

Ava, "but maybe it's a turkle."

Then every body laughed; and papa pulled the little cage out from behind the tree.

"It is a hen-biddy!" cried Ava.

Sure enough. There was a snow-white little hen.

And as true as you live the snow-white little hen had laid a snow-white little egg.

"Oh, oh!" cried Ava. Her's gave me a present all herself; and her name's Snowball."

And almost every day all winter, Snowball gave Ava an egg for her breakfast next morning.

### Scheming to Evade the Giving of Christmas Presents.

A boy of twelve stood leaning against the fence on Duffield street yesterday, hat pulled down, feet crossed, and his right hand going up occasionally to wipe his nose, when along came another anatomy about his size and asked:

"Sick?"

"No."

"Any the family dead?"

"No, I've just been licked."

"Who dun it?"

"Dad."

"Did your ma ask him to?"

"Yes. She told him I had been aching for it more than a month."

"Say," said the new arrival, "you are in luck. I'm trying my best to get dad to whale me. I'd give fifty cents if he had tanned me this noon and it was all through hurting."

"Why?"

"Why! Haven't I got \$3 saved up to buy pap and marm Christmas presents, and if I can get 'em to whale me before Christmas won't I spend every cent of that money on myself? How much you got?"

"Two dollars."

"Bully! You are all right! You've bin licked, and they won't expect even a stick of gum from their pounded son. I'll go home and slam the baby around and steal sugar and kick the cat and sass mother, and if I can get wolloped to-night I'll meet you here to-morrow, and we'll pool in and buy more pistols and scalping knives and rock-candy and nuts and raisins than you ever saw before! Yip! Peel me down, dear father—hang my hide on the fence, mother darling.—*Detroit Post.*

### His Uncle Is Sick.

A girl might as well be up and down about such things as to suffer herself to be imposed on and have the feeling gnawing at her heart from one year's end to another. The other evening when a certain young man in this city dropped himself down in the parlor alongside of the girl he hopes to marry some day or other, she began:

"Harry, New Year's is almost here."

"Yes."

"Three years ago you presented me with a pair of ear-rings. They were from the dollar store."

"Y-e-s."

"Two years ago you presented me with a pair of \$50 bracelets. They were rolled-plate and only cost \$6."

"Um."

"Last year you placed in my hand a diamond ring. The ring is washed and the stone is from Lake George, and they retail at about \$3 per bushel. Harry."

"Yes, dear."

"Are you thinking of making me a present this year?"

"Of course."

"Then do not seek to cheat and deceive me. Do not throw away your money in tridles and baubles, but buy something that I can show to the world without fear of criticism. Here is an advertisement in the paper of a lady's saddle pony and saddle for only \$300!"

Yesterday morning Harry left for Denver to nurse a sick uncle through a case of bilious fever, and he won't be back until after the holidays. Still, it was a wise policy on the part of the girl. That very day he had figured with a jeweler on buying an \$8 silver watch and having it gold-plated and marked: "18K—\$150—Harry to Susie  
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IRA BERRY, GRAND SECRETARY, ME.

—This veteran completed his eighty-fifth year September 23rd. He has thus entered upon his eighty-sixth year, has recovered from his serious illness, and is seen on our streets and welcomed by all. No citizen of Portland is held in higher esteem than our venerable brother, who has tried to live as Masonry dictates.—*Masonic Journal.*