

**SOWING SEEDS IN DANNY**

By NELLIE L. McCLUNG

Author of "The Next of Kin," "Three Times and Out," etc.

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**THIS STARTS THE STORY**  
Mrs. J. Burton Francis, a woman with high ideals and more than the ordinary measure of the milk of human kindness coursing through her veins, notices that her new-born son, Mrs. Watson, in performing her labors as a slatternly woman, inquires about her health and about her numerous children, subjects her to some up-lifting talk on motherhood, suggests books for her husband to read, and inter-jects herself in the welfare of the family. She asks that little "Danny," a child of four, be sent to her on a visit. Pearl, the eldest of the family, a girl of twelve, prepares Danny for entertaining him with stories of her own creation in which chocolate plays a part. When all is ready she carries Danny to the home of the "pink lady." "Keep up the side of the pink lady," she says, "and don't fight any of your own." These are her parting instructions.

**AND HERE IT CONTINUES**  
When Pearl and her heavy burden arrived at Mrs. Francis's back door she was admitted by the dark-haired Camilla, who set a rocking chair beside the kitchen stove for Pearl to sit in while she unrolled Danny, and when Danny in his rather remarkable costume stood up on Pearl's knee, Camilla laughed so good humoredly that Danny felt the necessity of showing her all his accomplishments, and so made the face that taught him to draw down his eyes, and putting his fingers in his mouth, Danny thought she liked it very much, for she went hurriedly into the pantry and brought back a cookie for him. The savory smell of fried salmon for it was near lunch time, increased Danny's interest in his surroundings, and his eyes were big with wonder when Mrs. Francis herself came in. "And is this little Daniel," she cried, "my own?" Did Big Sister carry him all the way? Kind Big Sister. Does she love Big Sister?

take him home now," said Pearl. She knew what Danny was, and was afraid that greater disgrace might await her. But when she tried to get him back into the blanket he lost every joint in his body and slipped to the floor. This is what she had feared—Danny had gone limber. "I don't want to go home," he wailed dimly. "I want to stay with her, and her; want to see the yalla birds, want a chocolate." "Come, Danny, that's a man," pleaded Pearl. "and I'll tell you all about the lovely pink lady when we go home, and I'll get Bugey's gun for ye and I'll ——" "No," Danny roared. "I'll tell you now about the pink lady, tell her, and her." "Wait till we get home, Danny man," Pearl's grief flowed afresh. Disgrace had fallen on the Watsons, and Pearl knew it. "It would be interesting to know what mental food this little mind has been receiving. Please do tell him the story, Pearlie." Thus admonished Pearl, with flaming cheeks began the story. She tried to make it less personal, but at every change Danny screamed his disapproval, and held her to the original version, and when it was done, he looked up with his sweet little smile, and said to Mrs. Francis, nodding his head, "You're it! You're the lovely pink lady." There was a strange flush on Mrs. Francis's face, and a strange feeling stirring her heart, as she hurriedly rose from her chair and clasped Danny in her arms. "Danny! Danny!" she cried, "you shall see the yellow birds, and the stairs, and the chocolates on the dresser, and the pink lady will come tomorrow with the big parcel." "It's her," he shouted. "It's her." When Mrs. Burton Francis went up to her sitting-room a few hours later to get the "satchel" powder to put in the box that was to be tied with the store string, the sun was shining on the face of the Madonna on the wall, and it seemed to smile at her as she passed. The little red book lay on the table forgotten. She tossed it into the waste-paper basket.

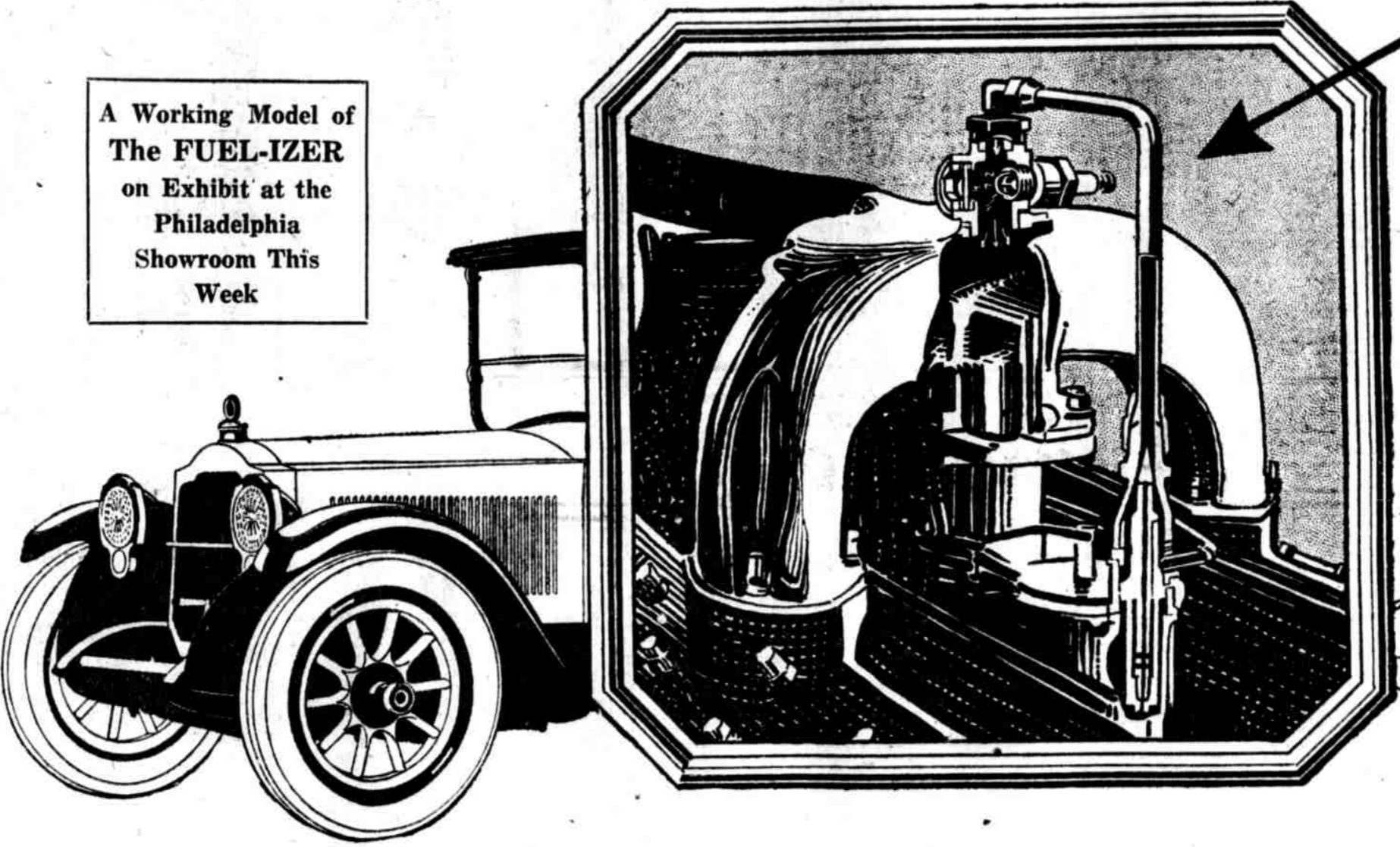
**The Old Doctor**  
CLOSSE beside Mrs. Francis's comfortable home stood a other large house, weather-beaten and dreary looking, a house whose dilapidated verandas and broken fence clearly indicated that its good days had gone by. In the summer time vines and flowers grew around it to hide its scars and relieve its grimness, pathetic as brave smile on a sad face. Doctor Barner, brilliant, witty and skillful, had for many years been a victim of intemperance, but being Scotch to the backbone, he never could see how good, pure "Kilmarnock" made in Glasgow, could hurt any one. He knew that his hand shook and his brain reeled and his eyes were bleared; but he never blamed the whisky. He knew that his patients sometimes died while he was enjoying a protracted drunk, but of course, accidents will happen, and a doctor's accidents are soon buried and forgotten. His wife, a frail though very beautiful woman, at first thought nothing of his drinking habits—he was never anything but gentlemanly in her presence. But the time came when she saw honor and manhood slowly but surely dying in him, and on her heart there fell the terrible weight of a powerless despair. Her health had never been robust and she quickly sank into invalidism. The specialist who came from Win-

stons diagnosed her case as chronic anemia and prescribed port wine, which she refused with a queer little wavering cry and a sudden rush of tears. But she put up a good fight, nevertheless. She wanted to live so much for the sake of Mary, her beautiful fifteen-year-old daughter. Mrs. Barner did not live to see the whole work of degeneration, for the end came in the early spring, swift and sudden and kind. Mary Barner took up the burden of caring for her father without question, for she loved him with a great and pitying love, to which he responded in his best moments. In the winter she went with him on his drives night and day. One day, shortly after Mrs. Barner's death, big John Robertson from "the hills" drove furiously down the street to the doctor's house, and rushed into the office without ringing the bell. His little boy had been cut with the mower knives and he implored the doctor to come at once. The doctor sat at his desk, just drunk enough to be ugly-tempered, and curtly told Mr. Robertson to go straight to perdition, and as the poor man, wild with excitement, begged him to come and offered him money, he yawned nonchalantly, and with some slight variations repeated the injunction. Mary, hearing the conversation, came in hurriedly. "Mary, my dear," the doctor said, "please leave us. This gentleman is quite forgetting himself and his language is shocking." Mary did not even look at her father. She was packing his little satchel with all that would be needed. (CONTINUED TOMORROW)

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