

## Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

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You know you look right—

You feel that you are right.

### ALLEN CLOTHING STORE

—Exclusive Outfitters—

On the Corner

Albemarle, N. C.

sung by Lewis Kluttz and Mary Leona Talbert and a Thanksgiving chorus. For the Christmas program each section of the High School is going to sing two Christmas carols. These carols are to be in the form of a contest.

The High School Chorus Club has been re-organized this year. About forty girls and boys directed by Miss Huntley make up this club. It meets every Tuesday from 2:30 until 3 o'clock. In this club Lewis Kluttz holds the only office, that of secretary.

#### THE POWER OF FAITH.

(Mary Davis.)

Father and Mother Brown lived in a little three or four-room hut off the "big" road, as they called it, and about 45 miles from the county seat, which was the nearest town.

On the morning of our story Mr. Brown had started on his annual trip to Bentonville. It was a long, slow drive for the old man in the delapidated family carriage and one that probably would require three

days, because the morning before the snow had begun to fall thick and fast. However, it being Christmas time, Mother Brown said that father would be obliged to go to town and bring home some fruits, nuts, candy, etc., for, although she hadn't seen Marion for now almost five years, she had faith that the poor child would in some mysterious way come home some day. Therefore, she always kept good things cooked. Most assuredly they must have such things at Christmas as they had had in the days when their girl was a tot waiting with anxious eyes to behold her stocking crammed with everything dear to a child's heart on the morning after Santa's visit.

As the old lady worked away in the kitchen, she hummed that familiar old tune,

"S' lent night, holy night  
All is calm, all is bright."

Just as she finished the last line she awoke from her dreaming, and said,

"Good lassie day! I'll burn that cake into a cinder," and opening the stove door she took the precious thing all brown and nice from the oven. In fact, it was such a fine

specimen of its kind that it would have made any little boy or girl's mouth water to see it.

"That's good enough for a king," she went on.

Then as she got back to the rolls, which she was working down she began to talk to herself again.

"I wonder if Tobias will get back by Christmas day?"

Again she settled down into a deep study. Exactly five years from the Christmas day coming Father Brown in a fit of anger had driven Marion from home. Their only daughter went forth into the world alone, and Mother Brown had not seen or heard from her since.

Although she could say nothing to Tobias about it, she never ceased to pray that God would some day give her darling girl back to her. Father Brown would allow no one to mention Marion's name in his presence, so hard was his old stone heart.

The day passed, and the next day likewise; then that long-looked-for Christmas day arrived. The snow had ceased the morning before, but this morning it had begun to fall in great flakes and to settle on the

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