

HOLIDAY HINTS!

This is a puzzling time—a time that taxes the thoughts of all the people—for we are loath to imagine there's a man, woman or child who has not someone to remember on Christmas day. Let me try to help you out. I cannot mention all I have,

These, however, are suggestive:

Silver mounted scissors,
Silver mounted pocket knives,
Mantle clocks,
Silver match boxes,
Broches, Bracelets,
Silver and gold rings,
Dewey rings,
Gold silver and pencils,
Silver tea sets,
Silver bracelets,
Silver manicure sets,
Silver hair brushes,
Silver combs,
Silver cups,

Silver stamp boxes,
Silver scarf fasteners,
Silver hat pins,
Silver thimbles,
Silver book marks,
Silver violet holders,
Link buttons,
Cuff buttons,
Rabbit-foot charms,
Rabbit-foot bracelets,
Rabbit-foot erasers,
Rabbit-foot letter openers,
Rabbit-foot dusters,
Rabbit-foot whistlers,

And hundreds of other things.



I'm going ter have one of HOYT'S \$2.00 watches !!!

A WATCH THAT IS NON-MAGNETIC! A watch that has a superior fine white enameled dial, with sunk second hand, this giving it the appearance of a \$5.00 watch. A watch that can be fully wound up in five seconds. A watch that has a dust-proof nickel case. A watch that is fully warranted for one year to give perfect satisfaction or your money back. While they last ONLY \$2.00. Come early as the supply is limited.

Waltham and Elgin watches from \$4.50 up.

If Clocks Could Talk

What a lot of queer stories would be given to the world! What a tale the mantle clock in the parlor could tell—of courting and quarreling and kissing and making up! What a lot of good dinners the dining-room clock has seen eaten, and not a mouthful for itself. And the dainty French clock in my ladies' boudoir—many secrets it knows! To be sure, all well-behaved clocks hold their hands before their face, but they must see every thing just the same. I have a collection of handsome and well-behaved clocks—clocks that always tell the truth about time, and tell nothing else.

Every body is cordially invited to call and inspect my holiday goods.

HOYT, the Jeweler.

H. Wehrung & Sons

Dealers in

Boots, shoes, clothing, mackintoshes, overcoats, dry goods and notions. We also carry a complete stock of groceries.

OUR MOTTO: Sell cheap, and give full weight.

H. WEHRUNG & SONS.

Hillsboro,

Oregon.



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I gave Jane a locket on Christmas day, 1896. It was of gold, enriched with a design in diamonds. The jeweler gave me his word that they were real diamonds, and I gave mine to Jane. It was obvious a show, for glass diamonds are larger.

I pointed out to Jane the advantage of having diamonds so small that every one would know they were genuine, and she said with delicious flattery that no one else could have thought of that.

The locket was figured in the jeweler's physiology. It was very beautiful on the outside, and it had my portrait on the inside. So that, looked through, it averaged well, as locket goes.

Opposite my portrait were some words engraved in the customary copy book script, so appropriate to the majority of sentiments that are graven on trifles.

That which I had chosen, however, was not open to such criticism. I have no liking for foreign phrases culled from the back of the dictionary and comprising all that either giver or recipient knows of that particular language. So I contented myself with:

"Gerald to Jane, Christmas, 1896."

For some inscrutable reason the engraver cut the names very large and the date very small, setting the latter to the left and below. This style may have been fashionable or artistic, but it produced a singular effect of incompleteness, and I did not like it. However, it suggested an idea to me.

In explanation of it let me say that Christmas day, 1896, was the first of our engagement. We did not know that

If I had simply been happy, she would have felt it, and that with her sex is much better than knowing.

Still I don't see how so small a matter as my happiness could have parted us or why we supposed that such a parting would help it. I only know that one evening when I left her house I wasn't engaged any more, and New York wasn't New York any more, and the moon in heaven was not the moon.

My happiness—or whatever it may have been—had lasted a little less than a year.

We did not publish our estrangement.

Few persons outside her family knew anything about it.

Christmas was drawing near, and a faithful day it was likely to be for me. The last three I had spent in the Wetherell house, and the change from that to a lonely bachelor apartment and a cheerless dinner at a club was enough to make me wish that I had been a pagan with no knowledge of this sacred festival.

In any event, however, I should not have been at the Wetherell house that year, for since the early part of November Jane and I had been bound by a promise to the Grays of Princeton, who were to give an old-fashioned Christmas party in their historic mansion.

Of course we could not go under the new order of things. I had written a note of regret, with some mild falsehood as my excuse, but I understood that Jane had told the truth in her own letter of declination to Mrs. Gray.

At the last moment I was seized with a desire to go. Perhaps it was impossible for me to face the prospect of spend-

away filled with people, but I could not be sure whether Jane was of the number.

Inquiring of a baggage man, whom I found in an obscure corner of the station platform, I learned that two coaches were already waiting for passengers who wished to ride over to the Junction. He pointed out an ancient and ponderous hack, and after a word with the driver, I climbed in.

There was already one passenger, a lady who sat on the rear seat. I did not notice her particularly until we were face to face in the vehicle, and then I perceived that she was Jane.

"You saw me, then?" I cried.

"Yes," said she. "I saw you on the train, and thinking that it would be embarrassing for you to meet me at the party, I decided to go back to New York. You must get right out and go to the Grays."

Certainly not," said I warily. "Do you suppose that I will spoil your day by driving you back to New York in this way? I am not such a brute. I will return, but you must go to the party. I never would have come here but that I heard you had declined."

"So did I," said she, "but I changed my mind day before yesterday. Mother wanted me to go. She thought it would be well for me to do so."

"Jane," said I, with a trembling voice, "has this folly of ours so hurt you that your mother is anxious and?"

"Not in the least," she answered quickly. "You entirely misunderstand me."

"It has frequently been my wish for some time to do that," I replied. "But it's too late to speak of it now. Won't you please forget that you saw me today and go to the party as you had intended?"

But she wouldn't do anything of the sort, and we sat there disputing as to which of us should be the human sacrifice and which should go to the party until three more passengers for the Junction arrived and cut off our discussion.

The subject involved too many intimate details for me to tell of it in the presence of strangers, and the situation, which had been bad enough before, was rendered much worse by their advent.

Jane and I had been unable to arrive at a decision before they came, and we certainly couldn't do it afterward. Neither of us could leave the carriage without seeming to sacrifice the other, and the result was that we remained and were trundled over to the Junction.

We had to converse, because the others had heard us talking and subsequent silence would have seemed peculiar. As we could not speak of the one topic which interested us, we spoke of everything that didn't. I wish I could remember all the stupid things we said. They would make a first rate modern society drama of the innocuous kind.

The ride seemed so long that I was afraid the driver had lost his way, but if he had he found it again, for we pulled up alongside the station at last.

We went into the waiting room, and there, in a corner, we renewed our discussion. I tried to persuade Jane to go back to Princeton, and she insisted that I should do so.

We became so interested that we let a New York train go by, and there wasn't another within an hour and a half.

This meant that we should not reach New York before 8 o'clock, and we should have the pangs of hunger added to our other woes. Perhaps it was this prospect or it may have been the mutual folly of letting that train get away which told upon our tempers. Certainly our discussion became acrimonious.

"Jane," said I at last, "we mustn't quarrel again. There's no use in it now. People who are no longer anything to each other have nothing to gain by quarreling. It isn't as if we were engaged and had our freedom at stake."

"You are quite right," said she, "and since it seems that we can't talk without quarreling I suggest that we don't talk at all."



"PROMISE ME THAT YOU WILL KEEP THE LOCKET ALWAYS."

We loved each other till quite late in the afternoon of the day before. Everybody else knew it. What a tale the mantle clock in the parlor could tell—of courting and quarreling and kissing and making up! What a lot of good dinners the dining-room clock has seen eaten, and not a mouthful for itself. And the dainty French clock in my ladies' boudoir—many secrets it knows! To be sure, all well-behaved clocks hold their hands before their face, but they must see every thing just the same. I have a collection of handsome and well-behaved clocks—clocks that always tell the truth about time, and tell nothing else.

Beauty didn't bark at me, and the rest of the family were obviously studying my good points in order to prepare for the inevitable.

But I was fairly shivering with fear lest Jane did not love me, and when I had told her what my heart would hold no longer, she said with tears in her eyes that it came as a great surprise to her.

I had a ring that had been my mother's, but as for the locket, I had just time to buy it before the stores closed on Dec. 24, and I bribed an engraver by a great fee to work by night upon the lettering.

The portrait was stripped from a photograph she liked, and pasted in. So the locket and our love were now on Christmas day. And now for the idea that I have mentioned.

"When you come to love me, Jane," said I, "fill out that line with another date. Thus we shall have the life of a love, as men's lives are recorded on their tombstones—'born, so and so; died such a year.'"

"There will be no dates when I cease to love you," said she, "for dates end with time."

That should have satisfied any one, yet I was not willing to give up my own idea. Few men are, even when they're in love, and a great deal of trouble grows out of it.

"Promise me," said I, "that you will keep the locket always, and that you will add another date when love is done."

Under protest and with her hands clasped in mine so tightly that it seemed nothing could ever part them, she promised.

What would either of us have said to any absurd creature who had dared to prophesy that before another Christmas should come we'd have liked to hear, you may be sure.

Yet it happened. The cause? Heaven may know. You cannot learn it of me. Perhaps I made a nuisance of myself by loving her too much; it is a great mistake.

I remember that our first difference resulted from Jane's assertion that love did not make me happy, and also that my attempt to prove that it did was productive of great unhappiness for both of us. What is the use of trying to prove anything to a woman?

of my eye, and I saw her start violently and clutch her gown over the region of the heart. She is not given to theatrical gestures for their own sake, and I knew that something must be amiss.

Immediately I saw her walk rapidly toward the group by the stove.

"Will you let me see the locket that you found?" said she.

That was the first intimation I had had as to the nature of the article, but when one of the men held it out toward Jane I at once recognized it as my gift to her.

"This is mine," she said.

The finder was somewhat disinclined to surrender his prize, but Jane identified it fully, describing its interior and showing the carefully concealed spring by which it was opened.

I overheard her say that they would find the words, "Gerald to Jane," said dates below. She distinctly said "dates," and she glanced maliciously at me.

So she had filled out the line. How long I wondered, had she waited before recording love's death? Not long surely, for it was a matter of a few weeks altogether.

When she had received the locket and suitably rewarded the finder, I observed that she began to regard me with considerable attention.

Then he nudged his neighbor and whispered something. Soon they were all staring at me. Obviously my portrait had been recognized.

"Curious," I heard one of the men say, "they don't seem to know each other."

My nerves were not in condition to stand that sort of thing, and I fled from the room. A raw wind was sweeping the platform, but I preferred it to the conditions within.

In about a minute Jane came out rather hurriedly. She walked straight up to me.

"I simply can't stand this," she said.

"Why shouldn't they?" I asked.

"We're funny enough, but I agree with you that it's unbearable. See them looking out of the window."

"Isn't there some place where we can go?" she exclaimed, and her glance swept the desolate landscape.

"Here's a coachload of people from Princeton, and they'll know all about us in two minutes."

"Our train isn't due for an hour," said I. "Princeton is the only refuge I can see. There are some carriages waiting for the train from New York that's due here pretty soon."

"Let us take one of those carriages and drive anywhere," said she. "I am too nervous to be stared at. They know we have quarreled, and they think we're making up. How dreadful!"

"And how unjust!" I retorted.

"Nothing could be further from our minds. But I agree with your view. I am as uncomfortable, mentally, as you can possibly be. Moreover, we'll freeze to death on this platform, and we positively can't go back into that waiting room."

"I should think not," said she; "there are women there now."

"Suppose you go to the Grays," said I, "and I'll put up in one at the Inn."

"Anything," she cried, "only let us get out of here."

We engaged a light two-seated wagon with a fairly good horse between the shafts, and presently we were making good time over the road to Princeton. Meanwhile we conversed in whispers behind the driver's back.

That confidential method of conversation is conducive to a good understanding between a man and a woman. Sitting close together and speaking into each other's ears, we found it easy to be amiable. And we came to an agreement which neither of us would have deemed possible at any other stage of the day's adventures. It was that we should both go to the party, that we should show to all those people the possibility of friendship following love, and that we should pursue the same course thereafter as long as we lived.

Our advent was hailed with loud ac-



MRS. GRAY WAS HOLDING IT UP TO THE LIGHT.

Of course two people with so much on their minds can't sit side by side in perfect silence. It didn't take us five minutes to find this out, and everything we said made matters worse. So presently Jane went over to the other side of the room and pretended to be interested in a time table, while I sat on a bench and read an old letter—the very last resort of the human mind when it must have something to do.

We had the room to ourselves during this latter period, but finally several railroad employees came in. They had walked down from the scene of the wreck. One of them had evidently found some article lost by one of the passengers at the time of the accident, and all were examining it as they stood by the stove in the middle of the room.

I was watching Jane catch the change

claim. Few people present knew that we had been estranged, and those who did naturally supposed that we had made it up.

I tasted once more the joy of being envied by men who coveted Jane and viewed with interest by women who didn't covet me, but were led into thinking so for the moment by the fact that I belonged to somebody else.

The lover's part was so agreeable that I began to play it with a fine assumption of sincerity, and it seemed to me that Jane liked my acting almost as well as she had ever liked the reality.

Mrs. Gray was entirely deceived, and in the evening, finding us together in one of those romantic nooks of which

Continued on Sixth Page.