

Just 7 More Business Days Between This Day and Christmas They're Going Fast and Wise People Are Making Hay

The Children at Christmas Time

We watched the trooping children play About the old house, once so gray And still, then darkness fell, And one by one they said farewell. The music and the laughter stopped, The play was done, the curtain dropped. The waning lamp of mirth burned low With each last cry across the snow, And we, old friends, were left alone.

What was it lost that we had known? Old friend and true, must even we Find nevermore what used to be? Man lives by change; through ebb and flow The new lives come, the old lives go. We lose and gain, yet year by year The aging heart grows more austere. It may be that the strain and stress Of our mad times tempt joylessness; It may be that our feverish days Forget the old more genial ways; It may be, too, the aches of Dead hopes and dreams have smothered love!

Yet thanks to one small spark, old friend, As down the dusk of things we trend, Age shall not strip our very heart Of all its old congenial art. Aye, thanks to each small voice and light That lent its youth to us tonight, And thanks to that strange fugitive Enduring love by which we live, Through childlike eyes and childlike act We yet shall hold our youth intact! And thanks to one still jovial day We still, old friend, shall make our way By thought and memory through the snow To youth and that lost long ago Where laughter, holding both his sides, Made all our days seem Christmases!

letter, saying, "Read that." Dear Ralph—I have sent you a turkey and some fixings and also some new underwear, and I hope the box will reach you in time for Christmas.

"That's enough," he said, for there was a lot more in the letter, and it was signed Susie. "The box is under my bunk, and as you are to leave tomorrow night you are sure of a good dinner anyhow." So we turned in, and Christmas day dawned clear and cold, and when it came time for dinner the captain's orderly had done himself proud by cooking that turkey in fine style.

"The pickets are driven in," said Captain Hunt as he stood in the tent opening with a turkey leg in one hand, and the next moment he was ordered to take his company, make a reconnaissance and report the strength of the enemy. The country about Gauley bridge was thickly covered with scrubby

pine and cedar. Pushing through this until he obtained a position commanding the road by which the Confederates must advance, the captain halted his men. He sent a few men in advance as scouts, and then he and I and a corporal went forward about twenty yards. The scouts, bewildered by the underbrush, got into our rear, and as soon as we heard men advancing in our front Hunt at once said it was his scouts returning. "That turkey isn't cold yet, and we'll finish it when we get back."

In place of our scouts the advancing party was the advance guard of Confederates. Hunt recognized the officer in command as Captain Loughborough, and the three of us jumped to cover. But Loughborough, who was in advance of his men, had caught sight of Hunt, and, with a volley of shots, he cried:

"Come out, you — Yankee, and be shot!" As he cried this he covered Hunt's hiding place with a long



THE CONFEDERATE DROPPED.

Mississippi rifle and fired. Hunt had grabbed the corporal's ordinary smooth bore musket and so quickly had he acted that both shots rang out at the same instant. I was looking out at the whole thing through the branches of a thick cedar, and the two men were not more than fifty yards apart. The Confederate dropped in his tracks and never moved, and at once a volley was poured into the captain's bush, but not a bullet hit him. Hunt's men, supposing that the three of us must have been killed, beat a retreat and made good their escape, and we were surrounded and captured. At first the Confederates were for wreaking vengeance on Hunt for the death of a favorite officer, but the gallantry he displayed and his perfect coolness while in their power finally won their regard. When asked to give his parole he refused, saying: "You fellows spoiled my Christmas dinner that I and my friends here had just sat down to, and I propose to get back and finish it if I can. You get no parole from me." I and the corporal gave our parole, but Captain Hunt was mad clear through. He was ironed and, after marching with our guard through several towns of Virginia, we brought up at Richmond and were thrown into Libby. We never heard who ate our Christmas turkey.—J. A. R. in Brooklyn Eagle.

Something Just as Good Can only be the case when it is another bottle of Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey. Every bottle the same. Look for the bell on the bottle. You will find the best to be had at reasonable prices at Riley's drug store.

CHRISTMAS CARD'S FATHER

British Artist Originated This Form of Greeting in 1844.

Some day surely a grateful monument will be erected to the memory of W. A. Dobson, the parent of the Christmas card, for he was a true herald of peace and good will to the world and no small benefactor to commerce, says a writer in Tit-Bits.

In 1844 Mr. Dobson, who later became a famous member of the Royal Academy, was a young man earning a modest income as master of the government School of Design at Birmingham. One evening in December instead of writing his usual letter of Christmas good wishes to a friend it occurred to him to substitute a pictorial greeting, and, taking a piece of card about twice as large as a modern postcard, he began to draw on it. In the center of the three panels into which he divided his design he sketched a family group raising glasses to the health of distant friends amid a reasonable environment of holly and mistletoe, while on each side of this festive scene he drew a picture of a deed of charity.

This card Mr. Dobson dispatched to his friend, giving it no further thought. The friend, however, was delighted with his novel and artistic Christmas greeting and showed it everywhere proudly, to the equal admiration of his acquaintances. Everybody begged for a similar card, and in the following December the amiable Mr. Dobson etched another design and this time had it lithographed and sent out copies by the score. In the following year he had several imitators, and the Christmas card was at last launched on the tide of popular favor, although even then if Mr. Dobson had been told that his modest card of 1844 would have 40,000,000 descendants sixty-five years later in Great Britain alone he would probably have thrown up his hands in amazement and incredulity.

A Christmas Pointer

Bed room suits in Circassian walnut, birds eye maple and golden oak. Odd pieces in all three finishes. Combination book cases, china closets, sideboards, buffets, dining tables, dining chairs, chiffoniers, princess dressers, ladies writing desks, library tables, Davenport, couches, parlor suits, and leather rockers—all right in line for X-mas presents. See them at W. A. J. McDANIEL'S, The House of Furniture Quality.

Why not buy an Edison phonograph for Christmas? You can get them at Riley's drug store.

THE VETERAN'S CHRISTMAS TALE

NEVER think of Christmas but I think of the one I spent when on detached service down in Virginia in '62. I was a captain then, and, being on special service, I happened to be temporarily attached to the command of General Cox at Gauley Bridge, Va. I was warmly welcomed as I arrived on Christmas eve and brought some letters to both officers and men, the first many of them had received for nine months. The command was the First Kentucky, and a fine lot of fellows they were. Captain Ralph Hunt invited me to share his tent, and as we sat smoking together after taps he threw me a



"THE PICKETS ARE DRIVEN IN."

**HOLIDAY GIFTS**  
... For ...  
**EVERYBODY**  
Gifts for Men,  
Gifts for Boys,  
Gifts for Children

Come in early and inspect at your leisure the exquisite variety of Practical Christmas Gifts for Men, Boys and Children we have on display. Our enormous stock is replete with X-Mas suggestions.

<p><b>Men's Suits</b> Beautiful new Grays and Tans in a dozen different shades. Every one tailored to perfection. Prices— <b>\$10, \$15, \$20, \$25</b></p> <p><b>Overcoats</b> In plain and fancy fabrics. All the season's correct models. A magnificent display. Prices— <b>\$8.00 to \$25.00</b></p> <p><b>Gloves</b> Kid or Cape, <b>\$1.00</b>. Silk lined, <b>\$1.00 to \$2.50</b>. In finished or undressed kid. Boys' or Girls' Gauntlet, <b>50c</b>.</p> <p><b>Coat Sweaters</b> We have a good line of Coat Sweaters, in all the popular colors, for Men, Boys and Children. Boys and Children, <b>25c to \$1.50</b>. Men's, <b>50c to \$5.00</b>.</p> <p><b>Neckwear</b> String, Bat Wings and Tecks, 25c. Four-in-hand, 25c to \$1. All new designs and colorings. Put up in nice Christmas box.</p>	<p><b>Caps</b> Cloth, <b>50c to \$1.50</b>. Plush, <b>50c to \$1.50</b>. Fur, <b>\$2.00 to \$10.00</b>.</p> <p><b>Hosiery</b> (Direct from the Mills) Fancy, all colors, per pair, <b>15c</b>. Lisle Thread, per pair, <b>25c</b>. All Silk Thread, per pair, <b>50c</b>.</p> <p><b>Combination Sets</b> Tie, Handkerchief and Sox, all same color, put up in box; make handsome X-Mas presents. Lisle, <b>\$1.00</b> Silk, <b>\$1.50</b></p> <p><b>Tassel Caps</b> All colors, <b>25c</b>. Extra long and heavy, <b>50c</b>.</p> <p><b>Smoking Jackets</b> We have a nice line from <b>\$3.00 to \$7.00</b></p> <p><b>Mufflers</b> Form Fitting, <b>25c to 50c</b>. Full-fashioned, <b>\$1.00</b>. Full-fashioned, with collar, <b>\$1.50</b></p>	<p><b>Handkerchiefs</b> All Linen, each, <b>25c</b>. Excelada Silk, <b>10c to 25c</b>. Genuine Silk, <b>25c to 50c</b>. We have Handkerchiefs with Initial or without.</p> <p><b>Suspenders</b> Boys' and Men's, <b>25c</b>. Men's fancy, <b>50c</b>. Men's fancy Silk, <b>75c and \$1.00</b>.</p> <p><b>Slip-on Coats</b> For rainy weather. Just the thing for a man. Men's, <b>\$3.50 to \$5.00</b>. Boys', <b>\$2.50 to \$4.00</b>.</p> <p><b>Hats</b> Very fashionable Derby and Soft Hats, in all the latest shades and newest shapes. Men's, <b>\$1.00 to \$4.00</b>. Boys, <b>50c to \$1.50</b>.</p> <p><b>Fancy Vests</b> In Cassimere, Percale or Marselley; nifty patterns; latest designs. Prices— <b>\$1.50 to \$5.00</b></p>
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**OLD HAUSEN & SMITH** Corner Main and Fayette Sts., CELINA, OHIO

**Christmas Gifts For Every One in the Family**

Life-long remembrances that will be daily evidence of the good will of the Giver, and what would be more acceptable to any member of the family than a suitable article of Leather that will add to the comfort and attractiveness of the traveler as well. Gifts of this kind are at once practical, useful and distinctive. Our store offers you the largest selection to select from, where you can find just that particular piece you have in mind. We want you to come to our store some day and just spend a while looking around. You can get many helpful suggestions. There will be no request to purchase.

Suggestions for Father, Mother, Grandfather, Grandmother, Brother, Wife, Husband, Sister, or some other one's Sister; Brother, or some other one's Brother.

Ladies' Hand Bags,	Adjustable Suit Hangers,	Suit Cases,
Gents' Pocket-books,	Match Cases,	Reed Bags,
Bill-books,	Cigar Cases,	Post Card Albums,
Card Cases,	Drinking Cups,	Lap Robes,
Letter Cases,	Medicine Cases,	Horse Blankets,
Playing-card Cases,	Jewelry Bags,	Storm Fronts,
Eye-glass Cases,	Auto Dash Clocks,	Foot Heaters,
Dessing Rolls	Watch Bracelets,	Single Harness,
Travelers' Requisites,	Ladies' Dresser Trunk,	Riding Saddles,
Money Belts,	Steamer Trunks,	Automobile Robes,
Keystone Pass-books,	Ward Robe Trunks,	Buggy Lamps,
Suit Case Umbrellas,	Drinking Glasses,	

**Christmas and New Year Post Cards**

**W. F. SCHUNCK**  
THE LEATHER MAN

129-131 W. Fayette St., CELINA, OHIO

Photos that speak for themselves at the Booz Photo Shop. Everything in the holiday line marked down at Riley's drug store.

**CHRISTMAS FAIRIES**

When Christmas comes, the fairies know. When all the wind is silver with their hair, Blown through the drifting silver of the snow. For when they wake, while yet the early air Is filled with dark and stars of dawn are white, They know that something whispers everywhere—

Something that is not like the voice of night; Something that is not like the voice of day; Something that is like the silence and like light.

Up with soft cries, like little winds at play Or supple flames that with slim beckoning fan by, the fairies mount and wind away.

Some gracious influence moves the day like spring. Watchful to have some part in the sweet stir, The fairies fashion gifts from everything.

Therefore, when first you wake from ways that were All singing dreams, on every Christmas morn The day is blessed by some still wanderer.

For some kind little spirit has outworn Your sleep by kissing light your closed eyes, And of that has your first day dreams are born.

—Zona Gale in New York Mail.

**Dr. Mahon to Visit Ft. Recovery**  
Dr. Mahon has added Ft. Recovery to his list of towns to visit. He does this to accommodate many persons living in the southwestern part of the county and in Indiana. We have no doubt the same success will attend Dr. Mahon's efforts there as here, where for years he has maintained the largest practice in chronic diseases of any physician visiting Celina. He will be at the New Wayne Hotel, Ft. Recovery, Monday, Dec. 19, from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m.

W. A. J. McDANIEL has a fine line of nice pieces in furniture, most appropriate for X-mas presents.