

They have so much of it that it ceases to be a novelty."

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of it as a novelty," confessed Sally. "I was thinking of it as—awful."

Once inside Aunt Grace's home Sally got "warmed through and through," for the house was furnace heated and storm doors and double windows kept out the fierce winds and snow. But Sally did not feel comfortable. She wanted to run out of doors, as she could at home; run out bareheaded and sit on the porch. Why, the New Year down at her home was always such a gloriously cool day. But never so cool that they could not be out of doors—playing croquet in the yard or lawn tennis. But here!—why, Sally would not dare to put her nose out the door.

And so passed the entire three days that they had to spare for visiting with their kinfolks, and only once did Sally venture out. On the second day after their arrival Uncle Tom brought a cutter to the door and insisted on Sally's going for a dash about the town. "You've never had a sleigh-ride in your life," declared Uncle Tom, "and now is your chance."

Sally, wrapped to her eyes, took her seat beside her uncle. But the cold was so intense that she did not see anything of the town, for she buried her face in the fur robes to keep her nose from freezing. And mighty glad she was when, after half an hour's ride, they returned to the warm house again. And gladder still she was when, on the following day, she and her father waved farewell from the car window to their kinfolks on the platform. And as they flew along between mountainous snowdrifts, the country, which in imagination held such glories for her, was most uninviting indeed. And whenever she beheld little school children trudging along the country roads, knee-deep in snow, she sympathetically shivered.

But the joy of getting home again! It was well worth the misery she had suffered in the frozen Northland. Oh, how delightful was the warmth of the Southern sun! And the pleasure of sitting beside an open window was delicious. Just before they drew into their own home town Sally said to her father:

"Papa, I have learned that every person has his own place in the world, and no matter how much he may wander from it, his heart will always be there. Home, home, home sweet home. I am more satisfied with my own dear land—my own dear sunny clime—than ever I was before. And on that evening when we arrived at Aunt Grace's home, when I lay shivering between heavy blankets and heard the raging blizzard outside, I made a New Year's resolution: Never, never would I spend the New Year away from my own dear home, unless against my will. I am glad to have had the trip, to have seen things so different to those I have always been used to; but happier I am to be so near to my own home again."

Just then the car stopped at their home station, and on the platform, with smiling face, was Sally's mother, throwing kisses to her and papa. And Sally gave a bound, landing in mamma's arms, saying: "Oh, mamma, it is terribly awful where the snow covers everything. I

am so glad we live down here. Come, let us hurry down to the bay. I want to look on water that is melted. All the lakes and streams up North look like our ice box. Ugh, it was so cold!"

The Dog's Mistake

A clown had a bulldog over whom he smeared a lot of paste and then covered him from head to feet with feathers. It made a very funny looking fellow of the dog, and everybody went to the circus to see him. They sold many pictures of themselves, and when the people put the money on the stage the clown would pick it up and keep it to buy food for them both and pay their board.

"Why should the clown take the money?" said the dog to himself. "I am the show, and I should have all the money I make."

So he bit the clown on the leg and sent him home howling with pain.

Then the dog waited for people to come and buy his pictures. They came and took his pictures, but instead of paying for them left the show without giving any money. The dog barked at them, but his chain was so short he could not bite them, and they simply laughed at him.

While the dog was pondering on his hard lot, the clown came back with a club and cracked him over the head. The next day there was another dog in the show.

A Feathered Quadruped

"Walter," asked the teacher during the natural science lesson, "What do we call a creature with two legs?"

"A biped," answered the lad.

"That's right. Name one."

"A man."

"Are there any feathered bipeds?" continued the teacher.

"Yes, chickens and ostriches."

"Correct. Now, Robert," continued the teacher, "what is a quadruped?"

"Something with four legs."

"Name one."

"An elephant."

"Have we any feathered quadrupeds?"

"Yes, a feather bed."

PICTURED WORD PUZZLE



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