

CHAPTER XIII.

GOING HOME.

WHEN we began to say good-night to each other, and the children's presents were being wrapped up for them to take home, we missed Callie. So the party turned into a game of hide-and-seek, and for some time we could not see anything of our little runaway. At last I found her in the farthest corner of the oriel window. I daresay she had felt hot and tired after the dancing, and the excitement of that queer old man coming in with his hamper, and so, without saying anything to anybody, she had just crept away behind the curtains to be quiet. One of the lower casements of the window was set wide open, to cool the room, and Callie was standing close by it, stretching out her hands to catch the falling snow, and whispering to herself 'pitty, pittty,' as the delicate feathery flakes settled on her fat little fingers and then melted away.

I did not know there was any harm in it, but mamma seemed very much afraid when we found