

AN EGG-STORY.

ing-places of the hens. "If you were no bigger than a hen," said he, "perhaps you could get those eggs out."

"I'm the boy that can do it," said I. Then, with the help of a stick, I rolled the eggs out one by one, until our basket was quite full.

"You are the champion egg-hunter," said Uncle Sam. (He likes to poke fun at me.) "If you stay here, you shall have the chief command of the hen-pen. The old hens will soon find that it is of no use to stray away and steal their nests while you are in town."

"Well, Uncle," said I, "I think I could keep them in order. I wouldn't let them stroll way up into the woods as they do now."

I wanted to run all the way home, and uncle had to walk fast to keep up with me. I told grandma all about it as soon as we were inside the door. She said we would have some of the nice fresh eggs for dinner, and I must live with her, and be a farmer-boy.

That is just what I want to do; for I have much more fun in the country than in the city, and no little boy has such a dear grandma as I; but mamma says she can't spare

ROBIN.

