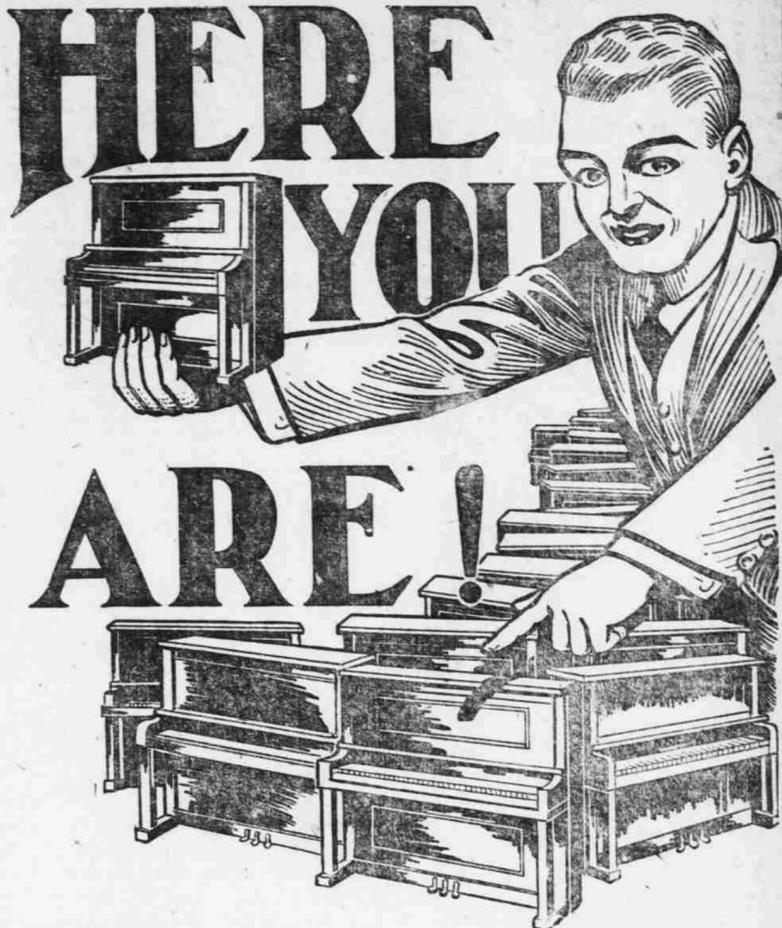


January Clearance Sale of PIANOS

Our entire stock of new High Grade Pianos, Player Pianos and Grands included in this great 10 days' Clearance Sale at prices never before equalled. The regular price and the sale price marked in plain figures on every piano, both new and used.

We must, we will, sell this entire stock within the next few days. A small payment will place any of these pianos in your home. The balance you can pay in small monthly payments. Bring this ad with you and see how little money it will take to secure one of these bargains.

A term of music lessons given absolutely free to every purchaser of a new piano during this sale.



Bargains in Organs

RECENTLY TAKEN IN EXCHANGE—ALL IN GOOD PLAYING CONDITION

5 Organs, walnut case, each	\$2.50
1 Kimball Chapel Organ	\$5.00
1 Newman Bros. Organ	\$5.00
1 Newman Bros. Organ	\$12.50
1 Chicago Cottage Organ	\$8.00
1 Story and Clarke Organ	\$15.00
1 Story and Clarke Organ	\$22.00

1 Wurlitzer Electric Harp, coin slot, cost new \$450, sale price **\$88.00**

Bargains in Used Player Pianos

AT **\$250, \$275, \$300, \$328**

2,000 Player Piano Rolls, all good; 6 rolls for **\$1.00**

THESE PIANOS ARE IN FIRST CLASS CONDITION, ONLY SLIGHTLY USED, BEING TAKEN RECENTLY IN EXCHANGE FOR PLAYER PIANOS. ASK TO SEE THESE PIANOS. THEY MUST BE SOLD.

Bradley & Sons, mahogany case	\$139
Kimball, walnut case	\$142
Hallet & Davis, mahogany case	\$148
Chickering, beautiful tone	\$154
Haines Bros., large size	\$158
Zimmerman, splendid condition	\$163
Kimball, used short time	\$167
Gerhard, mahogany case	\$176

EVERYONE OF THESE SECOND HAND PIANOS IN STOCK AND WILL BE SOLD TO FIRST BUYERS. ALL GOOD VALUES, AND WILL LAST MANY YEARS.

Bauer Square Piano, good condition	\$22
Hazelton Bros. Square Piano, good condition	\$25
Marshall & Windell Upright Piano	\$27
New England Upright Piano	\$34
Regina Upright Piano	\$43
Ivers & Pond Upright Piano	\$52

Store Open Every Evening Until 9:00

GRIGGS' MUSIC CO.

121 East Second St. Davenport, . . Iowa



BY WILL SEAT.



HE crowded eastbound train disgorged two passengers at the little red station and then thundered on its busy way. A long stage, rickety and ramshackle, backed up to the platform and the driver's lumpy "All aboard!" brought the girl and the young man hurrying into its dismal depths. "I s'pose you're for Ferguson's place," remarked the driver as he turned the horses skillfully in the narrow space. "Yes," said the man rather gruffly. "I thought there would be a carriage to meet us." "So there has—so there has! Been pranda' around here for two or three hours, but I guess they got disgusted; anyway, they left word for me to stay here till the train came in and if anyone was bound for their place to bring 'em along. The train's four hours late as it is, and I don't suppose them servants want to be kept away from their Christmas dinner."

"How long will it take us?" asked the girl. "A matter of an hour or so," was the unconcerned reply. The girl stifled an exclamation of annoyance and she drew still farther away from the vicinity of the morose young man. The latter turned up the astrakhan collar of his overcoat and dropped his chin into its depths. They had started forth that morning so joyfully—Polly Standish and Derrick Gordon—newly engaged and

happily happy. Things had gone wrong from the very beginning. Polly's aunt, who was to accompany them for the short stay at Ferguson's hospitable country house, had failed to put in an appearance, and consequently had been left behind. That was vexatious. Then the train had been delayed by snow drifts, and during the four hours' wait in the cold train Polly and Derrick had quarreled. Now they sat as far distant as the limits of the stage would permit with their luggage piled in a heap in the middle. "Nice Christmas Day," volunteered the stage driver in his queer, cracked voice, as they squeaked over the hard-packed snow. "Very!" returned Derrick, sarcastically. There was a long silence as the horses plodded up the steep incline of the mountain. Here the snowfall had been light and only served to dust the dark green pines and hemlocks with a white powder. The air came through the open front, sweet and spicy. The deep woods gave back no echo to the thud of hoofs and the creak of wheels. All was still save the occasional chirp of a Junco and the hushing whisper of a light wind in the trees. They had reached the top of a steep incline and were rolling evenly over a level stretch when suddenly, without an instant warning, the stage crashed down and precipitated the passengers and luggage in an ignominious heap under the driver's seat. "Are you hurt?" asked Derrick coldly, as he assisted Polly to her feet. "No, thank you," she said stiffly,

as she peered out from the curtained window. The driver was soothing the frightened horses and his nut-cracker face was knotted anxiously. "Lost a wheel, by gorry!" he said, ruefully. "Smashed it to flinders!" Derrick had crawled out and stood beside him. "This is the dickens of a mess—how are we to get to Ferguson's

and the young lady better get out and move about a bit and keep warm. You might build a fire—there's plenty of fuel." He was unharnessing the horses as he spoke. "Why can't we all ride—or better still, Miss Standish can ride one of them and I will walk beside her. We will get there much quicker and can keep warm and have something to eat. We're almost starved."



THEY HAD A GREAT XMAS DINNER AT FERGUSON'S.

place? Are we near a telephone—or where are we anyway?" Luke Sanders scratched his ear thoughtfully. "I took a short road across—'tain't the usual route to Ferguson's and we ain't near nobody! Tea miles from anywhere. The only thing to do is for me to ride one of the horses into the village and send back another wagon. You

Derrick glanced quickly at the stage where Polly's pale face was framed in the darkened opening. "Can't nobody ride Bob-White. A jumpin' kangaroo ain't nothin' to that horse. If anybody gits on his back, just you stay here and make yourselves comfortable and warm and I'll be back in the course of an hour or so."

He tethered the ferocious Bob-White to a tree by the roadside. Then from the space under his seat in the stage he drew forth a basket covered with a white cloth. "This here basket has got a Christmas dinner inside—my wife fixed it up for old Miss Benton down to the ford, but I can stop and get another basketful for the old lady. You two are welcome to it." He clambered on the waiting horse and smiled as his horny hand closed around the generous bank note that Derrick slipped from his pocket. "Merry Christmas to you and your wife, sir," he called back over his shoulder before he disappeared around a turn in the road. Derrick did not dare to look at Polly Standish; he knew she was sitting proud and defiant with a contemptuous curl on her red lip. Instead, he stared away through the aisles of trees, made into golden paths by the later afternoon sun. It was too bad that Christmas should have turned out so disastrous for them both. There was to be a jolly party at the Ferguson's and in the evening a Christmas dance. Perhaps Ralph Ferguson would send forth another conveyance for them—but it would go by that other road. They were marooned on the short cut. A glimpse of Polly's woful face, brought a revulsion of feeling. Poor little Polly was cold and tired and he was acting like a brute. Without a word Derrick approached a small clearing in the middle of which grew a young pine tree. It was the work of minutes to gather an armful of wood and broken branches and to clear a space of snow. Presently a bright fire crackled cheerily and then Derrick

brought cushions and blankets from the stage and prepared a place for Polly. "Come, Miss Standish," he said politely. "If you will draw near the fire we will have some dinner." "I'm not hungry," said Polly, holding her hands to the blaze. "At least you will sit down and wrap this blanket around you—so," insisted Derrick. "Thank you," said Polly without enthusiasm. From the basket, Derrick produced a large plate loaded with a generous Christmas dinner. There were turkey and cranberry sauce, stuffing and mashed potatoes and gravy, turnips and celery, and a whole mince pie. Derrick managed to convey half of the dinner more or less daintily to the pie plate and this he placed before Polly. "Eat," he said sternly. "You will need the nourishment before we reach Ferguson's." "I am not a child," said Polly resentfully. Derrick did not reply. He fell to his own dinner with a vigorous appetite and it was not until he turned to give Polly some mince pie that he discovered that the girl had eaten a little of the dinner and then fallen asleep in her nest of blankets. For a long time he watched the changing lights on her sweet face as the branches, tossed in the wind, then, softly he arose and approached the little pine tree standing in the middle of the clearing. The cones were silvered with snow, and it looked like a Christmas tree decorated for a festival. Derrick opened the suit case and brought out sundry white packages. These he tied to the tree with colored cord. Gay toys for the For-

son children were added until the little tree stood forth bravely in its fine attire. "Polly!" he called softly. "Polly!" Polly sat up with startled eyes seeking his face. For the instant she had forgotten their misunderstanding, but suddenly their light clouded. "Come here, Polly, and see our Christmas tree," urged Derrick. Reluctantly she came a rose flush staining her pale cheeks. But yet her red lips were obstinately set in a straight line. "This is our Christmas tree, Polly, dear," said Derrick in a low tone. "Yours and mine! Shall we be happy and enjoy not only this one, but many, many others after, please God? Say, dear." "O, Derrick, how wicked of us to quarrel when we should be happy! I am so sorry!" sobbed Polly in Derrick's coat sleeve. "And so am I—and now I'm glad," said Derrick after a time. "Now, let's enjoy our own particular tree before anyone comes! I shall be Santa Claus—and you may be Mrs. Santa Claus!" "I have things in my bag, too," blushed Polly, as she hastened away. An hour afterward Ralph Ferguson brought a sleighload of merry-makers in search of them. Together they sat demurely on a log before a little pine tree, powdered with snow, and dripping with hanging cones. "You're just in time for the biggest Christmas tree you ever saw," said Ralph, as he gathered up the lines and clucked to the horses. "We've had our Christmas tree," said Derrick mysteriously, while Polly smiled back at him out of happy eyes.