

A MAID OF MANY MOODS

had been asleep curled up on the soft rug, opened his wondering eyes.

Deb stooped and lifted him, and he laid his curly head against her shoulder.

“Is it Christmas, Deb?” he asked, sleepily.

“Yes, my lamb,” she answered; “for, hark! the bells are ringing it in, and they say, ‘Peace, Dorien—Peace and goodwill to men.’”

THE END

