

SOWING SEEDS IN DANNY

By NELLIE L. McCLUNG

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

Copyright, 1920, by Public Ledger Co. 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 washwoman, Mrs. Watson, is performing her labor in a slovenly manner, inquires about her health and about her numerous children, subjects her to some splitting talk on motherhood, suggests she take her husband and interests herself in the welfare of the family.

THE hall had played a strange trick; heating down the grain along this narrow path, just as if a mighty roller had come through it, until it reached the house, on the other side of which not one trace of damage could be found. "Didn't we get off lucky?" Tom exclaimed, "and the rest of the grain is not even lodged. Why, \$25 would cover the whole loss, cookhouse roof and all." His father was looking over the rimpling field, green-gold in the rosy dawn. He started uncomfortably at Tom's words.

Twenty-five dollars!

CHAPTER XV

After sundown one night Pearl's resolve was carried into action. She picked a shoebox full of poppies, wrapping the stems carefully in wet newspaper. She put the cover on, and wrapped the box neatly. Then she wrote the address. She wrote it painfully, laboriously, in round, blocky letters. Pearl always put her tongue out when she was doing anything that required minute attention. She was so anxious to have the address just right that her tongue was almost round to her ear. The address read: Miss Polly Brazg, English girl and sick with fever Brandon.

Then she drew a design around it. Jimmy's teacher had made them once in Jimmy's scribbler, just beautiful. She was sorry she could not do a bird with a long strip of paper in its mouth with "Think of Me" or "From a Friend" or "Love the Giver" on it. Ma knew a man once who could do that, quick as wink. He died a drunkard with delirium tremens, but was terrible smart.

Then she stuck, under the string, a letter she had written to Camilla. Camilla would get them sent to Polly.

"I know how to get them sent to Camilla, too, you bet," she murmured. "There are two ways, both good ones, too. Jim Russell is one way, Jim knows what flowers are to folks. She went softly down the stairs. Mrs. Motherwell had left the kitchen and no one was about. The men were all down at the barn.

She turned around the cookhouse where the poppies stood straight and strong against the glowing sky. A little single red one with white edges swayed gently on its slender stem and seemed to beckon to her with pleading insistence.

She hurried past them, fearing that she would be seen, but looking back the little poppy was still nodding and pleading. "And so ye can go, ye sweetheart," she whispered, "I know what ye want." She came back for the tail sunflowers along the fence seemed to throw a light in the gathering gloom.

A night hawk circled in the air above her, and a chimney cat came humping through the dusk as she crossed the creek just below Jim's shanty. Bottles, Jim's dog, jumped up and barked, at which Jim himself came to the door.

"Come back, Bottles," he called to the dog. "How will I ever get into society if you treat callers that way, and I had, too! I mean, it is my tie on straight; Oh, is that you, Pearl? Come right in. I am glad to see you." Over the door of Jim's little house the words "Happy Home" were printed in large letters, and above the one little window another sign boldly and hospitably announced "Hot Meals at all hours."

Pearl stopped at the door. "No, Jim," she said, "it's not visiting I am, but I will go in for a minute, for I must put this flower in the box. Can ye go to town, Jim, in a hurry?" "I mean now, this very minute, Hap-py-bang!" Jim started for the door.

"How is the doctor?" Pearl cried. "don't you take to hear what ye're told?" Take this box to Camilla—Camilla E. Rose, at Mrs. Francis's

girl went on whispering. "That is what I heard the doctor say. That is why mother cries and father looks so sad. I must go away, and I don't want to leave them all alone behind. But I'm so tired, so tired of just being sick! I must go away!" "Have you come to take me away?" she whispered low. "No, we have come to make you well," answered Peggy and Billy in one breath. "To make you well!" echoed the birds and animals. "Ab, then you must be fairies—and I thought fairies only lived in books," murmured the little girl. "Fairies, wonderful fairies. And you are going to make me well. I feel better all ready."

(Tomorrow will be told how Johnny Bull goes on a flying hunt after rats.)

THE GUMPS—Good for You, Min! All the Women Are With You

By Sidney Smith



PETEY—He Has a Wooden Head

By C. A. Voight



The Young Lady Across the Way

All Day Long April First Old Man Mayfield Had Tried in Vain to Get Some One to Smoke That Explosive Cigar

SCHOOL DAYS

By DWIG



SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Leads His Sunday School Class Where?

Copyright, 1920, by Public Ledger Co.

By Hayward



"CAP" STUBBS—Gosh!!

By Edwina



(Tomorrow will be told how Johnny Bull goes on a flying hunt after rats.)