

**NOTICE**

North Carolina, Transylvania county. In the Superior Court. W. Vance Brown, P. Mclay Brown, Katie E. Blood, S. Herbert Brown, Maria T. Saumenig, H. T. Saumenig, Mollie M. Seiler, J. Frank Seiler, and Carrie E. Hunter, Plaintiffs.

vs.

Great Falls Power Company, Defendant.

The defendant above named, will take notice that an action was commenced against it on the 8th day of August, 1921, and that the summons was returned "unserved."

That the plaintiffs have a cause of action against the defendant relative to the title of certain real estate, situated in Transylvania county, to which the defendant is claiming title adversely to these plaintiffs.

The defendant will therefore take notice that it appear before the undersigned at his office in the Court House at Brevard, N. C., on the 15th day of Jan. 1922, there to answer or demur to the complaint of the plaintiffs to be filed in said office.

This 12th day of December, 1921. N. A. Miller, Clerk for Superior Court Transylvania county. Dec. 16-Jan. 6, 1922.

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vs.

John Heilman, Defendant.

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vs.

Clarence W. Fisher, Elliott J. Fisher, John T. Fisher, Ralph R. Fisher, Annie Belle Wilburn, Spencer Wilburn, Rhoda E. Neal, J. B. Neal, Jr., Defendants.

The following defendants above named, John T. Fisher, Annie Belle Wilburn, Spencer Wilburn, and Elliott J. Fisher will take notice that an action was commenced against them on the 8th day of August 1921, and that the summons was returned "unserved."

That the plaintiffs have a cause of action against the defendants relative to the title of certain real estate, situated in Transylvania County, to which the defendants are claiming title adversely to these plaintiffs.

The defendants will therefore take notice that they appear before the undersigned at his office in the Court House at Brevard, N. C., on the 15th day of January, 1922, there to answer or demur to the complaint of the plaintiffs to be filed in said office.

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**Piedmont Pressing Club**  
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Brevard, N. C.

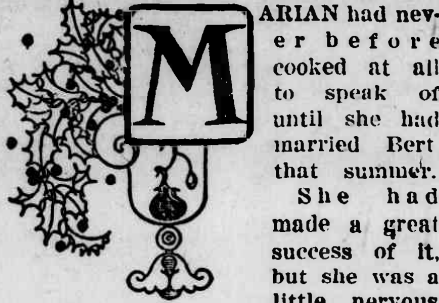


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**The Plum Pudding**

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

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MARIAN had never before cooked at all to speak of until she had married Bert that summer.

She had made a great success of it, but she was a little nervous afterward when she realized that she had invited all of Bert's family and near relatives for a Christmas dinner. And that they had all accepted.

"How Marian dear," Bert had said. "Just have a simple dinner. Don't bother about the frills. Our ordinary Sunday dinner will do beautifully. Anyone who gets our usual Sunday dinner is getting a fine meal."

"Well, I guess that is about all I can do—and for so many, too," Marian said.

"You're a wonder to attempt it," Bert said admiringly. "But don't think you have to overdo it."

For days and days Marian planned her Christmas dinner. She salted nuts, she made cranberry sauce. She ordered a fine young turkey. She wasn't nervous about the turkey—that was just about as easy as chicken.

Yes, she was planning to have the old-time Christmas dinner. She wouldn't tell Bert. She would surprise him. And then, if she did tell him, she might be more nervous about the things she had planned to do, feeling that he was going to be so proud of her that she couldn't fulfill his expectations of her success.

So she worked and planned and schemed.

And that Christmas eve when Bert kissed her good-night she smiled to herself as she heard him say:

"Well, it's quite true. People have always eaten too much at Christmas time in past years."

Bert's family all arrived in due season for Christmas dinner.

"Well, were you nervous over your first turkey?" asked Aunt Emilina.

And how happy Marian was that she could say that she hadn't been nervous and that it was going to come out all right, she thought.

"I bet it was a job making your first plum pudding," said Uncle George, and Bert looked angry and grieved. He didn't want anyone to make his Marian feel uncomfortable. And now his own family were doing it.

"Uncle George," Bert said, "we meant to tell you. We're not going to have one of those old-time dinners. We think that people have always felt wretchedly at Christmas, and after Christmas—indigestion and all. So we're just going to have a nice simple dinner."

Marian had left the room now. But she could hear the defending note in Bert's voice, and at the same time a note of sadness that their dinner was going to be so simple.

She wanted to rush in now and tell them all that it wouldn't be so simple, and to put her arms around Bert's neck and kiss him. He was standing up for her. And they were all trying to be critical. And she had invited them all to her house. This was the way they were accepting her hospitality!

"But, following a number more similar remarks on how did she get along with her mince pie, and did she burn herself salting the nuts, she at last announced that dinner was quite ready.

Admirably, increasingly admirably, the guests ate and ate and ate. There was nothing that had ever been a part of a Christmas dinner that Marian did not have. And Bert grew prouder and more boastful of her by the moment!

How Bert loved to boast of what she could do!

At last came the dessert—mince pie and apple pie and plum pudding, too. How Bert's eyes opened wide with surprise when he saw the pudding.

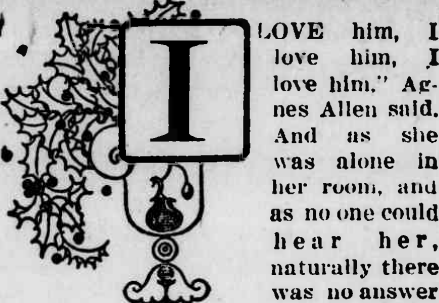
"What did you mean when you said you were going to have a new kind of a dinner without any of the Christmas trimmings?" asked Uncle George. "My wife likes surprises," Bert beamed. And after they had all gone, Bert said:

"They behaved atrociously, but oh! How proud I was of you. And Marian darling—" "Yes, dear?" "The plum pudding was the best that has ever been served at any Christmas dinner at any time I know." "I think it was a success," Marian smiled.

**Christmas Collars**

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

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I LOVE him, I love him, I love him," Agnes Allen said. And as she was alone in her room, and as no one could hear her, naturally there was no answer to her statement which she had repeated several times.

She was speaking of George Farwell. George was so good looking with his wonderful blue eyes, his brown hair, his fine erect figure.

Wherever she saw men she thought how insignificant they looked beside George. She was glad that she thought that way. She hoped others thought that way about the men they cared for. Then everything would be so smooth and so simple.

She wanted everyone to like her George immensely. But it would be embarrassing if everyone thought just the same about him as she did.

The wedding was to be Christmas afternoon. Then they had planned to go to their own new little home which they had just finished furnishing and fixing up. They were going to have their own little Christmas tree there—quite by themselves, and their friends had left their wedding presents and their Christmas presents there, though almost all of the former they had seen, of course.

"Are you almost ready?" It was Mrs. Allen calling up the stairs. "Almost, mother dear," she answered.

"You'll be late," her mother called. "I'll hurry," she said.

"Do you want any help?" But she had taken longer than she had thought. Yes, if she didn't hurry she would be late! Still she would have George all her life now. How wonderful it would be! She wondered if that was why brides were so often late because they felt they had so much time!

It was a gloriously happy thought to realize how much time she had.

She was only ten minutes late. The few friends were at the Christmas day wedding. And her bouquet was of holly and mistletoe. She had always said she would love to have such a wedding bouquet. It would be so merry and Christmasy and such a happy, gay kind of a bouquet.

George had consented of course. He agreed to everything she said, because he loved her so, and she was so fair with him, too, because she loved him so!

The ceremony was over. They drove away in a low sleigh with jingling bells to the small house. There, by themselves, they opened presents. What a glorious time they had.

And she had a little surprise for him. Just a little bit of a surprise. But she knew he would like it.

"Open that box, there, George," she said.

He opened it. And looked at some collars, many, many collars, all much too big for him.

"When I was buying my wedding clothes in town that time, George, I remembered that you'd spoken of a wonderful kind of collar you liked. I remembered the name too. I was a little puzzled when the man asked me your size. I told him though that as long as he had the right kind the size didn't make any difference. When he asked me if you were big or small I told him you were big of course!"

"Why, George, what is the matter? Won't they fit you? Is the size so important?"

"My darling little girl," he laughed, "what does it matter what the size is. That is—it does matter about wearing them I'm afraid, my love. But to think you thought of me even when you were getting the wedding fineries and remembered the name of the collar."

"They're my Christmas collars," he explained, "and I'll put them away with the Christmas bouquets to save. Such a Christmas gift from a dear little bride!"

"I'll be hanged by any means I am," she laughed.

"I'm a silly," she said.

"I'll kiss her."



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