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my coat was not long and thick, as it is now; but I suppose it was taking so much exercise which kept me warm: there was a sort of kinky feeling in my legs if I kept still long, which would oblige me to get up and tear about after something, if it was only my own tail. This feeling is nearly gone now, but it still comes over me at times.

We went home so hungry that we were almost ready to eat one another, Mr. Rob told Madame; and although the dinner was not half so grand as it had been the day before, it somehow tasted even better.

After dinner we all went up to Helen's room. She was lying on the lounge in her pretty soft white dress, and Mr. Rob pushed the lounge up to the window and wrapped a shawl around her, and then he took us all down to make a snow-man right under her window, where she could see it. I helped all I could, and before dark we had a snow-man as tall as Mr. Rob, and with much thicker legs than his, standing there with a pipe in his mouth—not a real pipe, but a piece of corn-cob with a stick in it—and a flag in his hand, which he held out toward Helen's window. Madame gave him an old hat of Master's, and he looked so fierce that I felt a little afraid of him. I was never quite sure that he was not alive until he melted away several weeks afterward, and even then I thought he might have been. Helen laughed, and clapped her hands, and bowed to the snow-man when he was done; and then we all came in again, and Mr.