

TITISDOM is knowing what to do next. Skill is knowing how to do it, and virtue is doing it .- fordan.

... The Second Chance

(Copyrighted) NELLIE L. McCLUNG Author of "Sowing Seeds in Danny (Continued from last week)

(Continued from last week)

Pearl, the oldest daughter of John Watson, a C. P. 3. section man living in Milford, Man., receives a large sum of money from the relatives of a young Englishment of the pearly of the family of the family of the family. The West when it is the decides to educate herself and the rest of the family. The week of the family of

"He is able to deliver you," it said

said.

Bud read it now scornfully, and with a sudden impulse tore it down and crushed it in his hands.

"There's nothing in it," the boy

"There's nothing in it," the boy cried bitterly,
He went out to the pasture and whistled to his pacing colt, which came to him at once. The boy laid his head on the colt's velvet neck and patted it lovingly.
"I'll come back for you, Bunko," he said. "You're mine anyway."
The colt rubbed his head against Rud's arm.

Bud's arm.

Across the ravine, where the fring-ed blue gentian looked up from the sere grass, the cows were grazing, and Bud, from habit, went for them and brought them up to the bars.

The sun was setting when Bud reached the Cavers's house, for he reached the Cavers's house, for he could not go without saying good-bye to Libby Anne. She was driv-ing their two cows in from a straw stack, and called gaily to him when

she saw him coming.
"I've come to say good-bye, Lib," said Bud simply.

"Where are you going?" she asked "I don't know-anywhere to get away from here." Then he told her

what had happened. what had happened.

"I'm glad you took a smash at
Tom Steadman," she said, her big
eyes flashing, when he had finished.
Then suddenly she began to cry. "I
don't want you to go," she sobbed.
"You won't ever come back; I won't
ever see you again."

"Don't say that, Libby," Bud cried in real distress—she looked so little and pale in her black dress "I will

E had only one thought—to get knew hours the whole world had changed for him—that Mr. Burrell should so easily believe him guilty had overflowed his cup of bitterness, A red and silver scripture text, in the form of a shield, hung on his bedroom wall; Martha had given it to him, some time ago, and it had often brought him comfort and another brough

breath in a quivering sob.

Then Bud lifted the little girl in his arms and kissed her over and

again

"Don't cry, Libby," he said. "I'm Don't cry, Libby, 'ne said. 'I'm going away to make lots of money and you mustn't fret. Every night I want you to say to yourself: 'I'm Bud's girl, and he won't forget me': and whenever you get lonely or down-hearted, just say that. Now, Libby Anne, tell me who you are."
"I'm Bud's girl, all right," she answered gravely.

The sun had gone down in a crim son haze, and a misty tenderness seemed to brood over the world. The seemed to prood over the world. The September evening was so full of peace and beauty with its muffled tinkle of cowbells and the soft sone of the whippoorwill that came at intervals from the maple bush on Oak creek, it was hard to believe that there were troubled hearts anywhere. The hoarse whistle of a long freight train on the C.P.R. boomed

freight train on the C.F.R. boomed harshly through the quiet air. "I must go, Lib," said Bud. Libby Anne stood looking after him as he went quickly down the him as he went quickly down the road. The evening twilight soon hid him from her sight, but she still looked down the winding road until it dipped down in the valley of Oak

Creek.
Suddenly from the river bank came
the weird cry of a prairie wolf, and
Libby Anne, turning with a shudder,
ran home in the gathering dusk.

CHAPTER XXII. AUTUMN DAYS.

There's a wonderful charm in the autumn days, When Earth to her rest is returnWhen the hills are drowned in a purple haze, When the wild grape sweetens, and all in a blaze

When autumn came to the Souris valley and touched the trees with crimson and gold, it found that some progress had been made on the farm that was getting its second chance.

Down on the river flat the hay had

been cut and gathered into two stacks, which stood beside the stable, and the two Watson cows now fat-tened on the rich growth of after-

grass,

The grain, which had been an
abundant crop, had been threshed
and drawn at once to the elevator, and drawn at once to the elevator, for there was no place to store it; but as the price was one dollar a bushel for the best, and seventy cents for the poorest, John Watson had no cause for complaint. The status cause for complaint. The stable, which he had built of poles, was now roofed by a straw stack and was intended for a winter shelter for the

two cows In the early spring Pearl had planted a bed of Polly's poppies, and all summer long they nad flamed red brilliant brilliant against the poplar behind the house, which shell and tered them from the winds, weeds around the buildings were cut down and the scrub cleaned out for a garden the next year. In the holidays the boys had fenced this with peeled poplar poles.

A corner of the wheat-field before the house had already been used for a garden, and had been a great source of delight and also of profit to the family. The boys had com-plained a little at first about having to pull mustard and shepherd's purse and french-weed, with which the farm was infested, but Pearl presented weed-pulling in a new light. She organized two foraging parties, who made raids upon the helds and brought back the spoils of war. Patbrought back the spoils of war. Pat-sey was Rhoderick Dhu, who had a henchman bold, called Daniel the Redhanded. Bugsey was Alan-bane, and Tommy was to have been his henchman, Thomas Trueman, but Tommy had strong ideas about equal rights and would be Alan-bane's twin brother. Tommy rights and would be Alan-bane's twin brother, Tommy-bane, or no thing. They were all dark-visaged, eagle-eyed Highlanders, who made raids upon the Lowlands to avenge wrongs.

Pearl had learned about the we rear had learned about the weeds at school, and soon had her whole family, including Aunt Kate, organ-ized into a weed-fighting brigade. Even the golden dandelion was ruthlessly cut down, and Mary, who was strong on experiments, found lout that its roots were good to eat. After that any dandelion that showed its yellow face was simply inviting destruction

In school Pearl was having a very happy time, and she and her teacher were mutually helpful to each other. were mutually neiprul to each other. Pearl's compositions were Mr. Donald's delight. There was one that he carried with him and often found inspiration in to meet the burdens of inspiration in to meet the burdens of his own monotonous life. The sub-ject was "True Greatness," and was suggested by a lesson of that name in the reader. Needless to say, Pearl's manner of treating the sub-ject was different from the reading lesson

person can never get true ness," she wrote, "by trying "A person can never get true greatness," she wrote, "by trying for it. You get it when you're not looking for it. It's nice to have good clothes—it makes it a lot easier to act decent—but it is a sign of true greatness to act when you haven't got them just as good as if you had. One time when Ma was a little girl build be a bid at their house, called Bill, the bid at their house, called Bill, the bid leg. They thought they would have to kill him,

When the hills are drowned in a but next morning they found him purple haze,
When the wild grape sweetens, and good leg, singing! That was true good leg, singing! That was true greatness. One time there was a woman that had done a big washing and hung it on the line. The line and hung it on the line. The line broke, and let it all fall down in the broke, and let it all fall down in the mud, but she didn't say a word, only did it over again; and this time she spread it on the grass, where it couldn't fall. But that night a dox with dirty feet ran over it. When couldn't fall. But that night with dirty feet ran over it. When she saw what was done, she sat down she saw what was done, she said the cry a bit. All she said sne saw what was done, she sat down and didn't cry a bit. All she said was: 'Ain't it queer that he didn't miss nothing!' That was true greatness, but it's only people who have done washings that know it! Once done washings that know it! Once there was a woman that lived near a pig-pen, and when the wind biew that way it was very smelly, indeed; and at first when she went there to and at first when she went there to live she couldn't smell anything but straight pig, but when she lived there a while she learned to smell the clover blossoms through it. That was true greatness."

Camilla's wedding had been a great event in Pearl's life. It had taken place early one Wednesons morning in the church at Millford. It had morning in the church at Milliotu. It was a pretty wedding, the paper said. The altar of the church was banked high with wild roses, whose banked high with wild roses, whose sweet perfume made Pearl think of schoolbooks—she always kept her books full of rose petals, and to her it was a real geography smell.

Mr. Burrell and Mr. Grantley both Mr. Burrell and Mr. Grantley both took part in the ceremony, to show there was no hard feelings, Pearl thought, for Camilla was a Presby terian and Jim was a Methodist.

Mr. Francis brought Camilla in Mr. Francis brought Camilla in, and Pearl followed. Jim and the doc-tor stood at the altar, while down for stood at the altar, while down from the choir-gallery, which seemed to be overflowing with roses, came the strains of the wedding march. the strains of the wedding march. Pearl had never heard it before, but it seemed to her now as if she had always known it, for in it throbbed the very same joy that was beating in her own heart. It was all over in a her own heart. It was all over in a minute and they were coming down the aisle, her hand on the doctor's arm. The carriage was waiting for them at the door, and they drow-back to the house, everybody talk-ing and laughing and throwing rice.

When the wedding breakfast was over, and Jim and Camilla had gone on the train, Pearl and the doctor and Mr and Mrs. Francis drove back to the house. Everything was just as they had left it—the flowers were still they nad left li—the flowers were still on the table, and the big clock in the hall was still going, though it seem-ed a long, long time that they had been away. Mrs. Francis was quite worn out by the efforts of the mornworh out by the efforts of the morn-ing, and said she must go and rest. Would Pearl box up the wedding-cake in the little white boxes? "It a severe strain to lose Camilla, is a severe strain, which is a severe strain, which is fourteen days, and that means forty-two meals without her."

"We'll attend to the wedding-cake and put away presents and r things generally," the doctor said.

In the dining-room Dr. Clay put up wedding-cake and packed it in boxes for mailing, while Pearl quick-ly cleared away the dishes. She was quite a pretty little girl in her white ly cleared away the dishes. She was oquie a pretty little girl in her white silk dress. She was tall and slight, and lithe and graceful in her movements, with pansy-brown eyes and a smooth, olive skin that neither sun nor wind could roughen. But the beauty of her face was in the serene expression which comes only to people whose hearts are brave and sweet and honest. sweet and honest.

The doctor watched her with a great admiration in his face. "Pearl, how old are you?" he asked suddenly

"I am fifteen," she answered. (Continued next week)

February 8. ****** The Up

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do mine own Him that sent m it seems natur ourselves first, of and dear to us n after that. Ther so self cente get beyond ou d. are our liv ert unhappy, w

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inspiration to live the children were arms and He love That is the life we should live. Li here to do our of will for us. He lose our lives in se of the best that is so it will be giv Good measure, pretogether, and rung we should love our selves and that ou

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Luke 6.38.) If we are unha we are too self cen to love God better grace to carry our matter what they nower and a new in our hearts. It humble or how exal may be, whether we King David we ca true contentment, doing the will of o in heaven. Troub and empty pleasure

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