

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...

Now pick him up and take him. He'll be all right when he sees your little boy, never mind what he says now.

Big John seized the doctor and bore him struggling and protesting to the wagon.

The doctor made an effort to get out. "Put him down in the bottom with this under his head"—banding Big John a cushion—land put your feet on him.

Big John did as she bid him, none too gently, for he could still hear his little boy's cries and see that cruel jagged wound.

"Oh, don't hurt him," she cried piteously, and ran sobbing into the house. Upstairs, in what had been her mother's room, she pressed her face against her mother's kimono that still hung behind the door.

The doctor was asleep when John reached his little shanty in the hills. The child still lived, his Highland mother having stopped the blood with rude haussing and ashes, a remedy learned in her far-off island home.

John shook the doctor roughly and cursed him soundly in both English and Gaelic, without avail, but the child's cry so full of pain and weakness roused him with a start.

For two days the doctor stayed in John's dirty little shanty, caring for little Murdoch as tenderly as a mother. He cooked for the child, he sang to him, he carried him in his arms for hours, and soothed him with a hundred quaint fancies.

On the third day, the little fellow's fever went down, and, peeping over the doctor's shoulder, he smiled and chattered and asked for his "daddy."

Then Big John broke down utterly and tried to speak his gratitude, but the doctor abruptly told him to quit his blubbering and hitch up for little Murdoch would be chasing the hens again in a week or two.

The doctor went faithfully every day and dressed little Murdoch's wound until it no longer needed his care, remaining perfectly sober meanwhile. Hope

sprang up in Mary's heart—for love believeth all things.

But alas for Mary's hopes! They were built upon the slipping, sliding sands of human desire. One night she found him in the office of the hotel, a red-faced, senseless, gibbering old man, arguing theology with a brother Scotchman, who was in the same condition of mellow exhilaration.

Mary's white face as she guided her father through the door had an effect upon the men who sat around the office. Kind-hearted fellows they were, and they felt sorry for the poor little motherless girl who was so young.

The bartender, a new one from across the line, a dapper chap with diamonds, was indignant. "I'll give that old man a straight pointer," he said, "that his girl has to stay out of here."

Five years went by and Mary Barner lived on in the lonely house and did all that human power could do to stay her father's evil course.

He was a strangely inconsistent character, spiritually minded, but selfishly loving humanity when it is spelled with a capital, but knowing nothing of the individual. The flower of holiness in her heart was like the haughty orchid that blooms in the hothouse, untouched by wind or cold, beautiful to behold but comforting no one with its beauty.

Pearl Watson was like the rugged little anemone, the wind flower that lifts its head from the cheerless prairie. No kind hand softens the heat of the cold, nor tempers the wind, and yet the very winds that blow upon it and the hot sun that beats upon it bring to it a grace, a hardiness, a fragrance of good cheer, that gladdens the hearts of all who pass that way.

Mrs. Francis found herself strongly attracted to Pearl. Pearl, the housekeeper, the homemaker, a child with a woman's responsibility, appealed to Mrs. Francis. She thought about Pearl very often.

Noticing one day that Pearl was thin and pale, she decided at once that she

needed a health talk. Pearl sat like a graven image while Mrs. Francis conscientiously tried to stir up in her the seeds of right living.

"Oh, ma!" Pearl said to her mother that night, when the children had gone to bed and they were sewing by the fire. "Oh, ma! she told me more today about me insides than I would care to remember. Mind ye, ma, there's a string down yer back no bigger'n a knitting needle, and if ye ever broke it ye'd snuff out before ye knowed what ye was doin', and there's a tin pan in yer ear that if ye got a dinge in it, it wouldn't be worth a dirty postage stamp for hearin' ye, and ye mustn't skip, ma, for it will disturb yer Latin parts, and ye mustn't eat seeds, or ye'll get the thing that pa had—what is it called, ma?"

Her mother told her. "Yes, appendicitis, that's what she said. I never knowed there were so many places inside a person to go wrong, did ye, ma? I just thought we had liver and lights and few things like that."

"But Pearl was not yet satisfied. "But oh, ma," she said, as she hastily worked a buttonhole. "You don't know about the diseases that are goin' round. Mind ye, there's tuberculosis in the cows even, and them that sly about it, and there's diseases in the milk as big as a chew o' gum and us not seein' them. Every drop of it we use should be sealed well, and oh, ma, I wonder any one of us is alive, for we're not half clean! The poison pours out of the skin night and day, carbolic acid, she said, and every last wan o' us should have a sponge bath at night—that's just to stop yerself all up and down with a rag, and an oliver in the mornin'." Ma, what's an oliver, d'ye think?"

"Ask Camilla," Mrs. Watson said, somewhat alarmed at these hygienic problems. "Camilla is grand at explaining Mrs. Francis's queer ways."

Pearl's brown eyes were full of worry.

(CONTINUED MONDAY)

HOLD-UP VICTIM SHOT

Alleged Highwayman, a Soldier, is Caught After Chase

"Give me your overcoat before I count three or I'll shoot you," was the demand of a bandit who held up John Chamaisian, 218 North Camac

street, at Camac and Race streets last night.

"One, two, three," the hold-up artist counted without a perceptible pause between numbers. Chamaisian was too surprised to take off his coat. The man shot three times, one bullet striking his victim in the abdomen, one in the left shoulder and one in the

left hand. He is in a serious condition in the Hahnemann Hospital.

Harry Brown, twenty-eight years old, a soldier of Camp Meigs near Washington, was arrested after a chase and taken to the Eleventh and streets station accused of the shooting. He was held in \$1500 bail for court later by Magistrate Grells.

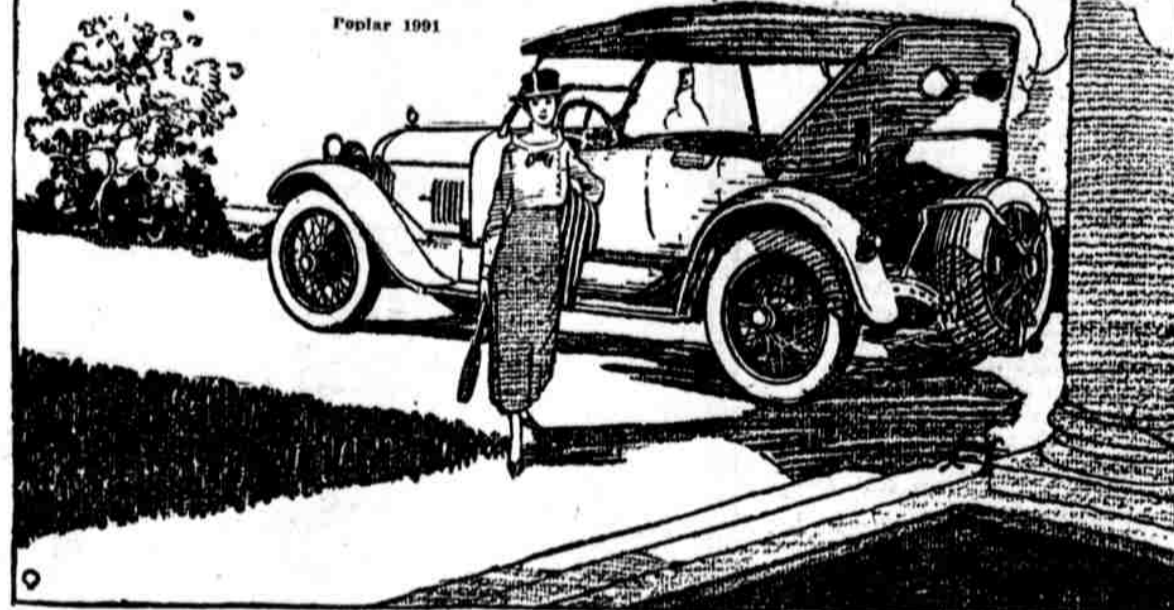
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