A Garden Girl

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

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Bernice came down the garden walk with the grand air that always presages trouble. It was an adorable garden, sweet with June roses and clove pinks, spiced, too, with the breath of honeysuckle and the keen burning fragrance of Sweet Betsys. The flowers were in the wide borders at either side of the walks. On beyond there were plots of homely kitchen gardening in full tilth and growth. Susan explained the fact—Susan who was pushing the wheel hoe steadfastly, rosy as Hebe and well nigh as enchanting, notwithstanding her plentiful freckles.

Yet Bernice groaned at the sight. "Stop that! Come into the arbor!" she said. Even in this crisis she thought of her complexion—rightly enough, too, since she felt that her face was not only her fortune, but that of the whole family. "Aunt Patrick and Lawrence will be here this afternoon on the 4 o'clock train," she said impressively as Susan joined her in the green bower. "Only think! If they had come and found you this way I should have died of shame!"

"Oh, I reckon not," Susan said cheerily. "Berry, you're pretty well hardened to shocks by this time. I'm sorry you've had to be hardened, but there wasn't any other way. I couldn't see daddy lack anything; not with all this big garden and strength to work it and a market just outside the gate fairly crying for all I have to sell."

"I know," Bernice said impatiently. "We've fought that all out. I know you'd have done better if you had hired a gardener, but you're the most obstinate thing. Now the question is, What shall we do about it? Aunt Patrick has cautioned me over and over that Lawrence was most fastidious"—

"Well, I don't want him—not for all his money," Susan said, laughing heartily. Bernice looked at her in blank amaze. "Of course you don't," she echoed. "Whoever thought of such a thing? I was thinking of him—of myself. He is coming here to marry me—if it can be managed. Aunt Patrick and I agreed on that three months back. But how will he like having a sister-in-law who works with her hands and is as sunburnt as a haymaker? Not at all, being what he is. So I want you to go away, right off, up to the Grahams for, say, a week. If you'll sleep in a mask and gloves and wash your face in buttermilk"—

IN QUICK CONFUSION SHE LET FALL THE LETTER.

"Which I won't do; that's flat!" Susan cried. "I won't go away either and leave everything to run to seed and weeds. Don't talk to me of hiring somebody. Whoever you got would let things go to ruin. Besides, there's nobody to be had. Moreover, I can't and won't leave daddy."

"So you'll ruin my prospects," Bernice said bitterly. Susan looked at her, swallowing hard. After a long breath she said huskily: "I don't want to do it, Berry. God knows I'd like you to be rich and grand. You do crave it so. Tell me, do you think Lawrence by any chance remembers daddy or me? If he don't—well, I see a way out."

"What do you mean?" Bernice asked, flushing happily. Susan was looking away from her at a tiny deserted cottage, barely three rooms, and a playhouse porch which stood in a bit of grass at the garden's farther end. It had been the coachman's house back in the days when the Stanleys had had coachmen. Commonly it was let, but all this year it had been empty.

"I'll rent the cottage and the garden from you, Miss Stanley," Susan said gayly. "I'll go to live in it with daddy while you entertain our rich kin. You can explain to Aunt Patrick—she'll agree with you that it was right and wise—and maybe come to see daddy some time—after dark. And you can tell the superfine Lawrence that we are away—for daddy's health. The poor dear certainly needs a change."

"But—people will talk so," Bernice began.

Susan put a hand over her lips and ran on. "They won't have the chance. You won't be having tea fights and dinners when you're staying alone except for old Miss Joe Jenkins. You can get her to chaperon you for even half asking. And I'll let my customers think I've moved out so as to keep daddy quiet. Your gayety and company were too much for his poor nerves. So run along and let me get to doing things. I've got to do them all in a whirlwind—it's to now. Six hours is a mighty little while to hatch a conspiracy and turn it into a reality."

Susan had certainly the gift of prophecy. Aunt Patrick approved highly of her plan. Dear Lawrence, her stepson, she was sure would have been disgusted beyond measure at the thought of alliance with a family that demeaned itself to manual labor. If she had dreamed things were going so ill with her brother-in-law and her nieces she would have seen to it that the market garden scheme had been nipped in the bud. Since it was established and paying, let it go on through the season. Next year there might be changes. Lawrence would, she was sure, respond nobly to all legitimate claims. And the property was all his. She herself had only a life interest. Otherwise her nieces— Susan had stopped her there with a caressing pat on the fat hands overloaded with diamonds, saying she quite understood, but Aunt Patrick need not worry. Once Bernice was well settled, the house and garden and the little remnant of money would be more than enough for daddy and his garden girl.

Bernice got through the first week fairly, although she was in a torment of troubling and impatient hope. Lawrence seemed fascinated. If only Aunt Patrick would go on to the mountains and insist upon taking her lonely niece along everything would arrange itself beautifully. But Aunt Patrick had no thought of such a thing. She was much too comfortable where she was. Besides, in the mountains there was a danger she had not hinted to Bernice—namely, the Granger girl, whom Aunt Patrick hated, but with whom dear Lawrence had been, last winter, at least half in love. Better, much better, keep that desirable young man here in Crofton, where the Stanley establishment put him and Berry very nearly in a solitude of two. They rode or drove or walked together through the most part of the daylight and spent moonlight and twilight hours either at the piano or on the piazza.

Susan could hear them singing—fairly, to be sure—while she sat almost nodding, and scrawling the letters that were to help in keeping up the masquerade. At first she had mailed them, but by and by that seemed to her useless, also risky, so she took to slipping up to the piazza in the earliest dawn and sliding her missives between slats of the shutters.

But there fell a morning when, after a long hard day, she overslept. Still, since it was not much after sunrise, she ran out with the letter in her hand, never stopping to put up her long braids or to shroud herself in her big sunbonnet. And thus it fell out that she came full upon dear Lawrence, whom mischievous fate had awakened early upon this morning of all in the year.

It was certainly fate's doing. Lawrence had not slept all night, because he was uneasy as to his own heart. With part of it he loved Bernice dearly, but there was another part, which was somehow hungry, no less afraid. Possibly it was this side of him that leaped through his eyes as they rested upon Susan's enchanting freshness, her sweet simplicity and innocent courage. In quick confusion she let fall the letter. As he stooped to pick it up so did she, and then somehow their hands touched and he found himself thrilling through and through. And then, involuntarily, he read the superscription and, recalling Susan's picture intuitively, understood.

He took her hand between both his own, wishing madly that he dared kiss each callous on the pink palm of it, and said, smiling and shaking his head: "The Grey has got you, Princess Susan, if you did run away from him. He will eat you up bodily unless you promise to come straight home."

"But—but what will Berry say—and Aunt Patrick?" Susan faltered, letting her hand lie in his clasp. She also was thrilling with quite unreasonable happiness.

Lawrence smiled down at her confidently and took her other hand, saying: "There's just one thing they can say properly—'Bless you, my children.' And I don't in the least doubt that they will."

Luckiest Man in Arkansas.

"I'm the luckiest man in Arkansas," writes H. L. Stanley, of Bruno, "since the restoration of my wife's health after five years of continuous coughing and bleeding from the lungs; and I owe my good fortune to the world's greatest medicine, Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which I know from experience will cure consumption, which I know from experience will cure consumption if taken in time. My wife improved with first bottled and twelve bottles completed the cure." Cures the worst coughs and colds or money refunded. At Barrington Pharmacy. 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free.

Here are a few well defined words that it may do you good to remember: Appendicitis—a modern pain costing about $200 more than the old fashioned stomach ache. Collector—a person whom few care to see but may ask to call again. Echo—the only thing that cheats a woman out of the last word. Evolution—clever trick invented by Darwin, who made a monkey out Adam. Hug—a round about way of expressing affection. Jury—twelve men chosen to decide which is the better lawyer. Love—a man's insane desire to become a woman's meal ticket

Frightfully Burned.

Char. W. Moore, a machinist, of Ford City, Pa., had his hand frightfully burned in an electrical furnace. He applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve with the usual result: "a quick and perfect cure." Greatest healer on earth for Burns, Wounds, Sores, Eczema and Piles. 25c at Barrington Pharmacy.

GIFTS TO JOCKEYS.

Queer Rewards and Reminders That Come to the Riders.

One of the greatest of living jockeys has a most remarkable collection of tributes from admirers, unknown and otherwise. It contains, among other strange things, pawn tickets, writs and summonses contributed by unsuccessful backers of his mounts, talismans of all kinds to bring him luck in his races, sermons and tracts for his spiritual welfare, recipes for all kinds of ailments, from coughs to a tendency to corpulence, forms for insuring against accidents, offers of marriage, accompanied by bundles of photographs of would be wives, welshers' tickets and a pair of warmout boots with the legend: "All that is left of them after walking from York to London. Backed all your mounts."

A few years ago, after his horse had lost an important race, a well known turfman sent up to the jockey and made him a formal and public presentation of a silver snuffbox, saying that if he would look inside he would see the kind of horse he ought to ride in future. The jockey opened the box and found in it half a dozen fat snails. It was the same sardonic owner who on another occasion presented his jockey with a sumptuous casket, which on being opened disclosed a wooden spoon, and to a third jockey who had failed to win an important race he handed a pair of crutches bought from a beggar on the course.

When John Singleton, a clever jockey of nearly two centuries ago, first won a race in Yorkshire the farmer whose horse he had ridden to victory was so delighted with his achievement that he made him a present of a ewe, whose offspring soon mustered a round dozen, and really started the ex-shepherd lad on his career as a jockey. Singleton was very proud of and grateful for his singular fee.

In this respect he furnished a great contrast to a well known jockey who when a check for $1,500 was handed to him by the owner of a horse on which he had won a race crumpled it up contemptuously, with the remark that he had "often received more for riding a two-year-old."—Chicago News.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

When a man is loaded you always know it, but it's different with a gun.

Keep telling a boy he never will amount to anything, and he generally won't.

A six weeks' engagement will put a lot of conceit into a man, but six minutes of married life are sufficient to take it out.

It is wonderful how many have watches considering how few there are in the world to whom time really seems to be of any value.

Perhaps a man's eyesight grows poorer with the years as a merciful way of preventing him from seeing his wrinkles and gray hairs.

We suppose a man is called "woman's protector" for the reason that he protects her from others imposing upon her, preferring to do it all himself.—Atchison Globe.

Praising the Lazy Man.

It must be admitted that some of the best work that has lived has been done by indolent men. This is especially true as regards literature. The finest description of a sunrise was written by the poet Thomson in bed. Coleridge was one of the most indolent of men, yet his work is, of its kind, unapproached. One of the most important improvements in the steam engine was due to the indolence of James Watt. Many other examples might be quoted; but, as a general rule, it is fairly correct to say that work which is the outcome of meditation or prolonged observation is best performed by people whose natural indolence makes them careless of the strife and bustle in which an active temperament would tend to immerse them.—Pearson's.

Nerve of a Stowaway.

The captain of a Mediterranean liner was talking about stowaways.

"Most of those fellows," he said, "have an excessive quantity of cheek of brass. Once we discovered a stowaway a few days out from New York and put him to work in the galley. A lady on a tour of inspection paused by the stowaway as he sat peeling potatoes.

"'How soon do you think we'll reach Naples?' she said to him.

"'Well, madam,' he replied, 'I'm doing all I can to get her in by Tuesday.'"

An Affidavit.

The suggestion of an English barrister that a certain matter was a proper subject for oral examination, not for affidavit, agreed with the emphatic opinion of an English justice recently retired. He was once trying a case at the Manchester assizes in which a man had been cross examined upon an affidavit. Summing up the evidence to the jury, the judge said, "Gentlemen, of all the weapons in the whole armory of iniquity there is nothing to equal an affidavit for concealing the truth."

Dido's Need To.

"It's too bad," said the judge caustically, "that the defendant should have chosen you for counsel. You know nothing about law."

"Well, your honor," replied the young lawyer, "I don't need to in this court."—Philadelphia Press.

Her Contribution.

Visiting Philanthropist—Good morning, madam. I am collecting for the Drunkards' home. Mrs. McGuire—Shure I'm glad of it, sor. If ye come around tonight yes can take my husband.—Harper's Weekly.

TAX SALE NOTICE.

Notice of the Sale of Lands and Lots for State, County and City Special Assessment Taxes.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, } ss.
COUNTY OF LAKE, }

Tax purchasers' notice to the unknown owners and all parties interested in the following described lands and lots or parcels of the same:

TAX NOTICE

Luella Heinroth, A. A. Putnam, J. and J. Woodbridge, J. J. Lansing, T. H. Durst, Frank P. Crandon, Alex Strong (estate), Charles E. Bartlett, E. C. Morrow, D. W. Matthews, Benjamin Frink, S. G. Rettig, B. A. Tiernan, W. H. Ferry, B. J. Cloes, Oscar Hanses, William C. Heinroth, Edmund Le Clerc, Arthur Le Clerc, John Woodbridge, W. B. Rigg, William Brownlee, William G. Rainey, Albert L. Hendee, Ludwick Wysocki, Edra A. Workman, E. J. Heydecker, Hiram Coombs; Rachel Masser, Charles Phillips, John T. Wheeler, Louis Dreher, John F. Hubbard, William B. Smith, Edward J. Neil, Newton Crissey.

That at a sale of lands and lots for delinquent taxes for the year 1903, made by the Treasurer and County Clerk, at the County Clerk's office in the Court House, in the City of Waukegan, County of Lake, and State of Illinois, according to the laws of the State of Illinois, on the 27th day of June, A. D. 1904, Miles T. Lamey purchased for general taxes lot 32, block 2, in the subdivision of lot 6, Village of Winthrop Harbor, assessed in the name of Luella Heinroth, and the time of redemption from said sale will expire on the 27th day of June, A. D. 1906.

MILES T. LAMEY,
Purchaser.

On the 28th day of June, A. D. 1904, Miles T. Lamey purchased for general taxes lot 4, block 1, in Ramaker's subdivision in section 35, town 46 north, range 9 east, assessed in the name A. A. Putnam and the time of redemption from said sale will expire on the 28th day of June, A. D. 1906.

MILES T. LAMEY,
Purchaser.

On the 29th day of June, A. D. 1904, Miles T. Lamey purchased for general taxes the following pieces or parcels of land, to wit: Lot 18, block 18, Washburn Park, Village of North Chicago, assessed in the name of J. and J. Woodbridge; lots 30 and 31, block 7, in Armstead's Addition, section 10, town 45, north, range 12 east, assessed in the name of J. J. Lansing.

Lot 7, block 2, in T. H. Durst's subdivision, in city of Waukegan, assessed in the name of T. H. Durst.

Lot 1, block 6, Washburn Springs, in city of Waukegan, assessed in the name of Frank P. Crandon.

Lot 3, block 7, in Franklin W. Gause's subdivision, section 5, town 44, north, range 12 east, in South Waukegan, Village of North Chicago, assessed in the name of Alex Strong.

Lot 44, block 8, Bartlett's subdivision, in City of Lake Forest, assessed in the name of Chas. E. Bartlett, and the time of redemption from said sale will expire on the 29th day of June, A. D. 1906

MILES T. LAMEY,
Purchaser.

On the 30th day of June, A. D. 1904, Miles T. Lamey purchased for general taxes the following pieces or parcels of land, to-wit: Lot 2, block 1, and lot 24, block 2, in Ryenburgh's subdivision, in section 25, town 43, north, range 11 east, assessed in the name of E. C. Morrow.

Lot 3, block 1, in Deerfield Park, in Village of Deerfield, assessed in the name of D. W. Matthews lot 42, in Highwood, City of Fort Sheridan, assessed in the name of Benjamin Frink.

Lot 11, block 1, in J. S. Prall's Ft. Sheridan subdivision in section 10, town 43 north, range 12 east, assessed in the name of S. G. Rettig, and the time of redemption from said sale will expire on the 30th day of June, A. D. 1906.

MILES T. LAMEY,
Purchaser.

On the 30th day of June, A. D. 1904, Miles T. Lamey purchased for special assessments Special Assessment Warrant No. 15, lot 2, block 6, in Kirk and Powell's addition, town 45 north, range 12 east, assessed in the name of B. A. Tiernan.

Special Assessment Warrant No. 6, lot 12, in block 23, in north addition, section 21, town 44 north, range 12 east, assessed in the name of W. H. Ferry (except 100 by 150 feet, and except 7.12 acres in the northeast corner and except 1 acre). Subject to 27 acres northeast fractional ¼ section 21, town 44 north, range 12 east (except west 12 acres redeemed) assessed in the name of B. J. Cloes.

Special Assessment Warrant No. 7 (except 100 and 150 feet and except 7.12 acres in the northeast corner and except 1 acre), the north 27 acres in northeast fractional ¼ section 21, town 44 north, range 12 east (except west 12 acres redeemed), assessed in the name of B. J. Cloes, and the time of redemption from said sale will expire on the 30th day of June, A. D. 1906.

MILES T. LAMEY,
Purchaser.

Redemption may be made at the County Clerk's office in the city of Waukegan, Lake County, Illinois.

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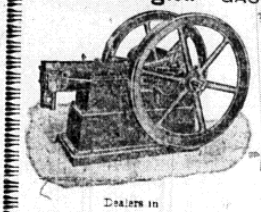

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