

zero. The very sky, whose silver was growing dim, looked frosted, but a moment later Gregory felt a warm puff of air on his cheek.

"The Chinook!" he said softly.

Another puff touched them both lightly, then a long wave of warm air swept down and about them.

"It's chinooking, certainly," said Ida, opening her fur coat and pushing back her cap. "I hope that means we've had the last of winter."

Again there was a long diving wave, almost hot in its contrast to the cold air rising from the ground, and still accompanied by that humming orchestra above. But in a few moments the hum had deepened into a roar down in the tree tops and about the corners of the buildings on the hill. The icicles fell from the eaves and lay shattered and dissolving on the porch, the snow was blown up in frosty clouds and melted as it fell.

"It's the last of winter, I guess," said Gregory. "We're not likely to have another long spell of cold. Spring has come. And so has daylight. Let's go in, old girl."

THE END