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Grandfather Snow.
Grandfather Snow came down one day.
And what do you think?
And what do you think?
He's as old as the hills, but his heart is gay.
And over the country he sped away.
His hair was as white as a cotton ball;
And what do you think?
And what do you think?
He gaily pranced over the highest wall.
For his dear old legs weren't stiff at all.
Wherever he went he raised a breeze;
And what do you think?
And what do you think?
He climbed to the tops of the tallest trees.
As cool and nimble as ever you please!
A train went thundering over the ground.
And what do you think?
And what do you think?
Old Granther after it went with a bound—
Sly old fellow 'n' he made no sound.
He caught the cars, and he held on tight;
And what do you think?
And what do you think?
The train had to stop in the road all night.
And couldn't go on till broad daylight!
Oh! as he was, he stayed out late;
And what do you think?
And what do you think?
He sat on the posts of the door-yard gate.
And danced on the fence at a high old rate!
But the children cheered for Granther still;
And what do you think?
And what do you think?
He sprang himself on to the top of a hill.
And they all cheered down on his back with a will!
He was none too old for a grand going;
And what do you think?
And what do you think?
To the tops of the highest roofs he sprung,
And down on the people he slid with a whirring!
He had no manners, 'tis said to say;
And what do you think?
And what do you think?
For a chap like him to get in the way.
And trip up people by night and day!
But his heart was white and pure within;
Now what do you think?
Now what do you think?
To be glad and jolly is never a sin.
For a good-faced Granther I care not a pin.
We none of us know what we should do;
Now what do you think?
Now what do you think?
If we only came down on a month or two,
And couldn't stay here the whole year through.
—*Coleridge's "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner."*

only a pup—nine months old to a day—and as full of affection as he can stick. He only wanted to make friends with you."
"But I don't want to be made friends with in that fashion," I said, as well as I could speak for crying.
"Jack laughed, and caressed me, and apologized; but it was then that our troubles began, for all that."
"What a nuisance that dog was no one who has not brought up a Newfoundland pup can imagine. Now it was one of the best tablecloths, not only pulled off, but torn into rags; or my lace set— Aunt Clarice's wedding present—which had been laid out to bleach, had disappeared bodily, all but a fluttering end which hung out of Hero's mouth as he careered about the yard; or it was one of Jack's dress boots, chewed to a pulp, and grave enough Master Jack looked that time. I only wished his belongings had suffered oftener; but unluckily he took precious good care to keep them out of the way."
"Jack and I were poor enough, but we had rich relations. Jack had an uncle, Mr. Philip Phelps, and an aunt, Clarice Vaughan, both of whom had declared their intention of leaving us their respective heirs. Aunt Clarice was a childless widow, and Uncle Philip a bachelor. Both of them were peculiar in their ways, and full of whims and "fads." We had never been able to entertain them hitherto, but as soon as we were settled in our own house each of them had promised us a visit. It was time for Uncle Philip's arrival soon after Jack brought home that wretched dog. Uncle Philip had always seemed very fond of me, and I resolved to appeal to him privately to induce Jack to banish the horrid thing from the house."
"Uncle Philip was stout and rubicund, with a bald pink head fringed with white hair, and a laughing blue eye—two of them, in fact. Unluckily for my private plans, he took most kindly to Hero from the first; and as I watched the softening of his eye over the pup's clumsy gambols, I realized that any attempt to influence him as I desired would be utterly in vain. We were all collected in the back parlor on the night of his arrival, he sitting in a large easy-chair in the window. He was just giving us a graphic description of a recent visit to New Mexico, when he started, and clasped his hand to his head, with a sudden exclamation."
"I thought you told me you had no mosquitoes here," he said, with a puzzled air.
"Neither had we, as Jack and I both assured him, and after a moment he took up the thread of his narrative. Crack! another clap at his bald head, and another break in his tale. Crack! crack! crack!"
"What do you mean by denying mosquitoes?" he cried indignantly. "I know that mosquitoes and malaria are two things that the inhabitants of a swamp will never confess to; but I thought that you two were above such weaknesses."
"Our earnest, "But, indeed, dear madge," was suddenly interrupted by a sudden flutter of wings, and a donic of cold water exactly on the center of Uncle Philip's head. Jack sprang to his feet.
"It's those beastly birds, Madge," he said. "They've been chucking their seeds at Uncle Philip, and now they've finished up with a shower-bath. Taking their bath in their drinking-cup, too, the little brutes! It's too bad, I vow!"
"Uncle Philip was silent, but his face, as he glared at the dog overhead, was a study. I apologized, eagerly, abjectly, and, I hoped, to some purpose. Then we adjourned to the front parlor, and finished the evening quietly."
"Uncle Philip was up bright and early the next morning. I was surprised to find him in the dining-room when I went down, before the bell rang, to see that the table was properly set. Hero was beside me, blinking up at me with his great stupid eyes, one big eye and one small eye, and his red tongue lolling out idiotically. Uncle Philip greeted me affectionately, though, I fancied, with rather an air of constraint."
"Did you sleep well, Uncle Philip?" I asked. Uncle Philip hesitated.
"It was quiet enough most of the night," he said, "but I was somewhat disturbed toward morning."
"I asked, but Jack, who had come in behind me, laughed.
"Nonsense, Madge!" he said. "You forget that Uncle Philip lives in Chicago, which is not exactly country. It was all those birds of yours again. Uncle Philip's room is directly over my study, and the things tumbled up at daylight, as usual. Nobody could sleep in such a comfortable racket. Now confess, Uncle Philip, was not that the trouble?"
"Why, Jack!" I said, half-eying.
"It is too bad of you. The little darlings couldn't disturb anybody with their singing, and you know there is not another window in the house where they can hang. Uncle Philip's is the only other east room, and they must have the morning sun."
"Oh, pray don't disturb your arrangements on my account," said Uncle Philip, rather grudgingly. "No doubt I shall get used to it in the course of time."
"Just here Hero made a diversion by an unexpected and successful spring at the chop on Jack's plate, with which he vanished through the back door, while Uncle Philip and Jack laughed and applauded."
"Uncle Philip stayed with us less than a week, growing daily more silent and testy. When, on the fifth day, he announced his intention of leaving us, I could not feel deeply grieved; but Jack was—" "It is all very well for you," he said, "but Uncle Philip is no relation of yours, and you have no old claims of affection and kinship pulling at you. It is not his money, as you very well know, but he is the last one of my mother's family left, and to have him driven out of his nephew's house by those ridiculous pets of yours—well, it's hard, and no mistake."
"Nonsense, Jack!" I cried, "The birds have nothing to do with it," I said; but Jack shrugged his shoulders.

"All right," he said; "but a man of Uncle Philip's age and habits can't stand being wakened at daylight every morning, and disturbed at all hours of the day and night besides."
"I don't disturb him," I said.
"You do," said Jack. "You spend your whole time standing up and down stairs, opening and shutting the window just below his room, because you fancy that those blessed birds are dying of too much or too little air."
"But Jack," I said, "the poor little things are sitting, and they need constant care. You wouldn't have me let them die, would you?"
"I'll have you consider the comfort of human beings before that of animals," said Jack. "However, the thing is done now. Nothing would induce Uncle Philip to spend another night here. He has business to attend to in the city, though, and has taken board in Ninth street for a few weeks."
"I was sorry that Jack was vexed, of course, but I really could not feel very unhappy at losing a guest so utterly unfeeling and inconsiderate. Besides, Aunt Clarice had written to ask when it would be convenient for us to receive her, and she could now come as soon as she felt inclined."
"It was the very day after Uncle Philip left that I found Jon-jon, the female bird, lying dead upon the floor. My first idea was that it was a mean piece of vengeance upon Jack's part, and I taxed him with it, but he denied it indignantly."
"I'm not such a brute as you seem to think, Madge," he said. "I don't like the birds, but I wouldn't hurt a feather of their tails. Look here, though," as he poked out with the point of his penknife something that had lodged in the beak. "Here is what did the mischief. Stolen from my desk, too, by Jove! A clear case of poetic justice."
"It was a tiny bit of red water which he held out for me to examine, and of course I had to acknowledge that it had alone caused the catastrophe. I buried my little pet mournfully, and thought of bringing another to replace her, but Jack put his veto upon any such proceeding."
"But, Jack," I said, "Bijou will die of loneliness."
"Let him," said Jack, savagely, and that was all.
"Well, Bijou didn't die of loneliness. On the contrary, after reflecting on the situation for a few days, he plucked up heart, and hunched himself into such a torrent of rollicking song that Jack was more frantically ever. Not even the melancholy sight of the nestful of cold little blueish speckled eggs seemed to dash his gaiety in the least. To tell the truth, I was slightly disgusted (though I would have died before I would have told Jack so), for, as I might, I could not persuade myself that that triumphant, rollicking, gurgling song bore the slightest resemblance to a wail of despair."
"We saw Uncle Philip tolerably often, though he no longer staid with us. I noticed, however, that he could with difficulty be persuaded to enter the back parlor. Even the sound of Bijou's singing, made him start and wince in a manner which was simply absurd, though he never said anything."
"I was in daily expectation of Aunt Clarice's arrival, the date of which was not quite certain, as she was staying with friends who continually urged her to prolong her visit. After the day for her coming had been three times fixed and as often postponed, I made up my mind not to expect her until I saw her. Consequently I had dismissed all thoughts of her from my mind."
"I was sitting at my sewing one morning when Jane came up to tell me that a lady was in the parlor, who declined to send up her name."
"An agent, no doubt," I said. "I wish you'd ask her business, Jane. But no more than start and wince, so to shut up Bijou, in any case."
"So I sewed on tranquilly until I had finished the piece of work on which I was engaged, and then ran down-stairs, humming a little lullaby as I went. I never finished that tune, though; for the first thing my eyes fell upon in the hall was Aunt Clarice. Yes, Aunt Clarice, sitting demurely in the hall chair, but with no very serene expression upon her face. On the contrary, it was a much agitated and disheveled Aunt Clarice upon whom I looked—an Aunt Clarice who appeared equally divided between tears and indignation, and who met my astonished gaze with one full of wrathful meaning."
"Dear Aunt Clarice!" I cried. "Who ordered dressed of seeing you to-day? Why in the world didn't you go into the parlor, even if you hadn't sense enough to take you there? The girl's blunders are really beyond anything."
"Don't scold the girl," said Aunt Clarice, grudgingly; "it's not her fault. She took me in there fast enough; but if people will turn their parlors into menageries they can hardly expect their friends to stay in them."
"Menageries! Dear Aunt Clarice," I cried. "I never thought you would mind poor Bijou too. You're as bad as Uncle Philip."
"Aunt Clarice turned slightly red. "If that's your idea of a bijou," she said, "I have no more to say," and she began to gather up her belongings as if she meditated instant flight."
"Dear Aunt Clarice," I cried, "don't be so frightened! I was just going to shut him up, for he has been out quite long enough." "I should think so," said Aunt Clarice. "But I never knew that you minded birds so much."
"Birds!" said Aunt Clarice, with an inexpressible intonation. "But I do mind birds very much—such birds as this; birds that walk on four legs and wag their tails and make grabs at your ankles."
"Aunt Clarice," I cried, "it's Hero that you mean—Jack's great, horrid dog. Do you mean to say that he is in the parlor?" "Oh, dear! what shall I do?" Jack says that there is no harm in him, but he always dares and grins at us so. How shall we ever get him out, for neither Jane nor I dare touch him?"

Aunt Clarice had relaxed slightly when she found that I had nothing to do with Hero's presence in the parlor, and now she began to laugh.
"Don't trouble yourself about getting him out," she said. "He is safe enough there, for I shut the door upon him. He kept quiet until Jane had gone, but as soon as I was left quite alone and unperceived, he floundered out from under the very sofa that I was sitting upon, and 'danced and grinned' at me, until I fairly took to my heels. Now I'll go upstairs and take my things off."
"Jack only laughed when I explained to him of Hero's escapade, said that as my pet had the run of his study it was only fair that he should have the run of the rest of the house. He positively refused to chain him, or even to keep him in the yard or cellar, as I implored him to do, if only on Aunt Clarice's account."
"No, no," he said, "my relations have had their turn; it is time that yours took their share now."
"Of course when Hero had once found his way upstairs, there was an end of everything. Nothing would induce him to stay down stairs, or even to keep him in the yard or cellar, as I implored him to do, if only on Aunt Clarice's account."
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