
OPINIONS OF MARY

"Yes, I know; but supposing your seeds don't grow?"

"What's to prevent them growing? I've been reading all about gardening—it's the easiest thing in the world, and with proper care things always grow. Wait till I read you what one lady says about her garden. She had only a tiny bit of ground, you know, in a poor situation, too, and she grew sweet peas and mignonette that were the envy of the neighborhood, and nasturtiums and tuberous begonias that were one mass of bloom, and stocks and lovely creepers and—"

But her breath gave out before she reached the end of this wonderfully successful woman's list, and she turned on me an eloquently convincing glance and sat back for a moment to recover herself and pick out the right pamphlet to confront me with.

I was not as much impressed as she was, even after she had read me a fascinating description of what had been achieved by this flower-loving sister, and the remarkable results obtained by another from ten cents' worth of seeds, some old tin cans, and a tub filled with earth.

"And you know I have a better chance than that. There is a nice little plot in our yard, in a sunny situation; I've had it dug and raked over and it's all ready. I wish I had thought of a garden early enough to have made a hot-bed. It's no trouble at all, but it's too late now." And she sighed at the thought of what might