

Dec. 22, 1910

Christmas... at The Central Drug Store....

Every lady and gentleman, girl and boy is beginning to think of the presents necessary to buy for Christmas and New Year's Gifts and the question is where can I buy the nicest, best, most appropriate present at the least money. That question is easily answered by inspecting the immense quantities of goods that are daily being unpacked at

The Central Drug Store

Let us mention some of the things that are considered nice Christmas presents. We have a very large stock of Fancy Leather Goods, consisting of Ladies Hand Bags, Music Rolls, Writing Portfolios, Manicure Sets, Purses, Case goods of all description, Fancy Stationery in pretty boxes, Perfumery, Fancy Confectionery in cases, Books, Bibles, Hyman Books, Prayer Books, etc., Cut Glass and pretty China. For men: Smoking Sets, Shaving Sets, Violins, Mouth Organs, Fountain Pens, Military Brushes, Fancy Cigar Boxes, etc. A large stock of Fancy Pewee Brass Presents from 10 cents up to \$25.00.

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I wish to announce to the public that I am now settled in my new quarters, T. Moran's old stand, near the Garrafraxa St. bridge, where I am prepared to cater to their wants in all kinds of custom blacksmithing. All work guaranteed first-class.

M. D. McGRATH Near the Garrafraxa St., Bridge



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A TELEGRAM from Christopher," said Mrs. Latimer, thrusting her head within the open library door and reading from the yellow slip in her hand. "Snowbound. Will arrive late this evening. Don't sit up."

"Thoughtful Christopher," murmured Dick Mason from the depths of his easy chair. "Poor old Chris—what luck!" cried Amy, while Alice murmured to her lover, "I am so anxious that you should meet Christopher, Dick."

"Who is Christopher? Tell me," said Mrs. Latimer, who may be distraught at his drawn Penfield, surveying the stricken Dick and his betrothed with some disgust and turning to Amy, who was viewing him with unmistakable relief. "Christopher Browning is our cousin," she replied, with a wicked look at her sister. "The dearest fellow! Writes, you know."

"I didn't know," murmured Penfield apologetically. "Well, Chris does write for the papers, magazines or anything that will take the stuff." "H-m-m"

Amy looked at him from mirth brimmed eyes. She was dressing a doll for the cook's little niece, and she tied a pink bow on the flaxen curls and then admired the effect with audible satisfaction. "Isn't she too sweet? Now I'm going down to the village to leave this at Mrs. Lee's, and you may come, too, Mr. Penfield, for the way is long and the night is stormy."

Penfield arose with alacrity. Anything was better than sitting before the cheery fire and staring at the photograph of the girl he loved unwisely and trying to summon courage to ask carelessly whom the picture represented. Didn't he know?

When they reached the front door Amy ran back to the library, and he heard the rise and fall of her shrill girlish voice as she expostulated with her sister. It was evident that she gained her point, for when she returned she was smiling and her eyes were as bright as the snow crystals sparkling under the radiance from the wide open door.

They plunged into the softly falling whiteness, and Penfield bared his head to the cold fresh air and endeavored to thrust aside the burden that lay heavily upon his heart. "Such an ideal Christmas eve!" said Amy. "When I was a little girl!" "Oh, when?" interrupted Jack mockingly.

"When I was a little girl," insisted Amy serenely. "I need to believe that something wonderful must happen on Christmas eve. I would watch at the window and look for a messenger to arrive with marvelous news or expect that a long lost uncle would appear and shower gifts upon us. But it never happened. Nothing wonderful ever does happen to me," she added, with a sigh that was muffled in a mist of flying flakes.

"Time enough for things to happen when you are grown up, child," Jack said gravely, and then, arousing himself from the unpleasant thoughts that, vampire-like, seemed to cling to him, he added: "Come! A race to the corner!" They reached it laughing and breathless.

Later, when they had returned and were sitting before the fire, each waiting for the other to make a bedtime start, Jack remarked lazily: "When do you expect Mr. Browning to arrive?" Amy giggled. Dick looked amused, and Alice and her mother exchanged glances of distress.

"Oh, any time before midnight, I suppose," replied Alice, with evident constraint. "We will not sit up. The arrival of the train is too uncertain. One of us will bear the bell and come down."

JACK PENFIELD'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY Clarissa Mackie



"Miss Amy and I got along famously. The snow is very light and soft, and it is not particularly cold. Of course down in the valley at Sanderson, where the train is stalled, it has drifted, and that has caused the blockade. Mr. Browning will not mind the adventure unless he is an invalid."

"Oh, Chris is quite robust," replied Alice sweetly. "Now that it is settled Mr. Penfield is to remain up to greet our cousin suppose we hang the stockings and go to bed. We must deposit our gifts on the table here, and mother will fill the stockings at some evening hour, as usual. When Chris arrives mother and I will come down and give the child something to eat. You must keep up a rousing fire, Mr. Penfield."

"Depend on me for that," returned Jack. There was much running to and fro and a great deal of merriment as the stockings were hung in the wide old chimney-piece. Then each one brought gifts carefully wrapped and labeled, and with many attempts at secrecy they were heaped upon the library table. Finally, with warm exchanges of Christmas wishes, Mrs. Latimer and her daughters withdrew, leaving the two men alone before the fire.

When Dick Mason had finished his cigar he, too, sought his room, and then Penfield kept his lonely vigil. It was 11 o'clock, and the storm was abating. The soft spot of snow against the window panes had ceased, and

west God was everywhere. That was his fancy. "He had come east because a girl had implanted the germ of restlessness within him—a restlessness that forbade him peace of mind until he could persuade her to reconsider her decision. The picture before him was an enlargement of one he had taken himself with a pocket camera. Its duplicate in miniature was folded in his letter case next his heart. In the spring Kitty Brown had come to the west to visit his neighbors, the Clarks. She was a writer, one who was tired and whose body and soul needed relaxation. She found it under the free blue sky as she skimmed over the ranges side by side with Jack Penfield, their feet horses ever in harmony with the spirits of the young riders, and it is true she found something besides relaxation in the eyes of Jack Penfield when the day came for her to return to her enslaving pen."

"You do not understand," she had told him. "I could not give up my work, and I do not love you as much as I love that. You can see," she had added with that frank smile of hers, "that my love is a divided one, and you cannot accept that?" "No," he had replied gravely. "I can not accept a divided love." And so they had turned their horses' heads homeward, and their parting had been a warm hand clasp—that was all.

That was all Jack Penfield had to think and dream about. The great



"DID YOU TAKE THAT PICTURE, KITTY?"

there was an occasional tinkle of sleigh bells from the highway which proclaimed that belated Christmas shoppers were venturing out. Penfield stared moodily at the picture of the girl he loved. It stood on the mantelshelf, framed in silver. It portrayed a girl in riding dress with one arm thrown over the neck of a horse, whose nose nuzzled her other hand. She was a wide eyed, soft featured girl, with dark hair parted in the middle and topped by a broad felt hat. Her round chin was lifted above the low collar of her white blouse, and from the crown of her hat to the tips of her riding boots she appeared the embodiment of life, health and love.

"I love her," he was thinking of that now as he sat there—thinking how strange it was that he should have found her picture in the home of his cousin's fiancée, among people whom he had never before met, but who had greeted him warmly as Dick Mason's cousin and had taken him into their midst as one of themselves. He had come out of the west a fortnight before—out of the west where he had made his home for years away from the open life of the plains, the free air of Montana, where he was king on his own ranch, to the over-civilized east, where to simple hearted Jack Penfield God seemed shut up in the stony brick and stone churches. In the wild free

eastern city swallowed her up. He had not asked for her address, but as the months went by and brilliant autumn claimed the land, and the broad plain and distant ranges changed color under her hard, cold touch, he grew restless, and finally in December he arranged his affairs, and, leaving his foreman in charge of the Bar T outfit, he had come to New York to find Kitty Brown. He had been too proud and reserved to ask for information from her friends, the Clarks, and his quest for the girl he loved had been quite hopeless. Then he had dropped in upon his cousin Dick Mason, who had picked him up and carried him off for the holidays to the country home of the Latimers, and here he was, with the first clasp of Kitty Brown staring him in the face. He felt no elation now, for with the nearness of her discovery came the thought that he would send him away again. Nevertheless he determined that he would unburden himself to sweet, motherly Mrs. Latimer in the morning.

There was a tinkle of sleigh bells drawing nearer, the faint sound of an arrival at the door, and he hastened to his feet to greet the coming stranger, whom he had almost forgotten. The hall door closed softly, and then the door of the library was pushed gently open and a slim, dark clad figure, with arms brimming over with packages, slipped into the room and

then paused abruptly as Penfield advanced. "Mr. Browning"— Jack stopped short and stared with unbelieving eyes. The girl laughed softly, and there was joy in her eyes as she raised them to his. "WHERE did you come from?" she asked, dropping her parcels to the table and extending both gloved little hands.

"From the Bar T," he replied ironically, holding her hands firmly in his great brown palms. "Explain why you are here of all places, I left you riding the ranges in Montana, and I see you again in the country home of my cousins, and you call me MR. Browning!" she said, withdrawing her hands and removing the heavy cloak that enveloped her. "I was expecting Christopher Browning. I was sitting up for him. I was surprised when you entered."

"I am Christopher Browning," she said succinctly. "Don't dare to tell me that you did not know THAT!" "I didn't know it," he admitted humbly. "I knew you as Kitty Brown"— "Oh, the Clarks always abbreviated it. And so you did not know you were waiting for me?" she said musingly, drawing nearer the fire and holding her hands to the comforting warmth. "I've been waiting for you ever since you left the ranges, Kitty," he said gravely.

She turned away suddenly, and her voice shook slightly as she replied, "I told you that you must not." "I cannot help it, Kitty. You must know"— he began, drawing nearer to her. "You may help me distribute my gifts," she said quickly, recovering her composure, "and while we are filling the stockings you must tell me how you came to make the mistake in my name and why you, instead of my affectionate cousins, are waiting for me now."

Jack told his story while the girl distributed the parcels she had brought among the limp stockings. There was even a gift for the capacious sock that represented Dick Mason's Christmas. "I have nothing for yours, Mr. Penfield," she said, regretfully surveying the remaining empty sock. "A little note saying that you had changed your mind"— he began. "But I haven't changed my mind," she murmured faintly.

"Are you sure?" he insisted. "Your eyes, Kitty, betrayed you when you came into this room. You WERE glad to see me. Say that you will go back to the Bar T with me in the spring." She hesitated. "Oh, there is something in the sock," she said evasively, and she stepped forward and, thrusting a hand into the toe, brought forth a small card, which she extended toward Penfield.

He took it and glanced at the opposite side. He uttered an exclamation of surprise. Then he held it out to her. She took it reluctantly. As she looked a warm flush spread over her face, and she cried impulsively, "Why, that's mine!"

It was a snapshot of the master of the Bar T ranch standing in the corral, surrounded by hundreds of horned cattle. "Did you take that picture, Kitty?" asked Jack eagerly. She nodded shamefacedly. "How did it get in there?" he asked, with a puzzled look.

A merry voice called from the doorway: "I found it on the floor of your room, Christopher Kit, carefully wrapped in tissue paper, after you went home at Thanksgiving. Of course I recognized Mr. Penfield when he arrived yesterday, and—and I wanted something wonderful to happen on Christmas eve, and for the first time in my life it has happened. And that's all, except merry Christmas both!" "Bless the child!" murmured Jack happily, gathering the abashed Christopher into his arms.

"That's what I say, too," she whispered softly. Not the Christmas Spirit. "It isn't the presents—it's the spirit," said January Jones, the millionaire miner of Goldfield, apropos of Christmas. "I was in a jewelry shop last January, and something that took place there showed me that with too many of us the Christmas spirit is not the proper one. I was talking to the proprietor. One of the clerks stepped up excitedly, his eyes beaming with the hope of a big sale.

"Say, boss," he whispered, "give me the key to the safe. There's a lady wants a solitaire just like the one she has on. She thinks it will be fun to have two rings alike." The proprietor did not bring forth the key. He only shook his head and said sadly: "Don't waste any time on her. The ring she has on is a Christmas present, and she only wants to find out what it cost."

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A SANTA CLAUS SONG



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I'm as happy as a bird, Santa Claus. For I'm sure that you have heard, Santa Claus. How I'm hoping every day That you're really on your way And that soon we'll hear your sleigh, Santa Claus!

Oh, the dolls, Santa Claus! Oh, the toys, Santa Claus! Oh, the happy, happy girls and boys! Oh, how merrily we'll sing When we hear your sleigh bells ring. For we love like everything, Santa Claus!



Oh, I hear your bells ringing, Santa Claus! I scarce can keep from singing, Santa Claus! Oh, such gladness and such joy To each little girl and boy Comes when you are drawing nigh, Santa Claus!

Oh, the dolls, Santa Claus! Oh, the toys, Santa Claus! Oh, the happy, happy girls and boys! Oh, how merrily we'll sing When we hear your sleigh bells ring. For we love like everything, Santa Claus!

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