

CHRISTINE'S FAIR.

the door a very little, and came out after much squeezing. "Pay me five cents, and you may come to my fair to-night."

Aunt Nettie gave her a bright five-cent piece, and took a little ticket, on which Christine had printed neatly, —

CHRISTINE'S FAIR.

5 o'clock, P.M.

At five o'clock in the afternoon, the family stood in a row at the fair-room door. There were grandpa and grandma, Christine's papa and mamma, her aunt Nettie, and little sister Bess.

While they waited for the door to open, Bess put on grandpa's spectacles, and dressed up her mamma's black hair with some light-yellow shaving-curls that she had just found in the woodshed.

Pretty soon Christine opened the door, and took the tickets as the family passed in.

"Oh, how bright and shiny!" cried little Bess.

Christine had pushed the table into the middle of the room, and covered it with a white sheet, and trimmed it with evergreen and bright autumn leaves. A very little tree stood in the centre of the table, the branches filled with pink-and-white candy-bags, and strings of pop-corn.

On the table were nut-dolls and paper-dolls, lamp-lighters, pen-wipers, needle-books, and a great variety of pin-cushions. Christine's prices were very reasonable; and she had as many customers as she could attend to: but Bess seemed to be the one who had most to show for her money.

She danced off, holding in one hand a frisky jumping-jack, and in the other a bunch of gay paper-dolls. A