



At the top there is a KEY that lists all the letters from A thru Z with a box below. Each of the letters has a corresponding number. The bottom part contains a secret phrase. Each of the blanks has a number underneath it. Fill in the letters that correspond to the numbers below the blanks to solve the phrase. You will find the solution on the other side of this page.

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z
1	10	12	4	3	14	8	18	15	9	2	26	11	22	5	21	19	17	16	13	23	25	7	6	24	20

 13 18 3 12 5 26 5 17 5 14 16 21 17 15 22 8 13 15 11 3 15 16

 15 22 13 18 3 14 26 5 7 3 17 16 13 18 3 12 5 26 5 17

 5 14 7 15 22 13 3 17 15 16 15 22 13 18 3

 15 11 1 8 15 22 1 13 15 5 22



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup*. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

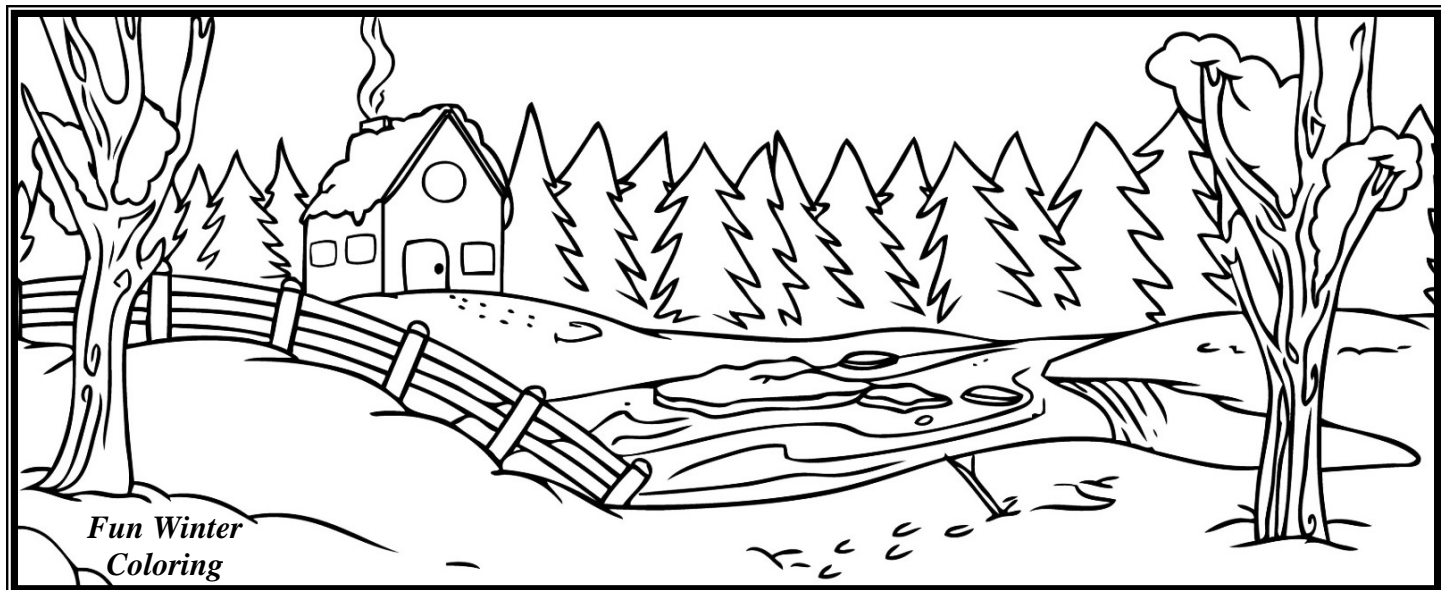
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

CHOCOLATE PUDDING

One quart of sweet milk, three ounces grated chocolate. Scald the milk and chocolate together; when cool, add the yolks of five eggs and one cup sugar. Bake about twenty-five minutes; beat the whites for the top; brown in the oven; eat cold.



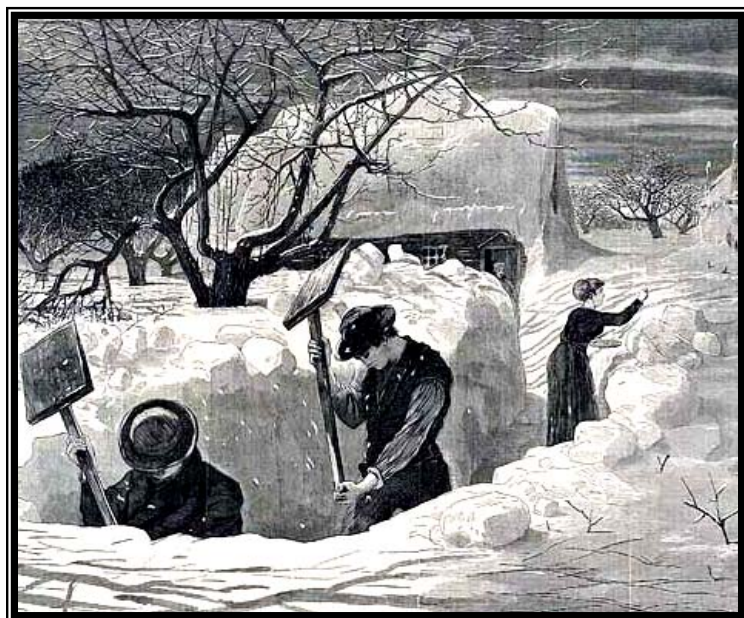
Just for Fun



Fun Winter
Coloring

The Snow Storm

Ralph Waldo Emerson



*Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hill and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farmhouse at the garden's end.
The sled and traveler stopped, the courier's feet
Dilated, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.
Come see the north wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, nought cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly,
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre the farmer's sighs; and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.*

Cryptogram Solution :

The color of springtime is in the flowers,
The color of winter is in the imagination.