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they'll last me two good year."

"So you said. Well, that set me to thinking. Just how long is it since you've had any wages? Three years I think? Four?"

Tetloe began speaking in a precise

Tetloe began speaking in a precise and palpably obstinate fashion, live one rehearsing an old story.

'Missy, when your mother bro's up housekeepin' in Haviland and took this house. I beseeched her to give me a home."

me a home."
Margaret Wells looked about her in a deliberate irony.
"A home," she said. "You got it didn't you?" And you mend the planostool, and put the back in the kitchen stool, and put the back in the kitchen range, and do the marketing and tinker up my conscience—you that buttled with the best. And that's why I venture to remark to con. Tetloe, that if you don't get any wages you might at least accept a modest Christmas gift."

Tetloe closed his lips with a more defeat any owners and going to the

defiant purpose, and going to the grate, put on a few coals. But it was as if he grudged them. Missy was standing now, her face clouded.

"What time is it?" she asked.

"Nigh upon half after eleven." Then she brightened.
"Oh," she cried, "where's the

"No mail this morning"
"Go letter from Major Wilkes?"
Tetloe shook his head. There was concern now on his old face. He looked as if things were at a pretty pass. But she was speaking to her-self, sadly, as if the disappointment fitted others that had come and pas-

"The first Christmas he ever mis-For a moment she and the old man seemed to be together in the grave progress of their thoughts, but sudshe recovered her persistent

"Well!" she said, as if she flouted care, "have you seen nurse this morn-

care, "have you seen nurse this morning?"

"Not ten minutes ago."

"How was mamma?'

Now he answered with a pleased proportance,

"It's one of her good days."

"Did nurse tell you that?"

"Yes she did. Not but what I'd ha' known it, for madam sent for me and she says, "Tetloe, it's Christmas day. I'm going to gike Missy this hittle garnet heart."

"The dear!" Then the girl took fright. "Tetloe!" she cried. "Tetloe! You didn't tell her she gave it to me last year and year before, and how I slipped it back among her things?"

things 1/j
Tetloe looked the exasperation of one unjustly used.

"No Missy," he returned, "I didn't.
I can hold my tongue with the next man." But he had to add, with meaning, "I can't twist it though."

Missy was behind him, and she

Winter named him to them both, and then, with a word to Tetloe, vent 'o

"Major," she began hurriedly, "be fore you see my mother I must tell the stranger's step, Margaret had known. Now he was standing near her, waiting to be greeted, and she looked up at him. There was the big frame, the keen, straightforward glance, and that absurd dimple at the corner five years ago."

come five years ago."

She hurried now. The words would not come fast enough.

"Margaret!"
eonderingly. would "Margaret!" he said. He added. eonderingly, "You haven't hanged." She could not answer him. The

not come fast enough.

"My father fafled."

"I know. Then his death. But your mother wrote me you were well provided for."

"That was her pride. She was afraid of charity." Margaret stopped to listen. "She'll be coming. I must hurry, Major, my father's failure was disgraceful."

He bent forward to touch her hand. "Child." he answered, "that's past and gone."

She was hurrying on.

"Wa had to give up the place in "Whatever my mother asks, tell ner" "Whatever my mother asks, tell ner"

"We had to give up the place in Haviland. Then we moved here. Mother would have it so. She couldn't face her friends in Haviland Father had used their money. He had lost it."

"You wrote we that your mather."

"You wrote we that your mather."

"You wrote we that your mather."

"He was bewildered.

"Hearing from you?" he repeated "You wrote me that your mother

"Hearing from you?" he repeated "If she thinks you care." was somewhat broken."
"Since the failure she has never been the same. At first she held her head high. Then she went to pieces. Now she cannot walk, and, Major,"
"Yes, Missy, yes!"
The familiar name came like a flash. She felt as if he had kissed her. But she went on.
"If she even thinks you care about was somewhat broken." she is not—quite—herself."

"If she even thinks you care
"Her mind, my dear?" he asked me, let her believe that, too."

"I will." Now he was smiling. compassionately.

Missy nodded.

"Now and then, a little vague, you know, a little wavering." Then sae cried, defensively, "She's the sweetest thing that ever was."

"My dear good child!"

"No, Majort I'm nobody's dear good child. I'm a perfect devil. Tetloe says so."

"I will." Now he was smiling.
"Yes, dear, I will." she pursued, "don't tell her."

Margaret! Margaret!"

"Just remember how frail she is. Promise me. Don't cross her. Whateleast says, agree with her. Oh, please remember!"

Doctor Winter had come back. compassionately.

loe says so."

What's he got to do about it?"

"Well, he's right, you see. I'm a Doctor Raymond? Your mother's "Well, he's right, you see. I'm a Doctor Raymond? Your mother's liar. That's what I am, a liar. Mamma gave up all our friends—the ones we'd ruined. Then when her mind was—as it is—she wondered why her old friends didn't call. And—this is the worst—she has forgotten my keen eyes had softened into underfather did something dreadful. She standing.

"Mell, he's right, you see. I'm a Doctor Raymond? Your mother's Raymond put out his hand to her, and she gave nim hers. He pledged himself, she knew, and he knew she was thanking him. Doctor Winter's keen eyes had softened into underfather did something dreadful. She standing.

"Come, Raymond? Your mother's Raymond?" Said he, "Your son't play fair Why didn't was well as the standing was a sit in the standing was a sit in

deserve it. When she says that, I lie family?" to her. I tell her Mrs. Lee has called "Why or the Marigolds invited us for a visit tient's name?"

I've even put on slippers and an old "Chronic h

the worst. I was engaged to Dick Then she began walking up and Raymond. The failure came and down the room, and he watched her mother told me I must give him up." pitifully. "You didn't do it!"

hinks she did it herself."

"Come, Raymond," said he,
"My child!"

"You don't play fair. Why didn't
"No, you mustr't pity me. I don't you tell me you were a friend of the

"Why didn't you tell me your pa-I've even put on slippers and an old "Chronic haste. Americanitis, woite dress and pretended to go there Shall we go in?" They left the room together, and the Major was holding out his she turned to Major Wilkes.

hands to her.

"No, Major, no! Just listen! I've hought flowers for her today—for her and me—and I shall pretend our old guess the sky is falling, Major. it friends sent them to us. That isn't mustn't hurt my mother."

Then she began walking up and

"I did. I thought I must. I gave no reason. And now when my mother

(Continued on p. 7.

