

## THE CLINTON HOME

"Lay your wraps here, old man, and put your banjo yonder in the corner. You must be cold, judging from the way the frost is snapping and cracking to-night," said Squire Clinton, in a loud, though kindly voice, as he arose and closed the door and then resumed his seat.

"Ver' cold night, Mas'r Clinton," replied Quinte Brown. He rubbed his hands together for a few moments and then sat down beside the stove. "Der am a big sto'm brewin'; ci'cle roun' de moon wif one star in it; wind in de East. I specs we'll get it to-mowah good an' ha'd. Golly, Mas'r, I'm glad Quinte's got a comfo'ble log cabin an' plenty of wood, an' tings to eat."

"Shame on you, Quinte Brown," Mrs. Clinton replied, sternly. "You should not make such bad predictions about the weather for Christmas, where so many children as we have are concerned. Curtis and Walter have been planning a sleigh-ride with your good dog Rover for to-morrow, and Helen and Gertie have been talking all day about riding down hill and skating, and I don't know what all, and here you come along and upset all their plans."

"Can't you put the storm off for a day or two, Quinte?" suggested Squire Clinton, with a smile, as he stirred the fire. "These noisy children will set us crazy if they are obliged to stay in the house on Christmas Day."

Three boys and two girls now gathered around Quinte Brown with a great clamor, threatening and entreating, and almost pulling him off his chair, on account of his ominous prophecy.

"If you don't keep that storm away, Quinte," said Helen Clinton, pertly—a sweet little grandchild, with golden hair and merry blue eyes—"how in the world