THE HOME CIRCLE

Tirza Ann's Prize Squash.

By Edith A. Barber.

Tirza Ann was feeding the calves. It seemed to Tirza Ann she was al-It seemed to Tirza Ann she was always feeding caives, but she reasoned she might as well be feeding caives as doing anything else. That was about the extent of Tirza Ann's reasoning. For years she had been the "all round" help at the big farm on the hill, and that to her was heaven and earth. More than that, she did not know, and, perhaps, just as well, she did not care to. An occasional new caif, the last brood of chickens, the quality of the recent churning,—were topics of the most vital importance to her. If she ever looked at the horizon and wondered what hay beyond, it was in r vague, incomprehensive way. Thirty years ago she had been taken from the county farm, a poor little simple waif of eight years, and carried to this vast estate on the hill, where she had remained ever since. The boarders who flocked there summers termed her "the drugge," but she did not care if she heard them, for I don't think she knew the meaning of the word.

Tirza Ann seemed fully satisfied with her lot. She had food to eat, clothes to wear and plenty to occupy her attention, and she could not understand why any mortal should ask for more.

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clothes to wear and plenty to occupy her attention, and she could not understand why any mortal should ask for more.

I said fully satisfied. But no, she wanted one thing, and that with all the intensity that her poor, sunted soul possessed. That one thing was a bieycle. Now "irza Ann was not nitted by nature for such an artificial invention. Her "six-foot" figure was thinand singular, her nose long and sharp, and her mouth extremely large, while her low forchead was crowned with a few scanty red locks. Healdes this, she was near-sighted, and more than all else, she had a decided lack of courage, which is a great requisite for one learning to ride a wheel. In spite of all, however, she had resolved in her feeble way to some time own a bleycle.

Only once before had she shown an interest in anything mustide the objects of her everyday life, and that was some years before, when Hirum, the "hird help" next door, came over and sat beside her on the back stoon. This was the beginning of a courtship that might have ended in a far different manner, had it not been for Mrs Hudson, the practical, matter-of-facthouse-keeper, who sent the unfortunate Hirum about his business and soundly reprimanded Tirza Ann. Since then she had nardly dared to encourage an independent thought, until recently, when the sight of the summer guestion their bright, shining wheels had inspired her with the wild resolution to some day possess one of her own. How she was soing to get one she did not know, but to have one she had in'y made up her mind,—a thing she had never done before.

Tear a ter year went by and still Tirza Ann' bleycle seemed as far exary as ever.

Besides feeding csives, Tirza Ann had to shell poes, but this occupation she rather emjoyed, for it gave her a chance to "set down and rest a spell" Tirra Ann was always on the slert for resting spells. She used to take her harket of peas out on the back stoon, where it was cool and shad and actumber blooses.

One morning she was opening the podds in her users of the summer.

One morning the was opening the pods in her usual mechanical manner, when a couple of young inen guests of the house came out with shovels to dig angle worms for fishing. Had Tirza

when a couple of young men guests of the house came out with shorels to dig angle worms for fishing. Had Tirra Ann been a keen observer of human nature, she would have be not one that these were a occiment of the modern college sport. I doubt that it would have impressed her at all, even if she had realized the fact. This morning, however, a spark of interest was kinded in her feeble mind by what the young men were saying. Perhaps it was because the topic was akin to the few that Tirra Ann was acquainted with Anyhow, she listened. One was telling of some knormous squashes he had seen at a rinto fair, and that he had learned they were made to grow that size by feeding thom with milk. Tirra Ann started. She had fed calves with milk a good many

years, but never had she heard of feeding squashes. She almost dropped her pens in amazement. Opening her mouth, she leaned forward to learn more of this strange idea. To make the matter plainer to his companion, the young man pointed out the "feelers" on the vines growing near, and explained how the milk was prepared and placed where this little part of the vine could absorb it.

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In a secluded corner of the back yard, Tirza Ann had raised for years a garden of sunflowers. These were her particular property, the only thing she had ever called her own, and not a person was allowed to intrude upon that sacred ground. Afternoons, when other members of the household were seated in comfortable chairs and hammocks out on the cool front plazza, or were playing golf and tennis, Tirza Ann would steal quietly out of the back door and carefuly remove the weeds from her "posy garden," as she called it. To her the sunflowers were old friends, and she would talk to them in

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