

undo her things while Johnnie tried the side door, expecting it would yield at once; it was fast, however, and after standing back and looking up at the attic dormer window, and calling, "Hi, Manville!" Johnnie remarked to Mary Ellen that he guessed Manville wasn't there.

"Tch!" said Mary Ellen, and she felt behind the window-blind of the dining-room and brought forth the key; the key was always concealed there when all the members of the family were absent at the same time.

Once inside the door, Mary Ellen stood a moment, looking about the room. Manville had not been gone long enough for the clock to have run down. Mary Ellen said:

"I declare! I am so glad to get back!" and then she stepped to the closet in the front hall and hung up her things and put on her calico dress. Meantime she told Johnnie that the Perkinses—her cousins on her mother's side—were going to Florida for the winter.

"What for? Have they got some-

thing the matter with their lungs?" asked Johnnie.

"No, but they've worn out every set of flannels they had on their backs; even down to the baby. Caroline said that she had been bound to make them carry the family through last season, and she did it, and that's about all she could do; and there so many of them—nine now, with the baby—that it's a perfect house and lot on Alonzo's shoulders to look forward to the winter, when he would have to buy at least three sets apiece for the

whole nine—twenty seven—and Caroline says it hasn't happened that way before since they were married and that's twenty-three years. So they just decided to go to some climate where they can get on a season without flannels. Besides, Caroline never travelled any, and it seems a kind of Providence that things have happened just as they have."

"Huh!" said Johnnie, going toward the kitchen. Johnnie stood a moment in the doorway looking straight ahead

OLD TIME MEMORIES

By SOLON L. GOODE



Thou lonely cabin in the snow,
No footsteps cross thy door;
No human voice is heard within
As in the days of yore.

Deserted and alone you stand
Like some despondent soul,
Or, as some wind-swept wreck,
O'er which the billows roll.

Blue smoke once curled above thy eaves
And verdure round thee spread,
The roses climbed thy chink-ed logs
With warmest tints of red.

O, dear old cabin in the snow,
Thy mem'ry I revere,
Within thy homely mud-lined walls
Came many a blessed year.

Though now I dwell in stately halls
Where walls are flecked with gold,
No sweeter hours have crowned my soul
Than did those days of old.

In childish fancy I have heard
Kris Kringle's prancing steeds,
As oft my sainted mother told
Of Santa's wondrous deeds.

I look into the embers now
While shadows dance and grow,
And silken hose are homespun now,
As in the long ago.

O, Christmas cheer and New Year joys
So strangely sweet to me,
May the music of thy memory
Abide eternally.