



## DAISY'S BUTTER.

AMONG Daisy's Christmas presents was a churn, which her little brother Dick bought her with his own "ten-cent bill," as he called it. He had kept the bill rolled up in a little round ball for six weeks, waiting for the "day before" to spend it, — that wonderful day before Christmas, when so many mysterious bundles are hurried through the streets, and hidden away in drawers and closets.

Daisy had talked so much, since she was in the country last summer, about helping Nancy make butter, that Dick said he thought he would buy her a *churn*, and perhaps papa would buy her a *cow*; and then she could make the butter all her own self.

Daisy was eight, and Dick only five years old: but still they enjoyed playing together very much; for Dick was