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Also a Superior

Celia was watching the unloading of van at their new neighbor's gate.

little person.

and looking through the porch-vines to-

"They won't be," said Mafigie, swit g

ing her pretty foot from the railing on

to do with us. Anybody rich enough to

buy the Mouton House associating with

the poor little dot of a house next door !

Maggie spoke with calm conviction.

and an entire absence of despondency. She was a sensible and independent

ward the next house.

"I am afraid they are awfully rich !" she admitted. "They've unpacked some of the things out of doors, and the furniture is lovely—plush and stamped leather, and cherry bed-room sets; and they've a grand piano."

"Well," said Maggie, gaily, "let 'em have 'em. We've got cane-seated chairs and a cretonne sofa and pine bedsteads and a melodeon; and what more could you ask for ?"

"Well, a few things, perhaps," said Ce ia, emiling at her bright younger

"If Tom Carson gets rich in the gro cery business-" said Maggie banter-

"Pshaw !" said Celia, getting red. "In all probability you can have them," Maggie concluded, and jumped down and tripped away,

She went around to the rear of the house, and down to the garder.

It was not a large garden, and there was not much in it not but cucumbers and tomatoes. But it was a remarkable garden, nevertheless; for Maggie had made and tended it herself. He mother and Celia had protested, but Maggie had gone determinedly to work. For the possession of a garden substantianlly reduced the grocery-bills, if Tom Carson was in the grocery line; and Maggie had decided that they couldn't afford to hire Pat Murphy this year. And she was proud of her garden.

They had had lettuce and onions, and bears and peas; and Maggie's round face was browner, and her robust health more robust, than they had been in May. It was Maggie's tomatoes that made

the trouble. She burst into the sittingroom, a week later, with excited speed. What do you think ?" she demanded. athlessly. "They keep hens-yes, there are fifty, if there's one; and there ain't a sign of a hen-park ; and I've just been chasing them out of my tomatoesmy tomatoes !" said Maggie, almost tear fully. "The fence-pickets are so wide apart they can hop right on. They'll have have to put another fence, that's

"They seem like nice, quiet people, Celia commented. "I presume they'll be willing to do someting."

"Nice and quiet !" said Maggie, with sarcasm. "I should think so. The pokiest old couple you ever saw. Seventy, if they're a day, and-well, just misers; I know they are. He-what's the name ? Tisdale ?-Well, Mr Tisdale, he wears the dreadfulest old clothes, a a coat that s just shabby, and a bent-in hat. And she goes about in an old blue sacque that must have come out of the ragbag; and you ought to see her bonnot-such a thing !"

"Perhaps they're in reduced circumstances," said Celia, reprovingly.

"With that lovely house and furnishings?" said Maggie, unanswerably. "Oh, no! And-te come back to the hens-they must fix that fence, I can't lose my lovely tomatoes. Think of all the cans we were to have, Celia-Chili sauce and pickes, and the little yellow ones in preserves. Oh, I won't give them up to Mr Tisdale's hens!"

And Maggie wandered into the yard again in aimless anxiety.

Mr Tisdale was just over the fence, hoeing about the roots of a grape-vine. Maggie looked at him in contemptuous astonishment. What niggardness ! to do himself, and at his age, work which he could so well afford to hire done. He was decidedly common-looking; he had a broad face and small eyes, and a stubby gray beard, and he had on a coat with frayed sleeves, and a patch on its back. Maggie stood irresolute; Mr Tisdale

did not look inviting, Then she stepped to the fence firmly. Even then a straggling flock, headed

by a highly-colored, pugnacious-looking rooster, was coming through the pickets and toward the tomatoes.

"Mr Tisdale," said Maggie, timidly. Mr Tisdale hoed on without response "Mr Tisdale." she repeated.

He did not turn the fraction of an

inch. Maggie wazed at him. "If you please-," she cried, with the strength of indignation.

But her neighbor stooped to unclog his hoe in utter silence.

Maggie gasped. What a boor ! what a brute! What would Celia say now?

The flock had reached the tomatoes, certainly. She could see them contentedly pecking there—a dozen of them. What should

IN MAGGIE'S GARDEN hope they'll be nice," said Celis, little eyes.

thoughtfully biting her corchet-needle, "I want to ask you, sir," she said, with severity. "about your hens. They're ruining my tomatoes as fast as they can, and I've worked over them all summer and we can't afford to lose them. Won't which she was perched. "I'm certain of it; and besides, Celia, what if they

She stopped-not because she had finare? It isn't likely they'll have much ished, but because Mr Tisdale, after a blinking inspection of her, had turned about and gone on heeing without a renonsive avllable.

Maggie's face burned hotly; her pretty lips trembled.

"If I were a man!" she murmured, with her little brown hands clenched. "How can he? What does he mean by it? The beast !"

The Jucking in the tomato patch had reached a triumphant pitch, and a fresh

flock had wandered through the fence, Maggie forgot Mr Tisdale. The hack was coming down the street from the noon train, laden with passengers; but she cared not for the observation of hack passengers, nor, for the matter, cf kings and queens.

She seized her white, beruffied apron in her trembling hands and rushed toward the garden.

peeping of little yellow balls, and a frenzied scattering. "Shoo-suoo!" cried Maggie, her voice unsteady with indignation and approach-

ing tears. "Shoo!" If the hens were alarmed and temporarily routed, the brilliantly-tinted sulky-

eyed rooster was not. He stood motionless on the spot where Maggie's onslaught had found him-mctionless save for a rising, a swelling, and a trembling of his gay red comb, while dale.

Maggie shook her apron with cyclenic energy.

his eyes grew fiercer.

"You impudent old thing!" she cried, the laughter struggling through she concluded prettily, "Of course her tears, and charged upon him valiant- | we'll go."

She felt a sudden twirl in the air, an angry upraising of yellow legs and bright feathers, and she put her hands to her know," said Maggie, with a blush. face with a little scream. A sharp peck came down on her fin-

gers; she heard his fluttering wings in the air, close at her face.

She lowered her head into her apron, Tisdale for a brother-in-law. and fought at him with one courageous fist. And then she heard rapid striding dry bean-vines, then there was a panicstricken squawk, cheked in its first stage, a flapping of wings, and silence. Maggie took her head out of her ap-

It was as as though her fairy godmother-if she had one-had been at work. Mr Tisdale's rooster lay on the ground in an expiring flutter, his sheeny neck twisted, his warlike eyes forever dulled.

And close at her side, anxious and aglooking, stood a strange young man in a well fitting, travel-stained suit, and a soft travelling-cap. Fallen among the tomato-vines were a cane and umbrella. strapped together.

"Are you hurt !" he said.

He had taken out his handkerchief, and was pressing it to her hand, on which the blood had started. "I saw it from the hack, you see, and

I lost no time in getting over. Do you think your hand is hurt?"

"No," said Maggie, Lewilderedly. But she was not quite dazed. She saw that the hack had stopped at the Tisdales' gate, and that a trunk was unloading from it.

He had come on a visit ; a relative, perhaps. She felt a thrill of regret at

"No," she said, gratefully; "it was just a peck. How very good in you! and look at your handkerchief !" "My handkerchief !" said the young

man, reproachfully. For Maggie, her pretty brown face flushed and her eyes softly smiling, looked very aweet, despite her rumpled hair and rinkled apron; and there was something more than mere polite concern in the young man's pleasant eyes.

He took her arm, still anxious, and led her to an upturned box at the edge of the garden. There was room for them both, and they both sat down.

"Thank you! I do feel a little queer. I was frightened," Maggie admitted. "And-I can't thank you enough for your goodness. What should I have done! I think he really meant to kill me-and just because I wanted him to go

He joined in her laugh, reassured by her brigh tness.

"Home?" he repeated. "What ! next

Maggie nodded. "They have so many chickens, and they're all so fond of my tomatoes."

They laughed. Somehow they felt as though they had been acquainted a long "I must see to that," said the young

man, decisively. "I'll speak to Wilson about it. He must have a park built,

"Wilson?" said Maggie, timidly. "My man-gardener, or what you please-he does a little of everything,"

The old man raised his head at he explained, smiling. "They came on this juncture, and looked at her. ahead, you know—is your hand better? Maggie looked sternly into his stern | -he and the housekeeper-to get things s ttled a little. Why, you didn't think,' he queried, studying her puz fazled e, "that they owned the house-that they were the people ?"

He could not help laughing. And he took a car! from his pocket-book, and gave it to Maggie, getting up to bow with burlesque formality. It bore the name f Harlan C. Tisdale.

"Yes-yes, we did!" said Maggie, rather faintly. "Mercy, I'm so glad !" And then she blushed, and could have nitten her tongue ; but Mr Tisdale looked delighted.

"I-you see, he was so horrid," Maggie explained, confused. "I spoke to him about the fence, and he wouldn't even answer me; he didn't pay the slightest attention."

"Oh, Wilson! Did he have his eartrumpet?' said Mr Tisdale,

"Eur-trumpet? No," said Maggie, ondering what was coming next. "Oh well, he's awfully deaf! "her new neighbor observed, with twinkling

And they both laughed again, he gaily, she bewilderedly, and both shy with enjoyment.

"My mother came with me ; we're all the family," said Mr Tisdale, hastily, as There was a wild cackling, a frightened Maggie, half-frightened at the old, new pleasure in her heart, rose. "You must come over and see her. You're sure you're not hurt ?"

"Very sure," said Maggie, flushing inder his eager eyes.

And she put her hand trustfully into the one he held out to her. "I was mistaken, Celia," said Maggie, when she sat down, with restored cool-

ness, at the dinner-table : "they are very nice, indeed, the Tisdales-the Tis-"What !' said Celia.

And Maggie explained at enthusiastic length. "He wants us to call on his mother."

"But it isn't likely they'll take any notice of us," said Celia, slyly.

"But-why, Celia, it's different, you "Ah, yes !" said Celia, smilingly.

And with shrewd foresight, she was almost as certain at that minute as she was some months later of having Mc

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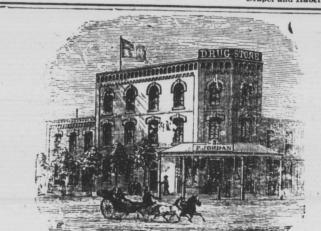
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