

"My little girl always brings mother bits of the blue sky," Mary's mother answered, looking down into her little daughter's eyes as she kissed her. And Mary, kissing back, did not know that mother was thinking of her own blue eyes.

But an old man stood long, and looked at the purple blossoms.

"My eyes are dim," he said, "so that I no longer see my beloved mountains; but the spring has brought me these lovely flowers to remind me that the purple hills are still there." He stroked the blossoms, every one, with loving fingers, then went away leaving them growing, and there was a glad light on his face.

But the purple blossoms, ungathered, dropped little seeds when the summer was over, so that when spring came again many more purple blossoms grew.

And if any little child should see a purple morning-glory, he may know it grew from a seed of the morning-glory that loved the purple mountain-tops and thought of them always. And where he sees the blue morning-glory blossoms he will know that they grew from the seeds that loved the blue skies and that the pink blossoms grew from the seeds that loved the rosy dawn.

"MONEY-FLOWERS"

By A. V. L. C

Aunt Eunice stood in front of her dressing-table, putting on her hat, and little Eunice stood watching her.

"Where are you going, aunty?" she said, at last.

"I am going down-town to the bank to get some money," answered Aunt Eunice.

Little Eunice hugged her tall aunt's knees with enthusiasm.

"And does money live at a bank?" she asked.

"Yes, it grows there, if you let it alone," laughed Miss Appleby.

Then she went out, and the child followed her to the garden gate.

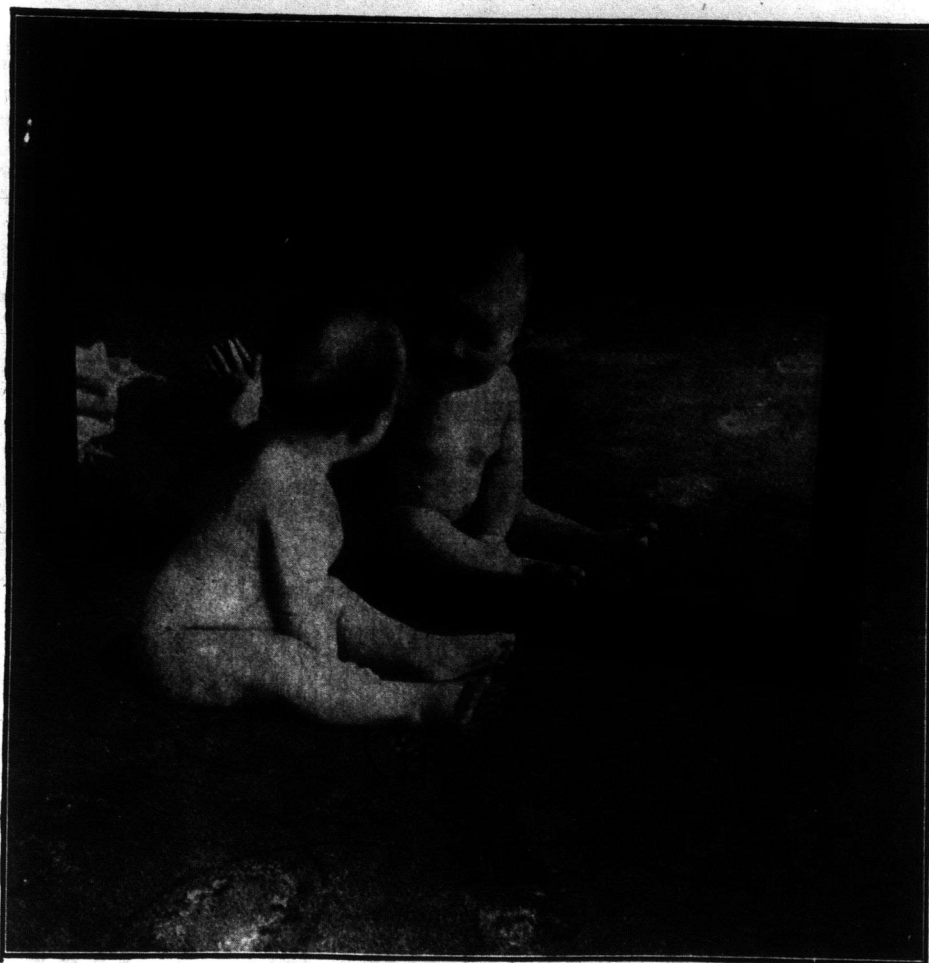
"I guess I'll put my money in the bank," she thought, and the more she thought of it the more she liked the idea. She went up-stairs to the nursery, and came down jingling a purse that had five bright, new pennies in it.

"Here is a nice bank," she said, climb-

ing a small mound of green. "I'll put it in mother's wild-flower garden," she said, half-aloud. "But I won't tell her till the money-flowers grow, and we can pick all we want. Won't Aunty Eunice be surprised?"

She grubbed in the fresh earth with her chubby fingers, and hid the pennies deep out of sight.

It happened that the windwoman, who scatters seeds everywhere over the gar-



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