

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS

OF THE

LASTING KIND



FOR THE LADY.

- Diamond Ring
- Diamond Ear-Rings
- Diamond Brooch
- Diamond Bracelet
- Diamond Locket
- Diamond-Set Watch
- Signet Ring
- Plain Gold Locket
- Solid Gold Bracelets
- Solid Gold Belt Pins
- Solid Gold Belt Pins
- Solid Gold Brooch Pins
- Solid Gold Neck Chains
- Solid Gold Watches
- Gold-Filled Watches
- Gold-Filled Bracelets
- Gold-Filled Lockets

FOR THE LADY.

- Gold-Filled Neck Chains
- Gold-Filled Fobs
- Gold-Filled Belt Pins
- Gold-Handled Parasols
- Fancy Back Combs
- STERLING SILVER.
- Comb, Brush, Mirror
- Manicure Sets
- Sewing Sets
- Traveling Sets
- CUT GLASS.
- Cologne Bottles
- Puff Boxes
- Punch Bowl
- Water Sets
- Decanters

FOR THE LADY.

- Comportiers, Etc.
- Silver Tea Sets
- Silver Pitchers
- Silver Coffee Sets
- Silver Candelabra
- Silver Waiters
- Silver Bread Trays
- Silver Cake Dishes
- Silver Fruit Dishes
- Silver Butter Dishes
- Silver Syrup Pitchers
- Silver Baking Dishes
- Silver Cream and Sugar
- Silver Fern Dishes
- Silver Flat Ware in Any Size Sets

FOR MEN.

- Diamond Rings
- Diamond Studs
- Diamond Lockets
- Diamond Link Buttons
- Diamond Scarf Pins
- Solid-Gold Watches
- Gold-Filled Watches
- Solid Gold Fobs
- Gold-Filled Fobs
- Solid-Gold Cuff Buttons
- Solid Gold Scarf Pins
- Solid Gold Tie Clasps
- Solid Gold Signet Ring
- Solid Gold Lockets
- STERLING SILVER.
- Military Brushes
- Traveling Sets
- Clothes Brushes
- Whisk Brooms

FOR MEN.

- Match Boxes
- Satchel Tags
- Smoking Sets
- Shaving Sets
- Gold-Headed Umbrellas
- FOR CHILDREN.
- Gold Rings
- Gold Bracelets
- Gold-Filled Bracelets
- Solid Gold Handy Pins
- Gold Lockets
- Gold Neck Chains
- Silver Comb and Brush Sets
- Sterling Silver Sets of All Kinds Put Up in Fancy Boxes
- Cups
- Napkin Rings, Etc., Etc.

CUT THIS ADVERTISEMENT OUT YOU WILL FIND IT A HANDY REFERENCE.

216 South Palafox

IGNATIUS FRIED

Opposite Postoffice.

JEWELER

THE TERMS OF PEACE

By Florida Pine

"And you say Toby buried all the silver, grandma?"

"All, my dear, every piece, and some jewelry besides, which belonged to myself."

The first speaker was a girl of, perhaps, twenty, small of figure, with curly, dark hair and eyes of dark blue beneath a brow of once beautiful, intelligent and showing marked ideal type.

The place was an old Southern home, one of those old-time mansions which stood grand and stately amid its evident ruin and decay.

Around the tall, white columns of the front portico the roses clung with lavish beauty, and the great hall looked inviting and hospitable, but close inspection showed the peeling paint, the worn floors and far around the falling fences, inclosing long unused fields.

"Oh, grandma, if we only knew what became of Toby, or if we only knew where the things were—if we only knew!"

"Yes, dear, but we don't and we cannot live here on nothing. I see nothing but to go away."

And a wistful glance was directed toward a small inclosure a short distance away, where the gleam of marble marked the place, beneath some low oaks, where her dear ones were sleeping.

A long time the girl sat in thought silent and sad.

"Grandma, do you believe in presentiments?"

There was absolute earnestness in the question, an earnestness almost tragic.

"Presentiments, Jessie? Well, sometimes, but what makes you ask me that?"

"Because I've a presentiment: and we're going to find Toby and the silver, both." And Jessie brought her little palm down confidently on her lap and looked at her grandma with a face full of hope.

"My brave little optimist! But, Jessie, grandma's heart has ceased to beat." And there was a quiver to the fine old face and two sudden tears trembled on her lashes.

"There, there, granny, don't cry, don't! I want you to hurry up and knit my mittens, or my hands will get all stiffened, see?" And she held up a pair of well-worn garden gloves.

"Kiss me quick, grandma, and I'll run get your coffee; I think mamma has it made."

Early morning, with all its attendant beauty, the cool soft air, with the dew on the grass, the bay blossoms, sweet gentle breezes, and the birds seemed to be a rival concert. Along the road with a frothy singing came a man, dressed in cool linen. He wore a broad straw hat, which he lifted from his head occasionally, as though to enjoy

the air and the scene, which was evidently new to him.

He had crossed a fence and was walking through what had been an old field.

Passing on, he came to the thick hedge-like growth which on fringes such places, marking the line of an old fence. Here an abrupt hill led down to a sort of ravine, through which ran a stream from a bold, sparkling spring.

"How fine this is; delightful!" he exclaimed, seating himself upon a fallen log and fanning with his hat.

He had not sat there long when, hearing horses hoofs, he looked up, to see one of the most charming of pictures. A young girl was approaching, superbly seated upon a large black horse, whose reins she held most gracefully. She was simply dressed in some dark stuff and her broad-brimmed hat of palm-leaf was on the back of her head, while she seemed to be enjoying to the fullest extent her morning ride.

"Oh, good morning!" she exclaimed, startled as she reined her horse up, momentarily.

"Good morning," replied the intruder, rising instantly. "I wandered here from the road. The view is charming. I hope I do not trespass."

Instantly Jessie recognized the Northern speech and drew her little figure up rather haughtily.

"Trespass? Hitting her handsome brows interrogatively. "We Southerners are too generous to deny a pleasure so simple. Our hospitality is as broad as were our once broad acres. Good morning sir." And with a graceful bend of her head she turned away and horse and rider quickly disappeared.

"We Southerners?" queried Keith Graham, smiling to himself. "Our once broad acres?" Charming little patriot, I must learn your name!"

He resumed his walk, passing, hat in hand, beneath the spreading trees. "I wonder who she is? Some little Southern beauty, high-strung and proud," he said to himself in an amused fashion.

Meanwhile Jessie, wrapped in her own thoughts among which mingled those of the stranger, allowed black Jim his bridle and he soon brought up at home. Later that same day the editor of the Pine Banner, a small newspaper, seated in his office, was surprised by a visit from a young lady of charming appearance, who gave her name as Miss Vernon and wished to have an advertisement inserted in his paper. Said advertisement was to run until she gave notice for its removal, and was for an information which would lead to the whereabouts of one Toby Vernon, related to her father and belonging to Col. Geo. Vernon, of Oaklands, Va. After a cautious "good-bay," the visitor departed, leaving the young

editor in a state of pleasant bewilderment.

"I shan't tell grandma a word, not a single word," said Jessie, mentally, as she stepped into the time-worn buggy, and picking up the reins, started Jim off on a trot.

She was pleased with her idea and was flushed and smiling. Happening to glance up, she met the gaze of a pair of handsome dark eyes, whose owner was riding toward her.

Recognition was instant and mutual. As he raised his hat with a graceful bow and returning the salutation she felt almost awestruck with herself because she could not but admire him.

She felt quite like a traitor, who bows to the enemy though his only transgression was his evident Northern birth.

There was more of youthful zeal and patriotic love in Jessie's heart than there was wisdom in her head, for time had touched her gently, and her's were but twenty bright summers.

"Heads de mawning' paper, Massa Graham," said Jake, the grinning waiter, as he laid the paper by Graham's plate, receiving, as he knew he would, his generous little tip. "Yes, come, sah."

"Thank you, Jake. Just bring my breakfast in a hurry, will you?"

Unfolding the paper, his casual glance caught the advertisement, "Vernon? Vernon?" he observed, knitting his brow in thought. "Toby? Why, yes, of course, Toby Vernon; well I'm glad if I can help the lady, whoever she may be. I'll attend to it this morning."

Breakfast over, he called around at the office of the Pine Banner and left the following note addressed to Miss Vernon, Oaklands, Va.

"Dear Madam: Noting your advertisement in the Pine Banner of recent date, for information regarding one Toby Vernon I beg to inform you that an ex-slave by that name resides at W——, Penna. I think a letter addressed there will reach him. Trusting this may assist you in your search, I am, yours truly,

"KEITH GRAHAM."

Leaving the office, he turned down the street and passed out of the village, toward the woods, with the easy swinging gait of one who is out for the pleasure of walking and enjoying the air.

Following somewhat the same road of the day before, he caught a distant view of the same handsome girl on her black horse, but she either saw him and changed her course, or did so unintentionally, for he did not have the pleasure of saying good-morning this time.

"I've a letter for you Miss Jessie," said a boy, riding through the lane where Jessie was busily working

among flowers and vegetables in her garden.

"A letter?" she exclaimed, turning around and stepping toward him. "Thank you, Willie. I'm ever so much obliged." And she bade him a smiling good morning as he lifted his hat and passed on.

With trembling fingers she opened the envelope. It was addressed in a strange hand and had come from the Banner office.

"Oh, why how quickly I got an answer. I'm so glad, so glad. Keith Graham! What a beautiful name! What a splendid hand he writes. If I could only thank him! I'll write to Toby, indeed, I will. I'll get off a letter in the next mail."

Dropping her work and hurrying in, she went to her room and wrote immediately to Toby, being careful not to mention the hurried silver, just asking him if he wore their old slave to try to come back.

Signing her grandmother's name and requesting that the reply be addressed to Miss Vernon, Oaklands, Va., she enclosed a stamp for reply and sealed her letter, then remembered that Toby was old and probably poor and would need assistance in getting home.

She did not know where in the world she would get any money to help him get back, but she thought that, as Fate had been propitious thus far, she might keep up her spell of good humor.

At least she did not lose heart one moment.

"Jessie, Jessie, dear child, what puts you in such high spirits? I never saw you so in your life before," remarked her gentle grandmother, and for answer the girl put her arm around her grandmother and laughingly attempted to waltz with her.

"Jessie, Jessie," protested the smiling old lady, whose whole heart was centered on this bright young life.

"Why, granny, I'm just happy, just real glad, you know." And she kissed the soft cheek and silvered hair.

"But I'm going now. I won't bother you any more."

The ensuing days were all too busy for Jessie's impatient spirit, and each mail was watched for eagerly.

Three times she had looked the intruding Northerner, and three times had turned black Jim's head in another direction, all the while reproaching herself for admiring the fine figure and manly appearance of the stranger.

She often wondered who Keith Graham was and where, but that person had carelessly omitted anything in the note which might prove a clue, and as it had been simply handed in at the Banner office, and bore no postmark, it was really quite impossible to find out, of course, she felt that she was under an obligation, yet she could not pay it.

Meanwhile she had woven a good

deal of charming and romantic thought about the name before she quite realized it.

Several days passed and Jessie received a letter from Toby, not written by him, of course, but evidently at his dictation. That he was the veritable Toby of the other days was proven by his alluding to persons and things about the old place in a perfectly familiar way. The letter was about as follows:

"Dear Ole Miss: I was mighty glad to get yo letter, axin' 'bout me count' home, fo' dat ole place is always home to Toby. How is ole Mastah? De Lawd bless him fo' hein' good to dis ole nigger. An' how is young Mars John an' Miss Mary an' de sweet baby dat was name Jessie? De las' time I see ole Mastah he was de thickes' on de light and den I was hit wid er ball er sumpin' an' never knowed no mo' outwile I was waked up to fine myself 'mong strangers an' Yankeees."

"I was tuck up to dis country an' has been heah all de time, but der ain't no folks lake yo own folks, Miss Annie, an' I jes long fo' de cotton fields an' de sweet rates an' 'berrying on de ole home place."

"Ef I jes had wings, Miss Annie, I'd be dar lak' fo' dis letter, but I ain't go de wings an' I ain't go de money, but ef you alls ol' jes send me de money, ole Miss, ter get back, Toby'll work fo' yo' an' ole Mastah all de balance ob his days."

"Yer faithful ole servint,

"TOBY VERNON."

"P. S.—Pleas ma'm tell Aunt Tiddy heady fo' me."

"Of course, Toby did not know that 'ole Mastah' had never come home from the war and that 'young Mars' John had lost his life at Shiloh; or that 'Miss Mary' had soon followed her soldier husband to rest.

He did not realize in his exile the flight of years and their attendant changes. The baby, Jessie, was a grown young woman, who wore long dresses and did her hair up in a charming fashion all her own.

He would have hardly recognized 'ole Miss' in the white-haired lady who presided with all her old-time dignity over the dear old home.

About the only thing that hadn't changed was 'Manny Tiddy.' She was little and black and fat when the war be a and she was little and black and fat now, seventeen years after.

Jessie said nothing to anyone, not grandma, certainly, but began immediately to devise a plan whereby to get the money to send for Toby.

Meanwhile, Graham had left quite suddenly, in response to a telegram, without learning the name of the little Southern girl, whom he greatly admired, and Jessie never saw him now, so black Jim took his own path quite untroubled.

After long thought, Jessie determined to borrow the money for Toby's fare from an old friend of her grandmother's, again trusting to Fate to pay it back.

She accordingly went upon her venture, which proved successful, she

confiding in the old gentleman, and requesting that no one, "not even grandma," was to know.

It was a warm day when down the dusty roadway came an old negro, with a rather dilapidated knapsack upon his back. His face wore a pleased, eager look, as he glanced from side to side of the road, talking to himself.

Soon he came to the big gate, which opened upon the driveway leading up to the Vernon house. With trembling fingers he opened it and fairly trotted toward the house.

Passing around to the back, he was starting up the steps, when Manny Tiddy came out of the kitchen with a plate of bread in her hands.

"Powd; do, Tiddy," said the newcomer, extending his hand.

"Who is you? Ole Miss doan' no strange niggers round' dis here place, no!" replied Tiddy with consistency.

Before he could answer the lady came out of the big

"Is this Uncle Toby?" she asked pleasantly. "I was looking for you."

"Yes, ma'am, Ise Toby, an' I come to see Mars George an' ole Annie."

"Oh, Uncle Toby, grandpa has dead a long time—"

"Dead? Mars George dead?" he broke down an' sat on the step, his tears falling over his wrinkled face.

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

DRINK -



In Bottles

HYGEIA BOTTLING WORKS