

**A LITTLE LOVE STORY**

There is never a blossom that blooms for  
Lover's bosom  
As sweet as my blossom, my sweet!  
And not in God's skies any stars like her  
eyes  
Like the eyes of my bosom, my sweet!  
Like her beautiful eyes, of the rainbow's  
rich dyes,  
With the blue and the dew of God's An-  
gels' side!  
She is wonderful sweet, she is wonderful  
wise—  
My beautiful blossom, my sweet!

And not for the queens of the oveliest  
land  
Would I give her—my blossom, my  
sweet!  
Not a kiss on her lips, not a clasp of her  
hand  
For the loveliest maid in whose honor a  
blossom  
Gleamed where the battle made foe-  
men afraid.  
Her lips to my own! May God's tempests  
be stayed  
For my bosom—my blossom, my sweet!  
—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

**THE DANCE AT THE INN.**

"A story, girls," said grandma, smil-  
ingly. "Why, I've never had anything  
happen to me that could make a story—  
except once. And I'm almost afraid  
to tell you that one."  
"Oh, that sounds charming," ex-  
claimed Irene. "We'll have that, if we  
have to coax for a week."  
Grandma was silent for several min-  
utes, while we chattered and coaxed  
her. At last she gave away and began:  
"Years ago, when I was a girl, things  
were so different from our way of liv-  
ing now that I fear my story will seem  
unfathomable to you. I lived in a small  
Western town, where my father had a  
tract of land almost as large as this  
entire village. It was a lonely place  
for young people, but frequent visits  
to school friends and return visits from  
them relieved the dreariness somewhat.  
We had plenty of riding, however, as  
well as an occasional dance; we really  
had little time to mope.  
"Still it was a sad change when my  
sister married and went to live 110  
miles away. It seemed as remote as if  
she had crossed the ocean; but the  
glorious anticipation of visiting her  
kept me in a fever of excitement for a  
whole year. During this time I had  
met Paul Foster (your grandfather)  
and became engaged to him, and it was  
arranged that he should accompany  
father and myself on the journey.  
"Stage coaches were the only con-  
veyances then, but there was an en-  
chantment about travel then that no  
amount of luxury in a palace car can  
equal now.  
"The drive was glorious. On some  
parts of the road I sat on top of the  
stage; but when I was tired, or the road  
rougher than usual, crept inside. Some-  
times we would walk while the horses  
waited or followed slowly. Toward eve-  
ning we reached some small tavern

and remained all night—glad by that  
time of the change, but just as eager  
to start again the next morning.  
"The second day, just as we were  
starting, a young man came up and  
hurriedly whispered to Silvia, the driv-  
er. I remember still my lively curi-  
osity as to what it was all about, when I  
saw Silvia lean forward and draw two  
large fierce-looking revolvers. He ex-  
amined them carefully, meanwhile  
holding the lines a peculiar way, partly  
between his knees with the ends  
turned about his arm.  
"I found out the meaning of the  
whisper and the pistols, too, when,  
early in the afternoon, we entered a  
narrow pass between the hills. By this  
time I was cowering inside the coach,  
though I could see, without wanting to,  
the rugged mountains, the steep cliffs,  
the narrow roadway along which Silvia  
peered carefully, but then even he was  
taken by surprise when half a dozen  
men suddenly sprang up, apparently  
from nowhere. I cannot express the  
rapidity with which the whole thing  
was done. Two stood at the horses'  
heads, two quickly disarmed the driver  
and the men on top of the coach, while  
two others at the same instant threw  
open the door and with levelled pistols  
ordered us to step out. Two elderly  
ladies, a middle-aged one, an old gen-  
tleman and myself—obeyed as quickly  
as we could, I assure you. I trembled  
so that I could hardly stand and was  
almost falling, when suddenly one of  
the highwaymen pushed the other out  
of the way, exclaiming, "A Hebe, by  
Jove!"—and with such a bow as few ever  
give me took my hand and helped me  
down.  
"To tell the truth, I knew very little  
of what took place around me after  
that I saw my highwayman give or-  
ders to his men; then he turned to me  
and in the most gentlemanly manner,  
begged me to walk with him. I dared  
not refuse, and we paced back and  
forth till I felt as if I should faint. He  
talked of the scenery, the mountain air  
and other matters, but of his purpose  
there and of the operations of his com-  
panions—he kept himself carefully  
toward me and them—he said not a  
word.  
"It was at a moment when I felt I  
could endure no more that I caught  
sight of Paul's face. All the men had  
their hands tied behind them and were  
standing in a row, looking into the re-  
volvers of their captors, who relieved  
them of everything of value. There  
stood your grandfather with such a  
glare of helpless indignation at poor  
me that it was more than I could stand,  
and with a sense of the ridiculous that  
was more than half hysterical I broke  
into such peals of laughter that the  
mountains echoed. I could not help it,  
I laughed and laughed till the tears ran  
down my cheeks and my escort at last  
joined me, while he whispered some-  
thing so flattering that my poor Paul  
would have died outright if he could  
have heard.  
"Finally my highwayman placed me  
in the coach again, with a whispered  
request for some remembrance—a ring  
or anything. As he had it in his power  
to take rings and everything else, I

slipped off a turquoise and gave it to  
him. He placed it on his third finger  
above a diamond, and, as the diamond  
flashed, I saw a tiny cross cut into its  
surface. I was not searched; and with  
a courtly bow my knight of the road  
and his companions vanished as sud-  
denly as they had come.  
"One month later I was almost worn  
out with the entertainments furnished  
by my sister in her efforts to make my  
visit pleasant. There was to be one  
more dance, probably the first, as we  
were to start homeward the first of the  
following week. Paul had been visit-  
ing relatives and had just returned in  
time to take part.  
"As the wagons drove up at the door  
of the inn where the dance was to be  
held I heard a young lady, a friend of  
my sister's, call out:  
"Why, where has Mr. Meredith  
gone? But I thought nothing about it  
then.  
"The dancing had been going on for  
only a short time when this young lady  
came up to me and with tones sug-  
gestive of vexation or pique said:  
"Mr. Meredith wishes to be intro-  
duced to you."  
"Mr. Meredith then asked me to dance  
with him, and not once but many times  
we danced together—he was an ad-  
mirable dancer. Yet I could hardly  
hear what he said, so perplexed was I,  
wondering where I could have heard  
his voice before. But at length, as he  
extended his hand, I glanced down and  
saw a small cross cut on the diamond  
of his ring.  
"My dears, I almost fainted outright.  
But to the end he acted the part of a  
gentleman. He led me to a window  
and stood talking while he shielded my  
agitation from the room now filled  
with whirling couples.  
"Nothing was said for several min-  
utes. In my foolish heart I was trying  
to think of some romantic reason that  
would account for his mode of life.  
His face, from which the beard and  
mustache were gone, looked like that  
of some boyish Sir Galahad, not like  
that of a criminal. His kindly brown  
eyes shone on me with a world of  
laughter in them.  
"Well," he said, smilingly. At the  
same moment I caught sight of Paul in  
the doorway talking to a man whom I  
did not know and with earnest ges-  
tures pointing to my partner. Paul, too,  
had recognized him.  
"Though my heart was beating so  
hard that I could not speak, I motioned  
to Mr. Meredith to finish the dance, and  
when we reached the wide nearest the  
opposite door I stopped.  
"Bend down your head," I whis-  
pered, faintly.  
"Some one has recognized you. I  
saw them. You must go." My voice  
trembled, I am sure.  
"Must," he said slowly, still smil-  
ing. Then he frowned, but the smile  
came back instantly as he glanced at  
me, as I stood pale and trembling.  
"Poor little girl!" he said. "So divided  
between a sense of duty and pity for a  
poor wretch like me. Come—a bargain  
ob! One more dance, all around the  
room and back here, and I will go."  
"You ought to go now," I faltered.

"Not until we finish this dance," he  
said firmly.  
"He supported me almost entirely as  
we whirled around the room, or I be-  
lieve that I should have slipped on the  
floor.  
"Now! Go!" I whispered in perfect  
terror.  
"Good-by!" he said, earnestly. "I  
shall never forget you. Think of me  
as kindly as you can."  
"He had vanished in the darkness,  
and none too soon. A few minutes  
later the Sheriff and two of his men  
appeared, fully armed; but Mr. Mer-  
edith was nowhere to be found—not old  
any one ever discover how no had es-  
caped."  
Grandmother sighed softly.  
"I have always been glad to know he  
escaped," she added.  
"Is that all?"  
"Yes, except that after the notice of  
my marriage had been inserted in the  
papers I received an express package  
containing a diamond ring with a cross  
cut in its surface.  
"The girls were silent for a few mo-  
ments and then began with exclama-  
tions of delight at the story, romance  
beyond anything they had expected.  
Then said saucy Irene, with a twinkle  
in her eyes:  
"Grandmother, darling, I'll wager  
anything that you never told grand-  
father all this story."  
The pink blush spread over grand-  
mother's face, but the dear old soul  
would not lie even to point a moral.  
"No, my dear girls," she said slowly,  
"it was very wrong, no doubt, but I  
never did."—Louisville Courier-Jour-  
nal.

**OUR FASHION LETTER**

**SCRAWNY NECKS AND ARMS  
MADE PLUMP AND PRETTY.**

**Follow This Advice and Test It for  
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Massage for the Neck—For Even-  
ing Costumes.**



RECEPTION  
DRESS OF  
MORNING-  
DRESS-  
TRICINIS  
LINES

It is not only the woman who has  
passed her first youth whose neck re-  
quires the attention of the masseuse,  
but youth itself, in these days of mod-  
ernized dress, comes to the realisation  
that necks are getting thin and  
Beauty of the Arm.  
The beauty of the arm does not lie  
wholly in the perfection of its lines,  
in its roundness or length, but also in  
the firmness and fitness of the skin.  
A big or muscular arm is as unde-  
sirable as a thin arm. The arm should  
harmonize with the shoulder, as the  
wrist should with the arm and the  
hand with the wrist. To improve the  
contour of the arm, of course the  
health must be good. I would use  
arm exercises, or gymnastics, and the  
dumbbell for ten or fifteen minutes  
every morning.  
Friction must be produced. After  
bathing the arms in warm water rub  
them vigorously with a Turkish towel,  
then use a good skin food. A popular  
treatment in massage is for the opera-  
tor to grasp the arm with both hands  
firmly, and knead around and around  
in a sort of a twisting movement. This  
brings the blood to the surface, and  
creates stimulation. Once you get  
the circulation established, your founda-  
tion is laid. Then pinch the mus-  
cles gently, up and down the arm, or  
pick them up and rub them between  
the fingers. A method which has  
proven beneficial in most cases is to  
knead the arm firmly all the way up  
from the wrist with the lower part  
of the hands. This movement, how-  
ever, should be given by a skilled  
person; one with knowledge of the  
anatomy of the arms.  
Don't Wash in Cold Water.  
Never wash the hands in cold water  
or too frequently, nor with an inter-  
ior soap—almond meal is a good sub-  
stitute. Always dry them thoroughly  
if you wish to preserve the skin.  
Never go out without gloves—the air,  
dust and cold are injurious. Of  
course, the woman with the well-  
cared-for hand has her manicure two-  
or three times a week, or else she  
cares for her own nails. Sir Erasmus  
Wilson, the dermatologist of Eng-  
land, says no woman should be with-  
out lemon juice on her toilet table.  
Lemon juice, applied to the hands at  
night, and a pair of kid gloves with  
tips of fingers cut, and worn while  
sleeping, will whiten and soften the  
hands. If chapped, apply cold cream  
or camphor cream, and wear gloves in  
bed.  
Evening Costumes.  
There are no definite "musts" about  
new evening costumes, except that  
they should be becoming. You desire  
sleeves, for example, long or short,  
or none, in your dress of crepe de  
chine or chiffon or brocade? Very  
well; emphasize your good points.  
Angel sleeves of black chiffon are  
the picturesque draperies of a bodice  
scaled with black spangles. The skirt  
is a soft black satin de chine, the  
shoulder straps are of narrow velvet.  
Let no trusting, unreasoning maid

losing the youthful contour. The  
causes of the loss of the neck's beauty  
are many, but the principal one is the  
high starched collar of the shirt waist,  
which is worn now even under the  
ribbons. It gives no chance for the  
throat to thrive.  
Abolish High Collars  
The house gown and the street  
gown alike have high, stiff collars;  
the "storks" in vogue at present are  
pretty, stylish and chic, but they are  
high and tight and cause perspiration.  
Even when the best material is used  
the color fades and the skin absorbs  
the poisonous dyeing matter, and if  
no other injury results the skin is yel-  
lowed and the tissues are bound to be  
affected. It may be that the neck has  
only the scar, or ring, around the  
throat, caused by the high collar; at  
any rate, neat and pretty as the col-  
lar is, if the contour of the neck is to  
be preserved it must be abolished.  
Have your house gown at least  
made in some pretty, low arrange-  
ment, so that the neck can be entirely  
exposed, and the moment you come  
home open the throat of your street  
gown. There are so many pretty airy,  
lace arrangements now that it seems  
as if the tight, stiff collar could be  
abolished entirely. The thin, ugly  
neck is ever a source of worry. The  
effect of the prettiest décolleté gown is  
spoiled by an ugly neck; the charm all  
vanishes. Massage is absolutely in-  
dispensable, but you will find that ex-  
ercise is a potent factor toward pre-  
serving the contour.  
For a Lovely Neck.  
Give ten minutes each morning to  
dumb-bell exercises—this to the healthy  
woman. If your heart is weak consult  
your physician. A good exercise for  
the throat is to allow the head to drop  
forward as far as it will on the breast  
without strain, then raise it and throw  
it as far back as possible. Continue  
this as long as you can without tiring.  
Do not strain the muscles. Then  
bathe the throat in warm water, dry  
with a soft towel and rub in a good  
skin food for the nourishment of the  
tissues. Breathe fully, especially  
when in the fresh air, and do not  
muffle the throat; it is unnecessary if  
you are dressed warmly.  
Massage for the Neck.  
Massage for the neck is difficult; the  
procedure is different from that of the  
face. No one movement will accom-  
plish the results desired. Of course,  
the first thing to do is to bathe the  
neck with warm water and good soap,  
then apply the skin food; then friction  
is employed, at the beginning of the  
treatment, to stimulate all the func-  
tions and to nourish the muscles.  
Both hands are used in giving friction  
for the neck. Take the four long fin-  
gers and place under the chin firmly,  
and rotate the muscles toward the  
shoulder indirectly. Then take the flat  
muscles that runs obliquely across the  
side of the neck from the lower part  
of the neck under the chin, up around  
to the top and back of the ear, using  
the rotary movement.  
The circular movement requires both  
hands. The operator places one hand  
on each side of the head, so that the  
little finger rests behind the lower  
jaw. Move the hands downward, and  
at the same time rotate them inward,  
so as to bring the palms over as much  
of the surface of the neck as possible.  
To Acquire Pretty Shoulders.  
The back of the neck and the  
shoulders must have their share of at-  
tention, as much depends on their  
beauty and poise. There is a broad,  
flat, triangular muscle covering the  
back part of the shoulders and neck;  
this is the muscle to operate on. The  
most popular method is to take both  
hands, palm down, and commence at  
the back of the ear and, giving little  
brisk slaps, work all the way down  
to the centre of the spine, then from  
the shoulders down to the same point,  
covering a V or triangular shaped  
space. Keep this up about five min-  
utes, till friction establishes stimula-  
tion. Then with both hands knead  
firmly over the same space, beginning  
behind the ear, with the rotary move-  
ment downward, finishing with a gen-  
tle downward stroke, for the soothing  
effect. Bathe neck and shoulders in  
warm water and apply skin food for

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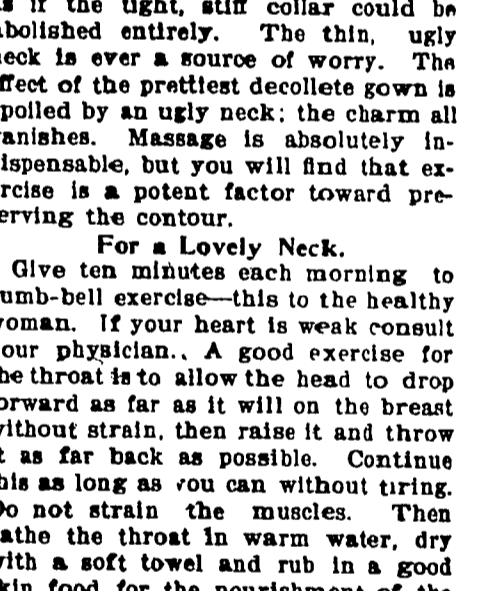


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WITH ANGEL SLEEVES  
OF BLACK CHIFFON

think that "angel sleeves of this vari-  
ety are for her (no matter the sen-  
timents of swains), unless her mirror  
should advise it. See the close bands  
of gathered chiffon which serve for up-  
per sleeves. That means plump shoul-  
ders above them.  
But fashion has no grudge against  
the slim girl. A charming evening  
gown of white peau de cygne (a sort  
of Louisa), done with overlapping  
frills on the skirt, is pretty on a tall,  
slim woman. They are trimmed with  
applications of pink wild roses, cut  
out from satin, and deftly sewed onto  
the white background with silver  
thread.  
Each founce has an application of  
tucked chiffon half concealed by over-  
laying white guipure lace. The bodice  
is of the blouse variety still approved  
for the particularly thin or the  
especially plump. It is trimmed with  
a berthe of white peau de cygne ap-  
plied with lace. This berthe ex-  
tends over the shoulders, and re-  
quires a friendly V on the top of  
them. Covering the arms under the  
Berthe is a dear little sleeve of white  
chiffon. The spray of artificial flow-  
ers along the left shoulder is a pretty  
placing of blossoms which are chosen  
carefully to reproduce the hues of  
those satin flowers sewed onto the  
skirt.  
Another evening dress of sufficient  
cachet for grand toilets is built from  
tucked white chiffon in overskirt ef-  
fect, arranged in narrowing panels,  
with entreeux of cream guipure. A  
wee ruche of white chiffon outlines  
the scalloped panels, which top a ser-  
ies of four frills that are done from  
all-over lace of an effective but not  
expensive variety, cut into points and  
edged with white ribbon.  
A new use for hand embroidery is in  
the "last touch" which distinguishes  
the separate waist. It is possible to  
buy a ready-made blouse of taffeta or  
Louisiana made in some familiar style  
with tucks, yet with a few hours of  
work at home turn it into an individ-  
ual garment peculiarly fitting one's  
wardrobe.