

Readjustment of Stock

AFTER this busy holiday season we find a great many lots in every department and we are re-adjusting prices which will make it very interesting buying for our customers.

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make Uriah less brutal when he came back. In running her fingers over the coat, searching for small tears, she felt something between the lining and outside, a book it seemed like, which she hastily pulled out. It was small and much worn. There wasn't any money in it, in fact nothing but a picture, wrapped up in paper.



She Looked at the Picture Curiously.

"Oh! I hoped you were!" was the swift reply. "I want to see the doctor." The voice was filled with touching pathos, and the young face had grown suddenly grave. "I'm one Doctor Pendlehaven," he said. "Won't you sit down?" Tonnie shot her head. She couldn't sit down in all this royal splendor, she who had been used to casual coats and rough benches to sit on. "I'm kinda mussed up," she said in excuse. "I've come to make a dicker with Dr. Paul Pendlehaven." "Ten me what you want of my brother?" he said gently. "Do you want him to help you?" "Yep, a trill bit," she responded. "A great lot. My mother's awful sick. But I can't tell how she got that way, so don't ask me. But—but I thought maybe if I brought Doctor Paul's baby back—!" She paused, drew out of her blouse the picture and handed it out. "I thought if I didn't take any money for it, he'd help me, and maybe wouldn't make me tell where I got it."

"That's all right," he said. "I'll take the picture, but you'll have to tell me where you got it." "I want some one to help my mummy so bad," came to him from among the curls. Then he shook himself, deep sympathy striking at him. "Listen to me, my dear; you've done my brother the greatest favor in the world by bringing back this picture." He stooped and picked it up. "He loved it dearly; no money could have bought it." "Tonnie's eyes, filled with tears, gazed up at him, and the red lips trembled. "I don't want money," she faltered. "But my poor little mummy's sick. So I said to myself if the picture was worth any more than a change of."

"Wait until I get my hat and coat, and I'll tell my brother you brought this to him." In a few minutes he was back, finding her standing where he had left her, without a word they walked out to the street. As they passed the Salvation Army quarters the girl turned her head and looked at it. But she made no remark, and so rapid did she walk that Pendlehaven found himself taking long strides to keep up with her. To say he was surprised when they arrived from the boobyard road to a path leading to the west shore of the lake would be putting it lightly. But he didn't ask where they were going, somehow it made no difference to him. His strong, warm hand held the small, brown one, and something in the touch of the girl's fingers made him thrill with pleasure. He found himself vowing that anything this strange child should ask of him, he'd do, no matter what it might be. They passed over a culvert through which water, in tumbling roars, took its way down the hill. Just on the north side the girl stopped. "Here we are to the ragged rocks," she said. "There's the boat where my mummy is. See that little light? Stand here a minute till I come back and get you." It had suddenly occurred to Tonnie that perhaps her father might have returned home. If so, then she must prepare him for the doctor's coming. She went immediately to her mother and looked down upon her. The swollen lids were still closed and the wan white face brought a rush of tears to the girl's eyes. "I've brought some one to help you, darlin'," she whispered, but the woman made no move, if by chance she heard. "I'm bringing up the steps. Tonnie was back as the doctor's side before he scarcely realized it."

The Shadow of the Sheltering Pines

A New Romance of the Storm Country

By GRACE MILLER WHITE

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shining lake. And one hasty glance over her shoulder only added to her fear. There was not a sign of a boat anywhere. She was frantic enough to scream if it would have done her any good. "I think I'll kiss you, my little bird," said Reggie, suddenly, narrowing his eyes. "You're pretty enough for anyone to want to kiss. By Jove, I never realized until today just how much I liked you. If I kissed you, well—perhaps you'd change your mind about—about things."

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As if his name had brought him out of the forest, Reginald Brown walked down the Hoghole path.

CHAPTER III.

The Picture of a Baby.

her own lips curved a bit in answer to the laughing challenge in the little one's eyes. Then she turned it over. On the back was written: "My baby, Caroline Pendlehaven, aged six months. If this picture is ever lost the finder will receive a money reward by returning it to Dr. Paul Pendlehaven, Pendlehaven Place, Ithaca, N. Y."

Money was what Edie needed. Money, food and a doctor. If she could find this Paul Pendlehaven, perhaps in exchange for the picture he would give her a bottle of medicine for her mother. Hastily changing her wet clothes, she slipped the baby's pictured lace into her blouse, turned down the lamp and crept from the cabin boat and with Gussie in her arms was soon lost in the forest.

"If Reggie'd behave himself," replied the lady's daughter in a bored tone, "he wouldn't have to be chattered about. My advice is, mamma, that you give him a good raking over. If you don't mind your P's and Q's you'll never have Cousin John for your third husband. I can tell you that you're no nearer marrying him than you were ten years ago, as I can see."

CHAPTER IV.

The Pendlehavens.

In all of Tompkins county no family had more prestige than Pendlehaven's. John and Paul Pendlehaven had chosen medicine and surgery as their vocation when they were in college. John was a bachelor, and Paul a widower. At the time this story opens the latter was an invalid, his infirmity brought about by the death of his young wife, who had died at the birth of their daughter, and the disappearance of the little girl when she was but a year old. Pendlehaven place comprised a whole city block on which stood a house, almost a mansion. In the family were John, Paul, and Mrs. Curtis and her two children, Katherine and Reginald. Mrs. Curtis was a second cousin to the Pendlehaven brothers and had made her home with them since her children had been left fatherless. Mrs. Curtis had buried two husbands, Silas Curtis, the father of Katherine, and Edmund Brown, the father of Reginald.

CHAPTER V.

Doctor John Has a Visitor.

After remaining hidden in the forest for some time, Tonnie stole along toward Ithaca in the gathering gloom, her heart filled with hope. To get some medicine for Edith, and to take back the picture to the father who had offered money for it, were the two things she wanted to do now. Her young mind was busy with plans for her mother. If she could find some work to do, and Edith would go with her, she would get well again.

As if his name had brought him out of the forest, Reginald Brown walked down the Hoghole path.

"What's the matter, Ry?" he asked quite casually. "He's killed mummy," burst forth the girl. "And if both you fellows don't want to get pitched, you'd better scoot off this boat."

Suddenly there came to her ears the tapping of a paddle in the lake. She flung up her head, peeped out and saw a canoe taking its leisurely way toward Ithaca. She bent over and looked down. "Daddy," she cried, "there's some one rowin' on the lake. I'm goin' to holler like h—l. And when he comes, I'll tell 'im how you banged Edie, and if she's croaked you'll both get jailed. Here's where I holler!" She sent out a quick birdlike trill, and the man in the canoe held his paddle suspended in the air as he studied the forest. This didn't interest Tonnie as much as did the fact that Devon and Reggie Brown jumped to their feet and raced away toward the boulevard. Tonnie from her perch saw them disappear toward Ithaca before she slid to the ground.

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"Why so much fuss about nothing, my little one?" he said, cooing. "Daddy said I had to marry you," breathed the girl, brushing back a stray curl from her brow. "But I don't! I'm goin' to stay with my mother on the Dirty Mary. There ain't no law forcing a girl to marry a man she don't like. And I hate you, see? Huh?" "Who spoke of a law?" smiled Brown. "I didn't. But I do know, my little Tony-girl, that you'll say a very meek 'yes' when I get through with you."

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