JOHN BEVERLY'S THANKSGIVING.

Story of Stubborn Pride Humbled and Friends Reunited.

By DAISY WRIGHT FIELD. [Copyright, 1910, by American Press Asso-

ciation. "No, I min't never goin' to forgive

It was the same answer, in the same panied by the same forbidding frown, that had been meted out to Susan Beverly for seven long years. Each year just before Thanksgiving she bad ven-"John, ain't you goin' to fergive her an' ask her home fer Thanksgivin'?" only to experience each time a fresh pang of disappointment. If she could only have kept from hoping, but she

herself, she could not understand the

nature of the man she had married



TION! IT'S RIS ONLY CHANCE.

and faithfully served for thirty years. Pride, the stubborn, wrongful pride that forbids a man to own his faults, had shut him away from the joy that comes from a realization of the truth that "to err is human, to forgive di-

Mrs. Beverly wiped her eyes on her apron with a trembling hand.

"Oh, John, how can you be so hard on your own girl, and sech a good girl as she allus was too? If it had been some awful thing she'd done, but jest marryin' a doctor, 'stead o' a farmer! How could the poor child control her heart? An' I hear they're doin' well up in the city. Got a nice home with everything fixed up convenient an' one o' these big red ortomobiles"-

'Durned feelishness' snorted the farmer, reaching for his coat. "IV you think I'd countenance one o' my famlly ridin' in one o' them contraptions o' the devil? I ain't got no use fer them ner their fine citified airs."

"But the children, John-they've got two, an' I ain't never seen either of 'em, an' "-

"You c'n put up our dinner. We'll

be over in the south lot cuttin' wood all day," was the curt rejoinder. She watched her husband and son out of sight as they trudged heavily

across the meadow, now blackened by the frost. The latter was a sturdy, broad shouldered fellow, born and trained for a tilier of the soil, a typical young farmer in his overalls, checked jumper and broad straw hat. There was no chance of John Beverly being disappointed in his son and heir, Philip was perfectly content to follow in his father's footsteps, city life possessing no attractions for him that were not overborne by the independent toil, the free life and the wholesome surroundings of his country He was the pride of his fahome. ther's heart and all the more his hope and idol since his only daughter had chosen her own mate regardless of his wishes and had preferred a doctor with a city practice to a well to do farmer whom he had picked out for her as he would have considered purchasing for her a new saddle pony.

"If anything was to happen to Philip," mused Susan Beverly as she put up a clean roller towel and began to clear away the breakfast dishes, "it'd nigh about kill his pa."

Then a sudden chill of rebellion struck her. Hadn't she given up her idol, her only girl, almost, it seemed to her, before dolls and mud ples had given place to beaus and long dresses, not as other mothers do, to see her settled in her own home, to visit back and forth, to share her sweet domesticity, to hold her little children in her arms? No. She had said goodby to Millie as if she had been laying the pretty, gentle child in her grave and had never seen her since nor the dear little babes that God had sent her.

Surely hers was a sad, a bitter lot. Yet something sang in her heart as she worked today, the vague melody hope croons for us sometimes when our prospects seem darkest. She baked and brewed and scrubbed and polished, and when all was done and in order she carefully ironed her own neat print dress, white collar and apron for the morrow's donning.

Six o'clock approached, the hour when her husband and son might be

keeping warm in the range oven. The pantry door hid from sight a a collection of the usual Thunksciviands, the floor shops spothessly. every pan and oup gooded like r ror from its place on the kitchen The kettle sang; the cat purred hissing tire warmly defied the frost of the blast outside, which rising in severity. All was per coziness and comfort when Mrs. 1 erly was suddenly startled by a wa disheveled figure flinging itself in a the door.

"Philip!" gasped John Beverly chingly, his face whiter than his wife -"He is hurt-crushed-under a apron.

Even as her shrick of wild dismuy dogged and unreleating tone, accom- rang out a huge automobile came cho chuffing up to the gate, and a stranger sprang out.

'Quick, come and help me rescue my boy!" cried out John Beverly, runnier toward him wildly, "He was cuttie," tured the same question longingly. down a tree an' it fell on him, an' i couldn't lift it!"

"Oh, hurry!" panted Philip's mother, He may be dead-dyin'-already."

The stranger spoke a swift word or two to the heavily veiled woman in the big red car and helped her out, couldn't. Tender, forgiving, impulsive then lifted to the ground the boy and girl on the back seat. Then he almost flung the old man into the seat, sprang in and at a touch sent the huge machine gliding over the smooth white

It seemed incredible to John Beverly, who had walked the weary mile many a time, that they could hire negotial ed it in such a short space of time, but almost before he was through giving the stranger directions they rolled into the wood and the next instant were at work freeing the unconscious boy. The stranger made a rapid examination of the latter's injuries, which confirmed the grave fears he had entertained at the first giance.

"The hospital-an immediate operation! It's his only chance," was his terme comment.

"But," his father cried, aghast at the awful possibilities. "the nearest espital is twenty miles away!"

Silently the stranger pointed to the motorcar. Together they placed the injured boy as comfortably as possible within it. The stranger did what he could to stop the bleeding and make the patient easy, pulling out a black medical case from beneath the seat.

"You're a doctor?" queried John Beverly, eying him curiously. The man only nodded, being engrossed in his work. When it was finished he snapped shut the case, threw it into the machine, sprang in himself and without a backward glance, sent the car spinning out into the road again.

That wild ride was a dream, a kind of nightmare to Philip's father, crouching low in the seat and holding his boy's head in his lap, not knowing whether to hope or to fear. Houses and hills and trees flew by, enveloped in a kind of haze. The walls of the hospital rose before them-near-nearer-they were there. And they carried Philip away and told his father to wait in the room outside.

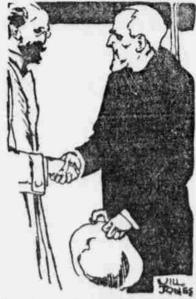
It was nearly an hour after they had taken him into the operating room that the father heard the glad news from the head surgeon:

"Your son is doing nicely. He has a strong constitution and ought to be out of here in a week or two

Then, with a smile and a nod toward the stranger who had brought Philip, the surgeon added:

'A great deal is due to Dr. Everett A bit of bungling at the starmight have meant death to your son. but his wise handling of the case. and especially his getting the boy here so promptly, spelled success in a very serious case.

"Dr.-Everett!" gasped John Beverly, blanching, as the familiar lines



"I AIR'T FITTEN TO TAKE YER HAND, NED, MY BOY, I ALR'E.

of a more youthful face began to shape themselves behind the stranger's heavy masculine beard. "Not Ned Everett-not my daughter Millie's husband?"

"The same," exclaimed the latter heartly, holding out his hand to his father-in-law, "Millie and I could stand it no longer, but were planning to take you by surprise."

The old man placed his toil worn hand in that of his son-in-law.

"I ain't fitten to take yer hand, Ned, my boy, I ain't," he said humbly, "I'm a blind, stubborn old fool. But if yer willin' to let bygones be bygones I'll be the gratefulest and happiest man

in Noo York." A few minutes later, as he stood be side his son, who smiled hopefully, if wanly, up from his pillow, he turned

to the young doctor; "Well, I ought to give thanks tomorrer sure enough," said he. "The Lord's giv' me back my boy an' my girl an' throwed in a mighty fine sonexpected, and a bountiful supper was in-law for good measure."

Australian Bilderd Champion Likely to Come in Buncals of New Honor George Gray, who recently at Lords. England, broke the English red ball record and the world's all round reord in successive days in a billiard match with F. W. Hughes, is planning to come to this country the first part

of December to challenge the Ameri-



GRORGE GRAY, AUSTRALIA'S GREATEST BILLIARD FLAYER.

can cracks. He is the holder of the Australian title and one of the most remarkable cue wielders of the present day.

Gray was bern in Melbourne March 28, 1992. He started playing billiards at Brisbane five years ago, when recovering from a broken arm, and in less than eighteen months had made a name in Australia.

"My favorite attack," said Gray recently, "is, as I think most people know, in losing hazard play with the red ball in the center pockets. I try to get position for play off the red and endeavor to keep it."

The total of Gray's break in the games with Hughes reached 985, of which 969 were off the red ball.

HERE'S A NOVEL PLAY IN FOOTBALL GAME.

A person might attend fifty or sixty football games and yet never witness an incident that featured the Ohio State-Denison football game recently. When there were only two minutes to play Fullback Edson Rupp of Denison punted. The punt was a good one, and as it hit the ground the ball bounded away rom Halfhack Cooke of State

The latter started in pursuit, but was outdistanced by Rupo the man who booted the ova-Rupp recovering it and scoring the touchdown that tied the score. And there was no protest that he was not onside.

"TERRIBLE BEAR" COMING.

Heavyweight Wrestler From Africa Due to Make Americans Trouble. American wrestlers had better begin to tremble. Another heavyweight is coming here. He is known as the "Terrible Bear of Africa" and weighs 250

He will be under the management of Professor Henry W. Titus. Titus says he will match his charge against any man in the world, Frank Gotch or any of the foreign wrestlers, under the management of Antonio Pierri.

Ten Eyok's Plan to Help Rewing. Inasmuch as Syracuse university lost several of its crew through graduation or failure of oarsmen to return this fail, the task of developing good oars men this year will require considerable hard work on the part of Coach James A. Ten Eyck. The call for crew candldates will not be issued until the students return after the holiday vacation. The practice will be conducted in the gymnasium until such time in the spring as outdoor work can be started at Onondaga lake.

FORWARD PASSES

Scott, one of Pennsy's best punters. kicks with his left foot, as does Felton of Harvard.

Cottrell, the Dartmouth player, is deaf, and it is not known how he gets the signals for plays. Caritale's fullback, Houser, weighs

182 pounds, and he is one of the heavlest men playing in the back field anywhere under the new rules. The players that have their opponents going on the run don't like the

three minute intermission a little bit. but the team that is thereby given a chance to get together thinks the intermission is great.

Maybe the best way to size up the teams this fall is to figure which has the best chance to keep getting inside the other fellow's thirty-five yard line and then chance a guess on how the drop kicks are going to go,

LOWER PRICES NO DREAM.

Kansas City Has Them, and They're Due In New York Soon.

New York, Nov. 17.-Further reductions in the high prices of meats are expected any day here, following the cut announced by the wholesalers and packers. This drop, however, will be gradual, retail dealers say, and it prob ably will be several mouths before the cost of meat reaches the old time reasonable prices.

Kansas City, Mo., Nov. 17.-Declines of 50 cents a hundred pounds in prices of sheep, 15 to 25 cents in quotations for hogs and 15 to 25 cents in the cattle market occurred at the stockyards.

Buyers for packing houses were in different and were not willing to buy any more stock than was actually needed for current orders. Prices of hogs have fallen about \$1.75 a hundred pounds in four weeks.

Philadelphia, Nov. 17. - Wholesale meat dealers declared that there had been no decrease in the price of beef and there would not be any in the near future. Most of them emphasized this declaration by raising the price of beef 50 cents a hundred pounds to dealers. This, however, did not cause a corresponding increase to the consumers.

The price of prime beef has been gradually going up for the last month.

CATCH JEWELRY THIEVES!

Police Believe Couple Made a Practice of Running Away With Goms.

Philadelphia, Nov. 17. - The disappearing Delettes are in custody here, and from present indications they will remain in custody for a long time to come. They are the two enterprising house servants who disappeared from the home of Samuel Kuble last Saturday at the same time \$3,000 worth of Mrs. Kubie's jewelry vanished.

Information in the hands of the police is that the Delettes have been making a specialty of entering the homes of the rich as servants and decamping with jewelry. It is believed they are wanted in Chicago for the tueft of a \$10,000 necklace from a hotel in which they were acting as serv-

POSTAL BANKS FOR PANAMA.

President Decides to Recommend Them to Congress After Men Complain. Panama, Nov. 17.-President Taft is gratified over the results of his three

days' inspection. He went deep down in the Culebra cut, giving especial attention to this the most difficult part of the construction.

Mr. Taft was surprised to learn that the sone was not included in the operations of the postal bank law. As a result of representations made to him it is probable that Mr. Taft in his special message to congress will recommened that provision be made for the establishment of postal banks in the zone, where they are much desir ed, to care for enormous deposits of salaries and wages.

STRANDED ON ISLAND.

Wrecked Ship's People Have but Small Food Supply.

Cordova, Alaska, Nov. 17.-Eightythree persons, comprising the eight passengers and crew of the wrecked steamship Portland, which was beached in the mouth of the Katalla river on Saturday, are stranded on Katalia island. Few persons live on the island, and the food supply is small.

The telephone line, the sole means of communication with the Island, is down, and the stranded passengers are entirely cut off from the outside

Patient Sues Doctor.

New York, Nov. 17.-Dr. Howard Lillenthal, one of the best known members of his profession in the country, is being sued for \$50,000 damages by Leopold Helman, who charges that through negligence and carelessness in the performance of an operation upon him by Dr. Lillenthal his right arm is paralyzed permanently.

Found Guilty of Killing Husband. St. Albans, Vt., Nov. 17.-Mrs. Josephine Averill, who had been on trial charged with the murder of her husband, was found guilty of manslaugh-

Painfully Apparent. "Remember," said the blatant egotist flercely as he flourished the whip of disdain and let out another kink-"remember that I am a self made

"Don't be afeard," said the mild mannered man, with a patronizing smile-"don't be afeard. Nobody who has seen the job will ever forgit it."-Binghamton Bubbles.

Seen by the Sea. Her bathing dress Is made of less Than two and forty inches To make a hit The snuggest fit She wears, although it pinches.

Upon the sand She sits, far from the water. Her suitors gase
On Neptune's fair young daughter.

-Life. With hearts ablaze

So browned and tanned

Family Trouble. Mrs. Bronx-Isn't it perfectly frightful? Mrs. Van Sant eloped with her chauffeur!

Mrs. Lenox-Oh, there is no accounting for some people's taste, my dear. Mrs. Bronx-But you don't understand. Mr. Van Sant was to take Miss Footlights out in the car tonight, and he can't run the machine himself .-

Hamma Labety. Bill Br will be a ready.

He so and the a rind smokes.

He gave his friends a july time.

And hambed in all their jokes,

But which his guests were leaving.

He said and beaved a sight.

"That cost we forty dollars.

The price was far too high.

"They are up all my victuals.
They smoked all my clears.
They drank my stock of liquids
Just like a bunch of tars.
They marred my parlor sofa.
They scratched my parlor chairs.
They have drawn my parlor chairs.

They threw cigar stubs on my rugs And matches on my stairs. "Of course they were invited,

But now that they are gone I'm sorry that I asked them.' And thus he rambled on: They raised an awful rumpus, They hurned my gas all night, And I would like to wager My bill will be a fright!"

-Detroit Free Press

A sheet for the bed of a river. A ring for the finger of scorn. A glove for the hand of fate. boot for the foot of a mountain. A sleeve for the arm of the law.

A set of teeth for the mouth of river. A lock for the trunk of an elephant A feather for the wings of the wind. Scales for the weight of years.

Buttons for a coat of paint. A rung for the ladder of fame, Reins for a bridal tour. A medicine to keep the ink well. To know what makes the weather

vane and the roads cross.

A key for a lock of bair. - Merry Thought. Practical Girl. He told her of his boundless love While on his bonded knos And said: "He mine. Then, darling, oh, How happy we shall be!"

But she, cold, extendating girt, Of love entirely free, beplied, "First tell me, Mr. Spoon, What is your salaree."

-Chicago News.

Omineus. "Pardon me, old man," began the reteran boarder, "but we don't want to lose you, and I just want to warn you that you'd better begin to pay pickle." something on your board."

"Why?" asked the new boarder. "Well, I noticed that Mrs. Starvem was dangerously polite to you this morning." - Catholic Standard and

"Then you don't want to leave footprints upon the sands of time?" "Nix," answered the politician guardedly. "All I want is to cover up my tracks."-Washington Herald.

Is she, perdie, as false as she is fair.

Jilted thee, sh? Then come and drown thy care.
Lose every thought of her, e'en as thou poureix This large libation. (But he tears his hair And eaith, "I'll not forget her, for, I awear.

I'll be all summer paying up the florist!")

A BIRDS' HOTEL.

An Ingenious American Has Spent Four Years in Making It.

Arthur E. Dunning, one of the staff at the American Embassy at Berlin, has devoted his spare time since 1906 to building a wonderful bird house. The Hotel Canary, as he calls it, contains twenty-two rooms and has a window garden with a fountain, also two conservatories.

It is 75 inches long by 15 inches wide and including a tower is 51 inches high. All the rooms have the modern improvements, such as electric light and running water. They are equipped with automatic feeding dishes. In the winter garden are two elevators running to the second floor and with four sliding doors giving access to the surrounding rooms.

Batteries for the electric lights are in the machine reem, which also contains the apparatus for running the elevators, a reserveir for water with a capacity of one gallon and a switchboard for the lights on the third floor. The tower room, which is not occupled by guests, is fitted with an electric chandeller and bell and is reached by means of a spiral staircase from the third story. It also contains the means of controlling the water in the

At the back of the structure is the food supply box, from which different mintures of seeds are distributed to the fortunate immates of this birds' hotel, while immediately to the right and left are the places into which the seed is poured for the rooms. It may be added that some provided with balcoules and the flags bear the initials H. C. The whole building is a marvel of ingenuity and constructive skill .- New York Sun.

What Source Her.

"But judge, my husband bit me." "But, madam, that is nothing to get a divorce about, any man would bite a peach." "Thank you, judge, but I asked him if he thought he was biting a peach." "And he said he was?" "No, judge; he said he was biting a

She Died "Quick."

When Miss Jennie Lee was on tour with the dramatized version of "Bleak House," she met with an amusing experience. One night she was in the midst of the long and harrowing death scene of poor Jo. The stage was darkened and the limelight illuminated the pale features of the death stricken boy. People were sobbing all over the house. Suddenly, to her consternation, Miss Lee heard the limelight man addressing her in a brawny Scotch whisper, audible to half the house.

"Dee quick, Miss Lee dee quick!" he roared softly. "The limelight's

gaen out!" She did die "quick," but it was for the purpose of making a speech to that limelight man which he said he would never forget.-Detroit Free

CASTORI

Press.

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Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of

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