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many, many tears of joy.

Soon the children were bundled into the few clothes they had, which happened to be sufficient to keep them warm until they reached Father Brown's home, and they rumbled off down the road.

All the way Toby was continually asking questions, while little Susie never ceased talking about her grandma. Without a murmur of cold the two happy children prattled and soon time wore away and the old grey nag pulled the carriage around a well-known bend in the road, then down that lane which Marion, in her childhood days, had called "Old Grey's," and soon they stopped right in front of that same old door so dear to Marion's heart.

While Father Brown, with Marion's help, was taking out the things he had bought in the city, little Toby made no waste of time in triumphantly entering the house.

Now Mother Brown was just putting the finishing touches to that big turkey, which lay stretched his full length in the roaster, as the couple opened the door.

"Shut the door quiet. You'll blow

my turkey out the pan," she said teasingly, and turning around she saw the children.

"My name's Toby. I've named for my grampa, and her name's Susie. She's got your name, mamma says," said the youngster proudly.

Susie Brown took one long look at the two, and seeing the resemblance to their mother she reached down and enfolded them in her arms, and out the door she went.

No one has ever seen anyone quite so happy as Mother Brown was. In her hurry to get out to the carriage she stumbled and almost fell—babies and all. Marion and the dear old lady ran to meet each other. Now you, dear reader, can imagine the scene which followed, as generally follows the meeting of two loved ones who have not seen each other for a long time.

All the bundles were carried into the house, the faithful old horse was put in his stable and given a good Christmas dinner of corn, oats, and hay, and finally the happy group was together in the house. Father Brown played leap-frog and horse with the youngsters, while Marion helped

Mother Brown finish the bountiful dinner.

Everything being in readiness they at last sat down to the feast. The two children ate like hungry little pigs, while Mother and Father Brown and Marion enjoyed the good things to the utmost.

After the dinner dishes had been cleared away, Mother Brown went to the closet and took out the toys, which Marion had played with years ago, and the children were soon busy enjoying themselves. While Mr. and Mrs. Brown and their daughter spent the afternoon talking of by-gone days and the experiences Marion had had since she last had seen them.

That night, after all had settled into bed, Mother Brown turned to Father and said, Tobias this has been the happiest Christmas day I have ever spent."

Then, with a quiver in his voice, he answered, "Susie, I've been well paid for my fit of anger that day, and many has been the time that I've regretted it; but if she can forgive me this once, I'll never do so again, and I'm happy tonight."

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