

MESSANGER FROM SANTA CLAUS

"I never did see Santa Claus, but I've seen his messenger," said Billy, gravely.

"His messenger!" gasped his astonished mother. "Why, Billy, who put that idea into your head?"

"Didn't you ever see him, mamma?"

"See who?"

"Santa Claus' messenger."

"Of course not, child."

"Well, I did," stoutly declared Billy. "I saw him down by the big gate yesterday. And he's going to bring me a new sled."

A ripple of laughter went round the family circle. Billy's mother rose and took him by the hand.

"It is time little boys were in bed," she said, and led him from the room.

When the child was snugly tucked away between the sheets his mother bent down and kissed him.

"Good-night, darling," she whispered. "To-morrow is Christmas, and maybe if you are a real good boy Santa Claus will bring you something. But good little boys don't tell fibs, Billy—remember that."

Doris Lathrop sighed, even as she crooned a soft lullaby that sent Billy drifting away into the land of dreams. She was not happy, poor thing, and the universal merry-making of the Christmas season only intensified the deep desolation of her heart.

How she had lived through the dragging years that had elapsed since her young husband had left to become a wanderer on the face of the earth, she scarcely knew. It was just five years—five years this Christmas eve—since he had gone away. Billy, she remembered was but three years old at that time—now he was eight.

It was a dark chapter in her young life, and the memory of it still made her blood run cold. A man had been slain—a man named Duke, who had been her father's bitter enemy and persecutor for years. Circumstantial evidence pointed to young Jack Lathrop as the perpetrator of the deed, and Jack had been foolish enough to run away like an ordinary fugitive from justice, thus convicting himself in the eyes of the world. He had never been caught, and had never communicated with his wife, who at last had gone home to her father's house, not knowing whether her husband was alive or dead.

But there had been a sequel to the terrible tragedy. Less than a year ago her father had died. On his deathbed he had confessed that he was the real slayer of his arch-enemy, Duke; that in the madness of exasperation he had struck the blow that made him a homicide; that his son-in-law, Jack Lathrop, had been the only witness to his rash act, and that Jack—noble, quixotic Jack—to save his wife's father, had deliberately diverted suspicion to himself by disappearing from the community!

Christmas dawned on snow-covered earth, but it brought no peace to Doris Lathrop's heart. She sat at the breakfast table with the other members of the family, silent and distraught. She did not even notice when Billy slipped down from the table and softly stole out of the room.

"Where is Billy?" some one suddenly asked.

His mother started up and threw a startled glance around the room. The boy had disappeared.

"I heard some one open the front door a minute ago," said her brother. "The little rascal couldn't have gone outdoors this cold morning?"

Doris stepped into the hall. The front door was wide open. She hastened forward to look out, and who should she see but Billy coming up the walk, leading by the hand a tall, trampish-looking stranger with a bushy gray beard, and dragging behind him a magnificent new sled!

"Here he is, mamma!" cried Billy, in great glee. "This is the messenger from Santa Claus. See the sled he brought me. Now, mamma, I didn't fib, did I?"

Doris fell back in dismay, Billy and his new-found friend came up the steps and into the house.

"I couldn't help it, ma'am," said the stranger, apologetically, as he took off his disreputable hat. "The child insisted on my coming to the house, and I—I just couldn't resist."

Doris gave a piercing scream. "Jack! Jack!" she cried out wildly. "I know that voice—I know that voice!"

She snatched the long gray beard from the man's face and dashed it to the floor.

"Jack!" she faintly articulated, and fell swooning into the strong arms of her husband.

And at that moment the bells in the neighboring town broke forth in a clamor of joyous Christmas greetings.

"THE PRINCE OF PEACE."

His Wonderful Influence Continues and Widens Through the World.

All the old troublesome questions of the origin and destination of the Galleo Carpenter have passed, notes a writer in Collier's. All the medieval worry in discriminating between human and divine has gone, all the puzzled inquiry into the miraculous. No longer is mankind stirred over the non-essential. Theories of him fade away, dogmas of his nature lose their charm. His influence continues and widens. Slowly brightening, the gleam that touched him spreads through the

world. His spirit moves on the face of civilization, and makes it kinder—every generation. The touch of his hand is on the grief-stricken. Nurse, physician, and nun are the messengers of his teaching. His vestal fires burned out, but never the fires of his spirit, which answer each other from mountain-top to mountain-top across the continents. And deep in the heart of the people they make family life sweeter and ease the bitterness of failure and ignorance and all life's incompleteness. That wonder-working personality was never so potent as today—so insistent and tenderly sure. Under a thousand forms, creeds and names, men serve him. And however far we go in the conquest of nature, identifying the north pole, climbing the sky, prying open electrical forces, mapping out the subliminal, diminishing sin, disease, war, poverty, ignorance—always in the advance will be that gracious figure of the Sinless One, who showed Love as the rule of life. One Perfect Man—ardent and gentle—the race will never tire of him.

A Soft Snap.

"Hay all in?" asked Amzi Cloverbud of Israel Pepperpod, as they drew rein in the road leading to the village.

"All in," said Israel.

"I reckon I'll finish up mine by Sat'day. What are doin' now?"

"Not much o' nuthin'. Havin' a kind of a soft snap of it. Ain't milkin' but nine cows now, an' I take it easy in bed until 'bout 5 o'clock mornin's. Fact is, I ain't got much to do this fall but dig ten or twelve acres o' potatoes and grub out six or eight acres o' my timber land an' git it ready to seed down in the spring an' git seventy-five cord o' wood I agreed to deliver in town by Christmas. Got to put up 'bout half a mile o' wire fence an' shingle my barn an' putter round at work o' that sort, but I got so much less than usual to do that I feel as if I was havin' a kind of a soft snap of it."

Puck.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

The earth has grown old with its burden of care, But at Christmas it always is young.

The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair, And its soul full of music bursts forth on the air, When the song of the angels is sung.

It is coming, Old Earth, it is coming to-night! On the snow-flakes which cover thy sod

The feet of the Christ-child fall gentle and white, And the voice of the Christ-child tells out with delight

That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and the lonely, the wretched and poor, The voice of the Christ-child shall fall;

And to every blind wanderer open the door Of hope that he dared not to dream of before, With a sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field Where the feet of the holiest trod, This, then, is the marvel to mortals revealed

When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed, That mankind are the children of God.

—By Phillips Brooks.

HOUSE FLY'S EVIL WAYS.

Magnified Photographs of Pest in Action Startles Scientists and Health Students.

Edward Hatch, of Lord & Taylor, and Chairman of the Committee on Water Pollution of the Merchants' Association, of New York, started last Saturday his campaign for the coming season against the house fly by displaying to a group of physicians, educators, health officers and settlement workers at No. 19 East Twenty-first street, that city, twelve minutes of moving picture films of flies as they normally are occupied.

The films were made by means of microphotography by a London firm. This was their first exhibition in this country.

Flies were shown depositing eggs in the meat waiting for dinner. Although only half a dozen or so layers engaged in this job, each deposited more than 100 eggs, as appeared when the film pictured the progress of hatching and the successive developments of birth, growth and arrival at mature age.

How flies carry infection was illustrated by views of them feasting on refuse and worse, cleaning their snouts and wiping their feet on the sugar to which they adjourned for dessert, and inspecting at close range the nipple of a baby's feeding bottle.

Can't Place U. S. Steel on Paris Bourse.

Paris, Dec. 21.—The syndicate formed to secure the listing of United States Steel securities on the bourse has been dissolved and the project abandoned.

LECTION OF DIRECTORS.—In compliance with an Act of Assembly and in accordance with Article 5 of the Constitution of the Wayne County Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Co., notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the said company will be held in the office of the company, in the Post-office building, Honesdale, Pa., on MONDAY, JAN. 3, 1910, at 10 a. m., for the transaction of general business; and that an election will be held at the same place of meeting, between the hours of 1 and 4 p. m. of said day, for the purpose of electing ten members of said company to serve as directors for the ensuing year. Every person insured in the company is a member thereof and entitled to one vote.

H. C. JACKSON, Pres't. PERRY A. CLARK, Sec'y, Honesdale, Pa., Dec. 16, 1909.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*

NO STAR TO GUIDE.

The Possibility that Escaped the Women of Bethlehem.

The child born in the stable of Bethlehem, "because there was no room for them in the inn," was heralded by angels to the shepherds and by a star to the wise men; but no voice told the mothers of Bethlehem of the wonder which was happening in their town that night.

Suppose some gentle woman had met Joseph and Mary on that Wonderful Day, as they entered the town, and had said to them: "Our streets are full of homeless strangers. Come you and bide with me!" By that simple act of hospitality, her name would have been written high, high among the names of earth's happiest folk. "Blessed is she," we should have cried, "to whose home the Christmas joy first came!" But the women of the Judean town did not know to throw wide their doors and bring in the world's gratitude and love, says the Youth's Companion. So the Child was laid in a manger, and oblivion holds the names of all the women in Bethlehem who slept that night beneath the wings of wonderings angels. Had they but known!

Year by year, for 19 centuries the story of the night at Bethlehem has been told and retold. To-day no household in Christendom, in town or village or in distant prairie can plead the ignorance in which Bethlehem then lay. If the door is shut on the Christ-child to-day, it is not from lack of knowledge, but from churlishness or indifference.

The Christmas spirit speaks in many voices. The sprig of holly or the plum pudding, the tree laden with gifts or the cheer for the lonely—these are all the world's way of saying to the Mother and the Holy Child, "Abide with us!"

Barred out alike from cottage and palace and inn in Palestine, the Hope of the World renews his appeal each Christmas-tide to our modern Christian world. By the very pathos of the first Christmas, the heart is softened and prepared to give him welcome. To-day there is no heralding angel or guiding star.

No ear may hear His coming, But in this world of sin, Where meek souls will receive Him still, The dear Christ enters in.

Christmas Cheer.

"Old man," wrote the Billville citizen, "it was my intendin' to give you a fine present for Christmas, but I come short this year by the sheriff levyin' on my cotton an' the government on my corn; so I kin only send you a gallon jug of the last named, which ain't much as my ambitions is fer you; but I'll say this, old boy: There's enough in that jug to make you have the jolliest time o' yer life fer a day or two; ef you can't buy a circus ticket, there's a whole circus in six drams, an' a eternal movin' pictur' show in 20; so make the most of it!"—Atlanta Constitution.

For New Late Novelties

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JEWELRY

SILVERWARE

WATCHES

Try

SPENCER, The Jeweler

"Guaranteed articles only sold."

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS

Delaware & Hudson R. R. Trains leave at 6:55 a. m., and 12:25 and 4:30 p. m. Sundays at 11:05 a. m. and 7:15 p. m.

Trains arrive at 9:55 a. m., 3:15 and 7:31 p. m. Sundays at 10:15 a. m. and 6:50 p. m.

Erie R. R. Trains leave at 8:25 a. m. and 2:48 p. m. Sundays at 2:48 p. m. Trains arrive at 1:40 and 8:08 p. m. Saturdays, arrives at 3:45 and leaves at 7:10. Sundays at 7:02 p. m.

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WAGES ON RUSSIAN FARMS.

Agricultural Laborer Receives Only \$32 a Year and Subsistence.

The extreme poverty and the low standard of living of peasants from whom the agricultural laborers are recruited assure a low level of wages for agricultural labor. The average wages will appear almost incredibly low from an American point of view, notwithstanding the general complaints of the estate holders concerning the unreasonable demands of the laborers.

According to an official investigation, embracing the decade of 1883-1891, the average annual wages for a male agricultural worker in Russia were less than \$32 and for a female worker less than \$18. To this must be added the cost of subsistence, which is equally low, being on an average cost of employing a laborer for the entire year is equal to only \$5 for the male and \$40 for the female.

The wages for the summer season of five months are almost equal to the annual wages, being \$22 for the male and \$13 for the female laborer.

"Rag Sale" in Rome.

On Wednesdays in Rome I like to do many others, to go to the "rag sale." It is held by the Jews in that particular quarter of the city. These people are not allowed to have shops, but on this one day in the week they are privileged to sell as much and as many kinds of things as they can on the street. It is a curious sight to see lines stretched across the streets for the hanging up of trousers, blankets, women's and children's clothing and stuff of all sorts. Then there are tables and stands on which almost everything is sold. Sometimes rare old brocades and church embroideries are to be found among coarse and impossible-looking fabrics. Indeed, it is not difficult to reduce one's letter of credit considerably at the "rag sale."—Detroit News-Tribune.

As to Public Nuisances.

There would be no public nuisances if public nuisances never increased the profits of influential people.—Chicago Record-Herald.

So it Does.

"I wish you'd thread this needle, mother," said Martha in despair; "every time I get near its eye with my thread, it blinks!"

Overcapitalized.

A thousand-dollar boy with a ten-thousand-dollar education is overcapitalized.—George Horace Lorimer.

It was Explicit.

Teddy brought a brush and comb to his mother, saying, "Mother, please put a pathway in my hair."

Legal blanks at The Citizen office. —Advertise in the Citizen.

TEN HOUR DAY ON LEHIGH.

Railroad and Its Engineers Agree as to Wages and Hours.

New York, Dec. 21.—The Lehigh Valley Railroad company has made an agreement covering the wages and conditions of work of its employees for one year, beginning Jan. 1.

The contract just signed gives the men a working day of ten hours. Heretofore the working day on the Lehigh Valley has been twelve hours, whereas the ten hour rule has prevailed upon the other railroads in the same territory.

The reduction in hours is the principal adjustment made in the present agreement. Questions in relation to the classification of the heavier engines and other minor points also were adjusted.

Fifteen Round Fight a Draw.

New Haven, Conn., Dec. 21.—Jeff Doherty and Bunny Ford fought a fifteen round draw before the Olympia Athletic club here. The fight was a fierce one from the start.

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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

Attorneys-at-Law.

H. WILSON, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office, Masonic building, second floor, Honesdale, Pa.

W. M. H. LEE, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office over post office. All legal business promptly attended to. Honesdale, Pa.

E. C. MUMFORD, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office—Liberty Hall building, opposite the Post Office, Honesdale, Pa.

HOMER GREENE, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office over Reif's store, Honesdale, Pa.

A. T. SEARLE, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office near Court House, Honesdale, Pa.

O. L. ROWLAND, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office over Post Office, Honesdale, Pa.

CHARLES A. McCARTY, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Special and prompt attention given to the collection of claims. Office over Reif's new store, Honesdale, Pa.

F. P. KIMBLE, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office over the post office, Honesdale, Pa.

M. E. SIMONS, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office in the Court House, Honesdale, Pa.

HERMAN HARMES, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Patents and pensions secured. Office in the Schuerholz building, Honesdale, Pa.

PETER H. ILOFF, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office—Second floor old Savings Bank building, Honesdale, Pa.

R. M. SALMON, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office—Next door to post office. Formerly occupied by W. H. Dinwick. Honesdale, Pa.

Dentists.

D. R. E. T. BROWN, DENTIST. Office—First floor, old Savings Bank building, Honesdale, Pa.

DR. C. R. BRADY, DENTIST, Honesdale, Pa. Office Hours—8 a. m. to 5 p. m. Any evening by appointment. Citizens' phone, 33 Residence, No. 89-X

Physicians.

DR. H. B. SEARLES, HONESDALE, PA. Office and residence 1019 Court street telephones. Office Hours—2:00 to 4:00 and 6:00 to 8:00, p. m.

Livery.

LIVERY.—Fred. G. Rickard has removed his livery establishment from corner Church street to Whitney's Stone Barn. ALL CALLS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. FIRST CLASS OUTFITS. 75y1

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We have the sort of tooth brushes that are made to thoroughly cleanse and save the teeth.

They are the kind that clean teeth without saving your mouth full of bristles. We recommend those costing 25 cents or more, as we can guarantee them and will replace, free, any that show defects of manufacture within three months.

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Can you find a more fitting or more useful gift for wife or child than one of our Savings Pass Books?



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CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Charles H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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