

Stairs of Sand

By Anna M. Regan

CHAPTER 21

"You remember my telling you about the eagle I saw sitting on the ledge the other day? Well, he came back to sit there again this morning and would undoubtedly sent me to the bottom if one of the men here hadn't had his gun with him! It's too bad of course to have to shoot one of those royal birds but—"

"Everything a shipshape now, folks," Cy Pratt announced and rum some hot coffee's going to touch the spot. All in favor say, 'Aye, aye,' and rang loudly from the entire party.

"Here, Davis and the young you can get into Mount's liver and we'll run you back to town's fast as she'll make it. You see Mrs. Shattick look it terrible blamed herself for letting the young woman go down to Greer's mirth alone. She's had every doctor in town with her all night. I don't know what hap-pened. It's a shame she kicked over now, heaven to folks."

Davis helped Sara into the back seat of the silver and took a seat beside her. Cy sat beside them.

"It's so wonderful to feel safe again," she breathed.

"Yes," he responded, an odd intensity in his tones which brought Sara's glance furtively and a little shyly up to his face. The remembrance of that sudden embrace in which she had held her just before she was hauled up to the top of the cliff came back to her vividly and somehow she knew that he, also, was thinking of it. A faint flush dyed her pale cheeks and she remained nervously silent, aware of an unexpected sense of triumph.

He spoke very little after that, but she was conscious of his close presence, and in a subconscious way she knew that he was conscious of her. He sat beside her, looking straight ahead, and when he did speak it was with a curt brevity that seemed as though he was fighting that consciousness to beat down an emotion which had all at once crept into the atmosphere.

"By the time they had reached Mrs. Shattick's he had apparently succeeded, for he turned to her quite naturally as he went with her to the door and said:

"Have a good breakfast and then go straight to bed and make up for all the sleep you missed last night."

"I didn't miss much," ventured Sara. "It was you who didn't sleep. You—watched." She wished she could say something to thank him to express in some way how much she felt she owed him.

"Goodbye," she said, holding out her hand as she stood on the porch steps. "I can't thank you properly."

"Don't," he interrupted brusquely. "There's no need. Good bye."

For a moment she felt his hand close round hers in a hard, large grip. The he released her hand abruptly, and an instant later the silver was bearing him swiftly down the road.

At that moment, Beanie, white-faced and hollow-eyed opened the door and threw her arm around Sara. "Liebeth was behind her," she cried, "gritting through her still falling tears."

"How we prayed for your safe return," Beanie told her. "Cy's daughter came up at daylight and told your Aunt you were found so she slept a little after that. I think, though, you'd better go right up and see her."

"I'll have a fine breakfast for you," Liebeth told her. "In two hours of a lamb's tail—so hurry on down."

It was some half hour later before Sara came out of her Aunt's room. Reaction was setting in after the mental and physical strain of the preceding night and she felt she would rather retire to her room than to obey the call of the bell to the breakfast. Liebeth had prepared for her—Liebeth had been kind to think of her in this particular way, so she refused to get down and at least make a pretense of eating. Mrs. Shattick spent the rest of the day listening to Sara's description of her adventure on Royce's Cliff.

"If it wasn't for your eyes at home, Sara," Mrs. Shattick burst out with a few days later, "how would you like to stay here with me? But of course—with a snail—it's just what I can't have, for your duty is with them."

She bent forward and kissed her Aunt's troubled face.

"That's sweet of you, Aunt Anna. I'm sure, but you know how it is. They've already commenced planning on my coming home the first of October."

Cy was so busy that the wedding will be done next week," said Mrs. Shattick. "We must have things ordered in time so as to get going soon a possible. How long's the young man from Boston going to stay on here?"

"Next November," she said.

"That young man'll be a courtin' you first think you know."

"I mustn't think of marrying any one while Father and Grandmother live," returned Sara.

"If a man comes along that is a man, I'd say to any woman who he loved and who loved him: Marry him and don't give a nickel for anything else in the world."

The words lingered curiously in Sara's mind, recurring to her at odd moments.

Meanwhile she was finding life at Topham distinctly more interesting. For her Aunt, Sara had conceived almost a daughter's affection. The bluff, breezy woman with her sound common-sense, peppered with humor, and her clear vision with occasional wistful tenderness, appealing to her enormously.

Another thing she concluded, at

most unconsciously to herself, was the comings and goings of Jim Davis, which had added a new savor to life.

Since the night of their adventure at Royce's Cliff, he had become a frequent visitor at the Shattick home. He often lunched or dined there, often sat with Sara in the hammock, discussing in the way which comes so naturally when two people are alone together, and in sympathy all the big and little things of life. Sometimes he called for her in Blount's silver and drove her through the winding roads up and down the Cape Cod coast. At other times he would take her out in a boat—a shifting new one that had replaced the one which the seas had dashed to pieces the night he found her on Royce's Cliff—and they would sail round the coast, watching the small cove or inlet, typifying picnic fashion.

It was on one of these occasions, when the tide was out, that they disembarked at Royce's Cove, a tiny bay which lay to one side of the great promontory, jutting out from the mainland on which they had spent that memorable night.

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In preparation for the coming of their little guests to the Christmas Tree given yearly by the Catholic Women's Club to the children of the Church of the Annunciation on Sunday afternoon, Dec. 27, 600 stockings are to be filled at the Club House Monday by a group of Club members under the chairmanship of Mrs. Edward J. Rooney, assisted by Mrs. Joseph E. Marville and Mrs. H. C. Wilson. Within each little stocking each child will find a Miraculous Medal on a silver chain given by an anonymous friend. The Club has many years maintained during the summer months a Vacation School for the children in the hall of the Church and it is here that the large tree will be erected and the stockings distributed by a generous Sara her through the winding roads up and down the Cape Cod coast. At other times he would take her out in a boat—a shifting new one that had replaced the one which the seas had dashed to pieces the night he found her on Royce's Cliff—and they would sail round the coast, watching the small cove or inlet, typifying picnic fashion.

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Catholic Club Christmas Tree December 27th

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UNCLE SAM'S STORES 33 Home Town Stores CHRISTMAS SPECIALS!

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Christmas Dinners

BY BETTY BARCLAY

SURPRISE your family and your guests this Christmas by serving one or two "different" dishes for dinner. Christmas Dinners are so similar that a novelty will be appreciated. Here are a few suggestions that you will find well worth considering:

Cranberry Mold
1 package lemon gelatin
1 1/2 cups boiling water
Juice 1/2 lemon
1/2 cup celery, finely cut
1/2 cup canned shredded pineapple
1 cup thick cranberry sauce, sweetened

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Chill. When slightly thickened, add lemon juice, celery, pineapple and cranberry sauce. Turn into mold. Chill until firm. Serve 6, on same plate with fowl.

Roast Fowl with Orange Juice Basting
Chicken or other fowl
2 strips salt pork
Orange juice
Lemon juice

Put 2 strips of fat salt pork over breast of fowl. Rub chicken. Cook in roaster without cover in hot oven (450° F.) until meat begins to brown. Reduce heat to moderate oven (350° F.) and cook until meat is tender, basting every 15 minutes with orange juice. Add 2 tablespoons lemon juice to each cup orange juice used. Amount of orange juice will vary with size of chicken and length of cooking time, which should average 30 minutes per pound without dressing or longer with dressing. Liquid in bottom of roaster may also be used for basting.

The fruit juices give a delicious flavor to the skin but do not change the flavor of the chicken meat, although they help to keep it moist and tender. This method may be used for basting other fowl.

A garnish of orange slices is an excellent accompaniment for a fowl roasted in this manner.

Raspberry Junket with Raspberry Jam
1 package raspberry junket
1 pint milk
Raspberry jam

Prepare raspberry junket according to directions on package. Carefully ice cold raspberry junket with raspberry jam.

Lemon-Mince Meat
(Makes 2 pies or filling for 2 medium sized pies; or 12 individual pies)
1 cup raisins
3 cups finely chopped apple
1/2 cup chopped nuts
1/2 cup candied orange peel or orange marmalade
1/2 cup lemon juice
2 cups sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon each of cloves and ginger

Soak, drain and chop the raisins. Mix all ingredients. Seal in sterilized jars. When making into pie add to each pint 1/2 cup melted butter. This is a simpler and more wholesome combination than many mince meats.

A unique Christmas dessert is a Lemon Mince Meat Sundae, made by serving this mince meat as a sundae sauce over vanilla ice cream.

A pint jar of this mince meat makes a delightful Christmas gift. It wrapped attractively in cellophane paper, and decorated with Christmas seals.

Coffee for Christmas Eve

Are the card sengers dropping in to rest, warm themselves and perhaps sample your cooking this Christmas Eve? If so, you'll want coffee—good, hot and strong! As a matter of fact, coffee will be appreciated by the adults of the family after the tree is decorated—even though friends do not appear. Serve it piping hot, for nothing is more discouraging than lukewarm coffee. Both in pot and on the table. Use the dip method—as you prefer. Excellent coffee for large groups may be made by boiling it in a large receptacle. Put the ground coffee in a loose mesh bag in the water and bring to a boil. Immediately reduce the heat and steep for five minutes. Use a heaping tablespoon of coffee for each cup—with an extra tablespoon for each six cups.

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Goblets, Sherberts, Champagne and Wine Glasses **10c** each

Cocktails, Cordials, Fruit Juices and Footed Tumblers (3, 5, 9, and 12 ounce)

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If you remember our big sale of stemware last December—how it thronged our Fourth Floor with eager customers—then you'll know of the values in this offering. This is a repeat sale—a fortunate purchase of 42,000 pieces of higher grade stemware—just arrived in time for you to select as Christmas gifts. Buy a dozen or two—we don't know when we will be able again to offer such outstanding values in stemware. All first quality. These glasses (sketched above) are in the latest design, and come in attractive rose and green color. The footed tumblers are in 3, 5, 9, and 12 ounce sizes.

Duffy-Powers, Fourth Floor

95-pc. Dinner Sets

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48-inch Length **\$24.50**

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Third Floor—Duffy-Powers