

LAST CHRISTMAS WAS A YEAR AGO

(THE OLD LADY SPEAKS) By James Whitcomb Riley Copyright by James Whitcomb Riley

Last Christmas was a year ago, Says I to David, I—says—I, "We're goin' to morning service, so You hitch up right away; I'll try To tell the girls jes' what to do For dinner. We'll be back by two." I didn't wait to hear what he Would more'n like say back to me, But banged the stable door and flew Back to the rouse, jes' plumb chilled through.

Cold! Wooh! how cold it was! My— Oh! Frost flyin', and the air, you know, "Jes' sharp enough," heard David swear, "To shave a man and cut his hair!"



And blow and blow! and snow snow!— Where it had drifted long the fence And 'cross the road—some places though, Jes' swep' clean to the gravel, so The goin' was as bad for sleighs As 't was for wagons—and both ways, 'Twixt snowdrifts and the bare ground, I've Jes' wondered we got through alive; I hadn't saw nothin', fore er senca, 'At beat it anywhere, I know— Last Christmas was a year ago.

And David said, as we set out, 'At Christmas services was 'bout As cold and wuthless kind o' love To offer up as he know of; And as fer him, he rally thought 'At the Good Bein' up above Would think more of us—as he ought—

A-staying' home on sich a day, And thankin' of him thataway! And jawed on, in an undertone, 'Bout leavin' Lide and Jane alone There on the place, and me not there To oversee 'em and p'pare The stuffin' fer the turkey and The sass and all, you understand.

I've allus managed David by Jes' sayin' nothing. That was why He's chased Lide's beat a way— cause Lide

She'd allus take up Perry's side When David tackled him; and so, Last Christmas was a year ago,— Er ruther, 'bout a week afore,— David and Perry'd quarrel'd about

Some tom-fool argyment, you know, And pap told him to "Jes' git out O' there, and not to come no more, And, when he went out, to shet the door."

And as he passed the winder, we Saw Perry, white as white could be March past, on hitch his hoss, and light

A see-gyar, and lope out o' sight. Then Lide she come to me and cried! And I said nothin'—was no need. And yit, you know, that man jes' got Right out o' there's ef he'd be'n shot, P'tendin' he must go and feed The stock er sompin'. Then I tried To git the pore gal pacified.

But' gittin' back to—where was we?— Oh, yes!—where David lectered me. All way to meetin', high and low,

Last Christmas was a year ago; Fer all the awful cold there was A fair attendance; mostly, though The crowd was 'round the stoves, you see, Thawin' their heels and scrougin' us, Ef 't 'adn't be'n fer the old squire Givin' his seat to us, as in We stomped, a-fairly perishin', And David could 'a' got no fire, He'd jes' 'a' dropped there in his tracks:

And squire, as I was tryin' to yit Make room fer him, says, "No; the fac's Is I got to git up and git 'thout no preachin'. Jes' got word—

Trial fer life—can't be deferred!" and out he put! All way through The sermon—and a long one, too— couldn't help but think o' squire

and us changed 'round so, and admire His gentle ways,— to give his warm bench up, and have to face the storm.

and when I noticed David, he was needin' jab-

bin'—I thought best To kind o' sort o' let him rest: 'Peared like he slep' so peacefully! And when I thought o' home, and how And what the gyrls was doin' now, And kind o' prayed, 'way in my breast, And breshed away a tear er two As David waked, and church was through.

bin'—I thought best To kind o' sort o' let him rest: 'Peared like he slep' so peacefully! And when I thought o' home, and how And what the gyrls was doin' now, And kind o' prayed, 'way in my breast, And breshed away a tear er two As David waked, and church was through.

By time we'd "howdyed" round and shuck Hands with the neighbors, must 'a' tuk A half hour longer: ever' one A-sayin' "Christmas gift!" afore David er me—so we got none! But David warmed up, more and more,

And got so jokey-like, and had His sperits up, and 'peared so glad, I whispered to him, "'Spose you ast A passel of 'em come and eat Their dinners with us. Gyrls's got A full-and-plenty fer the lot And all their kin!" So David passed The invite round: and ever' seat In ever' wagon-bed and sleigh Was jes' packed, as we rode away,— The young folks, mild er so along, A-strikin' up a sleighin'-song, Tel David laughed and yelled, you know,

And jes' whirped up and sent the snow And gravel flyin' thick and fast— Last Christmas was a year ago. WY, that-air seven-mild jant we come—

Jes' seven mild scant from church to home— It didn't 'pear, that day, to be Much furdur rally 'n 'bout three!

But I was purty squeamish by The time home hove in sight and I See two vehickles standin' there All to mysef. And presently David he sobered; and says he, "Hain't that-air Squire Hanch's old Buggy," says he, "and claybank mare?"

Says I, "Le's git out the cold— Your company's nigh 'bout froze!" He says, "'Whose sleigh 's that-air, a-standin' there?" Says I, "'T's no odds whose—you jes' Drive to the house and let us out, 'Cause we 're jes' freezin', nigh about!"

Well, David swung up to the door, And out we piled. And first I heard Jane's voice, then Lide's—I thought afore I reached that gyrl I'd jes' die shore; And when I reached her, wouldn't keered Much if I had, I was so glad, A-kissin' her through my green veil, And jes' excitin' her so bad, 'At she broke down herself—and Jane She cried—and we all hugged again. And David? David jes' turned pale— Looked at the gyrls, and then at me, Then at the open door—and then—

"Is old Squire Hanch there?" says he. The old Squire suddenly stood in The doorway, with a sneakin' grin. "Is Perry Anders in there too?"

Says David, limberin' all through, As Lide and me both grabbed him, and Perry stepped out and waved his hand

And says, "Yes, Pap." And David jes' Stooped and kissed Lide, and says, "I guess Yer mother's much to blame as you. Ef she kin resk him, I kin too!"

The dinner we had then hain't no Bit better'n the one today 'At we'll have fer 'em. Hear some sleigh

A-jinglin' now. David, fer me, I wish you'd jes' go out and see Ef they're in sight yit. It jes' does Me good to think, in times like these, Lide's done so well. And David, he's More tractabler'n what he was— Last Christmas was a year ago.

Rather than saw cordwood a Springfield (Mass.) boy hanged himself. A million and a half of oranges were sold in Pittsburgh for a cent apiece.

James Simmons, 793 pounds, and Blanche Stevens, 125 pounds, were married in Philadelphia. They will live in a specially-constructed house.

Dr. Graham Lusk, speaking before the New York Academy of Medicine on "The Fundamental Basis of Nutrition," said food should not cost more than 20 cents a day for an adult.

With \$9,000 in the bank from one year's crop of onions on twenty acres, M. Luger and W. D. Luger, farmers, near Osseo, Minn., declare their farm has been better than a gold mine.

—We publish all the news.

—We publish all the news.

—We publish all the news.

—We publish all the news.

—We publish all the news.

—We publish all the news.

—We publish all the news.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson XII.—Fourth Quarter, For Dec. 21, 1913.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, John i, 1-18. Memory Verses, 1-3—Golden Text, John i, 13—Commentary by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

We would be glad to take the regular lesson in Josh. xiv as our meditation for today and be refreshed by the story of Caleb, who felt as strong at eighty-five as he did at forty and asked Joshua for the mountain where the giants were and received Hebron as part of his inheritance because he had wholly followed the Lord God of Israel, but we choose the Christmas lesson for a greater than Caleb is here, even the Lord, whom Caleb followed and who kept him alive all those years while over 600,000 died in the wilderness.

The studies for 1914 will be on the life of Christ in the gospels, concluded in Matt. xviii, and this will form a connecting link as well as be a more appropriate Christmas study.

"The Word was made flesh" points us to Gal. iv, 4. "When the fullness of the time was come God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the law;" also to Heb. ii, 14. "For as much then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same." We must remember I Tim. iii, 16, "Great is the mystery of godliness; God was manifest in the flesh."

We are not asked to understand it, for we cannot, but we can believe it. Bishop Thorold has said that to recognize what we cannot explain and to consent that it should not be explained is the humility of true wisdom, and to accept what we could not otherwise have known, on the authority of God's revealed word, is the obedience of faith. To this we are called—absolute and unconditional faith in every word of God.

This is the eagle gospel, as Matthew is the lion, Mark the ox and Luke the man. Here we soar beyond all the others. Matthew takes us back to Abraham, Luke to Adam, but here we are taken to the beginning, before the world was, and to the Creator of all things, without whom was not anything made that was made (verse 3). He is called "the Word of God" in Rev. xix, 13, and "the Word" in I John v, 7. To me "the Word of the Lord" in Gen. xv, 1, is also Himself talking to Abram. The Bible is the written word, and He is the living Word. Some one has said:

The Scriptures and the Lord bear one most holy name. The written and the Living Word are in all things the same.

He is distinct from and yet one with the Father. "The Word was with God and the Word was God." As one has said, this is too high for us, but in verse 14 He comes near to us in human form and tabernacles among us. He is the Babe who was born in Bethlehem, and yet His goings forth have been from of old, from the days of eternity (Mic. v, 2). The same verse says that He was born to be ruler in Israel, and in John i, 49, Nathanael recognized Him as such, saying, "Rabbi, Thou art the Son of God; Thou art the King of Israel."

He has never yet ruled in Israel, but He Himself answered Pilate, "Thou sayest that I am a King. To this end was I born and for this cause came I into the world" (John xviii, 37).

Though we rarely, if ever, see this title, "the Ruler of Israel," in Christmas Sunday school decorations, yet for the fulfillment of this the world waits. He is the only Life and Light of men individually, but when He shall come again as the Light and Glory of Israel then nations shall come to her light and kings to the brightness of her rising. It shall be to the world as Life from the dead (Isa. ix, 1-3; Rom. xi, 15). There is no life or light or knowledge of the true God apart from Him, for He only can reveal the Father (verse 18), and those who do not receive Him as God do not know the true God, but worship a god of their own imagination, suggested to them by the God of this world (II Cor. iv, 4; Eph. vi, 12).

The prophets have spoken the truth by the Holy Spirit, but He is the Truth (John xiv, 6) and reveals to us the holiness of God and our sinfulness, but also the grace that saves sinners freely by His merits (verse 17; Rom. iii, 24; v, 1; II Cor. viii, 9).

I think that verses 10, 11 are among the saddest in the whole Bible, telling us that the world that was made by Him knew Him not, and the people whom He came to redeem received Him not. They make us think of His own words, "Oh, Jerusalem, how often would I, and ye would not" (Matt. xxiii, 37), and of the day when He wept over the city saying, "If thou hadst known, but now" (Luke xix, 41, 42). There are no words more precious than those of verses 12, 13, which tell us how to be born of God and the true meaning of believing, a word used a hundred times in this gospel. Believing all about Him will not benefit us unless we humbly receive Him into our hearts as our own personal Saviour, who loved us and gave Himself for us, bearing our sins in His own body. Believing is receiving, and he that hath the Son hath life (I John v, 12).

SOLVING the SERVANT PROBLEM

Mr. Glenfaddle started out about two weeks before Christmas to solve the servant problem.

"The trouble with women," he said to his wife, "is that they don't go at the thing right. This trouble will never be settled until it is settled by diplomacy, and diplomacy is a thing that, I am sorry to say, doesn't come natural to women. Servant girls are only human—that's a thing which is too often forgotten. Treat your girls kindly and they will stand by you. That's the rule I go by in my business affairs. What kind of a time do you suppose I would have with the men in my office if I tried to manage them as a woman manages the help in her kitchen? Why, I'd always have to keep breaking in new people.

"Now let me give you a few pointers. Get something nice for the girl on Christmas—something that you would be glad to have yourself. Most women give their servants a few cheap trinkets that serve no other purpose than to show the girls that they are put away down in the social scale.

"Instead of getting her a ten-cent comb or a new contrivance to scrape the crumbs off the dining-room table, buy her a nice present this year. Give her something she will be proud to show to her friends. Then, you see, they will get to envying her and comparing their own cheap presents with what she got from us, and what'll be



"Emma Has Given Me Notice."

the result? She'll conclude that this is a pretty good place to work; she'll see that we give her credit for possessing good taste, and we will have no more trouble over the servant problem for awhile anyway."

Mrs. Glenfaddle decided to take her husband's advice for once. If the solemn truth must be told, she has never become addicted to the habit of doing this. But there seemed to be a few gleams of reason in his argument, and accordingly she decided to make her Emma thrice glad on Christmas morning. The girl had been very patient and faithful for quite a while anyway, and it was no more than right that merit should be rewarded.

Among the things in the box which Emma found on the kitchen table when she went down to get breakfast on the morning of the great day were cloth for a fine new dress, a toilet set for her bureau, a glove box with a pair of gloves in it, and a purse made of seal leather.

The next day when Mr. Glenfaddle got home his wife said:

"Oh, by the way, Arthur, I wish you'd put an ad. in the paper tomorrow. Emma has given me notice that she will leave us a week from Thursday. She has found a place where she can get 25 cents a week more than we are paying her."

Lest They Forget. Hunt out the little lame girl, The poor boy who is blind; Hunt out the weary widow Who thinks the world unkind; Search down among the hovels Where gladness seldom strays, And teach the doubting people There still are Christmas days.

You have been busy planning To spread your gifts afar, To add your fair love-tokens Where joys and comforts are, But have you in your gladness Bestowed one kindly thought On those who sit in darkness, Whose crusts are dearly bought?

Your heart is full of kindness, You hear the anthems sung And gaze up at the windows Where ribboned wreaths are hung; You've heard the sweet old story With reverence retold, But there are hungry children Where all is dark and cold.

Hunt out the little lame girl, The poor boy who is blind; Hunt out the weary widow Who thinks the world unkind; Go down among the victims Of chance and greed and crime And cause them to remember That this is Christmas time.

Getting the Particulars. "Oh, have you seen your Christmas present to me, dear?" "No," he answered, "what did I give you?" "This beautiful cabinet for the dining-room."

"It's beautiful, isn't it? How much did I pay for it?"

HOW'S THIS? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm. NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The Citizen, the paper of the hour—the year—and all the time, and it will be improved during the coming year. Subscribe for it now and don't you DARE to forget to either.

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE PATENTS TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS &c. Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion from whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American. A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsmen. MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

Our GOLD TABLETS if used promptly will make short work of a cold. O. T. CHAMBERS, PHARMACIST, Honesdale, Pa.

BARGAINS IN PIANOS and ORGANS One Sohmer, \$500 Upright Piano, second hand. One Pease \$400 Upright Piano, second hand. One Estey Organ, second hand. One Chicago Cottage Organ, second hand. One Norris & Hyde Player Piano, used. This is an 88 note \$600.00 Player, used for demonstrating at the fair, etc. Will be sold for \$475.00, on easy terms. One Sterling Organ \$15.00 "\$25.00 shop worn music or roll cabinet \$21.00 now F. A. JENKINS Music House, Lyric Building Honesdale, Pa.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. Wayne County Savings Bank HONSDALE, PA., 1871 42 YEARS OF SUCCESS 1913 THE BANK THE PEOPLE USE BECAUSE we have been transacting a SUCCESSFUL banking business CONTINUOUSLY since 1871 and are prepared and qualified to render VALUABLE SERVICE to our customers. BECAUSE of our HONORABLE RECORD for FORTY-ONE years. BECAUSE of SECURITY guaranteed by our LARGE CAPITAL and SURPLUS of \$550,000 00. BECAUSE of our TOTAL ASSETS of \$3,000,000 00. BECAUSE GOOD MANAGEMENT has made us the LEADING FINANCIAL INSTITUTION of Wayne county. BECAUSE of these reasons we confidently ask you to become a depositor. COURTEOUS treatment to all CUSTOMERS whether their account is LARGE or SMALL INTEREST allowed from the FIRST of ANY MONTH on Deposits made on or before the TENTH of the month. OFFICERS: W. B. HOLMES, President. H. S. SALMON, Cashier. A. T. SEARLE, Vice-President. W. J. WARD, Asst. Cashier. DIRECTORS: T. B. CLARK, E. W. GAMMELL, W. F. SUYDAM, H. J. CONGER, W. B. HOLMES, C. J. SMITH, H. S. SALMON, J. W. FARLEY, F. P. KIMBLE, A. T. SEARLE.