
 azed at them addiniringly.
The only other occupant The only other occupant of the dingy slanced up from his work.
"Who be they for, Mr. Brown ?" he
aked. "There aintt many folks around aked. "There nin't many
here as mears stioes like them. Them le for the squires darter up on
the hill. They're for a birthday present. rompt. Well, there thay be now, night ttle shoes in fine paper, packed them in neat box and set them on $n$ n shelf.
"Stie"ll feel the in them," said the boy, zo of erery thing for Nellie. Bout the
zeo Sisy, slio le. Them shoes'd look to the store at the crossin', wouldn't
they? ho hasked, still thinking of the "They don't have that kind there, all
liandewewed and litte gitl buttons. Wish
I could sell 'em to em, and have tho dinner one day in the year." have a good
The boy was only an apprentice. Ho of the villaze with his witawed mot moter.
Duncan Brown had made shoes for the village folk for many a day. The new
shoo store at the crossing had somownthat
lessened his patronage, but he scorved to There be plenty ns will stand by the
old man till he quits work, " he used say.
Duncan had married late in life, and the blue eyed, golden-haired fairy who
called him papa, and had brightened his "Dinuer is most ready, papa; come and got ready. Come, Tim.
She came dancing into the room like a
and Old Dancan Brown caught her in his
arms and tossed her uutil she shrieked "Does Sissy want to see something
purty?"
He took down the box from the shelf
 have some like'em some day
Sisgy gave a happy laugh. Sisgy gave a happy laugh.
"Next Chriatmas. papa? Let's go to coat, muffer, and mittens.
$\qquad$ go righit home, Tim, and tell your mother
ounve been such a good boy I thouztid you needed a hatl holiday. Suro ye bo
here bright and early Mooday morniiug. Mrs. Browncan and Town im hind both gone dirkened The afternoon was $n$ little dull for
issy with no one but the cat to talk to ho was glad when ahout four o'clock a
tle playmate called on her.
"Nellie Murras, come right in. Yim all
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"We always fry ours in Cottolene."

Saratoga Chips, Eggs,Dough- nuts, Vegetables, etc. folks formerly used lard for all such purposes. When it family (which it often did,)

COTTOLENE attack of "richness" since.
We further found that unlike lard, Cottolene had no unpleasant odor when cooking, and lastly Mother's favorite and conservative cooking au thority came out and gave it ciinched the matter. Sothat's why we always fry ours in
old by all grocers.
FAIRBANK \& CO CHICAGO, and


