

come and live with us. Alas, they too were of the snubby kind, thinking it beneath their dignity to associate with the likes of me.

It was fortunate that they retreated as gracefully as they did, and more especially just when they did, because I only had one suit of rompers and if they would have had to be buried for a week, it would have meant, bed for mine.

It was amusing to see everyone about sniffing the air, and frequently pinching their nose for some reason or other, for days and days, thereafter.

There is another matter which I have been tempted to (and am now yieldly to) disclose in passing, although I admit that it is not an honorable thing so to do. However, it has often been proved that it is better for one to make an open confession than to be forever grouching and harboring an ill-feeling against another.

With such an incentive I just want to get even with one who was the cause of creating such a wrangling feeling in my heart. Perhaps my accusations are against the very one whom you would least expect should ever be brought on the carpet for reproof of any sort whatsoever.

Be all that as it may, regardless of the honor which the public has always conferred upon him, and the notoriety which he has gained, that same Santa Clans is often very partial, and two-faced.

This is not all heresay, for although one is classed as a tattletale to tell things out of school, you won't blame me, I'm sure, for squealing on a fellow that is not above putting one over on a good boy, such as he did to me on one occasion.

Instead of presenting me with something due such a distinguished boy, what do you think he did? Well, whether you are inclined to believe it or not,