 what I like the best: Long about knee-deep in June.

Some afternoon
To just go 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 get 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 spilled them out 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, Pearl, 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 out of you, and yer quare speeches if he was here, poor fellow."

"He's in a better place, Katie, dear," said Mrs. Watson piously.

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, and the roses'll be here in June, and the cherry blossoms 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, so that less was it of modern form improved. Mrs. Perkins's eyes were gray and restless, her hair was the color of color, and it was straight but wavy 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 plain print dress, of that good old color called "pearl," it had tiny white daisies on a striped ground and was of that peculiar shade that people call "clean looking." It was made in a plain "back" with buttons down the 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.

Pearl brought out chairs. "Well, now, you do look comfortable," said Mrs. Perkins, with just a shadow of reproach in her voice that did not escape Pearl. "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 rain or shine, and she's goin' to take a rest once 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 as peas should be soaked before they are planted.

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

"Land alive!" Mrs. Perkins claimed, when they carried the table out under the trees, where she sat with Aunt Kate and Mrs. Watson. "I haven't eat outside since we used to have the picnics in Millford in old Major Rogers' time. I mind the last one we had. I 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 not like to talk 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 picnic, now?" Pearl asked, as she poured the tea.

"No; I haven't gone since Mr. Burrell came. I don't like her. She ain't what I think a man's wife ought to be, mind you; she said it awful queer thing at our place the very first time she was there. She was askin' me why we didn't get out to church, and I 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 started to pray before she left, she 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, if it be the will of the Lord, and then I'll 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

Glads to Be

I have in mind things aged about 10 or 12 years, but I tell you why that put me to my mind especially, because that aged thing is a little beyond, I feel, feelings. It seems to me that aged thing is a 10-year-old thing, when I remember that eventful morning, when I went and just below the turkey and breakfast. I felt that beneath "a man."

year-old mark was between boyhood and adulthood. I resented with a bit of a barefoot, healing "tied to mother" and being compelled to work around in the snows and work in the snows.

Now I am not going to say that you feel just what I feel, but that a farm boy's privileges is just what I feel.

Sometimes you people boys in the towns or better time than I.

