

drops, for they wore dark green blanket coats with white sashes and hoods.

But it was only when the snow was piled *very* high that they could do this, or get on the barn-roof at all; so you may be sure that Marian and Flossie were never sorry when the big storms came.

It happened one year that the snow did not come till much later than usual, and winter was nearly over before it had piled high enough against the barn to make it safe to try to climb up.

At last a day came when mother thought it might be possible, and the merry little maids trotted off to the barn.

But the roof was still so far above them that even Marian, who was the taller, did not get up till she had tried a great many times; while poor fat Flossie could not manage it at all.

Marian tried to pull her up, but without success, and at last she gave up and, climbing to the top of the sloping roof, sat proudly down, while poor Flossie, powdered with snow from head to foot, and winking hard to keep the tears out of her eyes, stood sadly looking up at her from the snow heap.

Just at this moment mother, who had been watching them, was called away, and when she