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MUSIC MIRTH MAGIC THOUGHT

The Flower Lovers

They Spoke Only In Flower Language

By F. A. MITCHEL

March 1.

My Dear Adele—Here we are in our new home in this quaint New England town, which I think can have changed very little in the last 200 years. The people who lived in it then were doubtless well to do, for there are many places which were at that time quite imposing. Our house is built on the street, with a terrace garden in the rear, and the place on one side is much the same. Everything smacks of the seventeenth or eighteenth century.

I am glad that we have taken possession before the flower planting season, for I am sure I shall be devoted to the old fashioned garden. I shall secure the services of a man to spade up the beds for me, but I shall do all the rest of the work myself. You should see how artificially they are laid out, every one inclosed in a narrow border. Besides, there are low hedges and dwarf trees cut in shapes that remind one of the present cubist pictures.

While our garden has been long neglected, the one beside it has been well kept up. Everything there is as trim as if Miss Dorothy Somebody in the quaint costume of two centuries ago was still caring for it. Some one doubtless lives there who cares for flowers, for though spring has scarcely arrived, I can see that when the season comes I shall look out upon a delightful scene. Your loving RUTH.

March 12.

I have discovered who it is that is interested in keeping up the garden next door, and my discovery is surprising. The flower cultivator is not a woman, but a man. Who would expect a man to take an interest in flowers? I wish rather that he would take an interest in me, for he is fine looking, and from observing him through the window, I am sure I shall like him. But I fear he is not inclined to be neighborly, for, though we have been here nearly two weeks, he has not called.

March 20.

I have learned something about our next door neighbor. They say he is peculiar, preferring to live alone in the house he has inherited from a long line of ancestors. He neither goes out into company nor entertains. This is strange in a man who cannot be more than thirty years old. They say he loves only two things in the world—his library and his garden. What a temptation for me to make him love a third thing, which is human—a temptation to which I have already yielded!

I must attack him through his taste for flowers since I know nothing of books. Indeed, I think I shall keep away from him, fearing to reveal my shallowness until I shall have effected an entrance to his favor through his plants. I have already two men digging up my beds preparatory to the siege. I am about to lay to his heart. He little thinks that there is one next door to him who is planning to batter down the old fashioned high brick wall that protects him and his garden from us and ours and that my siege guns will be roses and lilies and geraniums and peonies. But I must be careful not to let him come near me until I have effected this breach. What would I do if he were to begin to talk to me before I had excited an interest through our both loving the same thing? What would I say if he should speak about the relation between the edict of Nantes and the Thirty Years' war? The only war I am interested in is the war of the roses which I propose to wage myself.

April 10.

My neighbor next door is taking his plants from his conservatory and putting them in beds. I am using seeds almost entirely, for my garden has not been cultivated for years. He, too, is laying out a few spaces to be filled in with seeds. I am doing all to make my garden attractive. What plants I buy are of rare and beautiful varieties. My neighbor's plants are chiefly what he has always possessed. All I can do is to make my garden as beautiful as possible. On that I rely to attract him.

May 15.

My flowers are all doing well. I have eclipsed my neighbor. From my window I have seen him admiring my display. A few days ago I saw him go to a bed and prepare it to receive some seeds. I wonder what he is going to plant there—something very nice, for he was particular about getting it smooth, throwing out every loose stone and making the soil very fine.

May 20.

I have made a discovery today. The seed he planted a week ago is coming up in very singular curves. They look something like letters. I am beside myself with curiosity to know if they are letters. If they all broke the soil together I could tell, but they do not. Some are above the ground, while others are below it. A few days will tell.

May 22.

They are letters—not only letters, but a message for me. They spell "Welcome, flower lover." I am delighted. They say that the best way to attack a man is through his stomach. This will do for the ordinary man, but not an ideal one. I have been working in my garden a great deal, and I presume he must have seen me from an upper window, for the wall between our places is so high that he could not have seen me from his garden or the ground floor. I am delighted at my success. This bookworm flower lover has been made to feel a sympathy. He has been attracted to one who loves what he loves.

And now let us see whether the seed planted in his heart will grow like the plants he loves so well. But I must respond to his greeting.

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ness. My flower lover has mounted his ladder and jumped down over the garden wall nearly every day. He is not bookish at all, though I know he is a great reader. He doesn't seem to care for intellectual women, which is lucky for me. He says that I must have a rare idealty or I would never have conceived that idea about the lilies. I suppose I should confess to him that you gave me that, but I can't, really. I doubt if a woman capable of laying a trap for a man and catching him in it can have a very tender conscience.

Aug. 15.

This has been the summer of my life. But the flowers—oh, the poor flowers—which have brought all this happiness! They have been dying for water, and, shameful to relate, we have been so absorbed in each other that we have not noticed that while we have been in bliss they have been shriveling for want of attention. Oh, the pity of it!

Aug. 18.

We are engaged.

OAK DALE

(Too late for last week.)

Chas. Bird has moved his family to the Dallas rock quarry at Ellendale where he is employed.

Willis Frink has been seriously ill but is slowly improving.

At the school meeting Tuesday evening Joe Murphy was reelected as director and C. A. Bruce as clerk.

Grandma Graham is having quite a spell of sickness.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Coy and Mrs. R. Buell, of Dallas, have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. George Stroud. The Wilson and Dennis families spent Sunday afternoon at John Farley's home at Liberty.

TO REGULATE LAND OWNERS

Oregon Bankers to Protect Settlers From Speculators.

Portland, June 24.—(Special)—That would-be settlers coming to Oregon have in many instances, been victimized by unscrupulous land speculators and that the state as a whole has been injured by their operations, is a statement made at the annual convention of Oregon bankers recently held at Corvallis, and the attending delegates expressed a determination to co-operate with the commercial bodies throughout the state in an effort to put greedy real estate men out of business. The plan does not contemplate the entire elimination of land selling agencies, but does propose to annihilate the sharks who have been speculating in good Oregon soil, taking it out of production and holding it for an unreasonable increase in price.

It was decided to form an appraisement committee to consist of two members of the local commercial body and one banker, and intending purchasers will be advised to purchase no real estate from any dealer until the value of same has been passed upon by the appraisers and the price asked decided to be a reasonable one. It was stated as a fact that much of the agricultural land in Oregon is held at too high a figure. There is doubtless plenty of good land which can be obtained at a fair price, but the newcomer, usually unfamiliar with local values and conditions, seldom hears of that land. The committee will see that he gets a square deal.

—Trespass notices, weather proof, for sale at Observer Job office.

THE GROCER'S DREAM.

Last evening I was talking
With a grocer aged and gray,
Who told me of a dream he had,
I think 'twas Christmas day.
While snoozing in his office,
The vision came to view,
For he saw an Angel enter,
Dressed in garments white and new.
Said the Angel, "I'm from Heaven,
The Lord just sent me down
To bring you up to glory
And put on your golden crown.
You've been a friend to everyone,
And worked hard night and day;
You've supported many thousands,
And from a few received your pay.
So we want you up in glory,
For you have labored hard,
And the good Lord is preparing
Your eternal, just reward."

Then the Angel and the grocer
Started upward toward glory's Gate
But when passing close to hales,
The Angel murmured "Wait!"
I've a place to show you—
It's the hottest place in hell—
Where the ones who never paid you
At least drawn up to the top of it,
For on going into my garden after
breakfast a head appeared above it
and my neighbor stood on a ladder—
looking at me.
"I should have claimed the privilege
of a neighbor," he said, "before this,
but—"
"You were more interested in your
flowers than in those living beside you."
"I have noticed that you have the
same taste."
"Indeed, I love them dearly."
"No man can love flowers as a woman
will love them, but I confess I
enjoy them."
And so the dialogue went on. Seeing
that my water pot was empty, he
jumped down into my garden and, taking
it from my hand, went to the faucet
and filled it for me and sprinkled
my plants.

July 30.

A month has passed since I wrote you, my dear—a month of rare happi-

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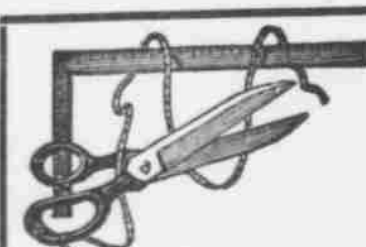
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