



AN EGG-STORY.

WHEN I was at grandma's, in the country, last summer, I went out one day with my uncle to take a walk; and we thought it would be a good time to hunt hens' eggs.

He could not find any; but after climbing fences, and crawling under them, and losing my hat, and tearing my blouse, I peeped under the old grain-barn, and there I saw twenty-six great white eggs.

I thought they winked at me, as much as to say, "Don't you wish you could reach us? You can't do it, you see; for you are too small a boy to think of such a thing."

But this is the way I winked at them: first, I called uncle to come and see my treasure; and he said that my big eyes must have been made on purpose to spy out the hid-