

SOWING SEEDS IN DANNY

By NELLIE L. McCLUNG

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

THIS STARTS THE STORY. Mrs. J. Burton Francis, a woman with high ideals and more than the ordinary kindness...

"Oh, give over, give over!" the Englishman said stiffly. Pearl laughed delightedly. "It's lots of fun guessing who people are like," she said.

"I am a rector's son," he answered. "Oh, I know, minister's son, isn't that lovely? I bet you know prayers that lovely. But it isn't fair to pray for a race is it? When Jimmy Moore and my brother Jimmy prayed, and some twelve, Jimmie Moore prayed, and he said he'd like to pray, too; he's a Methodist minister, you know, and of course, he won't it; but our Jimmy could be a real minister, but he's a fair race, and no favors, but he's an awful people kid and prays about everything. Do you sing?"

"I do a little," the Englishman said modestly. "Oh, yes, I am glad," Pearl cried eagerly. "When I was two years old I could sing 'Hush My Baby Lie,' all through—I love singing—I can sing a little, too, but I don't care much for my own. Have they got an organ here?"

"I don't know," he answered. "I've only been in the kitchen." "Say, I'd like to see a melodeon. Just the lovely sounds, religious sounds, mountain higher and higher and swellin' mountin' higher and higher and rollin' right out grander and grander, and shakin' the streets of gold." "Do you know the 'Holy City,'" he asked after a pause. "The Englishman began to hum it in a rich tenor."

"That's it, you bet," she cried delightedly. "Just think of the ocean and know all the way across the ocean and know all the way just the same as we do. I used to listen at the keyhole when Mrs. Francis had company, and I was there helping Camilla." Doctor Clay sang the Englishman had not sung since he had left his father's house. He began to sing now, in a sweet, full voice, resonant on the quiet evening air, the organ starting idly at him. The old dog came down to the bars with his bristles up, expecting trouble.

"Old Sam and his son Tom coming in, but work stopped to listen to these strange sounds. "Confound them English!" old Sam said. "Ye'd think I was paying him to do that, and it lasts time, too." When Doctor Clay, with Danny Watson gravely perched beside him, drove along the river road after saying good-bye to Pearl, they met Miss Barker, who had been digging ferns for Mrs. McGuire down on the river flat. The doctor drew in his horse.

"Miss Barker," he said, lifting his hat, "if Daniel Mulcahey Watson and I should ask you to come for a drive with us, I wonder what you would say?" Miss Barker considered for a moment and then said, smiling: "I think I would say, 'Thank you very much, Mr. Watson and Doctor Clay, I shall be delighted to come if you are sure for me.'" Life had been easier for Mary Barker since Doctor Clay had come to Millford. It was no longer necessary for her to compel her father to go when he was sent for, and when patients came to the office, if she thought her father did not know what he was doing, she got Doctor Clay to check over the prescriptions.

It had been rather hard for Mary to ask him to do this, for she had a fair share of her father's Scotch pride; but she had done too many hard things in her life to hesitate now. The young doctor was genuinely glad to serve her, and he made her feel that she was consulting, instead of asking, in a favor. They drove along the high bank that fell perpendicularly to the river below and looked down at the harvest scene that lay beneath them. The air was full of perfume of many flowers and the chatter of birds.

The Reverend Hugh Grantley drove (CONTINUED MONDAY) DREAMLAND ADVENTURES DOCTOR PEGGY By DADDY (Peggy and Billy find the birds sick, save because they have starved them, save because they have starved them, save because they have starved them...)

CHAPTER VI The Picnic Lunch I WAS surprised how the thoughts of a picnic cured the birds. To be sure the thin birds looked a bit better, and the fat birds puffed and gaped because they had eaten too much, but all were so eager for the picnic fun that they forgot their ills. Peggy and Billy quickly got up games to play and a program of races and contests, but all the time Peggy was worrying about the picnic lunch. She didn't have any idea of what food they would get to serve.

But in the midst of the excitement Dr. Blue Bird and Dr. Blue Jay came hurrying up. They had been having a jolly time feasting on the pay the birds had given them—this pay being things that they were sure they were getting along trying to cure the birds. They expected to see her up to her ears in trouble, and they were sure they were getting along trying to cure the birds. They expected to see her up to her ears in trouble, and they were sure they were getting along trying to cure the birds. They expected to see her up to her ears in trouble, and they were sure they were getting along trying to cure the birds.

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SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Mary Doodle's Batik Work Skirt

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'CAP' STUBBS—Yes, That Was the Dish

By Edwina

