For the

Boys and Girls

PHEBE'S PRESENTS

The snow had fallen steadily during the night, and it was still snowing when [illegible]. The boughs of the trees were heavily laden, and the roof of the old, weather-stained schoolhouse had a white mantle a foot deep.

Outside the schoolhouse the boys were having a snowball-battle, and inside the girls were collected around the stove, waiting for the teacher to come.

Christmas was only four days off, and they were talking about the presents they expected to receive.

"I guess I'll get two or three things," said a brown-haired girl, in a blue cashmere dress. "And lots of story books."

"Your Uncle Jonas ought to give you something real handsome. Folks say he's very rich," said a girl, whose fair hair hung down her back in two braids.

"Oh, he will! You know very well, Lulie Randall, that I wouldn't get anything from my Uncle Jonas. I'd like to know why." replied the girl in the blue cashmere, whose name was Flora Bonney. "He never gave a present to anyone in his life. He doesn't believe in giving presents at Christmas."

"Yes, my uncle, Porter Osgood, always gives me a box of candy every year, with very, very, very,