

## GIRLS AND BOYS.

## MARIANNA'S POPPIES.

She was a little bit of a girl to have such a long name as Marianna, but grandfather had given it to her, and it was grandmother's name, too, so the little bit of a girl was very proud of being called Marianna.

When Miss Molly, the Sunday School teacher, spoke to her class about sending money away off to China in order that the poor little Chinese children might be sent to school and Christianized, Marianna listened eagerly, for she was the kind of little girl who always liked to help. "Just like her grandmother," people said.

"Everybody here," Miss Molly continued, smiling on her class, "can not only send a little money away off to China, but each little girl and boy can make the money."

"Earn it?" asked Willie Smith; and Marianna listened hard.

"Yes, earn it," said Miss Molly.

"How?" asked Ginny Snow, and again Marianna listened.

"Ask your parents," said Miss Molly, "to give you a little plot of ground in the garden. Let each boy and girl hoe and plant this little plot. Then take good care of the vegetables, whether they be cabbage, or turnips, or radishes, or lettuce, or peas, or beans, or—" Miss Molly paused, and Bobby Wilson added, "Sweet corn." And everybody laughed in a pleased kind of way, thinking of the little gardens.

No, everybody did not laugh. There was one person in Miss Molly's class whose face was very solemn over the teacher's suggestion. This person was a little bit of a girl who answered to the long name of Marianna.

Marianna's papa and mamma did not have any garden.

The little bit of a girl went home with her trouble. Papa said he would give her as much money to send to China as anybody else made with a little garden; but the little girl was not satisfied, for she wanted to see things grow and to make the money her own self.

One day Marianna happened to think of the flower-bed in the front yard.

"Mamma," she said, and there never was a more eager questioner, "can I have the flower-bed in the front yard for the Chinese children?"

"Vegetables in the front yard, Marianna!" cried mamma, aghast. "Darling, that would never do!"

"I don't mean vegetables," said the little girl. "I mean flowers."

Thereupon the mamma gave the flower-bed to Marianna.

The little bit of a girl planted scarlet poppies in her flower-bed. When the poppies bloomed, they were so big and so brilliant that everybody noticed them. After the flowers fell off, Marianna watched the seed until papa said it was ripe. Then she tied it up in neat little papers, and sold scarlet poppy seed from door to door.

That is the way the little bit of a girl managed to earn money for the Chinese children.—Dew Drops.

## SOBBING WITH HER POCKET-BOOK.

Old mammy came in to see me the other day quite exercised in her mind about Sis' Caline.

"Sis Ca'line was tellin' me 'bout some po' fambly," she said, "a sniffin' through her nose an' sayin', 'Hit's a sad case, Sis Mirandy, dat I has sho' shed a barrel of tears ober.'"

"Dat's sho' a lot o' tears," s'ponsored I. "But what yuh gib dat po' fambly, Sis Ca'line? Hit would 'e mo' comfort in to 'em of you'd quit cryin' and get busy cookin' fer 'em."

But lawyd, said Mammy Mirandy, rolling her eyes, "Sir Ca'line takes out all her sympathy cryin' ober de afflicted. You ain't neber heard her sob none wid her pocketbook, has yef?"