LETTY'S GARDEN

By Harold Carter

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Jim Frayne entered the little garden and stood still, hat in hand, mopping his brow. All around him were pansies and hollyhocks, roses and geraniums and everything was as clean as a new pin.

"Seems to me Letty's garden is looking better than ever this year," he muttered.

Inside the house Letty watched him from the corner of the blind. She was considered an old maid; at 32 one is apt to have that reputation in a country village, especially is one is a little prim and old-fashioned.

Though nobody could have considered Letty prim if they could have seen the happiness in her eyes just then.

"Mother!" she called. "Here's Mr. Frayne from the electric works come to see about our lights."

"It seems to me the lights get out of order a good deal more than they ought," answered her mother, an elderly woman, whose steel-rimmed spectacles concealed a good deal of shrewd observation.

Mr. Frayne's knock at the door made Letty's reply unnecessary. In a minute the lights were adjusted and Mr. Frayne, a stout, midle-aged man with a red face and twinkling eyes, was enjoying a cup of Mrs. Ennis' tea.

"Your garden looks better than ever, Miss Letty," said Jim.

"Letty takes good care of her flowers," answered the old lady. "I wish she was as good on hens."

"Hens aren't my specialty," answered Letty.

"Pshaw! That's too bad!" said Jim. "You ought to be making some good man's fortune with your—your garden talent, Miss Letty."

"Not for me!" answered Letty, laughing and trying to prevent the color from flooding her cheeks.

"Honest," said Jim, "when I look at that little garden of yours I feel I wouldn't like anything better than to have a little house and a garden just like it."

"Well, I guess there's one or two girls left in these parts," said Letty.

Nothing more was said. Jim rose. "Well, I guess I'll be getting back to the works," said Jim. "I guess I've fixed the lights so they won't trouble you no more, Mrs. Ennis."

"I hope so," answered the old lady. "If I'd known what a trouble electricity was going to be I wouldn't have had it put in."

"I Guessed Taking Out the Wires Would Bring 'Em to the Point."

Jim Frayne shook hands with Letty and took his departure. But he lingered thoughtfully in the little, old-fashioned garden.

"Now, if I wasn't 40," he said, "and nothing but a rough sort of chap, there isn't anybody I'd marry if I couldn't have Miss Letty."