



Brandegge-Kincaid Clothes

**Our Clothes-
Creed in
3 Paragraphs**

1. To make Quality the corner-stone and Style the coping-stone.
2. To sell at the lowest price consistent with the smallest profit above cost.
3. To tell the truth in print and act it in the store.

A. A. PENNINGTON
Tillamook, Oregon

CHRISTMAS CANDIES

Candies are higher than they were, but we are going to

Sell at Same Price

as last year.

We have a fresh supply of all kinds of... **NUTS**

Popcorn 7c per pound.

Flash Lights make best Christmas Presents. We carry them.

V. F. LEARNED, CLOVERDALE

F. R. BEALS

REAL ESTATE

Write for Literature.

TILLAMOOK, OREGON

MOTHER'S EMERALD

(Continued from first page)

"Dear," he said, "at first I feared this costly ring might be significant."

"Oh, no!" I told him. "It has been the betrothal ring of our family, handed down for generations. Father's mother placed it upon my own dear mother's finger, and now that she is gone father trusts it in my keeping."

"It is of great value," Eric said, his eyes suddenly aglow as he bent over the wondrous stone; then with his first sign of impatience my lover turned from me.

"What is it?" I asked him, troubled. "The jarring thought, perhaps, of our different stations," he replied—"your mother's costly emerald, my mother's unmarked grave." Father coming in at this moment, I hastened to draw the tea table nearer the fire. Something was wrong with the alcohol lamp, so I drew my rings from my finger, bending to adjust it. Upon the mantel stood a small brass clock. Its high center spindle, with a sort of latticework beneath, made an excellent ring tray. Often I slipped my rings over the spindle, and there, hidden from sight, they safely awaited my pleasure. So I heard them now tinkle down to their place and came with a laughing remark to brighten Eric's sober mood. But it was unabated when Nora called me to the kitchen. After the evening meal there was no summons in the message of the violin. "Different stations," I repeated to myself pettishly. "What in all the world is worth having save only love and happiness?" Then I remembered my rings. I had left them upon the clock spindle.

Down the stairs I crept silently—the household might be sleeping. The light of a street lamp shining through the window guided me across the room. I felt for the rings. Just one was there. The emerald must be upon the floor, or perhaps the mantelshelf, or—I pressed the electric button. Father, entering unexpectedly, found me upon my knees after a last hopeless search. "The ring, of course," he exploded. "You show it off to a penniless young vagabond, then leave it upon the mantelshelf—a fortune within easy reach of a stranger." Still muttering accusations, father went carefully over the polished surface of the floor, where no smallest glinting thing might hide. Then, as I had so many times done, he lifted each article from the mantelshelf. There were but four—the candlesticks, the clock and mother's picture. The ring had completely disappeared. For one long moment father eyed me in stern condemnation.

"You will make no mention of this loss," he commanded sharply, "nor let the adventurer know that he is suspected. In that lies our only hope of recovery. He shall be watched. He is the only person, excepting our two

elves, who has either entered or left this room tonight. There is no possible way that the ring could have escaped."

It seemed all very true. But perhaps, I reflected, Eric had taken the ring for the night into his own safe keeping. In the morning he would smilingly chide me for my carelessness as he restored it. In the morning Eric was gone. Nora brought a note from him as I was dressing.

"Dearest," it read, "I am called away very suddenly. Will explain when I see you."

A sickening sense of the tirade this news would bring forth from my father came over me. And if he should learn that the man was my lover, my promised husband! In my own heart was no thought of Eric's guilt.

"He's covered up his tracks pretty well," father said bitterly, "but we'll find him yet. That ring can't be disposed of without a sensation."

But they did not find him. My own eyes, filled with sad questioning, searched mother's smiling ones. "Wait," they seemed to bid me—"wait!"

And at last Eric came. I was quite alone in the dusk, and at first he did not speak—just folded me close in his arms.

"It has been so long," I murmured brokenly, "and no word."

"There was so much to attend to," my lover said. "And I was hurrying back to you. On the way I stopped to place a stone—a fine, tall white marble one—on mother's grave."

Frantically I endeavored to push him from me. Father stood before us. I had never known his wrath to reach such bounds. Inarticulately he raved, marking his accusations with a threatening fist, which, gesticulating, brushed from its resting place mother's picture. I stooped to pick it up, mechanically adjusting the catch of the heavy frame, then—I stood breathless.

"Father!" I gasped. Eric's staring eyes turned toward me. The back of the picture was held in place by two broad strips of brass. In the lower of these pockets and evidently jarred from its wedging place gleamed the fateful emerald ring. For a moment we all stood looking at it.

"I don't understand," muttered Eric. "Don't you?" I cried, laughing through my tears. "Well, one evening I thought I had slipped the ring over the clock's spindle, but it bounded, it seems, turning down into the open pocket of mother's frame, hiding there close and tight. It is the betrothal ring of our family, Eric, handed down from parent to child. And, now, don't you see? Mother is giving it back to me to wear for you."

My lover came close; father was forgotten.

"Nance," said Eric, oh, so tenderly—"Nance, you'd take me like this, a penniless student? You'd believe in me through all false appearances against all the world?"

"Yes, Eric," I told him simply. Then he said: "I am glad I'm not quite so unworthy. My father died a few days ago. That's why I went away so suddenly. He sent for me when he was dying. He's left me all his money, Nance, and it's quite a lot."

Father cleared his throat several times before we turned to listen. Then as he spoke we hardly knew his voice. It was all so soft and humiliated.

"Boy," he said; "boy, I've done you wrong in my thoughts. Will you forgive me?"

"Forgive?" laughed Eric. "Well, I should say so, for if I haven't stolen your jewels I have stolen your daughter, that's sure."

Then father reached over and put the emerald ring in Eric's hand, while mother's eyes smiled at us all through the firelight.

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FARES**

Go home for Xmas. Stay for New Years Day. Our low round trip Holiday tickets allow you plenty of time. All points in

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and IDAHO

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Between Oregon points
Dec. 22 to 25 inc; Dec. 30 to Jan. 1 inc. Return limit Jan. 3, 1917.

To California points
Dec 21 to 23 inc; Dec. 26 to 28 inc. Return limit 15 days from date of sale.

To Pacific Northwest points in Washington and Idaho Dec. 22 to 25 inc. Return limit Jan. 3, 1917.

Ask local Agent for time of trains, fares, etc.

John M. Scott, G. P. A.,
Portland, Ore.

SOUTHERN

PACIFIC

LINES

FOOTBALL

Oregon vs. Pennsylvania
Pasadena, Cal., Jan. 1.

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AND

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TILLAMOOK