

A Suggestion for Christmas

You can enjoy the music of the Masters as only Virtuosi can render it—if you have a

Gerhard Heintzman Player Piano

in the home.

A silent piano is a useless investment. Silent and useless because no one in the family plays.

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The Gerhard Heintzman is the pioneer player commanding the **WHOLE KEYBOARD**.

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This is but one of the many patented features—all reasons for the high excellence of the Gerhard Heintzman Player Piano.

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to the cradle, he'd recognise the old cradle."

Lady Laura laughed, harsh, rather jarring laughter.

"Would he, do you think? I think not. He wouldn't remember the old wooden cradle—he was only a child, a babe, when he slept in it. What associations or recollections could it possibly have for Dick, whilst for me—"

Her voice had an odd quiver in it—a queer, throaty quiver—and Mrs. Sedley felt strangely moved. Then hardly knowing what she was doing, she bent over Lady Laura and kissed the old lady on her forehead.

"Good-bye," she said gently. "I mustn't stay any longer, I really mustn't. Think about the old days a little—other Christmases—and remember your grandson is fighting a hard battle with poverty in London, and that he and Betty have got a dear little baby to look after, and I think the Christchild wants you to help them to look after that wee, small thing—such children as they both are."

"Rebellious children," Lady Laura muttered, but her eyes had grown quite soft and misty, and her old lips had taken to trembling.

She said no more, however, neither did Anna Sedley for the matter of that, for the Vicar's wife slipped quietly out of the big drawing-room, such a fine formal room with its carved cabinets full of priceless china, stiff Chippendale chairs, heavy brocade curtains, and Lady Laura was left all by herself in the twilight, the snow falling fast outside, and the church bells beginning to ring for Evensong.

It was very quiet in that large fire-lit drawing-room, and all at once the old lady felt strangely lonely, and she shivered, then drew her lace scarf tightly about her shoulders, her pretty vanity forgotten, picturesque folds abandoned for the sake of warmth and comfort.

She rose slowly from her chair. Her cheeks were not so very pink after all, and she looked her age.

"I must find that cradle; it ought to be in the lumber-room. I—I don't like to think of Richard's baby—my poor Mary's grandson—sleeping in an orange box, an old packing case. The poor child oughtn't to have to suffer for the faults of his parents—it's wrong."

She left the drawing-room as she spoke, and made her way up the wide staircase of the old Kentish manor house, where it had pleased Lady Laura to dwell for over forty years—ever since the early days of her widowhood, in fact—and it seemed to the old lady as if a whole host of unseen shadows trooped after her, the ghosts of her dead.

She was tired and out of breath long before she reached the lumber-room—a weary old lady—and her fingers trembled as she turned the rusty key and unbolted certain hinges and the whole air seemed to ring with the sound of Christmas bells—or, so Lady Laura fancied.

She found what she was in search of—the wooden cradle, the quaint, old-fashioned wooden cradle in which all her children had slept. Later on she would send a maid up to the lumber-room to dust the old cradle and carry it downstairs, but she must rest for a moment or two, she was very weary.

Lady Laura sat down—a tired old lady—and, somehow, her eyes closed, and she fell fast asleep, for the very young and the very old find it easy to fall asleep—kind sleep that prepares the young to live and the old to die.

When she woke up the moon was shining, the bright, clear Christmas moon, and the lumber-room was flooded with light. It seemed to Lady

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