

# LITTLE FOLKS

## Our Ramble.

We had such a fine ramble in the woods yesterday. We picked flowers and ferns to bring home,

thirsty that we did not know what to do, we saw a stall where a woman was selling fruit and toys. When we had eaten some nice

had sent the plants as he promised. There they were on an old table in the hall, all ready for Betty to arrange, for mamma knew how much pleasure she would have if the garden was all her own work.

'Smell the dear little violets, mamma!' said Betty, holding the dainty flowers close to her mother's nose. 'No! no! baby mastn't touch the pretty posies,' as the chubby hand made a dive toward the tempting blossoms. 'Baby smell, too.'

But the dear little rascal sneezed and shook his head when the leaves tickled his wee nose, so Betty took the pot to the window again. At last she had them all in orderly rows with the low, growing plants next the glass and the taller ones behind. Mamma had to go out on the porch with her to see how they looked from the street, and it was a pretty sight to look at, for the modest violets and daisies seemed to be hiding under the leaves, while the bright geraniums hung over the tiny pots protectingly.

Day after day Betty gave the thirsty plants a drink out of the little watering-pot papa bought for her, and never once did they droop and grow sickly on account of neglect. I have seen gardens belonging to little girls that looked as if the small owners had forgotten them, but Betty's was not that kind of garden. She picked off the dead leaves and blossoms, and every night when it was very cold, she ran outside and fastened the big, old-fashioned shutters over the window to keep her precious plants from freezing.

Betty didn't always wait till the blossoms were withered to pick them off, but gathered bouquets for the table and for all the sick people in the neighborhood. Old Mrs. Grove, who had been sick for years, had some fragrant violets in a tiny vase by her bed the very first week after Betty put the plants in the window, and every week a fresh bunch went to the poor lady till summer came. Her pots of daisies went to Church very often, and the minister said they were the sweetest flowers he knew of, for they reminded him of his old home. So all the winter the little garden



but our bundles got so big that we left them behind, and only brought home one basket full.

Just when we were so hot and

juicy apples, Edgar bought me a pretty air-balloon, but I'm sorry to say it burst on the way home.—

'Our Little Dots.'

## Betty's Beauty-Spot.

(Hilda Richmond, in 'United Presbyterian.')

'O, dear,' said Betty's mamma, when she was trying to arrange the furniture in the new home, which was a very old house, 'I'm afraid we'll never be able to make this room look pretty. Just look at those spots and stains on the windowsill, spite of the fresh paint!'

'Mrs. Ford used that old-fashioned ledge for a plant-shelf inside and out,' said papa. 'Why couldn't we do the same? The pots would hide the ugly marks and the blossoms would make the room so cheerful in winter.'

'But I haven't time for plants,' said mamma. 'Baby takes so much of my time, and then the other children must be ready for school at eight, so you see it keeps me busy, though Betty is a great help to me.'

Betty was eight and the only girl in the little flock. The baby called her 'Little Mamma,' and the boys thought her the best playmate

in the world. She could dust and hem towels and set the table and lots of other things for mamma, and just now a bright thought popped into her curly head. 'I'll take care of the flowers, mamma,' she said, quickly. 'I love to water plants and see them grow.'

'But, dearie, you have so many things to do. Mamma is afraid her little helper works too hard now. You see the dead leaves would have to be picked off every day and the dust washed from the leaves if you wanted your garden to look nice.'

'Please, please let me try it,' begged Betty. 'It will just be play, mamma. You know you trust me to wash baby's face, and I will play I'm washing the baby plants' faces.'

So Betty's papa took the little girl to the green-house, and there she picked out scarlet geraniums, ferns, daisies, violets, and two lovely vines to train up the sides of the big window. She could hardly wait till school was out that afternoon to rush home and see if the man