

**MAY'S GARDEN, AND  
WHERE THE FLOWERS  
WENT: A TALE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649644995

May's Garden, and Where the Flowers Went: A Tale by Anonymous

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**ANONYMOUS**

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CARNATION.

MAY'S GARDEN,

AND WHERE THE FLOWERS WENT.

A Tale.

WITH EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS.

SEELEY, JACKSON, & HALLIDAY, 54, FLEET STREET.  
LONDON. MDCCCLXXIII.

2537. e. 47

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# MAY'S GARDEN.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE CROCUS.

"I THINK that piece, from the wall along to this rose tree, would be the best to have, May."

"No, I'm sure mamma would not like me to have that, but this large bed would be just the thing; and, oh, Annie, perhaps mamma would give me the pink may tree as well, for it is just at the corner."

"Well, you are greedy; as if mamma would indeed! Why she wouldn't have a bit of pink may for herself."

"Oh yes, she would, of course. I should give her some as often as she wanted it; there would be plenty for everybody."



"Would there? I know what it would be. You would want to see what the tree looked like when it was all in bloom, and then, when the may was beginning to fade, you would give us each a little tiny bit, and expect us to be so much obliged to you."

"Annie, how unkind you are! I'm sure I often give you things, and then you say that I just dole bits out."

"Oh yes, dear, you're very kind, really I mean it; but last year, you would not let me have one Guelder rose, until you had seen how they looked all out at once, and then my rose was getting faded when I did get it at last."

"Yes, but I shouldn't do it again; besides, the may tree is so big. Fancy keeping that till it was all out!"

"I think you'd better have this piece! Why you'd get a piece of wall."

"A piece of wall. Really, Annie, I'm not so fond of 'wall' as all that. What good would 'wall' do, all covered over with ivy. I couldn't grow anything upon it."

"Oh dear me, what an old fidget you are," said Annie, laughing, "I can't please you. Ask for that piece near my rabbits then, and I shall be able to

cheer you up when I am feeding the pretties, and you are standing wishing the weeds would pull themselves up."

"Oh, I couldn't have that piece! I should have all my flowers eaten up by your tiresome pretties, I know, in no time. No, I like the bit near the may-tree best. Just think, Annie, of all the things I should get in free if I had that, and in those other pieces I should have to buy nearly everything."

"Yes, I wasn't thinking of that."

"You'd have thought of it though, if you were going to buy the flowers."

"Oh yes, of course I should; and I can tell you, I'm oppressed with a tremendous weight of care, for I'm afraid my pretties will eat up all their food before papa gives me my next week's money. What shall I do? oh what shall I do? I wish I could squeeze out some tears."

"Oh, nonsense! Do let us go in and ask mamma for my new piece, or all my courage will go."

"Very well, but mind you tell mamma that I'm going to be your gardener."

"Of course, dear, that will be half the fun? Will it be 'yes' or 'no;' guess."

"I'll guess 'yes.'"

"Then I'll guess 'no,' and then perhaps it will be 'yes.'"

"Mamma," said May, "might I have a new garden? I don't like my old one; it won't grow things properly, and I want to have a lot of flowers."

"Yes, you may have another piece if you will take care of it, but you know you told me weeding made your back ache."

"Yes, it does, but Annie will be my gardener, and she will take up the weeds and rake, and you said before that Smith might dig for me."

"Then how will it be your garden, dear, if Annie and Smith do all the work?"

"Oh, because I am going to buy all the flowers; Annie wants her pocket-money for her rabbits, all but what she gives away. She is not going to buy anything for the new garden."

"I see; very well, you can have a fresh piece. I suppose you want me to come and choose it now?"

"Yes, please; I've been thinking of what I should like."

"Well, what is it?"

"That large bed, with—please, mamma, don't say no—with the pink may at the corner!"

"Oh," laughed Mrs. Aston, "I see there has been