

“Oh, I know where we are going!” she cried in delight.

Sure enough, the Swan flew in through the window and landed right on the merry-go-round. The change from the forward motion to the rapid whirling confused Dorothy Ann so that she could see only dim shapes flying through the air beside her. She seemed to be no longer on the Swan's back, but found herself suddenly astride her friend of the afternoon, the pacing Black Steed. As the merry-go-round died down, she could make out the dim shapes more distinctly, and they all seemed to be looking at her.



The one directly in front of her was so big that she could see nothing beyond him. She had not noticed such an enormous creature there in the afternoon. It was as big as her friend the Polar Bear. Indeed it looked quite like him. In fact it was so much like him that Dorothy Ann decided it must be his twin brother.



“How-de-do?” he growled in a growl that sounded strangely familiar to her. “Aren't you recognizing your old friends tonight?”

“Why, it is,—it really is you, my own big Polar Bear,” cried Dorothy Ann, taking one flying leap into his great furry arms. She was greeted with a laugh