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IN THE DEEP OF THE SNOW

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now you're back," she answered, squeezing his hand hard. "But land's sakes, Dave, how ever did you git all that blood on your pants?"

"Oh," said the man lightly, "that's nothin'. Tell you about it bime-by. I'm jest starvin' now. Let's have supper quick, and then give old Mr. Sandy Claus a chance. To-morrow we're goin' to have the greatest Christmas ever was, us three!"