

# The Day of Wonders

## A Christmas Story

By Mabel Gertrude Rogers

"Ann," Miss Morgan coaxed, "tell me, and tell me what you're crying about."

Ann made no reply.

"And on Christmas eve too?"

The little figure stiffened and looked up with indignant eyes.

"It ain't Christmas eve for me!" she burst out in shrill childish pain.

The head nurse was bewildered. "Why, it's Christmas eve for every body! It's Christmas eve in the ward!"

"It ain't my tree," she wailed, "and there ain't no—single thing on it—for me!" Ann's words came between sobs.

"Well," Miss Morgan reproved her, "maybe Santa Claus hasn't put your gifts on yet."

"But Santa Claus is just yer folks—and mine—never—sent even a card!"

Miss Morgan rocked back and forth as though hushing a baby.

"They may send something tomorrow," she ventured, resolving that at least tomorrow would find something on the tree bearing Ann's name.

"No, they won't. I wouldn't mind so much only—everybody else is getting their things—and I don't want 'em to think my brothers don't care."

"Of course they care," the head nurse tried to comfort her.

"I wanted to send them a lot o' things," the child continued drearily, "but 'course I couldn't. So I sent each o' the boys a 'two for five' postcard. The man had some beautiful ones for 5 cents—her face lighted up at the remembrance—but I only had 10 cents, and that wouldn't 'a' left any for stamps."

Miss Morgan smiled sympathetically. It had not been many years since postcards and plenty of stamps had been a luxury for her.

"Are your brothers in trouble?" she asked abruptly, noticing a crumpled letter in the child's hand.

Ann's face darkened. "Yes, Sam's lost his job, and one of George's babies is sick, and they can't pay no board here any longer, so I got to go home as soon's I can."

Ann's face darkened. "Yes, Sam's lost his job, and one of George's babies is sick, and they can't pay no board here any longer, so I got to go home as soon's I can."



There, huddled on the only chair in the room, directly under the brilliant light, was a little heaving figure, her face buried in her hands, a blanket half covering her worn nightgown.

"Ann!" Miss Morgan spoke her name gently.

The child started and raised wide, solemn eyes set in a flushed and tear-stained face, then quickly turned away.

The glimpse she caught of the sorrowful face touched the instinctive mother heart of the head nurse.

"You poor little Ann!" she exclaimed softly, and, dropping on the floor beside the chair, she drew the quivering child into her lap.

At this unlooked for tenderness the child's sobs broke forth again. Miss Morgan smiled sympathetically.

It had not been many years since postcards and plenty of stamps had been a luxury for her.

"Are your brothers in trouble?" she asked abruptly, noticing a crumpled letter in the child's hand.

Ann's face darkened. "Yes, Sam's lost his job, and one of George's babies is sick, and they can't pay no board here any longer, so I got to go home as soon's I can."

Ann's face darkened. "Yes, Sam's lost his job, and one of George's babies is sick, and they can't pay no board here any longer, so I got to go home as soon's I can."

Christmas morning, and they came in with a rush of happy anticipation, looking around their tree and lovingly fingering the treasures.

The two watchers noticed Ann's somber face as she went slowly to her bed and began spreading it up. These joys were not for her. No one sent things to her. She was going to a home in a few days.

"There's great commotion around the Christmas tree," she murmured happily.

"Oh," a shrill little voice cried, "where did that beautiful doll come from? It wasn't here before!"

They all gathered around while she held it up.

"Why, it's for Ann Wetherly!" she exclaimed, looking at the doll placed to the side of the bed.

"Take it quick, Ann!" she cried.

"What a beautiful Christmas gift!" she breathed softly, smiling at his comment.

"They want me to begin the first of the year. The superintendent's cottage will be vacant then. Do you suppose—would it be too soon?"

Miss Morgan's mind flew back over the two long years they had waited.

"It'll be ready," she murmured happily.

"Oh, it's such a dear little cottage!" she gazed at it with fascinated interest, but stopped abruptly as she pointed a finger to the half-open door.

"Hurry! hurry!" he muttered, "I wish you weren't the head nurse!"

"We might go for a sleigh ride this afternoon," she suggested demurely.

"Now, come on and peep in at Ann. She's so happy."

They went over to the door and looked in. Ann sat on the edge of her bed, her eyes fixed on the "dear, beautiful doll."

The two gazed at her silently; then suddenly Gertrude Morgan raised her eyes to the face beside her.

"Oh, Herbert, do you think—could we?"

Dr. Gray squared his broad shoulders. Her meaning came in a flash.

"Yes, we can, and we will if you want to. Of course," he hesitated—"maybe we couldn't have so many other things if we had her?"

"No, but we'll have love, and it would be too bad not to give that little starved soul a share of it."

"Ann," Miss Morgan questioned abruptly, "how would you like to live with us for awhile?"

Ann looked from one to the other anxiously. "Live with you? Where? Oh, you're joking!" she said slowly.

"No, she means it," interjected Dr. Gray.

"We're going to live in the superintendent's cottage."

"Oh, I see!" the child nodded wisely.

"You two are going to get married. But nobody wants me—not even!"

Miss Morgan interrupted her bitterness. "Yes, we do want you," drawing the child to her, "and you're going to live with us, and when you get well enough you can go to school."

A change came over Ann's face. Flinging her arms around Miss Morgan, she breathed:

"What a wonderful, wonderful day! And to think that yesterday—I thought nobody cared!"

Christmas morning, and they came in with a rush of happy anticipation, looking around their tree and lovingly fingering the treasures.

The two watchers noticed Ann's somber face as she went slowly to her bed and began spreading it up. These joys were not for her. No one sent things to her. She was going to a home in a few days.

"There's great commotion around the Christmas tree," she murmured happily.

"Oh," a shrill little voice cried, "where did that beautiful doll come from? It wasn't here before!"

They all gathered around while she held it up.

"Why, it's for Ann Wetherly!" she exclaimed, looking at the doll placed to the side of the bed.

"Take it quick, Ann!" she cried.

"What a beautiful Christmas gift!" she breathed softly, smiling at his comment.

"They want me to begin the first of the year. The superintendent's cottage will be vacant then. Do you suppose—would it be too soon?"

Miss Morgan's mind flew back over the two long years they had waited.

"It'll be ready," she murmured happily.

"Oh, it's such a dear little cottage!" she gazed at it with fascinated interest, but stopped abruptly as she pointed a finger to the half-open door.

"Hurry! hurry!" he muttered, "I wish you weren't the head nurse!"

"We might go for a sleigh ride this afternoon," she suggested demurely.

"Now, come on and peep in at Ann. She's so happy."

They went over to the door and looked in. Ann sat on the edge of her bed, her eyes fixed on the "dear, beautiful doll."

The two gazed at her silently; then suddenly Gertrude Morgan raised her eyes to the face beside her.

"Oh, Herbert, do you think—could we?"

Dr. Gray squared his broad shoulders. Her meaning came in a flash.

"Yes, we can, and we will if you want to. Of course," he hesitated—"maybe we couldn't have so many other things if we had her?"

"No, but we'll have love, and it would be too bad not to give that little starved soul a share of it."

"Ann," Miss Morgan questioned abruptly, "how would you like to live with us for awhile?"

Ann looked from one to the other anxiously. "Live with you? Where? Oh, you're joking!" she said slowly.

"No, she means it," interjected Dr. Gray.

"We're going to live in the superintendent's cottage."

"Oh, I see!" the child nodded wisely.

"You two are going to get married. But nobody wants me—not even!"

Miss Morgan interrupted her bitterness. "Yes, we do want you," drawing the child to her, "and you're going to live with us, and when you get well enough you can go to school."

A change came over Ann's face. Flinging her arms around Miss Morgan, she breathed:

"What a wonderful, wonderful day! And to think that yesterday—I thought nobody cared!"

Christmas morning, and they came in with a rush of happy anticipation, looking around their tree and lovingly fingering the treasures.

The two watchers noticed Ann's somber face as she went slowly to her bed and began spreading it up. These joys were not for her. No one sent things to her. She was going to a home in a few days.

"There's great commotion around the Christmas tree," she murmured happily.

"Oh," a shrill little voice cried, "where did that beautiful doll come from? It wasn't here before!"

They all gathered around while she held it up.

"Why, it's for Ann Wetherly!" she exclaimed, looking at the doll placed to the side of the bed.

"Take it quick, Ann!" she cried.

"What a beautiful Christmas gift!" she breathed softly, smiling at his comment.

"They want me to begin the first of the year. The superintendent's cottage will be vacant then. Do you suppose—would it be too soon?"

Miss Morgan's mind flew back over the two long years they had waited.

"It'll be ready," she murmured happily.

"Oh, it's such a dear little cottage!" she gazed at it with fascinated interest, but stopped abruptly as she pointed a finger to the half-open door.

"Hurry! hurry!" he muttered, "I wish you weren't the head nurse!"

"We might go for a sleigh ride this afternoon," she suggested demurely.

"Now, come on and peep in at Ann. She's so happy."

They went over to the door and looked in. Ann sat on the edge of her bed, her eyes fixed on the "dear, beautiful doll."

The two gazed at her silently; then suddenly Gertrude Morgan raised her eyes to the face beside her.

"Oh, Herbert, do you think—could we?"

Dr. Gray squared his broad shoulders. Her meaning came in a flash.

"Yes, we can, and we will if you want to. Of course," he hesitated—"maybe we couldn't have so many other things if we had her?"

"No, but we'll have love, and it would be too bad not to give that little starved soul a share of it."

"Ann," Miss Morgan questioned abruptly, "how would you like to live with us for awhile?"

Ann looked from one to the other anxiously. "Live with you? Where? Oh, you're joking!" she said slowly.

"No, she means it," interjected Dr. Gray.

"We're going to live in the superintendent's cottage."

"Oh, I see!" the child nodded wisely.

"You two are going to get married. But nobody wants me—not even!"

Miss Morgan interrupted her bitterness. "Yes, we do want you," drawing the child to her, "and you're going to live with us, and when you get well enough you can go to school."

A change came over Ann's face. Flinging her arms around Miss Morgan, she breathed:

"What a wonderful, wonderful day! And to think that yesterday—I thought nobody cared!"

**Agents Wanted—To represent**  
The Lafollette Nursery Co.  
Trees grown in Central Oregon  
4000 feet elevation and without  
irrigation. Best trees for Central  
Oregon. Everybody wants  
them. Write for particulars.  
Theodore Hubbard, Box 72,  
Prineville, Oregon.

**GRIFFITH & SAURMAN**  
Physicians and Surgeons  
BURNS, OREGON.

**J. W. GEARY**  
Physician and Surgeon  
Burns, Oregon  
Office on second floor Tompkins Bldg.  
Phone Main 85.

**DENMAN & DENMAN,**  
Physicians and Surgeons  
Calls answered promptly night or day  
Phone Harrison.

Harriman, Oregon

**STEVENS**  
"VISIBLE LOADING"  
RIFLE NO. 70.

Handles 12—39  
Short and 19—39  
long rifle cartridges.  
Send for handsomely  
illustrated Rifle Catalog  
and "How to Shoot  
Well."

Order Stevens Rifles—  
Pistols and Shotguns  
Directly from the  
Manufacturer.

**STEVENS ARMS  
& TOOL COMPANY,**  
P. O. Box 500,  
CHICOPPE FALLS, MASS.

**OFFICIAL DIRECTORY**  
STATE—OREGON:

U. S. Senators: Geo. E. Chamberlain  
(Harry Lane)

U. S. Representatives: W. C. Hawley  
(Geo. S. Shinnick)  
C. S. McArthur

Governor: George M. Brown  
Secretary of State: James W. Wynn  
Treasurer: John W. Clifton  
State Printer: J. A. Churchill

Supreme Judge: J. A. Churchill  
County Judges: F. A. Moore  
(Geo. S. Shinnick)  
H. B. Baker  
(H. B. Baker)  
Thos. A. McBride  
Henry L. Benson  
Lawrence T. Harris

**SIXTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT:**  
District Judge: Geo. E. Chamberlain  
County Attorney: Geo. S. Shinnick

**SEVENTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT:**  
District Judge: Geo. S. Shinnick  
County Attorney: Geo. S. Shinnick

**EIGHTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT:**  
District Judge: Geo. S. Shinnick  
County Attorney: Geo. S. Shinnick

**NINTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT:**  
District Judge: Geo. S. Shinnick  
County Attorney: Geo. S. Shinnick

**COUNTY—HARNEY:**  
County Judge: Geo. S. Shinnick  
County Attorney: Geo. S. Shinnick

**CITY—BURNS:**  
Mayor: Geo. S. Shinnick  
City Clerk: Geo. S. Shinnick

**CITY—PRINEVILLE:**  
Mayor: Geo. S. Shinnick  
City Clerk: Geo. S. Shinnick

**Dr. Minnie Iland**  
Physician and Surgeon  
Direct Telephone Connection  
**Albritton, Ore.**

**L. E. HUBBARD**  
**DENTIST**  
Office first door east photo gallery  
Burns, Oregon.

**BRUCE R. KESTER**  
Attorney at Law  
Land Office Practice  
Land Scrip for Sale  
Valo, Oregon.

**M. A. BIGGS**  
Attorney at Law  
Voegtly Bldg., Burns, Oregon.

**G. A. REMBOLD**  
Attorney-at-Law  
Burns, Oregon.

**HERMAN VON SCHMALZ**  
Attorney at Law  
Contests and practice before U. S. Land  
Office a specialty  
Office: Fry Bldg. next door to post office  
Burns, Oregon.

**CHARLES W. ELLIS**  
**LAWYER**  
Oregon  
Practice in the State Courts and be-  
fore the U. S. Land Office.

**Chas. H. Leonard,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
Careful attention given to Collec-  
tions and Real Estate matters,  
Fire Insurance,  
Notary Public  
BURNS, OREGON.

**A. W. GOWAN**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
State Courts and United States  
Land Office Practice  
Three doors South of the  
Harney County National Bank  
Burns, Oregon.

If You Want ALL The Home News  
**READ**  
**THE TIMES-HERALD**  
\$2.00 a year  
**Best Job Printing**

**Scrubbing Unnecessary**

Enamel your walls and woodwork and secure a finish that is hard and smooth, non-absorbent and sanitary. Enamelled surfaces do not require scrubbing. An occasional wiping with a damp cloth will keep them looking clean and fresh.

**ACME QUALITY ENAMELS (NE)**

are easily applied. They

Quality is Right. Prices are Right. Flour is Right. New Flour. New Wheat. Every Sack guaranteed. Special prices in quantity. See your dealer, the Mill, or Mr. Huston, the Secretary. The Burns Milling Co.

**Bear This in Mind.**

"I consider Chamberlain's Cough Remedy by far the best medicine in the market for colds and croup," says Mrs. Albert Blosser, Lima, Ohio. Many others are of the same opinion. For sale by all dealers.

**Chamberlain's Tablets.**

This is the medicine intended especially for stomach troubles, biliousness and constipation. It is meeting with much success and rapidly gaining in favor and popularity. For sale by all dealers.

**\$1500 Reward!**

The Oregon, Nevada, Idaho and Utah Livestock Protection Association will give \$1500 reward for evidence leading to the arrest and conviction of any person who steals horses, cattle or mules belonging to any of its members.

In addition to the above, the undersigned offers the same condition \$500 for all horses branded horse-shod bar on both or either jaw. Brand recorded in this county. Burns, Harney, Lake and Wheeler counties. Horses wanted what sold. None but good horses sold and only in large bunches.

W. BROWN, The Oregon.

For its wonderful accuracy, its safety and convenience, and its effectiveness for small game and target shooting, you should buy

**The Marlin**  
Repeating Rifle

The Marlin 22 pump-action repeater has simple, quick mechanism and strong, safety construction. Has sensible, visible hammer. It takes "down" easily, and can lock through the barrel—it cleans from both ends.

The Solid Steel Top protects your face and eyes against blows from discharging cartridges, from shells, powder and gases. The Slide Ejection throws shells away to the side—cover up across your line of sight.

Handles all 22 short, 22 long and 22 long-rifle cartridges, including the hollow-point hunting cartridges. Accurate to 200 yards. A perfect gun for rabbits, squirrels, hawks, crows, etc.

Marlin 22 repeaters also made with lever action; ask your dealer.

**The Marlin Repeating Co.,**  
42 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

Send \$2 postage for complete catalog of all Marlin repeating rifles and shotguns.

**JOHN GEMBERLING,**

**RODNEY DAVIS**  
House Painting  
Paper Hanging  
and Decorating  
Calcuttining  
Hardwood Finishing  
Painting

**STAR RESTAURANT**  
—GEORGE FOON Prop.—  
Meals At All Hours. Short Service.

**NATIONAL BANK OF OREGON**  
AND SURPLUS THAT MAKES

**JOB WORK**