

opening a plethoric paper bag. "Won't you take one, sir" ?

The doctor meanwhile, looked, as if he had not yet got over discovering America. At the question he recovered himself a trifle and said :

"Are those your oranges, sonny" ?

"Oh, I'm rude ; I should have told you my name, sir, it's Joe Willis. Why, of course these oranges are mine ; so's the turkey ; so's the ham ; everything is mine — that mine in hay with silver round the cork, and all those nuts and raisins, and those bananas and apples and figs — they're all mine. They're a christmas present to me. Do you know who it was that made me a present of them ?"

"Who, pray" ? Asked the doctor with a touch of sarcasm, which was quite lost on Joe Willis.

"St. Joseph, sir."

"Well," cried the physician, placing his tall hat and heavy gloves on the table, "this is quite beyond anything in all my experience, professional or otherwise."

"Did St. Joseph tell you to come himself, sir ?" continued young willis sympathetically, for he perceived that the doctor was troubled. After all, it might be hard on the nerves to encounter a saint.

"Tell me how St. Joseph came to send you all these groceries, my little man."

"Here's the way it happened, sir, — sit down." The doctor took a chair, and Joe squatted beside the turkey.

Well, it happened this way : Towards the last part of November mamma took sick just when she got some fancy needle work, and then, of course she had to let it go. Then my oldest sister Mabel's her name — had to stay home to take care of ma. My papas' been dead over a year. Now, I'm too little to work, and my other two sisters are too young for any use, and as my older brother Torn, who is fifteen, was to try to support the family all by himself. Of course Torn couldn't do it, and ma didn't get better and christmas was coming near, and I didn't just see how ne'd do about having a christmas dinner. And then sir, I thought I'd make a new vena to St. Joseph."

"Oh !"

"Yes, sir, Sister Gerina, who teaches me, said more