

# HER CHRISTMAS GIFT

BY DOROTHY DIX

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It was Christmas eve, and Alice Maitland sat alone in her luxuriously furnished boudoir, putting the finishing touches on the gifts she was to bestow on the morrow. She tied the last bit of scarlet ribbon about a jewel box with mathematical precision, tucked a bit of holly under the bow, and pushed it away from her with impatient weariness.

"There," she exclaimed, surveying the heap of packages that littered the table and the couch; "there, thank goodness, that's done! I've done my duty by my family and remembered every one that is likely to remember me, and I have worn myself to a frazzle, and brought on paraisia trying to find things for people who already have everything there is. Let me see," she continued, taking up the packages one by one and checking them off with a smile that was half sad, and half cynical.

"Let me see—here is a silk smoking jacket for Uncle Joseph, that he will never wear, and the Sevres cups that Aunt Maud coyly hinted would be an acceptable reminder of the blessed season to her; the string of pearls that Adele has been openly admiring for months, and a check for Jack for his college larks—one's relatives aren't bashful about letting one know what they want, and that is a comfort, at any rate, at Christmas.

"Then, um-um, a gold bangle for Mayme Winslow that she will take right down to the jeweler's to appraise, and a tortoise shell and ostrich feather fan for Sally Stinton; she'll be sure to send me something, though she hates me, the little cat, and a couple of bronzes for dear old Mrs. Bullion,

though where she'll put them in that overcrowded house of hers I'm sure I don't know, and—oh, things for the servants, and steins and etchings for the men who have been nice to me—and—er—I don't believe I have forgotten anybody I love, or who holds a kindly thought for me."

She paused abruptly, pushed the gay litter of costly trinkets away from her with disdainful hands, and with a sudden rush of tears, buried her face in her arms on the table.

"Yes," she murmured brokenly to herself, "there is one that I have forgotten, and he is the one in all the world that I have remembered most, and to whom I would give all if I dared," and then she sat still.

"Why do you not send him some little trifle, just a token that you have not forgotten the old days?" suggested her heart.

"Never," said Pride.

"Even casual acquaintances may exchange gifts at Christmas," urged her heart, speciously.

"He would cast my gift back at my feet," said Pride.

"Christmas," said her heart, "is the time of peace on earth and good will towards men. It is a time when old wrongs should be forgotten, when old wounds should be healed, when broken ties should be mended, and hearts estranged should be reunited. Why do you not kiss and make up, as children do?"

"What!" cried Pride, "and be flouted

once more?"

"You were very tired of the old, empty life, with its monotonous rounds of insipid gaiety," went on her heart.

"You were that loneliest and most forlorn of human beings, a great heiress and an orphan. All your life you had had everything you wanted, except the thing you wanted most of all—sincere and disinterested love. Your father and mother had died before you could remember them, and you had been left to the care of a cold uncle and aunt, who thought that they had done their entire duty towards you by seeing that you were properly fed, clothed and educated, and implanting in you a distrust of every human being who came about you.

"You never knew the joy that other girls had of being liked for themselves. When suitors came you were told they were fortune hunters. People, in speaking of you, never praised you for any charm of your own, or any grace, or accomplishment. They always said that you were rich, and you wondered sometimes if they knew how their words hurt, or how it must seem to a girl to come to believe that there was nothing about her that could win

love—that she must buy it with the money she had.

"Finally you began to realize that your whole nature was being warped by your environment, that your soul was being atrophied, and so you ran away from it all. You persuaded dear old Mrs. Bullion to take you away as her hired companion to a little quiet place, where no one would recognize you. You wore plain little cotton gowns, and snobs who would have flunked before the rich Miss Maitland snubbed and ignored you, but there was a man who saw the woman's heart under the shabby gown, and the woman's brain under the common hat, and he loved you, and asked you to be his wife. "We shall be very poor," he said, "for I have my way yet to make in the world, but, please God, we shall fight the battle out shoulder to shoulder."

"You remember," went on her heart, "how, with your head upon his breast, and his arms around you, you planned out the future—the little house, with the rose above the door, the dear little economies, the struggles, and the final success, and you drank deep of the cup of joy, for you knew life had made you

## HIS FIRST CHRISTMAS SURPRISE



rich at last, for you were loved for yourself alone—loved as a woman would be when a strong man trembles at her touch, and his smile grows soft and tender only for you. Then, at last, came the time when you had to tell him that you were none other than the rich Miss Maitland—"

"And he went white as death while he listened, and said that had he known it he would never have asked you to be his wife," interrupted Pride.

"But it was then too late," triumphantly cried her heart; "he loved you, and nothing—not money, nor position, nor anything, could change that. You came home," continued her heart, "and your worldly wise uncle and aunt called him a fortune hunter, and said that he was going to marry you for your money. You did not believe them, but, by and by, as you plunged into the old life, with its sordid strivings, and selfishness, and disbelief in all that is high and true, the old distrust began to creep up and poison life again."

"He should have trusted your love," said Pride; "he should have known that you were merely playing."

"His life," said her heart, sadly, "had not taught him how to play. It had all been hard, bitter seriousness, and so when he saw you smiling into this other man's eyes with the counterfeit of the look you had worn when your head lay upon his breast, he thought that you were faithless and loveless, and that you—who had had so much—had come down out of your high estate to rob him of the little he had, and to make life worthless."

"Then," said Pride, desperately, "he came and flung back your promise in your face and told you that he was ashamed to have loved so poor a thing."

"Love does not go at any man's bidding," sighed her heart; "you saw him the other day. He looked ill, and worn, and poor. Tomorrow will be Christmas day—"

"Think—" began Pride; but Miss Maitland had risen up with a look on her face of great and exceeding joy.

"Think, I can think of nothing but my love!" she cried.

The next morning Miss Maitland arose early, and spent much time at her desk printing a large placard in bold and unmistakable letters. This done, she donned a simple little gray gown, much affected by her the summer before, and over this she threw a long cloak. An hour later she directed her astonished coachman to drive her to a certain building on one of those upper floors a struggling young lawyer was, at the moment, engaged in de-vouring with his eye the photograph of a comely young woman. As she reached his office door Miss Maitland's courage wavered and sank, but, taking a death grip upon it, she hurriedly passed the office boy, and before she knew it he was in his presence.

"Alice!" he cried, starting to his

feet; but she did not wait for him to speak.

"Tom," she said, hurriedly, "I—I have come to bring you a little Christmas present," and with that she dropped the enveloping cloak aside, and pinned upon her breast was a large placard with the inscription:

FOR TOM.

WITH ALICE'S LOVE.

"You darling," he murmured, folding her in his hungry arms.

"It's so hard to know what to get for a man, so I just thought I'd bring myself," she said, hypocritically; "but oh Tom, please don't send this present back, and change it." But he stopped her mouth with kisses.

## THE HOST AT TOKAY.

(Christmas greetings to Col Wharton J. Green, born 1831, died 1910, Tokay, with its famous vineyard, is four miles north of Fayetteville, N. C.)

The Christmas fire at Tokay  
Fling welcome far and wide,  
Where sits the Host of Tokay,  
Unbroken in his pride.

Mayhap some old reveille  
Stirs answer in his blood,  
Where once, in old Virginia,  
Embattled armies stood,  
Above the tawny river,  
At peace among his trees,  
Where misty frowns of ocean  
Are routed by the breeze;  
He sits, the grand old Bourbon,  
In Memory's council hall,  
To summon at his bidding,  
His comrades, one and all;  
Before the fires of Tokay,  
The kindly form of Lee,  
Majestic through the shadows  
Of immortality;

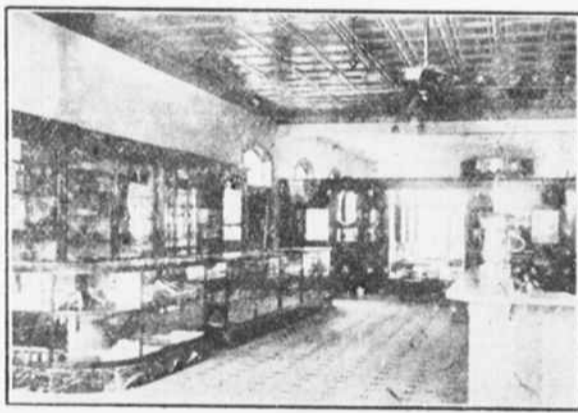
Of immortality;  
Comes with the wrath of Jackson,  
Stern figure knit in prayer,  
Before the God of Battles,  
In reverent homage bare,  
Again "Jeb" Stuart is laughing,  
The peerless cavalier,  
While all the Southern chivalry  
People the winter air.  
Bedford Forrest leads his charge  
And Hampton swings ahead,  
With as dashing lot of bold sabreurs  
As e'er the South has bred.  
They come again to Tokay  
And Memory holds the rein;  
They hold high wassail in the hall,  
And touch his heart again,  
And by the hearth at Tokay,  
Renewing of his youth,  
Still sits the gray old Bourbon,  
A soldier true to truth,  
God grant him health at Tokay  
Until the last great call  
Shall summon forth from Tokay  
The Host from out his hall.  
—James Henry Rice, Jr.

## Historical

We have been striving to please and hold the confidence of the people of Lancaster and surrounding country for about eleven years. It is pleasant to feel that we have succeeded.

We did not enter the drug business for our own health, but for yours. It is and always has been our aim to keep the best and purest that money can buy in our line. Your patronage has shown your appreciation. We appreciate your confidence and will always strive to deserve it. Yours to please,

LANCASTER PHARMACY.



## Our Two Specialties

Prescriptions which are always compounded with the purest and best drugs. Nyal's Remedies, not a patent medicine, the formula given with every bottle.

For January we call your attention to Nyal's Dyspepsia Tablets, Nyal's Cherry Cough Syrup, Nyal's Laxacold, Nyal's Baby Cough Syrup, Nyal's Winter Cough Remedy, Nyal's Emulsion Cod Liver Oil, and Nyal's Stone Root Compound. We recommend and guarantee all the above remedies. Try them, if you like them tell your friends. If they prove disappointing, tell us and get your money back.

**NORRIS**  
ATLANTA  
EXQUISITE  
CANDIES



WORTH SMACKING YOUR LIPS OVER

### A LOVE STORY

Look! Listen boys. Did you ever go to see your lady love and she did not seem to be enjoying your company? Had that far-away look, dreaming about some one or something far, very far away and when you spoke to her she would answer you in a don't-care way?

Well, confidently, I will tell you what to do, as we are experienced in the cheer-up line. You get her a box of Norris' Candy and give it to her and see that loving smile that she gives you. You will be some kid, believe me.

Try it and if it fails, come to me and I will refund your money for the candy. It's only a dollar.



Xmas suggestions

Xmas is near, and now is the time to get your presents, so don't delay as they will be picked over. Now is your time before the rush, you won't have to hurry, you can take your time by buying now before the rush. We have some very handsome holiday goods, something for every one, old, young and in fact can please the most fastidious person in the town or country.

We would kindly ask each and every one to call at our store and look at our line of holiday goods, and don't forget where to buy your drugs, at the Store on the Corner.

WORTH SMACKING YOUR LIPS OVER

**NORRIS**  
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CANDIES

## Why This Pen Won't Leak

Look at the feed tube of your fountain pen. If it's curved—like the Parker—the pen won't leak or sweat.

Ordinary fountain pens have straight feed tubes, in which ink stays even when pen is point up. Expanding air forces this ink out onto end of pen as soon as your body heats the pen.

The Parker Lucky Curve Feed Tube touches inside of barrel, causing Capillary Attraction. This draws all ink out of feed tube the instant you turn pen upright, and before expanding air ascends.

That's why Parkers won't leak.



**PARKER**  
LUCKY CURVE  
FOUNTAIN PEN

Standard style, \$1.50 to \$250.00, according to size and ornamentation.

**PARKER JACK KNIFE SAFETY PEN** won't leak in any position—even upside down in trouser pocket. \$2.50 up.

The new Parker Disappearing Clip grips your pocket like a snapping turtle, but disappears into its shell when you write. Get a Parker on trial. If you're not entirely satisfied, we will refund your cost quickly. So why delay? Have a leakless fountain pen in your pocket tomorrow, by getting a Parker today.

**NORRIS**  
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CANDIES



WORTH SMACKING YOUR LIPS OVER

### A LOVE STORY WITH A SEQUEL

I knew a young man once upon a time that had a lady love that he thought more of than he did life. He thought that there was no one that could beat his time at all. But a young man came along and met this lady. Consequently this young man took her a box of Norris' Candy and she began to grow cold toward the old sweetheart. This other fellow continued to send her Norris' Candy, and finally the one that the candy had wedding bells ringing. The fellow was what helped him to it. The other fellow was a bachelor. Sad, very sad. Boys, don't be a bachelor. Get the candy and sweeten her up. It's great, try it. It is only a dollar a pound.



Sensible Gifts

## Parker Fountain Pens

The biggest display ever shown in Lancaster.

Nothing better for a Christmas Present. If your pen is a Parker you have the best. We sell them.

## HOT WATER BOTTLES



Wishing each and every one a very pleasant, lively Xmas and a happy New Year, and thanking each and every one for their past patronage and trusting to have more in the future, we are,

**LANCASTER PHARMACY**

PHONE NO. 137

ON THE CORNER