

Puffs!

Celia knew exactly whom Paul's manner toward her changed. They were engaged at their usual after-supper occupation, sitting on Celia's porch recapping the incidents of their day-long separation, for Paul kept books and Celia taught school through most of the working hours.

They lived in adjoining houses, and, even if they had not loved each other, it would have been natural to Paul to prefer to sit with Celia on her porch rather than alone on his own.

They did love each other, and though nothing was really settled yet, it was understood that they would be married as soon as they could afford to set up housekeeping. Most of the money Celia earned went to the bank for the purpose of buying linen and china when they were needed. And Paul was saving just as carefully, in larger amounts, for he earned more.

They were very young and happy people, to be envied, Celia thought until that evening.

She had a new dress, blue lawn with a bit of white lace to set it off. Paul, being a man, was not very observing of woman's attire, but he was sure to notice hers sooner or later. As it was, he had looked at her approvingly and to Celia, who could distinguish degrees in his admiration, that was almost happiness enough.

While she sat waiting, the door of the house opposite opened and two women came out and sat down in the comfortable looking chairs standing there. One of the women was Mrs. Carr, who lived in the house, a gay young matron who had little in common with her plain neighbors, and the other the guest who had come that day from the city to stay with her for a time.

The strange woman was young. As for looks, she might have stepped bodily from a page of the latest fashion journal. Her gown was blue, but not the crude blue of Celia's cheap lawn. Its delicate texture expressed itself in alluring effects of sheen and shadow. Her sleeves were very long, her collar very high, her skirt very narrow.

And her hair—blond crisp profuse, one mass of waves and puffs and bewitching little curls all around, bound together, as it were, with a fillet of blue that matched her gown. Celia had never seen such a dress or such hair. She felt keenly the difference between herself and the city girl and wondered if Paul felt it also. When she spoke she knew that he did.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed softly, "who's that?"

"Some friend of Mrs. Carr's," Celia answered.

"My, she's great!"

The girl opposite, aware that she was creating a sensation with these country lovers, flirted prettily with Spunk, Mrs. Carr's fox terrier puppy, who had followed them out upon the veranda, and raised her voice so that it could be heard distinctly.

"Don't let Spunk put her feet on your dress, Marie," Mrs. Carr said anxiously.

"She won't hurt this old gown, I guess," the girl cried.

"Old gown? Gee!" Paul glanced at Celia, and finding the apparition across the way more engaging, thereafter confined his attention to her.

Celia was beyond speaking. The most she could do was to choke back her tears. Never before had Paul ever noticed any other girl in her presence.

Paul went home a little earlier than usual, wondering what was the matter with her. The moment he was gone Celia flew to her room and studied the young woman she saw in the glass.

The young woman's dress was too blue, and her hair—poor Celia clutched it in despair. She had always thought she had plenty of hair, but that girl across the way had pounds where she had ounces. She had never seen so much hair on any one head in her life. Blonde hair, too! She loved blonde hair. Hers was ugly and dark.

As the days went on, Celia became more and more heart-sick. Paul came dutifully to sit with her each evening, but his eyes and ears were all for the amazing young person across the way. And Celia had to sit by meekly and see him admiring another girl.

She was not so angry as she was hurt; not so jealous really as she was despairing. It was too bad, yet what could she do save hope and pray that the disturbing fair Marie would take her charms elsewhere?

Though Paul said nothing, she felt his growing dissatisfaction with her each time his eyes rested upon her. One delightful Sunday afternoon they were sitting together as usual on Celia's porch. So far there had been no sign of Marie, but Celia knew that her appearance was pending for she could see a stir behind the thin curtains of the Carrs' guest chamber.

The Carrs did not go to church Sunday mornings and rose late and Celia had no reason to believe that they had altered their custom on account of their visitor.

Marie was evidently dressing. The girl's heart beat fast. She could not talk, and Paul did not care to. He also was waiting, but with other feelings than hers, for Marie to emerge from the open front door.

Fit His Case Exactly.

"When father was sick about six years ago he read an advertisement of Chamberlain's Tablets in the papers that fit his case exactly," writes Miss Margaret Campbell of Ft. Smith, Ark. "He purchased a box of them and he has not been sick since. My sister had stomach trouble and was also benefited by them." For sale by all druggists.—Adv.

A Near-One.

"He is one of those near-vegetarians," "What is a near-vegetarian?" "He never eats except when he is invited out."—Houston Post.

Paul was too humble to seek a speaking acquaintance with his charmer; he was quite content to admire her at a distance. Moreover, being a man, and peculiarly gullible of the ways of women generally, he could not see that he was hurting Celia as much as if he had positively spurned her. In his opinion, his admiration of Marie detracted nothing from his allegiance to the girl he still intended to marry.

As they sat here—the one expectant, the other miserable—a shriek sounded from the house opposite. There was a rush of feet, a frantic calling of "Spunk! Spunk!" and out through the open front door came Mrs. Carr's fox terrier puppy. In her mouth she carried something which dragged as she ran, and she was running straight across the street.

After her came Mrs. Carr in a pink kimono, running like a mad woman in an effort to overtake the dog. Midway of the dusty street Spunk paused to toss and touse the property she had stolen.

And now a third participant appeared in the absurd scene—another kimonoed figure, wringing hands and urging pursuit—a very forlorn figure with a tiny string of blonde hair hanging in her eyes, and cheeks pathetically devoid of all freshness. It was Marie.

"Spunk! Here, good doggie!" Mrs. Carr had all but laid a hand upon the pup, when the puppy skipped with an impetus that carried her to the foot of the steps. Looking, she perceived refuge in Celia, and with another skip and hop carried her burden to Celia's feet.

Celia gave it one look horrified, comprehending, but Paul reached down and picked it up—a long, brown, fuzzy article, from which dangled a number of blonde puffs and curls.

His face was a study of disgust as he extended the thing toward Mrs. Carr, who came panting up for it. Her plump face, a little sallow since it lacked its usual coating of powder, was scarlet with exercise and vexation.

"Thank you," she said. "It's Marie's. She was dressing when Spunk got it. I'd like to kill that dog!" and she turned and went home.

There was silence, during which the blue kimono disappeared from the front door and the pink one followed in its wake. There was a chorus of loud laughter, evidently from Mr. Carr, and of hysterical voices which trailed finally back to the guest chamber.

"Great Scott!" Paul exclaimed. "So that's what she wears on her head! and her cheeks were as colorless as my hand!"

Celia was laughing sobbingly.

"But she's always like that—mornings," she said. "I've seen her. She never fixes up till noon."

Paul turned and looked at her, suddenly conscious of her genuineness and color, of her blue dress and shining hair.

"Maybe it's fashionable," he said, "but it's—it's downright disgusting. I call it. Don't you ever put one of those things on your head, Celia. Your hair is pretty enough just as it is."

"Do you really like it, Paul?"

"Like it, I guess I do. It's the loveliest hair in the world, and you're the loveliest girl!"—Will Seat.

A Fletcher for a Fletcher.

Senator Duncan U. Fletcher, of Florida, sought his berth one night on a sleeping car on the way south from Washington, D. C. Pulling back the curtains of a lower nine, he saw that his bed was already occupied.

"Hi, there!" called the senator, shaking the stranger by the shoulder. The sleeper awoke and protested angrily.

"My name's Fletcher," explained the statesman, "and this is my berth."

"You've got nothing on me," answered the other. "My name's Fletcher, and this is my berth."

"My full name is Duncan U. Fletcher," the senator elaborated.

"So's mine," agreed the intruder.

"Ah, I see!" said the senator politely. "There must have been a mistake in reserving the same berth for two men of the same name. I'll go into the next sleeping car."

The stranger, by this time, was fully awake and proceeded to apologize, and to offer to give up the berth. This the senator would not do, but went into the car ahead, and found a place to sleep.

An hour later the train was wrecked. The car in which the stranger occupied lower nine fell through a trestle, and that Fletcher was killed. The senator's car was not damaged at all.—Popular Magazine.

A Wedding Ring.

I believe some men wish I were made of India rubber.

All are not tears that glitter.

I am so plain. Is that why he is growing tired of me?

I am a very small band, and yet I am engaged for all their concerts. I play in the morning, the afternoon and the evening.

The style of my music is changing. I used to play all the new waltzes and love songs. Now I play nothing but side-steps and marital airs; when "Johnny Goes Marching Out" being one of those old favorites of which we never tire.

They did all they could to get on the best side of me and now—

After all, which is my best side? One never will tell.—Barbara Blair.

A girl knows a man is in love with her by the way she pretends she isn't with him.

California Woman Seriously Alarmed

"A short time ago I contracted a severe cold which settled on my lungs and caused me a great deal of annoyance. I would have had coughing spells and my lungs were so sore and inflamed I began to be seriously alarmed. A friend recommended Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, saying she had used it for years. I bought a bottle and it relieved my cough the first night, and in a week I was rid of the cold and soreness of my lungs," writes Miss Marie Gerber, Sawtelle, Cal. For sale by all dealers.—Adv.

Job printing that pleases promptly done at the Dispatch office.

The ONLOOKER

HENRY HOWLAND

When You're Up and When You're Down



Ah, what a kind old world it is when you have money in your jeans!

In other words, when you are flush; How kindly all the breezes blow, how fair are all the scenes

You gaze on in your daily rush; How pleased your fellow men become to meet you then, How gladly and how willingly they boost your cause along; For people who complain You learn to disdain, And wonder why they should suspect that anything is wrong.

Ah, what a kind old world it is when you have, somehow, made a hit— By accident or otherwise— How rapidly your friends appear, to give you praise for it, How glad they are to see you rise! Whenever you appearing you, There seems to be good cheer, And if you have an enemy he keeps well out of sight; It seems as if mankind To all your faults were blind And studied only how to help to bring you more delight.

Ah, what a cold old world it is when you possess an empty purse, When all your ventures have been bad! Each driver tries to run you down and passes out a curse To help to make you still more sad; Your friends, alas, too few, Find ways of shunning you, And, if you foolishly believe you've credit anywhere, Be glad in that belief And do not count now grief By ever venturing to try to borrow money there.

Hard Luck.

"Alas!"

"What's the trouble, old man?"

"I wish there had been more great men than the historians have written up."

"How would an increase in the number of great men help you?"

"I have a new cigar that I want to put on the market and there's noboddy left to name it after."

Dreams.

A prominent scientist who has made a study of "hypnotic therapeutics," "psychoanalysis" and other things that the layman has no time to monkey with announces that "we can dream more in a minute than we can act in a year." He is right, and most of us can do such dreaming without going to sleep.

Help Wanted.

Give the world a little aid, Add a hope or lend a smile; Don't sit back alone, afraid That your help is not worth while.

Don't crouch in the gloom and sneer That whatever is wrong; You can add a word of cheer, You can bravely help along.

Cease to think that man has made God's creation bleak or vile; Give the world a little aid, Add a hope or lend a smile.

It Would, Indeed.

"Pa, what is the height of folly?"

"Oh, anything that is exceptionally foolish. For instance, if I were a candidate for office in a district where I should have to depend on the votes of the farmers and were to let it be known that I wore pajamas instead of a night shirt, that would be the height of folly."

Just Wondering.

"It was Cicero, I believe, who said that whatever one does one should do with all one's might."

"Was it? I wonder if he would recommend that a man who was falling downstairs ought to fall down with all his might?"

No Risk Whatever.

"Do you think," asked the lady from Boston, "it will be perfectly proper for me to see this play?"

"Oh, yes. I read the accounts of the tea critics this morning, and they all agree that anybody over forty may see it without the least fear."

As to Miracles.

"Do you believe in miracles?"

"Yes. I left my umbrella in a car the other morning, and got it when I inquired at the place where articles that are found in the cars are supposed to be turned in."

Stop at Wiesner's.

For your new Suit or Overcoat. Or perhaps you will want to buy one for your boy or friend. You will save money on them as well as on other useful holiday presents.

GEORGETOWN, TEXAS, J. A. Kimbro, says: "For several years past Foley's Honey and Tar Compound has been my household remedy for all coughs, colds and lung troubles. It has given permanent relief in a number of cases of obstinate coughs and colds." Contains no opiates. Refuse substitutes. F. A. Morris.—Adv.

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Woolen Veils Shield Against March Wind

Shetland veils are a boon to the woman who suffers from a chapped face when the March winds sting her delicate skin. These veils wear well and may be worn another winter if proper care be taken of them.

Before putting a Shetland veil away for the summer it should first be washed in a tepid soda made of a pure white soap, rinsed in tepid water, not rubbed out, squeezed, then shaken out and laid on a bath towel to dry, after which it should be carefully wrapped around a wooden or cardboard cylinder, care being taken not to stretch or spoil the shape of the veil.

Irish Moss or Carrageen

This seaweed has a reputation as a remedy for chest diseases. It should be first soaked and washed in cold water, and then boiled for a quarter of an hour in fresh water, allowing one-half an ounce of moss to one and one-half pints of water. Strain, and when cold it will set to a jelly. If required as a drink, it should have double the quantity of water; or milk can be used.

Colored Handkerchiefs

Every gown this spring must have a tiny handkerchief bordered with the shade of the dress. aue, pink, blue, tan or apple green all to be had, and so liked is this new fad that plain white handkerchiefs may scarcely be popular.

There is a small pocket in the lining of the cost for the tiny change purse, but this handkerchief is generally tucked into the glove.

HOW TO AVOID COLD WEATHER DISEASES

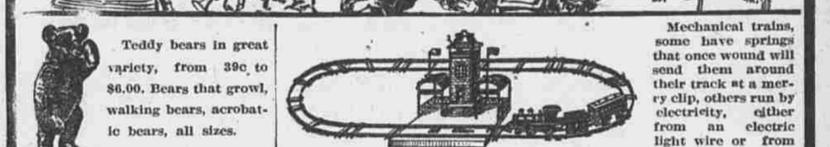
To prevent cold weather diseases, put your body into a proper healthy condition to successfully resist them. Colds, grippe, bronchitis, pneumonia, catarrh, typhoid fever, rheumatism and other ailments may be escaped in most cases, if this is done. Build up your health and strength—your nerves and blood and entire body—into such shape that you can count on good health all during the winter months—by taking Rexall Olive Oil Emulsion, the ideal blood nerve and body builder.

This is a remarkable medicine, but a common-sense one. It doesn't stimulate. So-called "tonics" that stimulate give you no permanent relief; but leave you worse off than before. Rexall Olive Oil Emulsion contains none of these harmful, stimulating ingredients, such as alcohol and dangerous and habit-forming drugs. Its great benefit to you is through its real nerve and blood and body-building effects. It nourishes, builds, strengthens. Its merit does not rest on making you feel better for a few minutes at a time after taking it, but on making you feel better as a result of making you well.

Rexall Olive Oil Emulsion is the ideal blood and nerve-food tonic. You who are weak and run-down, and you who are apparently well now, but are liable to suffer from various cold weather ailments, use Rexall Olive Oil Emulsion to get and keep well and strong. For the tired-out, run-down, nervous, emaciated or debilitated—the convalescing—growing children—aged people—it is a sensible aid to renewed strength, better spirits, glowing health.

Rexall Olive Oil Emulsion—king of the celebrated Rexall Remedies—is for freedom from sickness of you and your family. You'll be an enthusiastic about it as we are when you have noted its pleasant taste, its strengthening, invigorating, building up, disease-preventing effects. If it does not help you, your money will be given back to you without argument. Sold in this community only at our store—The Rexall-Store—one of the more than 7,000 leading drug stores in the United States, Canada and Great Britain.—F. A. Morris, Cor. Main & Broad Sts., Canfield.—Adv.

A Regular Joyland is TOYLAND



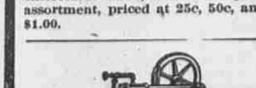
Teddy bears in great variety, from 39c to \$6.00. Bears that growl, walking bears, acrobatic bears, all sizes.



Mechanical trains, some have springs that once wound will send them around their track at a merry clip, others run by electricity, either from an electric light wire or from dry cells.



Most every thing that can be imagined is here in our doll section; character dolls, jointed dolls, kid body dolls; some have wigs of real hair; all are beautiful and reasonable in price.



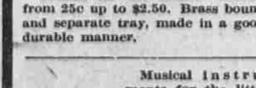
Picture blocks, A, B, C, blocks, nested blocks, building blocks architectural block, a most complete assortment, priced at 25c, 50c, and \$1.00.



Steam engines in every size and shape, with whistles and safety valves; some are regular tractors running along under power, others are stationary, all are instructive and amusing.



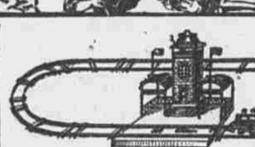
Trunks for the dollies' clothes, from 25c up to \$2.50. Brass bound and separate tray, made in a good durable manner.



Musical instruments for the little folks made from celluloid, brass and Persian ivory, trumpets, cornets, trombones, mandolins, violins, pianos, zithers, accordians, etc.



Iron toy of all kinds, fire engines, hook and ladder carts, ice wagons, dray wagons, etc.



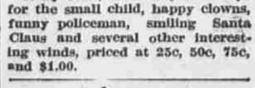
Doll cabs with folding hood, rubber tired and nicely finished in dark green or brown, nickel trimmings, moderately priced.



Sleds make very acceptable presents for boys or girls; we have many kinds; the steering sleds are especially popular and are extremely low in price.



Picture books and story books for the little tots, some are printed on linen, some on muslin; these can be washed and ironed, colors are fast. Fairy tales, speakers, etc. for the children a bit older. Boy scout series, motor boy series, motor cyclo series for the older boy.



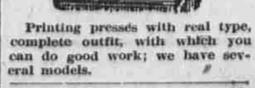
Printing presses with real type, complete outfit, with which you can do good work; we have several models.



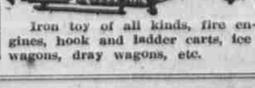
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Beautiful little Xmas trees with candle holders attached; these trees do not shed, they come in several sizes and are priced at 25c, 50c, 75c, and \$1.00.



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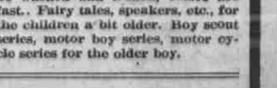
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