



CHRISTINE'S FAIR.

“WHAT have you locked this door for, Christine?”

When Aunt Nettie said this, she rattled the door-knob, and stooped, and peeped into the keyhole.

What do you suppose she saw?

Why, nothing but another eye, as saucy as her own, winking at her from the other side of the keyhole.

“Fe-fi-fo-fum!” said Aunt Nettie. “I smell evergreen. You are going to have a fair, Christine. Let me come in and help you.”

“No, thank you, ma’am!” said Christine, as she opened