surprise and delight, as she was passing the library window on her way round to the door, who should come out but Uncle Sam himself.

"Hollo!" he called, "is that my little letter-carrier? Why, then, here's a letter to be delivered immediately. What a good thing you happened to pass this way, else it would have been ever so long of reaching its destination."

"Oh, I shall be so glad to take it, uncle," said Vea; "but who is it for?"

"Ah, that's the question," he said, shaking the letter at her. "Now I think I shall not give it to you at all, but send little Joseph over with it to the post-office."

"Oh no, Uncle Sam; do give it me, please," said Vea, laughing. "I feel sure it is something very nice, and I know it is to mamma!"

"Well now, who would have expected that little puss to be such a clever guesser," said Uncle Sam. "There, take it, and be off with you, else I'll never get all the letters I have to write finished in time."

"But, Uncle Sam, please tell me, have you brought my work-box?" said Vea.

"Well, miss, if I said 'No,' would you be disappointed?" said Uncle Sam, trying to look grave.