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THE TREE GIRL

By LEE BRADFORD.

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Donald stopped at the foot of the long hill, threw himself down under a large apple tree which hung over the road, and wiped his brow.

"Going to rest a minute, dad, before I tackle that mountain," he called to his father, who waved his hand in reply, and continued pushing his bicycle up the ascent.

His sister, Roberta, and their mother had gone to their grandfather's farm in New Hampshire by train. Donald and his father were making the trip "a la bike," as Don expressed it, and enjoyed it immensely.

Don watched his father till he reached the top, leaned his wheel against a tree and sat down in a shady spot. He reached for his hat. Plunk! A very large, red apple dropped into his upturned straw hat. He seized it and sank his teeth into the juicy fruit.

"Gee," he said aloud, "a gift from the gods! Plunk! Another round, red apple dropped in the same spot. "One for pop," he said, storing it away in his pocket.

He looked up into the tree and encountered a pair of laughing eyes, belonging to a girl in a pink gingham dress, perched on the highest limb.

"Not a gift from the gods, but from a goddess," she corrected, laughing. Donald returned to his natural manner. "Say, I didn't know girls could climb trees."

"Oh, you don't?" she queried, mockingly. "Well, this girl can."

Just then his father hallooed, and he turned to go reluctantly.

"Good-by, smarty," called the girl. "Good-by, tomboy," returned the boy.

He thought the incident closed, but during his four years of college the rosy, smiling face of the "Apple Tree Girl," as he called her, was constantly in the background of his mind.

It was the summer after he graduated from college when his father insisted he should take a real vacation, for he had worked his way through college and his summers had been devoted to the making of extra money.

Now he was graduated with honors and had accepted a desirable position. He was tentatively turning over in his mind the possibility of looking up the white farmhouse on a corner of a certain New Hampshire road, near which he had rested that August day four years ago, en route for grandpa's farm. Of course, the charming goddess of the apple tree must live there. Roberta was expecting a girl friend of hers who was "finished" at the same boarding school as herself, and begged Donald to stay at home a few weeks before he went to his grandfather's.

"Yes, I'll stay," he said ungraciously, "but for pity's sake stop slinging her praises from morning till night."

"Oh, Don, look! I just got her picture!"

"Maisie," he continued, scornfully, refusing to look at it, "what a name! Probably it was just plain Mary before she fixed it over."

"Don," said his mother, laughing, "stop teasing your sister." She took the photograph. "She really has a very bright, sweet face."

"Maisie, Maisie, clean gone crazy," sang Don, as he dodged a pillow flung at him by his irate sister.

Three days later Maisie King had arrived and the three met again in their mother's sitting room.

"Gee, mom, I don't like dinner parties; fix me an alibi, will you?" pleaded Don.

"I will not," answered his mother firmly; "it's getting noticeable, your dodging about, trying to avoid Miss King."

"Oh, well, all right; I'll be here," replied Don shortly.

Turning the corner of the house, he came to a sudden halt. A dark-eyed, dark-haired girl was sitting in the hammock, an amused smile in her bright eyes.

"The Apple Tree Girl!" ejaculated Don. He came nearer. "Who are you?" he asked cautiously.

"Why, I'm Maisie, Maisie, clean gone crazy," she answered demurely.

He stared at her, a quick flush flooding his tan.

"Say, I'm no end ashamed of myself, and I owe you an apology. How will you have it?"

"Not at all," she laughed. "I know exactly how you felt. Your sister had your photo at school and talked of you a great deal, and I've really known you for four years now," she added.

The day seemed singularly bright to Don. He seated himself on the ground near her.

"Did you—did you ever mention our apple tree acquaintance?" he asked awkwardly.

"No," she blushed, "I never—happened to mention it to anyone."

"Do you still climb apple trees?" teased Don.

"Oh, I can," she flashed back, then added, "but I haven't climbed much since a certain young man called me a tomboy."

"But I like you that way," insisted Don. "It has made you seem different from the dolls around here."

"Well, I don't think I've really forgotten any of my boyish accomplishments," she laughed.

Two weeks later, when Maisie returned home, she was accompanied by her fiancé, who only smiled when Roberta sang teasingly after them: "Maisie, Maisie, Clean gone crazy!"

NOTICE OF APPOINTMENT AND NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of Washington, in and for Whitman County.

In the Matter of the Estate of James O. Callaway, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed by the above entitled court as administratrix of the estate of James O. Callaway, deceased, and has duly qualified as such, and all creditors of said deceased and all persons having claims against his estate are hereby notified to serve their claims, duly verified, upon the undersigned or her attorney of record, M. S. Jamar, at his office in Pullman, Washington, and file the same with the clerk of the above entitled court with proof of service thereof; within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice, to-wit, within six months from the 9th day of September, 1921.

All claims not so filed within the time aforesaid shall be forever barred.

Dated this 3rd day of September, 1921.

MARY CALLAWAY, Administratrix of the Estate of James O. Callaway, Deceased. M. S. Jamar, Attorney for Estate, sep9-30 Pullman, Wash.

The Herald prints butter wraps.

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