

# CHRISTY'S TRIPLE THANKSGIVING

By CARL WILLIAMS.

He had just come in his car from the Beacon-Hargrave wedding. In Howard Christy's estimation all weddings were cores, but one must be bored in the cause of a merger still hanging fire.

And now, with the ceremony and quickly dispatched reception behind him, he was headed for the office once more. His patient secretary would be awaiting him.

"Mother!" In the half gloom, half mist of the oncoming twilight, as his car was wedged in among scores of other vehicles in front of the Grand Central station, he heard that word, and heaven only knows why he leaned forward to see who had uttered it.

He looked straight into the dewy depths of wonderful violet eyes, but they were not fixed on him.

They looked far beyond, across the tangle of vehicles, to where a woman with soft brown hair and beautiful gray eyes smiled to the girl from out a mass of furs and violets.

Christy forgot to urge his chauffeur to get out of the tangle somehow. He sat quite still for one long thoughtful minute.

Then he leaned forward with a singularly serene expression on his strong, determined face. "You can drop me here, I am going out of town."

"Yes, sir," was the man's mechanical reply, and not so much as by the flicker of an eyelash did he betray his astonishment as his master stepped from the car and, immaculate in frock coat, gray trousers, silk hat, soft gray gloves and boutonniere, stalked through the gloom and crowd into the brilliantly lighted station.

Christy had a private car in one of the uptown yards, but he gave it no thought. He bought a ticket for Trumansburg. He was going home for Thanksgiving with "mother."

Years had passed over his head since he had left Trumansburg. He had often thought of going back for a visit, but the second thought was better than the first. It always ended in his sending for his mother to visit him instead.

Christy was not a Napoleon of finance. In all these years he had made no meteoric rise, but he had climbed steadily, and now, as he had acquired a patch of gray over each ear and a trifling stoop of the shoulders, he had turned over his fifth million.

Eminent nerve specialists had warned him that he must cease his endeavors or lose his health, but Christy laughed at them.

Neither urgings of friends nor orders of physicians had any effect. Yet he now yielded to the note of joy in a girl's voice and was going home.

The girl's voice had brought home and mother back to him, and as the train dashed on he smiled softly to himself and planned his arrival at home.

He had taken the flier because it was the first train out. A word to the amiable conductor, and the engineer was instructed to stop at Trumansburg.

The station was dark when, a little after midnight, the train paused just long enough for the single passenger to drop to the platform.

But there was a light in the post-office across the road from the depot, and presently a man came out to take the mail bag flung off by the messengers.

"That train stop here?" he asked incredulously of Christy.

"For a moment," was the amused response. "Do you know where I can get a bed this time of night?"

The mail carrier regarded him with disdain. "Of course," he said loftily. "This town ain't so small that it does not have hotels. You can always get into the Liberty House—if you ring loud enough. It's two blocks north, one east."

In the morning he hunted up the residence of one of the clothing store proprietors and induced him to open his store. Here he selected an outfit less conspicuous than his wedding guest attire and of the sort he had once regarded as the last word of elegance.

He lighted a cigar and strolled over to the church. He knew that the family celebration always started with the morning service, while the most dependable grandchild remained at home to baste the turkey and keep the fire up.

He had not long to wait before the old farm wagon drove up, and it was Christy who helped his mother out and "I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE YOU."

The old lady looked up in surprise; then, with a glad little cry, she threw her arms about his neck.

"I didn't recognize you—you looked

so like one of us, Howard," she said tremulously. "That's what I'm thankful for. I can still be one of you," he answered, and he told himself that the losses he would have to stand on the deals that would suffer in his absence were well repaid by the look of delight in his mother's eyes.

They slipped quietly into the church, and none realized that the man in the cheap suit was the "Christy boy" of whom they had heard so much and seen nothing.

They set him down as one of the distant relatives of the Christys, and only Nan Copeland, seeing with the eyes of her heart, could tell that it was the much talked of millionaire.

It was Nan whom Christy sought when the short service of prayer was done. She laid her hand timidly in his, but her eyes spoke her welcome not to be concealed.

"What in the world brings you here?" she asked in surprise. "We thought that you had quite forgotten Trumansburg."

"I came to see my mother—and you," he answered in a whisper. "I thought it was only mother, Nan, but when I saw you I realized that there were two persons I had come to see. Is there any chance for me?"

For a moment the girl was silent. Once she had dreamed dreams of a home in which she and Howard Christy should live happily ever after.

Then he had made his first scoop in Wall street, and after that there was no time for thoughts of love on Christy's part. The correspondence dwindled down and died. Now he seemed to have reverted to the Howard Christy she had always loved.

"There may be a chance in time," she admitted. "I've three things to be thankful for."

"You don't need to add that last," he said humbly. "I didn't suppose that you were going to fall on my neck just because I came back and asked you. But if there isn't any one else I'm going back to town to close up some deals, and then I'm coming home to convince you that I'll make a model husband. There isn't any one else, is there, Nan?"

"Not as yet," she conceded, and Christy smiled radiantly.

"I've three things to be thankful for," he said jubilantly. "You and my mother—and my own old self. Three thanks for one Thanksgiving are a whole lot. Nan, and the best of these is—"

"Your own old self," quoted Nancy, coloring delightfully, and Christy read in her eyes that his probation would not be long.

Thanksgiving Table Decorations. Here are some suggestions for the decoration of the Thanksgiving dinner table:

Instead of the costly flowers for the central ornament of the table make a centerpiece that will delight every one by its novel appropriateness. On a mirror plateau place a pumpkin, the yellowest and fairest that ever glowed between rows of fading corn. The top must be cut off and some of the center removed. The space is then lined with smilax, asparagus fern or the hardy dogtooth fern that every country boy knows defies the frost and can be found as fresh under the snow as when wet by summer rains. Heap the space high with lady apples, graceful bunches of grapes and yet more ferns, allowing a few of the latter to stray down the side and rest their pretty tracery on the white cloth.

Or get a low, round wicker basket and pile it high with rosy cheeked apples, letting three or four of them drop from it on the tablecloth to signify abundance. At each plate place a red apple decorated with a ruff and frilled paper cap and sketch with ink a comic face on the smooth skin. It will create no end of fun for the children.

Or pile a basket with either apples or pears and place a border of autumn leaves around it; also one around each of the plates at the table.

Get a big bunch of yellow chrysanthemums and put them either in an old blue pitcher jar or a brown earthenware pitcher. Falling these, a small bean pot such as is used for baking beans will prove a decorative receptacle for them. Place two or three of the chrysanthemums on the tablecloth near it.

A basket piled full of yellow ears of corn is a unique centerpiece. With this should be placed at each plate three grains of corn—to commemorate the time in 1623 when the crops failed and the colonists were threatened with starvation, being put on rations of a few kernels of corn a day. A day of fasting and prayer was appointed then, and directly after, as if in answer, there was a long continued rain-storm, and a vessel arrived laden with provisions. Then in gratitude a day of thanksgiving was appointed about the middle of July. This was observed for some fifty years, when the day was changed to harvest time.—Boston Herald.

Charity's Visiting Day. Charity begins at home, but at Thanksgiving time it ought to go visiting and help to make happy the lives of those to whom turkey is only a memory or a mockery.

Don't Deceive Yourself. Plenty of people imagine they have nothing for which to give thanks, but imagination is deceptive.

**A House Built Upon the Sand.**  
The Newton (N. J.) Gas and Electric Company, a concern of considerable magnitude, is in a fair way to be forced into the hands of receivers through neglect to heed the Scriptural warning, supported as it is by the building experience and authority of all ages. The company erected its quite extensive plant upon the sand. So insecure has it become that it must be removed to another location or all business be suspended. For such removal no funds are available and an application for a receivership was made.

The liabilities of the company consist of \$145,000 in bonds and \$3,850 in the form of accrued interest, while its assets are placed at \$24,000. But for the failure of its plant it could easily be placed in a solvent condition. It would be interesting to know how such a mistake in construction was made, as it seems unlikely that any real architect would have suggested building a costly manufacturing plant upon sand.—Builders Gazette.

**Partridge with Guinea Fowls.**  
L. P. Sasse of Morris Ford had a flock of fourteen young guinea about three months old. A full grown partridge joined the flock, going with them all day and nesting under the mother hen at night. At times the guinea would come late his plasma and the partridge would fly on the banister and whistle as the guinea cried "Potrack."

The partridge was as tame as the guinea were and appeared perfectly happy in its new life and with its gentle associates.—Barwell People.

**Loss on Grain.**  
It is difficult to estimate the total loss on the Scottish grain crop of last season, but if we put the deterioration at the quite moderate figure of \$3 an acre for 90 per cent. of the lands under crop the total is a sum considerably over \$2,000,000. The winter loss from using half rotten fodder and from protracted sales of discolored and musty grain is not so easily calculated.—Glasgow Herald.

**Don't Be Bald.**  
Nearly Anyone May Secure a Splendid Growth of Hair.

We have a remedy that has a record of growing hair and curing baldness in 93 out of every 100 cases where used according to directions for a reasonable length of time. That may seem like a strong statement—it is, and we mean it to be, and no one should doubt it until they have put our claims to an actual test.

We are so certain Rexall "33" Hair Tonic will cure dandruff, prevent baldness, stimulate the scalp and hair roots, stop falling hair and grow new hair, that we personally give our positive guarantee to refund every penny paid us for it in every instance where it does not give entire satisfaction to the user.

Rexall "33" Hair Tonic is as pleasant to use as clear spring water. It is delightfully perfumed, and does not grease or gum the hair. Two sizes, 50c. and \$1.00. With our guarantee back of it, you certainly take no risk. Sold only at our store—The Rexall Store.

A. M. LEINE.

**NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION.**  
ESTATE OF JOHN H. VARGO, Late of Danvers, Pa. granted to Alonzo T. Searle, Executor.

All persons indebted to said estate are notified to make immediate payment to the undersigned, and those having claims against the said estate are notified to present them duly attested for settlement.

Alonzo T. Searle, Executor. Honesdale, Pa., Nov. 10, 1910.

**ORPHANS' COURT SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.**  
By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Wayne county, Pa., the undersigned, administratrix of C. H. Woodward, late of Hawley borough, deceased, will sell at public outcry at the courthouse in Honesdale borough, on

THURSDAY, DEC. 8, 1910, 2 P. M. All that lot or parcel of land together with the improvements thereon situated in the Borough of Hawley, County of Wayne and State of Pennsylvania, being Lot No. 29 on Fourteenth street in said village as per map in the Pennsylvania Coal Company's office. Said lot No. 29 being eighty feet in front on Fourteenth street and extending at right angles to said street forty-four feet on the Northeast side and fifty feet on the Southwest side, or an average depth of forty-six feet. Containing three thousand six hundred and eighty square feet of land.

Being the same land which the Pennsylvania Coal Company by deed dated January 10, 1883, and recorded in Wayne County Deed Book No. 60 at page 18 granted and conveyed to C. H. Woodward.

Also all that lot, piece or parcel of land situate in the Borough of Hawley, County of Wayne, and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Lot No. 31 and one-half on Fourteenth street in the Borough of Hawley as per map in the Pennsylvania Coal Company's office. Said lot No. 31 and one-half being twenty feet wide in front on Fourteenth street and extending backward therefore at right angles in a northwesterly direction fifty feet. Containing one thousand square feet of land or thereabouts.

Being the same land which the Pennsylvania Coal Company granted and conveyed to C. H. Woodward by deed dated January 23, 1898, and recorded in Wayne County Deed Book No. 83, at page 467.

Upon said land is a frame dwelling. Terms of sale, cash.

NELLIE WOODWARD, Administratrix. Searle & Salmon, Attorneys. 91eol 3.

**The Flirting Widow.**  
Jock Anderson was industriously wooing a wealthy widow, who was fair, fat, and forty, with every prospect of a successful issue, for his advances were abundantly returned. But an evil moment one of Jock's admirers mentioned that a gentle kiss, a smiling flirtation on the part of the widow would constitute a piece of bribery and flattery. This idea Jock put hastily into practice by writing a long, amorous letter which, no doubt, would have captured both the widow and the money had he punctuated properly.

This is the sentence that sealed poor Jock's chance. "I consider you brutal and jealous though you may fancy me a little addicted to flirting."

On perusing the above sentence the widow immediately visited Jock, she stormed at him, swore at him, and eventually swooned. Jock explained and punctuated the objectionable sentence with tadpoles, making it read: "I consider you, brutal and jealous though you may fancy me, a little addicted to flirting."

But nothing could induce the widow to see aught but a slight on herself and her stoutness, punctuate as he would.

The widow is no longer a widow but, alas! Jock is not her husband.

**Much Used Present.**  
"A young couple very recently married came into our store the other day," said the silversmith, "with a big silver pitcher and wanted us to change the initials on it so that they could give it to another couple as a wedding present. They had received three others themselves. We can sometimes do it, and I sent it up to the workrooms, but word came back that it could not be done in this case because the initials on it had already been changed four times."—New York Sun.

You will eventually do your shopping in Honesdale. Start now!

HONESDALE MERCHANTS ARE READY FOR CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS.

## Are You PLANNING for To-morrow?

No man ever accumulates a fortune unless he has the habit of making sacrifices today in order that he may have something to work with to-morrow.

The small amount that you are able to save every week may appear very small, but in time systematic saving, with the aid of 3 per cent. compound interest, will give you some substantial capital as a basis for investment or to live on when you can no longer work and earn.

HONESDALE DIME BANK is yet young but it has helped many ambitious persons on the road to independence and success.

Dr. C. R. BRADY, DENTIST, Honesdale, Pa. Office Hours—8 a. m. to 6 p. m. Any evening by appointment. Citizens' phone, 33. Residence, No. 86-X.

LIVERY.—Fred. G. Rickard has removed his livery establishment from corner Church street to Whitney's Stone Barn.

LET US PRINT YOUR BILL HEADS, LETTER HEADS, STATEMENTS, NOTE HEADS, ENVELOPES, CIRCULARS, ETC., ETC.

We wish to secure a good correspondent in every town in Wayne county. Don't be afraid to write this office for paper and stamped envelopes.

MARTIN CAUFIELD Designer and Manufacturer of ARTISTIC MEMORIALS

Office and Works 1036 MAIN ST. HONESDALE, PA.

JOSEPH N. WELCH Fire Insurance

The OLDEST Fire Insurance Agency in Wayne County.

Office: Second floor Masonic Building, over C. G. Jadwin's drug store, Honesdale.

M. LEE BRAMAN EVERYTHING IN LIVERY

Buss for Every Train and Town Calls.

Horses always for sale

Boarding and Accommodations for Farmers

Prompt and polite attention at all times.

ALLEN HOUSE BARN

UY a Wooltex coat and you will practice true economy because you take no chances.

You take no chances when you buy a Wooltex garment because the label is an absolute guarantee of satisfaction through two seasons' service. This is a promise that has never been broken—and never will be.

Look for the Wooltex label—and feel certain that style, material and tailoring are right.

The style was designed in Paris, after a close study of the best models from all the well-known dress establishments.

KATZ BROS. The Store That Sells Wooltex.

IT GIVES THE BEST RESULTS.

LIGHT, ANATOMICALLY CORRECT

TRADE MARK

The "SMITHSONIAN" TRUSS

HOLDS IN ANY POSITION.

ACROBAT EXERCISE

SOLD BY C. G. JADWIN HONESDALE, PA.

D. & H. CO. TIME TABLE---HONESDALE BRANCH

A. M.		P. M.		STATIONS		P. M.		A. M.		SUN		SUN	
8:30	10:00	4:30	6:00	Albany	2:00	10:50	8:30	10:00	8:30	10:00	8:30	10:00	
9:00	10:30	5:00	6:30	Binghamton	2:30	11:20	9:00	10:30	9:00	10:30	9:00	10:30	
9:30	11:00	5:30	7:00	Philadelpia	3:00	11:50	9:30	11:00	9:30	11:00	9:30	11:00	
10:00	11:30	6:00	7:30	Wilkes-Barre	3:30	12:20	10:00	11:30	10:00	11:30	10:00	11:30	
10:30	12:00	6:30	8:00	SCHENECTADY	4:00	12:50	10:30	12:00	10:30	12:00	10:30	12:00	
11:00	12:30	7:00	8:30	Carbondale	4:30	1:20	11:00	12:30	11:00	12:30	11:00	12:30	
11:30	1:00	7:30	9:00	Lincoln Avenue	5:00	1:50	11:30	1:00	11:30	1:00	11:30	1:00	
12:00	1:30	8:00	9:30	White	5:30	2:20	12:00	1:30	12:00	1:30	12:00	1:30	
12:30	2:00	8:30	10:00	Farrview	6:00	2:50	12:30	2:00	12:30	2:00	12:30	2:00	
1:00	2:30	9:00	10:30	Canaan	6:30	3:20	1:00	2:30	1:00	2:30	1:00	2:30	
1:30	3:00	9:30	11:00	Lake Lodore	7:00	3:50	1:30	3:00	1:30	3:00	1:30	3:00	
2:00	3:30	10:00	11:30	Waymart	7:30	4:20	2:00	3:30	2:00	3:30	2:00	3:30	
2:30	4:00	10:30	12:00	Keene	8:00	4:50	2:30	4:00	2:30	4:00	2:30	4:00	
3:00	4:30	11:00	12:30	Steens	8:30	5:20	3:00	4:30	3:00	4:30	3:00	4:30	
3:30	5:00	11:30	1:00	Porter	9:00	5:50	3:30	5:00	3:30	5:00	3:30	5:00	
4:00	5:30	12:00	1:30	Fortenia	9:30	6:20	4:00	5:30	4:00	5:30	4:00	5:30	
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