

Keshiono's Garden

"It Must Be Fate."

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The curio seller who sits at the crossing of the Two Roads in Tokyo grinned amiably up into Terry Preston's sunburned face.

"If the honorable lord desires to see delightful flowers it would be much recommended that he pay call visit upon the garden of Keshiono."

"Where is this wonderful garden?" inquired Terry, to whom all parts of Tokyo were alike, to whom all the world was flat and stale and uninteresting now that Dulcie Morse had jilted him and married Oscar Converse.

The man pointed along the upper road.

"If the honorable lord will follow that road until he comes to a red gate in the bamboo hedge he will find beyond the gate a path that will lead him straight to the garden. Many have found happiness there," he added, with a sly glance at Terry's moody face.

"Happiness?" jeered Terry. "Pray, tell me how happiness may be found in a garden."

"Happiness," mused the curio dealer, fanning himself gently, "consists in being with those we love—in the case of a lover, with the particular beloved one. The story goes that many centuries ago a beautiful maiden named Keshiono lost her lover through a quarrel, and to console herself she made this beautiful flower garden. The gods pitied her and sent her lover wandering into the garden, and when he saw Keshiono sitting among the iris beds he fell on his knees and begged forgiveness. They were married and lived long and happily in a house which has long crumbled to ruin. When they died they were changed into two beautiful plum trees that guard the inner gate. Ever since then the garden has been noted for bringing happiness to disconsolate lovers. One has only to wander there."

Terry grinned in spite of himself at the man's flattery. "You have told the story many times?" he questioned as he moved away.

"And have witnessed the desired to be end," came back the answer promptly, and he deftly caught the coin that came spinning toward him from Terry's hand.

A laughing red haired youth came swiftly from the upper road and paused by the curio seller's booth.

"You're a cheerful liar!" he declared. "The garden is only for the disconsolate lover," chided the curio dealer sedately as he pocketed his accuser's liberal tip. "The honorable lord is too inauspiciously cheerful to be in need of the gift of the gods."

"Thanks. I suppose that's a compliment," grinned the other as he went on to catch a trolley car. "But you got us coming or going, eh, Togo?"

"Excuse. Name is not Togo, but is Yumishio. Good day, honorable sir. Get them coming or going. That sounds funny English," he mused.

Terry Preston sauntered along the upper road under the arching trees. The shaded footpath rambled beside a high hedge of bamboos, whose green thatery tops rustled pleasantly in the light breeze.

Now a well defined path wandered idly between green hedges until he reached a second gate that swung wide open. On either side of this gate was a beautiful plum tree, fresh in its May bloom of pink and white. These trees represented the beautiful Keshiono and her loving husband.

Terry involuntarily removed his straw hat as he passed under the trees, and he blushed a little at the surrender to sentiment that the little act implied.

"Bosh!" he muttered.

Beyond the gate he found the garden, a charming mixture of old and new. There were ancient corners where dark cryptomerias made a dim green shade. Here one came upon stone lanterns green with years and perhaps a summer house crushed in the deathlike grip of a giant wistaria vine that might be a century old, so hoary was its trunk.

Birds sang in the trees, and the waterfalls tinkled musically. It was very beautiful and delightful still.

Terry found an old stone seat half hidden in a group of lovely oleanders in the older part of the garden. Surely this spot must have been the garden of Keshiono as it was in the old days.

Women's voices broke the quiet. "Dear Aunt Ophelia," said the girl's sweet tones, "is it not perfectly wonderful?"

"It is. It is hardly to be believed, May," responded the older woman eagerly. "But look; see if that is not the colonel yonder! See, he is looking at the goldfish in the pool! Mark the sad droop to his shoulders in spite of his military training. Ah, but I do regret my cruelty to him!" she sighed.

Terry got up. He was feeling very uncomfortable now, but before he could make his presence known the girl had spoken quickly, decisively.

"Now, Aunt Ophelia, you know this is the garden of reunited lovers, and who knows what may happen? You look sweet, dear; indeed, you do! Now

just walk along this path and you are sure to meet the colonel, and you have my blessing. He's a perfect dear!" She laughed as her aunt moved majestically away in the direction of the stout, white clad gentleman gazing into a fish pool in a distant part of the grounds.

The girl came laughing out of the sunlight and flung herself in a corner of the stone seat, which sat in deep shadow.

She uttered a startled cry as she saw Terry Preston standing there, sunburned and embarrassed, in his gray tweed clothes, with his straw hat in his hand.

"Ah, I didn't know any one was here," she cried breathlessly.

"I was about to go," murmured Terry, with a reluctant glance at the stone seat.

"Pray do not let me drive you away. I shall go on presently." The girl settled herself in the corner, tipped her sunshade over her face to obscure it and opened a guidebook.

Terry hesitated a moment and then sat down, his cigarette still between his fingers. He glanced at the girl and saw only the white dress with the red book held open by pretty white fingers. He noted that she wore on her right hand a turquoise ring, and on her left, as she turned the pages, he saw a small ring on her little finger.

The rest of her charming person was quite concealed by the white linen parasol.

Presently there came a sneeze from under the parasol.

"I beg your pardon; I hope my sneezing has not annoyed you. Really I forgot to ask you if you minded," apologized the discomfited Terry.

The parasol went over her shoulders, and he looked into a pair of beautiful gray eyes, black lashed and drooping at the outer corners. Such a rose tinted skin, such a dainty nose, such a kissable mouth with dimpled corners, such a firm white chin, such sensuous ears peeping out from the midst of black hair!

Truly she was marvellously beautiful. She didn't look as though she would throw a fellow over because she had found a richer man. She looked that little hard look in the eyes that married Dulcie Morse's perfect beauty, and somehow she had Dulcie "beat a mile," in Terry's self expressed opinion.

Treason, pure treason, all this. "I don't object to the smoke at all," said the girl pleasantly, then craning her pretty neck as she looked toward the spot where her aunt had disappeared.

"I wonder"—she was beginning when Terry interrupted her.

"They are coming now," he said—"your aunt and the colonel."

"Together?" she asked excitedly.

"Yes," and Terry crossed his neck, eager to report to his fair companion any items of interest.

"Do they appear to be engaged?" she was beginning when again he broke in:

"Why, yes, you might think so. He's got his arm around her."

"His arm around Ophelia?" The girl arose and laughed tenderly. "You have surprised me, sir. I was going to ask if they were engaged in amicable conversation, but from what you say I am sure they must be! Perhaps I better explain that my aunt had a very unhappy love affair in her youth, and it just happened that we were directed to this garden of Keshiono. You have heard the story of how many lovers have found happiness here?" She looked at him with clear, beautiful eyes, in which there was no trace of coquetry.

"I have been told that story," said Terry, blushing deeply.

"If ever I was in trouble of that sort I should come here," observed the girl dreamily. Terry saw her eyes were fixed on the approaching couple, the handsome military man and the blooming middle aged woman, and he felt a swift pang of jealousy, the first dart of the little god.

"I hope you may never have to come," he said awkwardly. And then he added as the reunited lovers were almost upon them, "I hope you don't mind if I stay and congratulate them, for, you see, Colonel Preston is my uncle, and we are traveling together, and some day we may be cousins-in-law! I am Terry Preston."

The girl gave him her hand, and at that instant the colonel and Aunt Ophelia came upon them, and both started with surprise.

"Terry, you rascal!" cried the colonel, slapping his nephew on one broad shoulder.

"May—why, my dear, you don't mean to say—why, I didn't know there was anybody!" faltered Aunt Ophelia, her sweet eyes still dim with stirring of old emotions.

May blushed beautifully, and Terry went scarlet, but their eyes had met in one swift flash of mutual understanding, and each one knew that the garden of Keshiono had worked a magic spell upon them both that must never be broken.

No the curio dealer at the crossing of the Two Roads was not surprised when four people passed him, coming from the garden of Keshiono. There was an elderly couple with shining, happy eyes, and the man tossed him a wad of paper money.

There was a young couple, the man smiling tenderly down at the girl, whose eyes were half veiled to hide the awakening of love in their beautiful depths. Terry swung him a golden coin, and they all passed out of sight.

The curio dealer smiled contentedly and folded his slim, brown hands over the money.

"I got them coming, and I got them going, and they come back happy! There must be something in that garden, after all!"

Shadowed

By RUTH GRAHAM

During that period when the late Russian revolution was brewing Sonia Katrovich, a young wife of twenty, lived in St. Petersburg at her home with her husband. They were both members of a secret propaganda embracing many persons whose object it was to scatter printed matter intended to awaken the people to their wrongs and incite them to rebellion. There were a number of depositories for this literature, and the home of the Katrovichs was one of them.

The police learned of the whereabouts of one of these depositories and, as was their custom, instead of raiding it at once, set a spy upon it with a view to learning what persons went there, assuming that all visitors were members of the propaganda. One morning Mme. Katrovich went to this depository that the police were watching to take some revolutionary literature there. The place was a single room on the third floor of a building occupied for various purposes. Having finished her visit, Sonia opened the door suddenly and just in time to see a man dart up the stairs leading to the next story above. She did not see his face nor his clothes sufficiently to mark him, but she knew instinctively what had happened. The depository had been discovered by the police and she would be shadowed to her home. Retaining her presence of mind, she continued on her way, knocking at different doors as though looking for some one. Receiving a negative answer to her question, she passed down and out of the building.

Either she must outwit the spy or both she and her husband must spend the rest of their lives in Siberia. She must not go home, and she must contrive to make her husband aware of what had happened. To gain time she visited certain shops. The first shop she entered a man followed her inside and looked over articles with the pretense of buying. Sonia suspected him, but was not sure that he was her shadower till he followed her into another store.

After Sonia had visited several stores she felt at liberty to enter one kept by one Petrof, a member of the propaganda, without necessarily betraying him. Calling on him for some gloves, she while trying them on informed him of the situation that he might at once get word of the danger to her husband and he might remove the literature.

When she left the store the man who watched her approached her. "Conduct me to your home," he said. "What means this?" she asked, affecting surprise.

After a while he admitted the truth, and she told him that she had gone to the building for the purpose of finding a former servant of hers, but had been misinformed as to the address.

"I have no objection to taking you to my home," she said, "and I will easily prove to you that I am loyal to the government. But I warn you that I have some very good friends who are influential with the government, and I will not be put to any inconvenience."

At this the man assumed a more respectful manner and lifted his hat politely.

"I am looking for a certain kind of goods," continued Sonia, "that I need and shall be obliged to visit one or two stores, then I will take you home with pleasure."

Sonia, being of the better class, was enabled to assume an importance that affected the official. She went into several more shops and kept clerks hunting for the goods she wished. At last she feigned to find exactly what she wanted and on paying for it gave the address of her home, to which it was to be sent. The police official noted the location, pricking up his ears as she gave it.

It would not suit Sonia's game to keep the man too long. She must take some risk. It was nearly two hours after that she had left the menage with Petrof that she told her captor that she was ready to go to her home, and she led him there in a perfectly straight course. But it was all she could do to bear up under the suspense. If her husband had not received her message there was that in store for them far worse than death. As she went up the steps of her house she almost fainted, but with an effort she opened the front door. No one was to be seen. She opened a door leading into another room where her husband sat at a desk writing.

"Well, dear," he said without looking up from his work, "you have been gone quite a while." Then, raising his eyes and seeing his wife's attendant, he appeared surprised. Sonia knew that had he not been warned he would have doubtless turned pale.

"Yes," she said. "I have been delayed in finding the goods I need for my gown."

She then explained her having an attendant who needed to be satisfied that they were loyal to the czar.

"That is very easy," said her husband. "I am at this moment writing a paper on the necessity of the Russian people remaining loyal to the government."

He handed the unfinished paper to the official and bade him search the house, from which everything incriminating had been removed. But so well had the game been played that the officer was satisfied and went away without taking any further notice.

"So she is going to have her husband's will get aside?"

"Yes, she got the habit while he was alive."—Portland Oregonian.



Wife—Fred, I want you to go downstairs and give the cook two weeks' notice.
Hubby—But, my dear, I thought you were anxious to have her stay?
Wife—And so I am. If you tell her to go she'll probably stay just to spite you. See?—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.



Kind Lady—What is your name, little boy?
Boy—Joshua Shadrach Lemuel Tott.
Kind Lady—Well, well! Who gave you that name?
Boy—I dunno yet, but I'm on my trail!—Comic Cuts.



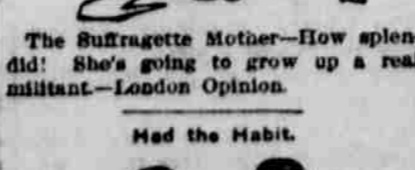
Young Timwood—This term I am going to undertake the study of Latin and Greek.
Old Hardfax—H'm! I suppose then dead languages does need an undertaker.—Boston Globe.



Mr. Tunewacker—I've just had a baby grand sent up to my house.
Mr. Newpop—That's nothing; I've got a grand baby at my house.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.



The Suffragette Mother—How splendid! She's going to grow up a real militant.—London Opinion.



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