

Bayley and two others that I did not know—who were all dressed for out-doors, and who all seemed in a great hurry to get Flora dressed. Nellie Bayley pulled on her coat while the other two tugged at her over-socks; but Mary Anne no sooner dragged me triumphantly in, than they left Flora to complete her own toilet, for which I dare say she was heartily thankful, and turned their attention to me, jerking on my coat and cap and socks in less than no time. We were then ruthlessly dragged downstairs, and out into the frosty night.

A loud shouting came up from what appeared to be a hollow at some distance from us, which Mary Anne Bunn answered by putting her finger into her mouth and whistling a long, loud shrill note that might be heard half a mile off. Two great boys now appeared running towards us with hand-sleighs, calling out to us to "pile on, pile on." We did—three on each sleigh, Flora and the two strange girls on one, and Mary Anne Bunn, Nellie Bayley, and I on the other. Mary Anne Bunn settled herself comfortably in front, holding out one of her feet before her in what I thought anything but a graceful or lady-like fashion—a phenomenon that had yet to be explained, however.

We were evidently drawing near to the aforesaid hollow about which there was not now the shadow of a doubt, and where there appeared to be a great deal of shouting, laughing, and singing going on. Nearer and nearer we came. Suddenly, the boy that drew the sleigh threw the rope attached to the front of it to Mary Anne Bunn, which she caught adroitly, and away we went, flying and whizzing over a long, steep bank, and the mystery was explained. Here were the greater part of the guests amusing themselves sleigh riding down hill; the majority were young gentlemen, however, the scarcity of whom struck me on first entering the parlor.

Neither Flora nor I were in a particularly amiable mood at being forced out, we knew not whither, in this unmannerly style, but we soon got into the spirit of what was

going on, and went down hill with any one who would take us, and helped to draw up the sleighs, and shouted and laughed, and had glorious fun. I do not know how long we might have kept this up, if it had not commenced to snow heavily, the air having moderated considerably since we came out. As it was, we did not start for the house until we were all white with snow.

Nellie Bayley and I were drawn back to the house by no less a person than Mr. Jerry Bunn himself, and as I did not want to go without Flora, though the snow was falling so thickly that we could scarcely see each other, he went and saw her taken care of on another sleigh to satisfy me, like a good-natured fellow that he was. Nellie Bayley pointed him out to me afterwards when we were all in the parlor, and I was surprised to see that he was the very handsomest boy I had ever seen in my life. He had a rich, tawny complexion, and hair and eyes of a soft, mellow brown, that put me in mind of ripe nuts falling among brown, crispy leaves on balmy, hazy days, when the leaves are dropping softly and silently, and the far-off woods and hills look like a dreamy vision. But Mr. Jerry Bunn was anything but a sentimental customer, I do assure anyone whom it may concern. When he found out that Nellie and I were the little girls he had brought over in his sleigh, he insisted on dancing a polka with us both at the same time, and whirled us round and round without as much as letting the tips of our toes touch the floor. When supper-time came, he brought us in to supper, and made us drink his health a great many times in port wine, which he called "poort," trilling his tongue over the "r" as if there were two or three r's. We ate our supper and sipped our "poort" in the simplicity of our hearts, and got very merry indeed. And such a din as there was going on after supper—the piano played, and curtains glowed, and the mirrors flashed, and the lights danced, and everybody laughed very loud and looked very red in the face, and whirled round and round, and knocked against everybody else. All seemed to be having