

DAISY'S BUTTER.

gentle and kind, and not a noisy and rough boy like her twin-brother Harry.

The toy-churn pleased Daisy very much. She ran to the kitchen with it, and coaxed good-natured Bridget to give her "two or three spoonfuls of the *tip-top* of the milk."

"Now mind and don't *grace yeeself*," said Bridget, "and I'll give ye a dollar a pound for all the butter ye'll make, my little lady."

Daisy moved the clapper to the churn up and down, up and down, for a long time, just as she had seen Nancy do the large one at her grandmother's in the country; and after a while the cream began to grow thicker, and the stick did not move so easily.

"Oh, I believe my butter has *truly* come!" exclaimed Daisy, dancing merrily.

Just then her brother Harry came in.

"See what I have made!" said Daisy, proudly holding up the churn.

Harry was a noisy fellow; and he shouted at the top of his voice after looking at the contents of the little churn,—

"Oh, ice-cream, ice-cream! Daisy has made some ice-cream for her doll!"

"Well, I should think *you* did *scream*," said Daisy. "Don't you know BUTTER from *ice-cream*?"

Bridget helped the little girl take the butter out of the churn, made it into a nice pat for her, and stamped it with the letter D. Then Daisy put it on the tea-table to show to papa and mamma.

Her papa said, if she liked to make butter as well when she was sixteen, he would buy her two little Alderney cows, and she might make enough for the whole family. Daisy thinks she shall always like to make butter, and so she expects to be the owner of two cows by and by.

MAMMA.