A Christmas Conquest.

How pride of birth and breeding was made to realize the simple faith that makes all men bro hers.

And as Helene Maraden asked the question she compressed her lipdangerous light in her violet eyes, Don't put it in that way I beg,

dearest," was Brisn Lacy's troubled

more attractive orgagement."

In what other way can I put it? continued the young hely, with continued the young lady, with a Strengthens and tones the store lift of her around brows. "I ask the whole digestive system. you to spend Christman Bre with me, your betrothed, and you decline

blue Irish oyes: And indeed she 'Two lumps fonger, is it? R-ally was a picture to hold a man's gaze all over? How disappointing ! Just stately room a fitting background not know whether I should o ogratufor her fair particular beauty. A late or condole, family orest was wrought on the Notther, if you ploses, Elsis,chimney-place, above which a Ray. just yet, was the brief reply. nolds portrait of Lady Derothen of the Georgian court, looked down always did, I know.' with laughing eyes at her beautiful, Mrs. Keith Gordon, worn and living reglies below.

world to me—that I find perfect Y a should have heard old Judge happiness at your side. But I am pledged to my mother and my old home for this Christmas eve. Besides, and the tender lines of many old home for the content of the content in the lines of many the content in the lines of many the lines of lines of him or know!—slway—analyse of him or know! of place at the Keith Gordon dinner. since Tom Lacy's son would have

hold Tom Lacy, the honest dairyman, of higher worth than any Gornot your world's verdict, of cour-c,'

'My world is your world now,' she said esgerly. 'You have reached it, conquered it, Brian. This invitation is a proof, Elie begged ner fair cheek. 'Would any man me to bring you with me,' They are most anxious to meet you, to welcome you.'

" Into the inner circle of the elect !" he laughed.

especially, dearest, my old home bas a secred claim upon me I can cot ignore. My dear old parette have called their children around them for the proudest, hanpiest hour of their O ri-tmas Mass in our home church. O course you can not under-

"No, I can not.' She interrupted him angrily, all the old pride and roused by his words, 'But I do understand this-'hat for these old ties which other men would hold ontworn, you set me saide before my friends, my world, after all-allshe stopped suddenly, her eyes fisming, her voice quivering. His clear eyes read her silence,

"After all that you have set aside for mall he canoladed her contence 'Since you choose to put it into

Toen set it saide no longer,' he anid in a low voice, ' I scrept noth. Marsden went down to the 'little ing that you count as sacrifice. The dinner' that evening more brilliant woman I love, the wife I win, will and beautiful than Allyn Gorden had ever be to me a queen. I will give ever seen her before. Some delicate her all the homage she could ask. But I how to no idole of birth or rank or wealth. I refuse the mean prement of the Keith Gordone and all their kind."

"I being-" of their kind," she said, her eyes flashing.

God forbid!" was bis answer "But you were born in a wor whose standard I cannot scoopt, 'And you expect me to accep yours?' she asked, a someful ric in her silvery tone.

That folly was mine, I confess he answered. "It is no longer." · Fortunately, we discovered on mis ake in time to prevent a mo disastrons one, and said colly, will return all the pledges of be mates folly this sterroon before I leave for Gordon Towers, M. L ov.

And I wish you a very happy Christ mes with your own p ople and your own world." She turned from him and swee

out of the room quickly, lost th will storm gathering in her woman' heart should break into ou cry

And he stood mute and morjunie for a moment, and then lifting his m met the langhing gene of the

Get the Most

gest all that is ordinarily taken into it. It gets tired easily, and what it falls to

ing.

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia for years, and tried every remedy I heard of, but never got anything that gave no relief until I took Hood's Sarsaparille. I commot

Hood's Sarsaparilla

And it's all-all over, Helene, on the plea of another and, I inter, dear ? murmured Mrs. Keith Gordon se, in her dainty, estin-lined Brisn Lacy looked up at the girl boudoir, she was pouring ber newlyfor a moment, all his seel in the derk arrived guest a welcoming cap of tea. and heart so she stood there in the so we were ready to clusp hands fire-light, the mellow splender of the secrets the sec for your sake. I do

One does feel like that, of ocurse, Mareden in the powder and patches said the lady sympathetically. 'I

faded now, had had the lure of half s "The attraction' we will not argue, Lany snawered. 'You know 'And he is handsome as a Greek that you are dearer than all the god, every one says, and so wonder. world to mc—that I find perfect the bandsome face hardened and speaks of him as the rising star of the annuance race nardened and the Milky Way. You won't mind the joke now, dearest, sin e it is all of place at the Keith Gorden dinner.

It has not been so rery many years for losing your head for a while, since Tom Lacy's sen would have Helene, for he must be most remark-only found entrance at their lower able. Y u know he refused abso-She flushed poinfully, almost lutely to take the Stanfield divorce osse-told Flora plunly he would

*You will harp upon that, she not touch it for helf a million anid, in a low tone. 'When it is was against his prin iples. A law-most suplement to me, as you must was against his principles! Bu as Judge Wingfield said, Lacy can afford the Why? he asked, lifting his head luxury. Clients are running after with a pride equal to her own. I him night and day. And with his tamily, dear ! His family ! They are simply impossible. It you could man, of higher worth then any Gordon that ever strutted in the moldy
feathers of a dead past. But that is
nave had to out them all dead from the very first.'

> 'Ca hie mothe de d' echoed Mi- Mar-den, a faint fluor rising to and for the ?"

O, there are ways to get round sees thing.,' said Mrs. Keith, lighty But, of o uree it would be anpleasant dear, and you are well out of it. There is trouble enough, his face darkened again, 'least of all heaven knows, in the best assorted marriages, I could tell stories myon Christmas eve. And this year, solf, Helene, as you know. But in our set men will be men, and we must make the best of them."

And the furrows on Mrs. Katth's face, that no massange could - mooth. empha-iz d :er word . 'N w ge down, for you look tired' conued the apponenions little torturer. We want to have a real july Quristmas eve tonight-and you must be at y at best. I'll phone to Allyn. He positively refused to mee: Brian besides, he has never forgiven him

projudice love had lulled to sleep over a law case he other day, and, for winning you. But since it's all over and Lacy is not coming I'd give the poor boy a fighting chance Mrs. Keith laughed gaily. A

fighting chance! Allyn Gordon, a fighting chance! Helene's eyes, that were still holding back saving tears, kindled into hard glitter at the words It would be only reprisal, just rewords, yes, she said, for I bave set prisal, for the cruel hurt to her woman's pride. She would give Brian Lucy grew white to the Allyn Gordon a fighting chance. And with all this new spirit glowing in her cheek, flashing in her eye, Helene veil of reserve seemed to have shriveled, and she sparkled like a rare jewel lifted into garish light.

Garish light indeed, she fell in the depths of her woman's soul, as the dinner went on with its forced less

In disorders and diseases of children drugs seldom do good and often do harm.

Careful feeding and bathing are the babies'

Scott's Emulsion

is the food-medicine that not only nourishes them most, but also regulates r direction. It is a rederful conic for children of all agea. They anidly gain weight and aith on small doses.

ery of Christmas cheer. The holly flow the solemn sweetness of the Out of Your Food and ivy had been artistically wreathed music seemed to mock her an she You don't and can't if your stomach by a fashionable fluis; the Yule log sped on where the path opened into a burned on andirous of eatheric value; graveled excep before a quaint, low burned on andirons of esthetic value; graveled sweep before a qualet, low the Christman pudding was the won-roofed, many gabled house, derful production of a French chef;

are uneasuress after eating, fits of ner-vous headachs, and disagreeable helds. but her laughing lips, while her hose on hold for hours like this. Shows with shaking hand, and toasted the of light and music streamed out into lair divorces at his eide. And at the darkness, and in the radiance Belens Marsden listened to the man stood Brian Lacy on the threashold at her side, the man of her own world; of his own world and his own home her thoughts went back to the clearwed, whitesbrowed young lover with pang like the turn of a two edged the road, The Gordons . . . burt rord. Ah, he would have been out . . , help, quick'l she found voice to place here indeed and in truth.

> days, ' said Mrs. Stanfield, as, Lucy's orms, he dinner over, they gathered about he Yule log in the hall. One is x- Marsden never quite knew, but in its age, and he generally stupid and sween two worlds. She rous d Let us do something real thrilling,

at gentleman with a heavy laugh, I believe we've tried everything but int, haven't we ?"

I'd like to match my 'Blac Divil' cars, this holy night. A drop about twenty miles over these fr. zen | teen, fill the hot water beg for he

And with the fore d teveries glement, the race was arranged,

In the deadly weariness of it al hat was growing upon ber, Helene Come with me and Keith to

ot himself to-night, as you see,' And in pl y for the anxious wife rbo mus pias a i par in tais fale orld at any cost, Helene agreed. while Mrs Flora and one of her own ay kind claimed place in the Blue Devil, to the keen if unrpoken dies appointment of its owner, who has hoped to have Miss Marsden in hi

the broad avenue, amil a c oras o wagers and encor- and ordl Lugahestadit darkness of the Hol

The Linky Non 1 O ly La even ing Helene had sung the sweet hymn with her lover - is full bade ne upbearing her lighter topes a fosm crest, And now his wild reokless race through the wintry darkness seemed typical of the life for which she had oast saids the -trong, true love that would have upheld one to eneck their daring apoed, fo

her through life and incometo, On Kathleen now red in school gir in mad, wild flight, sped the care, no been deinking deeply, and his brain was dull, his hand un-spedy. "K art, K r, be careful, pleaded his wife; is

th-m win A multered cath was the spewer as the "Blue Devil" flached shead; its occupants flinging back mocking

Meteor rooked in its mad flight, give : up, please, dear. They are nationingh, oat of resolut But the -low, sallen spirit tirred in .. fl .co fary fl.w.

"Me sep a ill, you fool womar --- I'm going to win if it kills me and you, too.' And Helene Mareden grew cold with terror as the our dashed on, this madam's drunken grip its only guide through the winter night, for their rivals had specific away now, out of ignt, out of bearing, the last enho of Mrs Flora's silvers laugh dying away in the silence of

And then while she cowered helpesly among the robes and cushions and Helene found berself in the roaduffled per fall, whilst the despairng cry of Elsie Gordon pierced the

"Keith, Keith, look at me, speak to bome for tonight-" He is dead, ob my God! he is tremulous voice. 'Oh, Bril's

Diggy with horrow, H :len : struggireaked with blood, senseless in the reck. Elsie, reckless of her own ser burt, bent wailing over him,

'Helene, Helene, he is dead or dyog ! Call, go for some one in Gad's name. I can not walk-go-the farm house up there-quick, quick, befores be dies, before he dies!" And roused by that broken, d pairing cry. Helene sped away we e folds of her rich dinner dress dragging heavily behind her, her satin slippered feet bruised by the rough, hard, rogen road. A broad farmgate show ed white in the darkness. She push

its mirthless laughter, its sated mock- 'Holy Right,' they were singing !

She staggered to 'be porch, to the digest is wasted.

Among the signs of a weak stomach | and Blaid Gordon ast at the head of door, the br ken winged butterfly of sand filled his glass again, and again knocked with faltering hand. A flied 'Helene I' he cried, 'Helene I here I Brain I Brain I An accident down

> gasp before the darkness closed Christmas is so dull in these mod- around her, and she tell fainting in How long her awoon lasted Helen

cted to have children around, and unconsciousness she felt, ever after bress Christmas trees, and fill stack wards, that she crossed the gap benestic. Rouse up, Mr. Gordon, warmth, to light, to tenderness, to the ouch of a soft old motherly hand, 'Set the house on fire,' answered the musto of a voice from white Brian's had caught its sweetness

There, there, lad I She is all right, as I told you It was only the caid go I go en to a pour old tramp "As a fair sec and to K a n's pro- and the fright, soor derlint. An, bu neition, I suggest an auto race, she is the sweet, pretty girleen, and no said his brother, 'I came out in mother, you say? No mother, indemy new car this evening in ten or she would never be whiregiging nates and twanty nine seconds around in one of those muchers against Keith's 'Meteor' in a spin of brandy, now, Nora, dear, and, Kath-

pretty feet. You run off with yerself "Good, g od, "pleodid!" Mr. lad, and see what help ye can give Tora clapped her jeweled hands be poor crathurs down the read, for your father is stiff on b the rheu na t that outobes easy by t as ything and can't be of much use, and T m hat promis a memostary excited is up at church bearing confessions, as

lave the girl-en to me ' And the brilliant young large would have evaded the e-capady, went tiff with nimself,' at the bilding but a whisper from no- bistons be of that soft low voice that had rule hearth and home for well nigh bir vears with a gentle sway mightie eep the others off, Hele e He is than any society queen could boast. It was full two hours before he return ed, for help had been sorely needed, and the vain, heartless, souliess life of which he had a glimpse was a lesso Brain Lacy never forgot.

The picture that greeted him as h rossed his own threshold held him nute and motionless for a mom-n his dark eyes glowing as th y took t a sweet, ble-sed peace The wide, low roof i am a

garlanding of Ourse may greens tree for the 'lit le ones' in the circ he open piano, Nora's guitar-6 the meadow and pastures had bee made to yield the best of life's training to the Lacy boys and girls, as the br lliant young lawyer had already proved.

And in the ruddy al. worl a re-Obrestmas fire the old fa her and mo her sat in there simple dignity, while Father Tom,' a younger replica of Brian hims It, in R man collar and -ime merry story; and Nora and miration around the great cu

lovely guest L vely indeed with a sweet, new loveliness all unlike he dazzling beauty of a few hours ago Morals soft gr-y cashingre wrapper had replaced the torn and dra-gle dinner gown, Kathleen had smin b out the disheveled p mond u- w tender fingers, and the rich god-

hair rippled Madonna wise around th pale, delicate face, that manifed with an exquisite flush as Brain support for ward to ber side. 'All right,' be answer d her qui

ioning eyes cheerily, for an right a could be expected after such a so a up, Girdon's hurt is n a & Very ver ous one, the doctor says, and Mr. Gordon has only a sprained ankir an i bruised foot. But there was no or to see to anything at the house, we the servants were playing the dickens n their master's absence, and th other party'-the speaker's brow dark

ened-'Mrs. Standfield and the rewere in a totally irresponsible condition, I understand, fr m too much Christmas cheer. So I had to take charge of things-generally. If you wish to return to the Towers,' be add there came a shock, a jar, a crash, a you, but-' Nors and Kathleen had with girlish sympathy efficed themselves promptly at Brain's growing

the great bearskin robe that had and Father Tom was holding his mother's attention and his Father's filaing ear-I think it would be wiser, if you can endure my world and my Endure it I' she repeated in a low.

never knew what home meant before d to her feet. The Meteor lay het me stay in your sweet, blessed ordon his heavy, livid face all 'Helene, my own dear

mean this or . -And then Father Tom, pri bough he was, realized it was time for lond music to give his brother

Come, Nors, Kathleen The piano and guitar, girls. Brain is tired, so we'll let him off. Miss Marsden wants to hear us finish the 'Holy Night '-- Mary P Waggaman

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Tour strow will be my birthday mark dithe fair typewriter maid and I'm going to take a day off " lu l" soeered the bookkeepe ye know. Off wid yerself, Brain, and who had lived and lost, "why don" you take five years off as you did the ast time you had a birthday?"

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Keener-Y-1; poor Bill ain't got a musical voice, has be? G ter-"The day I get round

ere links in under a hundred, I'd ve you a shilling, Bandy !" Caddie- How will I want it when n drown' me ald-age pension,"

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