

Christmas for two Clavis Maekie

The crowded passenger train disgorged two passengers at the little red station and then chattered on its way.

A long stage, rusty and ramshackle, backed up to the platform and the driver's "hey! ah! ahead!" brought the girl and the young man hurrying into the dismal depths.

"I suppose you're Ferguson's place," remarked the driver as he discharged the horses skillfully in the narrow space.

"Yes," said the man rather grimly. "I thought there would be a carriage to meet us."

"So there has—so there has! Herea present! second here for two go three hours, but I guess you got dilligent; always, they I found you for me in early here till the train runs in and if anyone was bound for their place to bring you along. The train's four hours late, as it is, and I don't suppose them warrants want to be kept away from their Christmas dinner."

"How long will it take us?" asked the girl.

"A matter of an hour or so," said the unemotional man.

The girl stiffed an exclamation of astonishment and she drew still further away from the vicinity of the unemotional man. The latter turned up his astrakhan collar of his overcoat and sighed.

"They had started forth that morning so joyfully—Polly Standsch and their good-looking new-by crissled and beautifully happy. Things had gone wrong from the very beginning. Polly's aunt who was to accompany them, a few days before she had fallen to get in her appearance, and consequently had never been left behind. That was exactly when the train had started and the four-hour walk in the cold trail Polly and Derrick had quivered.

"Nice Christmas day," vulgarized

the stage driver in his queer, cracked voice, as they squawked over the hard-packed roads.

"Very!" returned Derrick, sarcastically.

"There was a long silence as the stage rolled along, while anybody up the steep incline of the mountain. Here the snowed and blown light and only arrived to dust the dark snow piles and lumps with a white powder.

"They had reached the top of a steep incline and were rolling over over a level stretch, when suddenly, without an instant's warning, the stage rolled back and down, the passengers and luggage in an ungainly heap from the seat.

"Are you hurt?" asked Derrick coldly, as he leaned Polly to her feet.

"No, thank you," she said stiffly, "as she peered out from the curtained window.

The driver was scratching his forehead, the horse and his instructor face was knitly astonished.

"Get a head, by gorry!" he said, rudely. "Smashed it to flinders!"

Derrick had crawled out and stood beside his.

"This is the dickens of a mean-house we are to get to Ferguson's place? Are we near a telephone—or where are we now?"

Luke Sanders scratched his ear suspiciously, as he asked the man to be across—a tall, wiry, nose to Ferguson's and we all near nobody! The miles from anywhere, but only thing to do is for me to rise one of the horses here and take the load back to me, and you'll have to take it and keep warm. You might knock the horse over, but I don't care if you was unbraising the horses as we might.

"You can't say all ride or better sit," said Standsch, can ride one of them and I will walk beside her. We will get there much quicker and can keep warm and have something to eat. We're almost starved." Derrick hesitated a moment, but when he saw Polly's pale face was framed in the darkness beyond.

"Can't nobody ride Rab-white, a jumpin' kagaron all night; to that horse from anywhere, but only thing to do is for me to rise one of the horses here and take the load back to me, and you'll have to take it and keep warm. You might knock the horse over, but I don't care if you was unbraising the horses as we might.

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polity. "My Christmas to you and your wife, did," he called back over shoulder before he disappeared around a turn.

Derrick did not dare to look at Polly.

Standsch, he knew she was sitting proud and defiant with a contented smile on her red lip. Instead, he stared away from the gates of the tree, made into golden paths by the hoar-frost.

It was no fact that Christmas should have turned out so disastrous for them both. There was to be a party at the Ferguson's and in the evening Christmas dinner. Perhaps Ralph Ferguson would send forth another and for them—but it would go by that other road. They were marooned on the short out.

A glimpse of Polly's swollen face brought a revulsion of feeling. Poor little Polly was cold and tired and he was writing like a brute.

A glimpse of Polly approached a small clearing in the middle of which grew a young pine tree.

"Without a word Derrick approached a small clearing in the middle of which grew a young pine tree. It was the work of minutes to gather an armful of wood and broken branches and to clear a space of snow. Presently a bright fire crackled cheerily and then Derrick brought cushions and blankets from the stage and prepared a place for Polly.

"Come, Miss Standsch," he said, politely. "If you will draw near the fire I will have some dinner."

"To not eat, said Polly, hold her breath in the place."

"At least you will sit down and wrap the blanket around you—" he stated firmly.

"Thank you," said Polly without an emotion.

From the blanket Derrick produced a tin of corned beef and a tin of potatoes. "There were turkey and cranberry sauce, stuffing, and mashed potatoes and gravy, turnip and celery, and a whole mince pie. Derrick managed to cover half of the dinner now, he saw daintily to the plate which he placed before Polly."

"No," he said sternly. "You will eat the nutriment before we eat." "I am not a child," said Polly firmly.

Derrick did not reply. He left to his dinner with a vigorous appetite and he was not until he turned to give Polly some white plate that he discerned that the weary girl had eaten a little of the dinner and then fallen asleep in her seat of blankets.

For a long time he watched the changeable face on her snow-streaked cheeks. The branches towered in the wild, then softly, he arose and approached the fire, which had almost died in the coldness of the evening.

The scenes were altered with snow and that Derrick slipped from his



"What a sight."

"It is, I friend Stants, and you were on our mind when we laid in the stock."

Our Christmas offering of Ducks, Turkeys, Geese and Chickens

is fine enough to suit all palates. You can't be suited if we haven't it.

Two fine First Prize Steers and Five Prize Lambs for our holiday trade

Also Home-made Mince Meat, Cranberries, Celery, Sweet Potatoes, Apples, Oranges, Lemons, etc., etc.

At Christmas time patronize this market

Our market will be attractively decorated for Christmas. Come in and see the good things we offer, even if you can't buy. We will be glad to have you call.

A few fine Christmas trees for sale

Alverson & Groff Market

Phone 405
Barrington, Illinois

A Christmas Gift

which never occurred to you, but which would be highly appreciated by a friend who is the possessor of a photograph, is a present of a few late records.

I HAVE A BIG ASSORTMENT

Christmas and New Year's Post Cards

in pretty designs are happy thoughts of Christmas reminders. You can make a selection to your taste from our big stock.

We also have a large lot of beautiful pictures suitable for gifts.

Everyone knows

that the Edison Phonograph is the leading Talking Machine on the market. I am the agent for the Edison and you can always get supplies from me.

Dainty line of Christmas Candy

I have a fresh line of Candies for Christmas, both in bulk and in boxes. My Candies are the finest and daintiest I was able to get.

John C. Dodge

and it looked like a Christmas tree brought for a festival.

Derrick's eyes he saw new and thought out wintry white packages. These he tied to the tree with colors



"This is our Christmas Tree, Polly dear," said Derrick, in a low tone.

"But—" she called softly. "Polly put up with it after every snowing the tree. But I wanted only that I might not forget my ministrations; but I ordered their first Christmas tree."

"Come here, Polly, and see our Christmas tree," urged Derrick. Reluctantly she came; a tree, fresh straggling bare cheeks that set her red lips were, obstinately set in a straight line.

"This is our Christmas tree, Polly dear," said Derrick in a low tone. "You are and I—" "But it is not my tree," she said, "I am so sorry!" sobbed Polly in Derrick's arms.

"Oh, Derrick, how wicked of us to quarrel when we cannot be happy. I am so sorry!" sobbed Polly in Derrick's arms.

"And so—and so—and I'm glad," said Derrick softly. "Come, just enjoy our own particular tree before they get our minds filled with Santa Claus." I shall be Santa Claus."

"Come things in my bag, too," blushed Polly as she hastened away. An hour afterwards Ralph Ferguson

brought a shagload of merry-makers in search of them.

"I'll have to see, what was that?" said Derrick in answer, with a shrug.

"You're just in time for the biggest Christmas tree ever seen," said Ralph as he gathered up the horses and started for the barn.

"Where's our Christmas tree?" asked Polly suspiciously, while Polly emitted back at him out of happy eyes.

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The Conflict of the Years

By KENNEDY SEaton

The year is dying
The faint twinkling light is e'er
As we lay

The year is passing
The faint twinkling light is e'er
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A Christmas Prayer

GOD, our Father, the shining stars of the cold December sky remind us again of the patient shepherd and the rock-bound manger in lowly Bethlehem where lay the babe who came to save the world. In the shadow of the silver star we still see the Child and praise thee for thy best gift ever to mortal man, the gift of love.

Let us pray that the Child still live in us, that we may be blessed and saved as he was, that we may be blessed and saved as he was, that we may be blessed and saved as he was.

Let us pray that the Child still live in us, that we may be blessed and saved as he was, that we may be blessed and saved as he was, that we may be blessed and saved as he was.

The Good Time Coming

Christmas on Harvest of Better Day
When War and Devastation
Shall Cease.

Christmas is an earnest of that better day. When the world waste of war, the devastation of pestilence shall die and the burdens of poverty which oppress man, shall be removed. Then, indeed, there shall be no more of the agonizing professions of good will; the sounding professions of good will; the sounding professions of good will; the sounding professions of good will.