

# **THE FLOWERS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649328901

The Flowers by Margarita Spalding Gerry

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY**

# **THE FLOWERS**





[See page 5

"WHAT IS IT, SONNY?" ASKED THE FLORIST



# THE FLOWERS

BY  
MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY  
AUTHOR OF  
"THE TOY-SHOP"

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN



HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS  
NEW YORK AND LONDON  
M C M X

· THE FLOWERS





# THE FLOWERS

“WHY! He must mean my rose,” said Dave Tennant. “But how in the kingdom did Jepsom ever think of it!”



He was sitting in a wooden arm-chair before his greenhouse door. The *Weekly Bugle*, which a neighbor had brought over from the post-office, had interrupted him in the midst of his morning rounds.

He looked helplessly up from the staring headlines, and down the straggling village street. From one end to the other it was ablaze with blossoms. It was not hard to see why the bees loved it so; long before a wayfarer came within sight of it he threw back his head and drew in the perfume. But although, with the bees, the flowers had drawn Dave to Deering, at this moment he hardly saw them. His eyes went back to the paper.

“Munificence of Adams County’s Millionaire!” it said, in the largest type the *Bugle* possessed.

## T H E F L O W E R S

"Prize Offered to Horticulturists! County Fair Next Summer! One Thousand Dollars for a White Rose With Jacqueminot Perfume!"

Dave raised his near-sighted blue eyes from the paper.

"Now that really is a lucky thing for me—I suppose I ought to have been thinking about money long before this. I wonder what made me try just that experiment—it isn't like me to do anything that has money in it. I *have* been careless—must have thought something would feed me—don't believe I thought much about it. And here I am, sixty-odd, and beginning to be stiff with the rheumatism. And nobody belonging to me. Then—after all these years—comes this thing! Never thought of it before, but I wonder what would have been ahead of me if I gave out. Makes you think about the man that the ravens fed in the wilderness, or falling manna— Come to think of it, ravens are more in order. Old Jepsom isn't unlike one—in features. Must be pretty decent inside. Who would ever have thought he cared anything about flowers?"

Tennant rose slowly to the full height of his spare figure and tossed back white locks with a gallant motion of his head. He looked down the village street again.

"It never seems to grow old to me," he murmured.

## T H E F L O W E R S

Much solitude had given Dave the habit of thinking aloud. Then, with the smile that made a gentle nut-cracker of his face:

"I ought to like it—it's what brought me here. Wasn't it just like me to leave Danforth, where I was laying up money, and come here, just because the people knew how to raise flowers—and didn't need me?" He stood still and looked.

Nasturtiums overflowed all bound of window-box or sweet-alyssum-bordered walks; they nodded bright heads from the tops of stone walls and peeped around trellises. Sweet-peas threw prodigal color and sweetness into the air. Garden-beds blazed with delicately flaunting poppies, were gorgeous with geraniums or starred with eschscholtzia. Rose hedges, still fragrant, led from white doorsteps to green garden gates; petunias, fuchsias, sweet-williams, four-o'clocks, filled in every crevice.

"I hardly know a man or woman in this place," thought Dave, as, paper in hand, he turned to go into his greenhouse, "but I know their gardens."

Automatically his deft fingers broke a dead leaf from a thrifty carnation.

"I had neighbors back in Danforth. But they let even their geraniums die in winter." He straightened a pink rosebud that had become entangled with its own foliage.