



CHRISTMAS OF LONERIDGE
BY GERTRUDE WALTON

THIS man says we are here for the night, and no way out of it. We're twenty-five miles from John's, too. Repairs will have to be brought four miles from Coaltown. Those huts down the hill belong to the Loneridge coal mines. The miners will have guests tonight," Mr. Long announced as he drew some tools from his automobile. The mine mechanic who had been procured when Mr. Long had walked to one of the shanties down the long winding hill when his car had refused to go, smiled and informed Mr. and Mrs. Long that he would find a place for them to stay for the night.

It was the afternoon before Christmas, when they were on their way to Mrs. Long's brother John's country home, where the Long children had gone the day before with Mrs. Long's sister's family, to be present at the family Christmas Eve festivities, with a large tree by the fireplace for the families of five brothers and sisters with parents of both Mr. and Mrs. Long. In the car were gifts not only for the Long children but for most of the other relatives. After telephoning from the mine-foreman's office to John's family that they must spend the night at Loneridge, the packages were carried to one of the



better looking huts of the foreign-speaking folks who received them hospitably. During the evening, while the hostess was preparing the meal, the woman by means of signs and unintelligible English made Mrs. Long understand that there was little Christmas festivity in the mining town.

"This woman has shown me courtesy and kindness; here is an opportunity to prove some Christmas courage and character," Mrs. Long whispered to her husband as plans began percolating through her mind. Soon the children were helping decorate the small tree which Mrs. Long had brought from her husband's store for younger members of the relatives' families, as well as her own children. Mrs. Schalska popped corn, Christmas-tree trimmings, oranges, nuts, candy and candles were produced from among the packages in the car, and a hurried trip to a small store enlarged the stock of goodies. The children, taking turns in carrying the tree, with Mr. and Mrs. Schalska, Mr. and Mrs. Long started out. Every house with boys and girls, aged or sick ones, was visited. The tree was placed on a table or chair, candles lighted for a moment while some goodies were distributed.

After a visit to each place, the family was invited to accompany this Christmas Cheer company while carols were sung outside and inside until everyone was so happy that some shouted while others cried for joy. One dear woman after listening to the story of the significance of the Yuletide season which some had made Mr. Long understand they wished to learn, drying her eyes on the corner of a faded apron, called Mrs. Long an "H-angel." The glad notes of the Christmas carolling soon reached the farther ends of Loneridge, whose inhabitants joined in a community Christmas as they made their way to the large engine house where the tree was placed in the center while they sang patriotic songs. Then, while



sacred quietness reigned, Mrs. Long repeated the Christmas story, after which Mr. Long led softly in singing, "All is calm, all is bright," when some one touched Mrs. Long on the sleeve. It was her brother, John, who was waiting in his big car to take them to his home. After their own festivities he had slipped away to bring the stranded travelers as a surprise next morning to all but his wife. As Mrs. Long arranged the packages around the small tree on the table, possibly there were visions of happy faces of Loneridge boys and girls with their note discordant in tone but full of love-harmony while they sang, "All is bright." Perhaps she wondered at the "peace that passed understanding" which she had that Christmas. She may have understood that the Loneridge Christmas Eve would be one of the happiest memories of her life because wherever and whenever the message "Inasmuch" is lived out, there will be "Peace and Good Will Among Men."

A Christmas Carol

A bright and blessed Christmas Day,
With echoes of the angels' song,
And peace that cannot pass away,
And holy gladness calm and strong,
And sweet heart-carols swelling free:
This is my Christmas wish to thee!
—Hayvergal.



The Peace Offering
BY ALEC TUPPER

AFTER a continuous fall of snow for over forty hours, the small town of Bethel was covered with a pure white mantle on the day before Christmas.

Over the hills the tinkling sound of sleigh bells was music upon the frosty air of the early winter morning as Judge John Wainwright looked out of the chamber window of his farmhouse. As he peered out of the little panes of glass with their tiny draperies of snow he saw Jasper Jones with his two-hitch plow breaking a way through the narrow Main street of the town, while an occasional salute of "Good mornin', Jasper!" came from neighbors as they shoveled paths from their gateposts.

"Reckon we'll have a real Christmas—snow nearly two feet deep—came down pretty heavy!" remarked Jasper.

The words "a real Christmas," with the sound of sleigh bells, rang all day long in the ears of Judge Wainwright, even after he had finished his supper in company with his wife and son Roland. "Rolley" and his wife, Marion, lived with Judge and Mrs. Wainwright. Marion, being somewhat ill in her room, was unable to join in the evening meal.



Looked Out of the Dormer Window Upon the Night.

After supper Judge Wainwright climbed the handsomely carved old colonial staircase, and when he had reached the seat on the landing he sat for a moment on the red velvet cushion to glance down at the hall with the tall clock ticking merrily and the log fire snapping happily, its rosy glow painting the white walls and their decorations of greenery—such a picture! And the Christmas joy of the olden days came to him. He had romped on these same stairs with a happy heart, with his sister Lucy at his heels. Yes, Lucy—there was the one shadow on the joys of Christmas Eve. Lucy had married against the wishes of her family, and as a result none of the family were on speaking

terms with her. Lucy, a widow, feeble, but graceful in her age of seventy-five years, lived in the little cottage on the Wainwright estate, cut off with a very slight income by the will of her father, John Wainwright.

Judge Wainwright went up to his study and looked out of the dormer window upon the night. The sky was clear and a large star shone brightly above the distant hill of pine trees and all the other stars seemed to twinkle happily about it. The loveliness of the landscape charmed him, and, relaxing from any other thoughts, he turned the light very low and lay upon a couch near the window.

When a loud knock upon the door startled him he realized he had fallen asleep and the excited voice of Sarah, the colored maid, called to him that "Missus Marion done took very sick."

It was the midnight hour when Judge Wainwright again stood by his study window and glanced out again into the night. The big star was high and luminous and long beams seemed to stream from it as it hung aloft, over the little town of Bethel. A new joy had come into the Judge's heart, for a new-born babe had come into the home. And as he turned from the window he glanced at a pictured motto on the wall, placed there by his own mother. It read: "Blessed Are the Peacemakers, for They Shall Be Called the Children of God." Speedily the bitterness toward poor Lucy which had been in his heart for so many years had departed and the tears came to his eyes. He determined then to make the grandest peace upon the Christmas day. He would call upon Lucy himself, ask for her forgiveness and announce the glad tidings of a son—a most glorious gift bestowed by God in the old Wainwright homestead. It was a day of real Christmas rejoicing, upon which the spirit of the man who said "Peace upon earth" rested and the little town of Bethel had its share in the advent of a new citizen—John Wainwright, III.

American Santa Claus

The American Santa Claus is a corruption of the Dutch San Nicholas. G. H. McHughes says: "Santa Claus, the name derived from Saint Nicholas through the familiar use of children in Teutonic countries, crossed to America. The direct route followed by him is somewhat open to question. On the way he traded his gray horse for a reindeer and made changes in his appearance."

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL PROPERTY

North Carolina, Haywood County. By virtue of a deed in trust executed by Floyd Lyle and wife, Annie Lyle, to John M. Queen, Trustee, for Hyatt & Company, as recorded in Book of Deeds of Trust No. 17, on page 242, et seq., Record of Deeds for Haywood County, North Carolina, the undersigned Trustee having been requested to sell the hereinafter described property, default having been made on the payment of the indebtedness secured by the said deed in trust, will sell to the highest bidder at public auction for cash on Monday, the 20th day of December, 1926, at 12 o'clock Mid-day, at the front door of the court house of Haywood County, North Carolina, all the following described real estate, to-wit:

Lying and being Haywood County aforesaid and more particularly described and defined as follows: **FIRST TRACT:** BEGINNING at a white oak on the public road and running about North 4 poles to a rock near a spring; then an Easterly direction with said branch about 5 poles to Macey's corner; then in a Southeasterly direction with Macey's line about 5 poles to a double sourwood beside the public road; then with the public road about 5 poles to the BEGINNING, containing one-half acre, more or less.

SECOND TRACT: BEGINNING on the State road at the bridge and running to creek to sarvis bush; thence crossing the spring branch back to the creek; thence with creek to Smathers' line; thence with Smathers' line to Macey's line and "Walking Bear" line to State road; then back to the beginning.

Sale made on request to pay the indebtedness therein secured, this the 18th day of November, 1926.
JNO. M. QUEEN,
Trustee.

Dec. 16 c

"PAIN WAS DRIVING ME WILD"

Snowbound on remote farm, gets relief from acute neuralgia

Snowbound and alone on a remote farm, miles from a doctor, a plucky Canadian woman endured for hours the racking agony of acute neuralgia. "The pain in my head was driving me wild," she writes, "when I happened to see a bottle of Sloan's Liniment on the dresser. I gave it a trial and in no time the pain was gone. I slept peacefully the rest of the night."

Sloan's gives quick, genuine comfort to every kind of muscular pain because it doesn't just deaden the nerves. It helps the body to throw off the conditions that are causing the pain.

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Sloan's Liniment KILLS PAIN

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE
Having qualified as administrator of the estate of Samuel Chambers, deceased, late of Haywood County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned on or before the 28th day of October, 1927, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to the said estate will please make immediate payment.
This the 28th day of October, 1926.
R. C. CHAMBER,
Administrator of Samuel Chambers, Deceased.
Dec9 pd

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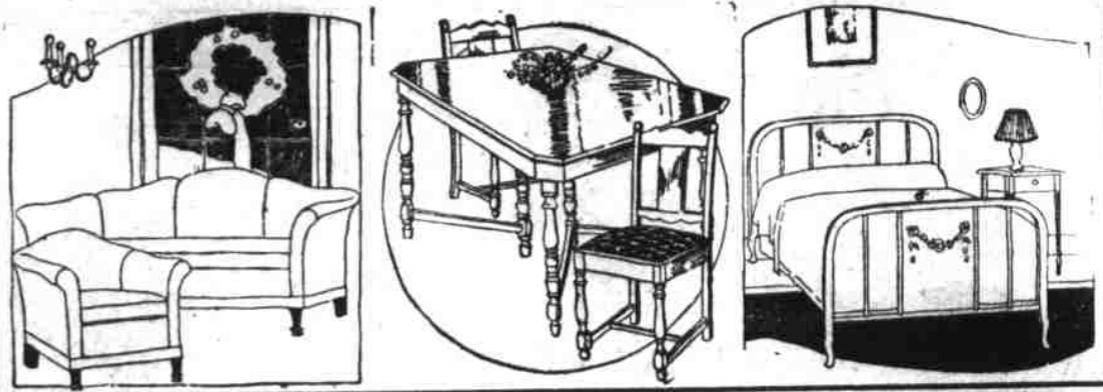
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