

OPINIONS OF MARY.

I.

ON GARDENS.

"I'm going to have a garden this year," announced Mary, importantly, the other day, as she entered my saloon (I am a bachelor maid and a scribbler). She laid a voluminous packet of gaily colored pamphlets on my table, while she seated herself and removed her gloves. "I'm going to have a garden, and I just brought these catalogues over so that you might help me choose what seeds I'd better buy."

"Don't you think you had better buy the young plants instead of bothering with seeds," I suggested; "it's so much surer."

"Surer! Why? You mean dearer, don't you? I've been reading over these catalogues, and I find if I buy seeds I can have all sorts of things for about a quarter the money I would have to spend to buy plants. Then think how interesting it will be watching the dear little things growing, and I'll have such lovely new varieties. Just read over these."