



**3** If a man realize his wasted golden hours of opportunity, let him not waste other hours in useless regret, but seek to forget his folly and to keep before him the lessons of it.

## Sowing Seeds in Danny

By Nellie L. McClung

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(Continued from last week)

**SYNOPSIS**—The Watson family live in a small town in Manitoba. The family consists of Mr. Watson, a man of few words, who works on the "section," and nine children. Pearl Watson is an imaginative, clever little girl, 12 years old, and is the idol of Pearl's eye, and is a favorite of Mrs. Francis, who tries some of her theories on Danny. Camilla Rose is a capable young woman who looks after Mrs. Francis' domestic affairs, and occasionally helps her to apply her theories. Mrs. Francis loses no chance to install her ideas and theories into poor Mrs. Watson's mind, whenever they present themselves. Mrs. Francis is known as the "pink doctor" of the town, for a visit to the Francis home in Chapters 4 and 5, getting Danny presentable for a visit to the Francis home. Dr. Barker, the old doctor of the town, clever in his profession, but temperance, has a beautiful daughter, Mary, who does much good among the Watson family. The Watsons are interested. Mrs. McArthur, the next door neighbor of the Watsons, has a special sympathy for Mr. Watson. A treat was given Pearl and Danny in Chapter 6, when Mr. Francis gave them for them to attend a musical concert. Mr. Motherwell is a well off but very stingy farmer. His dealings with the Watsons' and the minister in Chapter 7 are a good indication of his character. A year or two previously in a fit of generosity, he donated the caboose of his threshing outfit and demands payment. After much discussion it is decided that Pearl Watson shall go and work with Mrs. Motherwell and that twice out the stain."

A light broke over his face again. He bent behind the buggy and lifted the hind wheels. While he was holding around the back and craning his neck if his efforts were successful, Jim Russell came into the yard, riding his dun-colored pony Chiniquy. He stood still in astonishment. Then the meaning of it came to him and he rolled off Chiniquy's back, shaking with silent laughter.

"Come, come, Arthur," he said as soon as he could speak. "Stop trying to see how strong are. Don't you see the horse wants a drink?"

With a perfectly serene face Jim Russell undressed the check, whereupon the horse's head was lowered at once, and he drank in long gulps that water that he had so long mocked him with its nearness.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Russell," the Englishman cried in a delightedly. "Thanks awfully, it is monstrously clever of you to know how to do every thing. I wish I could go and live with you. I believe I could learn to farm if I were with you."

Jim looked at his eager face so cruelly bitten by mosquitoes.

"I'll tell you, Arthur," he said smiling. "I haven't any need for a man to work, but I suppose I might hire you to keep the mosquitoes off the horses. They wouldn't look at Chiniquy, the horse, sure, if they could get a nip at you."

The Englishman looked perplexed. "You are learning as well as any person could learn," Jim said kindly. "I think you are doing famously. No entirely new. Don't be a bit discouraged, old man, you're a rich landowner some day, proprietor of the A. J. Wenzel Stock Farm, writing letters to the agricultural papers, judge of horses at the fairs, giving lectures

at dairy institutes—oh, I think I see you, Arthur!"

"You are chaffing me," Arthur said smiling.

"Indeed, I am not. I am very much in earnest. I have seen more unlikely looking young fellows than you do wonderful things in a short time, and just to help along the good thing, I am going to show you a few may be useful to you when you are president of the Agricultural Society of South Cyprus, or some other fortunate municipality."

Arthur's face brightened.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Russell," he said.

That night Arthur wrote home a letter that would have made an appropriate circular for the Immigration Department to send to prospective settlers.

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### The Faith That Moveth Mountains

When supper was over and Pearl had washed the heavy white dishes, kindly, that she could go to bed. She would sleep in the little room over the kitchen in Polly's old bed.

"You don't need no lamp," she said, "if you hurry. It is light up there."

Mrs. Motherwell was inclined to think well of Pearl. It was not her soft brown eyes or her quaint speech that had won Mrs. Motherwell's heart. It was the way she scraped the frying pan.

Pearl went up the ladder into the kitchen loft, and found herself in a low, long room, close and stifling, one little window shone light against the eastern sky and on its innumerable flies buzzed unceasingly. Old boxes, old bags, old baskets looked strange

and shadowy in the gathering gloom. The Motherwells did not believe in giving away anything. The Indians who went through the neighborhood each fall looking for "old clo" had long ago learned to pass by the big stone house. The Indians do not appreciate a strong talk, with a vision of a long cold winter ahead of them. Pearl gazed around with a troubled look on her face. A large basket of old carpet rags stood near the little bed. She dragged it into the farthest corner. She tried to open the window, but it was nailed fast. Then a determined look shone in her eyes. She went quickly down the ladder.

"Please ma'am," she said going over to Mrs. Motherwell, "I can't sleep up there. It's full of diseases and mosquitoes."

"It's what?" Mrs. Motherwell almost screamed. She was in the pantry making pie.

"It has old air in it," Pearl said, "and it will give me the fever."

Mrs. Motherwell glared at the little girl. She forgot all about the frying pan.

"Good gracious!" she said. "It's a queer thing if hired help are going to dictate where they are going to sleep. Maybe you'd like a bed set up for you in the parlor!"

"Not if the windies ain't open," Pearl declared stoutly.

"Well they ain't; there hasn't been a window open in this house since it was built, and there isn't going to be, letting in dust and flies."

Pearl gasped. What would Mrs. Francis say to that?

"It's in yer graves ye ought to be then, ma'am," she said with honest conviction. "Mrs. Francis told me never to sleep in a room with the windows all down, and I as good as promised I wouldn't. Can't we open that wee windy, ma'am?"

Mrs. Motherwell was tired, unutterably tired, not with that day's work alone, but with the days and dreariness; the past barrow and bleak, the future bringing only visions of heavier burdens. She was tired and angry.

"You go straight to your bed," she said, with her mouth hard and her eyes glinting like cold flint, "and none of your nonsense, or you go straight back to town."

When Pearl again reached the little stifling room, she fell on her knees and prayed.

"Dear God," she said, "there's gums here as thick as hair on a dog's back, and You and me know it, even if she don't. I don't know what to do. Dear Lord—the windy is nelt into me. Keep the gums from gettin' into me, dear Lord. Do you mind how poor Jeremiah was let down in the mire and ye tuk care o' him, Lord. Poor ma has cooered me to do without me comin' home clutterin' up the house with sickness. Keep yer eye on Danny if ye can at all, at all. He's awful stinging. I'll try to git open the windy riz-to-morrow by hook or crook, so mebbe it's only to-night ye'll have to watch the gums."

Pearl braided her hair into two little pigtails, with her little dilapidated comb. When she brought out the contents of the bird-cage and the orange rolled out, almost frightening her. The purse, too, rattled on the bare floor as it fell.

She picked it up, and by going close to the fly-specked window she counted the ten ten-cent pieces, a whole dollar. Never was a little girl more happy.

"It was Camilla," she whispered to herself. "Oh, I love Camilla! and I never said 'God bless Camilla,' with a sudden pang of remorse."

She was on her knees in a moment

and added the postscript.

"I can send the orange home to ma, and she can put the skins in a box, and I'll git that windy smelt to-morrow."

Clasping her little purse in her hand, and with the orange close beside her head, she lay down to sleep. The smelt of the orange made her forget the heavy air in the room.

"Anyway," she murmured contently, "the Lord is attendin' to all that!" Pearl slept the heavy sleep of healthy childhood and anyone else in the household was stirring. She threw on some clothing and went down the ladder into the kitchen. She started the fire, secured the basin full of water and a piece of yellow soap and came back to her room for her "oliver."

"I can't lave it all to the Lord to do," she said, as she rubbed the soap on her little wash-rag. "It doesn't do to impose on good nature."

When Tom, the only son of the Motherwells, came down to light the fire, he found Pearl sitting at the table, the kitchen swept and the kettle boiling.

Pearl looked at him with her friendly Irish smile, which he returned awkwardly.

He was a tall, stoop-shouldered, rather good-looking lad of twenty. He had heavy gray eyes, and a drooping mouth.

Tom had gone to school a few winters when there was not much doing, but his father thought it was a great deal better for a boy to learn to handle horses and a little wheat, than to run a binder, than to learn the "back of nonsense they got in school nowadays," and when the pretty little teacher of the eastern township came to Southey, Minn., Mrs. Motherwell knew at once that Tom would learn no good from her—she was such a flighty looking thing! Flowers on the under side of her hair!

So poor Tom grew up a clod of the valley. Yet Mrs. Motherwell would tell you, "Our Tom'll be the richest man in these parts. He'll get every cent we have and all the land, too; and I guess there won't be many that can afford to turn up their noses at our Tom. And, mind ye, Tom can tell a horse as well as the next one, and he's a boy that won't waste nothin', not like some we know. Look at them Slaters now! Fred and George have been off to college two years, and Peter is going to the Agricultural College in Guelph this winter, and the old man will hire a man to take care of the stock, and him with three boys of his own. Just as if a boy can learn about farmin' at a college! and the way them girls dress, and the old lady, too, and her not able to speak above a whisper, and a boy wears an ostrich feather in his topknot, and they're a terrible costly thing, I hear. Mind you they only keep six cows, and they send every thing they don't need to the creamery. Everybody can do as they like, I suppose, but I know they'll go to the wall, and they deserve it, too!"

And yet! She and Mrs. Slater had been girls together and sat in school with girls entwined and wove romances of the future, rosy-hued and golden. When they consulted the oracle of "Tinker tailor, soldier, sailor, beggar, poor man, beggar man, thief," the butchers on her gray winery dress had declared in favor of the "rich man." Then she had dreamed dreams of silks and satins and prancing steeds and liveried servants, and ease, and happiness—dreams which God in His mercy had let her forget long, long ago.

When she had become the mistress of the big stone house, she struggled hard against her husband's penurious uses, defiantly sometimes, and sometimes tearfully. But he had held her