

Old Lady Number 31

By LOUISE FORSLUND

Author of "The Story of Sarah" "The Ship of Dreams" Etc.

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SYNOPSIS.

Captain Abraham Rose and Angelina, his wife, have lost their little home through Abe's unlucky purchase of Tensley Gold mining stock...

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

Abraham flushed. He did not care to recall Samuel's wedding day. He hastened to ask the other what had decided him and Blossy to come to-day...

"Then I says ter Blossy," concluded Captain Darby, "I says, says I, 'Jest lemme see that air old henpecked Abe Rose. I'll kill him er cure him!'"

"Humph! Barkin' cats must be tryin' ter live with. Abe," he tapped the old man's knee again, "dew yew know what yew need? A leetle vacation, a change of air..."

"Tew Bleak Hill!" Abraham's face lost its cautious look, his eyes sparkled once more. Go back to the life-saving station where he had worked in his lusty youth...

"Men, men, nawthin' but men!" Samuel exploded as if he had read the other's thought. "Nawthin' but men fer a hull week, that's my prescription fer yew! Haow dew yew feel naow, mate?"

"Sho, thar hain't no danger of me ketchin' cold," declared Abe. "I didn't say yer thickest set of flannels; I said yer best. When a man gets throued out onto the ice kump, the thickness of his clo'es ain't goun' to help him much..."

"That's all very well," persisted Mrs. Homan, not to be diverted from her subject; "but when old Doctor Billings got run over by the train at Mastie Crossin' on Fourth o' July eight year ago, his wife told me with her own lips that she never would git over it, cuz he had his hull big toe stickin' out o' the end of his stockin'..."

"I chucked it out o' the winder," affirmed Samuel without winking, and Abe hastened to draw Angy's attention back to himself.

"See, mother, I kin stand as good as anybody; hain't got no fever; I kin walk alone. Yew seen me dancin' jest tew. An' ef I had that pesky anty rooster of a doctor here,

"I'd kick him all the way down stairs. Cap'n Sam's wuth twenty-five o' him." "Yew kept the prescription, didn't yer, cap'n?" demanded Angy. "Naow ef he should be took ag'in an'—"

"Bleak Hill in December!" Angy cried, aghast. "Naow, see here, father," resolutely, "medicine or no medicine—"

"He's got ter git hardened up," firmly interposed Doctor Darby; "it'll be the makin' o' him." Angy turned on Samuel with ruffled feathers.

"Here Abe's stubborn will, so rarely set against Angy's gentle persistence, rose up in defiance: "We're a-gwine on a reg'lar A No. 1 spree with the boys, an' no women-folks is a-goin' ter stop us neither."

"When?" asked Angy faintly, feeling Abe's brow, but to her surprise finding it cool and healthy. "Ter-morrer!" proclaimed Samuel; whereupon Abe looked a little dubious and lifted up his two feet, wrapped as they were in the blanket...

"Don't yer think yer'd better make it day after ter-morrer?" he ventured. "Or 'long erbout May er June?" Angy hastily amended.

"See here, whose spree is this?" Abe demanded of the little old wife. She sighed, then resolved on strategy: "Naow, Abe, ef yew be bound an' possessed ter go ter the beach, yew go; but I'm a-goin' visitin' tew, an' I couldn't git the pair o' us ready inside a week. I'm a-goin' down ter see Blossy. She sat me jist naow, pendin', she says, Cap'n Sam'l here cures Abe up enough ter git him off. I thought she was crazy then."

Samuel knocked the ashes out of his pipe against the window sill and arose to go. "Waal," he said grudgingly, "make it a week from terday then, rain er shine, snow er blow, er a blizzard. Ef yer ever a-goin' ter git hardened, Abe, naow's the time! I'll drive over 'long erbout ten o'clock an' git somebody ter sell us from here; er ef the bay freezes over 'twixt naow an' then, ter take us in a scooter."

"A scooter," it may be explained, is an iceboat peculiar to the Great South Bay—a sort of modified dinghy on runners. "Yes—yes, a scooter," repeated Samuel, turning suddenly on Abe with the sharp inquiry: "Air yew a-shiverin'?"

"Hain't, eh? Waal then, a week from terday, so be it!" he ended. "But me an' Blossy is a-comin' ter see yew off an' on pooty frequent meane-while; an', Abe, ef ever I ketch yew a-layin' abed, I'll leave yer yer own destruction!"

CHAPTER XII.

"A Passel of Meddlers." Angy's secret hope that Abe would change his mind and abandon the projected trip to the beach remained unfulfilled, in spite of the fact that cold weather suddenly descended on the South side, and the bay became first "scummied" over with ice, and then frozen so solid that all its usual craft disappeared, and the "scooters" took possession of the field.

Abe and Samuel held stubbornly to their reckless intentions; and the sisters, sharing Angy's anxiety, grew solicitous almost to the point of active interference. They withheld nothing in the way of counsel, criticism, or admonition which could be offered.

"Naow," said Mrs. Homan in her most commanding tones at the end of a final discussion in the big hall, on the evening before the date set for departure, "ef yew're bound, bent an' determined, Brother Abe, to run in the face of Providence, yew want tew mind one thing, an' wear yer best set of flannels ter-morrer."

"Sho, thar hain't no danger of me ketchin' cold," declared Abe. "I didn't say yer thickest set of flannels; I said yer best. When a man gets throued out onto the ice kump, the thickness of his clo'es ain't goun' to help him much..."

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"Thar, I most fergot about his necktie. 'Course, they don't dress up much at the station; but jest the same that air tie o' yourn, Brother Abe, is a disgrace. I told yew yew'd spile it; wearin' it tew bed. Naow, I got a red an' green plaid what belonged to my second stepson, Henry O. He never would 'a' died o' pneumony, either, ef he'd a-took my advice an' made himself a newspaper night cap last time he substituted with the 'savers. An' yew kin have that necktie jest as well as not. Naow, don't say a word; I'm better able to part with it 'n yew be not to take it."

No one ever attempted the fruitless task of stopping Mrs. Homan once fully launched; but when at last she permitted her back to rest against her chair, folding her arms with the manner of one who makes a sacrifice in a worthy cause, Abe broke into an explosive protest.

If any one fretted him in his somewhat fretful convalescence, it was this grenadier member of the household, who since Blossy's marriage had endeavored to fill the vacant post of "guardeen angel."

"Mis' Homan," he sputtered, rising to his feet, "I wouldn't wear a red an' green plaid tie to a eel's funeral!" "Then with a somewhat ungracious "good-night" to the company in general, he trudged across the hall and up the stairs, muttering something to himself about a "passel of meddlers."

Well-meaning Miss Abigail, who had been nodding half asleep, roused herself to call after him, and he paused unwillingly to heed. "Naow, don't yer lose no sleep ter-night," she admonished, "a-worryin' erbout the change in yer vittles. I told Cap'n Sam'l that hardack an' sech like wouldn't never do fer yew weak stummick, an' he promised me faithful he'd send somebody tew the mainland every day fer milk."

"Dew yew think I be a baby?" shouted Abraham, turning on his heel. "I know now what makes my teeth so sore lately," mumbling to himself; "it's from this here ar-rer-root an' all these puddin' messes. They need hardenin', tew."

CHAPTER XIII.

The Prodigal's Departure. Abraham was up betimes in the morning to greet a day crisp and cold, quiet, yet with sufficient breeze stirring the evergreens in the yard outside to make him predict a speedy voyage.

The old man was nervous and excited, and, in spite of his buoyant anticipations, somewhat oppressed, now that the day had actually come, with a sense of timidity and fear. Still, he put on a bold face while Angelina fastened his refractory collar and tied his cravat.

This was neither Mrs. Homan's offering nor Abe's own old, frayed tie, but a new black one which had mysteriously been thrust through the crack under the door during the night. So, the last finishing touches having been put upon his toilet, and Angy having made ready by lamp-light for her own trip, even before the old man was awake, there seemed nothing left to be done until the breakfast bell should ring.

Abe sat down, and looking hard at his open carpetbag wondered audibly if they had "everything" in. The last time they two had packed Abe's wardrobe for a visit to Bleak Hill had been many years ago, when Samuel Darby, though somewhat Abe's junior, was keeper of the life-saving station, and Abe was to be gone for a whole season's duty. Then all of his possessions had been stowed in a long, bolster-like canvas bag for the short voyage.

Both Angy and her husband recalled that time now—the occasion of their first, and almost of their last, real separation. "A week'll pass in no time," murmured Angy very quickly, with a catch in her voice. "Lookin' ahead, though, seven days seems awful long when yer old; but— Oh, law, yes; a week'll pass in no time," she repeated. "Only dew be keertful, Abe, an' don't take cold."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FISH HOOK RECOVERS BODY

Passengers From Passing Train Drag River After Boy Is Knocked Off Bridge.

Using the boy's own fishing rod in grappling for his body, passengers on a Susquehanna and Western train that had knocked Paul Colombo from a bridge near Babbitt, N. J., into the river, succeeded in hooking his coat and dragging the body to the surface. The lad, who lived at Twenty-third and Palisade avenue, West New York, was fishing on the edge of the railroad bridge with John Eichlar, when the train due at Hackensack at 12:56 came along.

The Eichlar boy just managed to escape injury, the pilot of the engine grazing his heel. The Colombo boy was struck on the side of the head as he tried to swing away from the rail. Engineer Vrooman saw the boy fall into the river, stopped the train, and the passengers hurried to the scene. Several boys who were swimming near by dived time and again, but without success.

Then the passengers took turns with young Colombo's fishing rod, and finally the hook caught in the lad's coat. The body was dragged to the bank and taken on the train to Hackensack.

A Question.

"Dobbs is a mild-mannered man." "Yes, he is. I wonder if he's naturally so, or married?"

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By E. O. SELLERS, Director Sunday School Course, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.

LESSON FOR OCTOBER 18

IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

LESSON TEXT—Mark 14:32-42. See also Luke 22:39-46. GOLDEN TEXT—Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation. Matt. 26:41 R. V.

The account of Peter's boast (v. 29-30), a common but highly significant story, forms the connecting link in Mark's Gospel, between this and last Sunday's lesson. After singing the hymn v. 5 (the Hallelujah), Jesus and his disciples left the upper room.

I. Into the Garden, vv. 32-35. No other passage in history so moves the human heart with reverential awe. Somewhere outside Jesus left eight disciples. He took three, his closest friends, and resolutely entered the darkness. Our record tells us that he was "amazed and sore troubled" and there is a hint of his humanity suggested by the fact that he should confess the same to the disciples. These three had been with him on the Mount of Transfiguration there to behold his glory. Now they are to see the depths of Divine self-abnegation. He trod the winepress alone, however, for he "went forward a little" (v. 35),

The Master's Prayer. II. Praying, vv. 36-38. The Master's prayer was in reality a prayer of triumph; a prayer which enables us to apprehend, in part at least, his suffering and a suggestion of his coming glory. It is easier to appreciate and to understand his prayer than it is to comprehend his glory. The resolute abandonment of himself to the will of his Father is one of the awe-inspiring facts of history.

Jesus asked for this cup, drank it and passed on to Calvary. In the midst of his agony he is strengthened, Luke 22:43. Returning, he found the three disciples sleeping. Peter, who had made such boastful avowals of fealty (vv. 29, 30) and who is about to undergo, and to fall, is addressed in tender reproach. "Simon, sleepest thou. Couldst thou not watch one hour?" Then addressing the three, he said, "watch, and pray that ye enter not into temptation; the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak."

Found No Comforters. III. Again praying, vv. 39-42. Again he passes into the loneliness of that midnight hour. Again we hear his triumphant psalm of prayer. This time he returns and finds the disciples heavy with deep sleep. This is a fulfillment of Ps. 69:20, "I looked for comforters and found none." His gentle reproach goes unanswered. For a third time he enters the trial and returning commands the disciples to sleep on and take their rest.

There is little doubt that between his permission "sleep on" and the declaration "It is enough" that the Savior, in wakeful loneliness, watched over the sleeping disciples. At last he roused them for the enemy, headed by Judas, were at hand. Their dearly bought sleep was short and we can imagine the confusion caused by the torch-bearing mob. The Man of sorrows is calm in this hour after his victory in prayer. The disciples, not likewise strengthened, flee away.

The Supreme Value of this story lies in the effect it may produce upon each one who comes to know it. To one it does not speak at all, to another, it melts the heart and brings tears to the eye. While he felt the sense of all through which he was passing, yet he did not once hesitate, John 12:27, 28, never for one moment faltered in his cooperation with the complete will of God. Again we are compelled to bow the head with reverence before his marvelous patience with the disciples. Nowhere else have we found a record that will surpass this picture, especially the latter end, as we see him patiently waiting and watching while they slept. The words of the Psalmist are brought to mind:

Like as a father pitieth His children, So the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. For He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are dust.

Conscious of his approaching passion, conscious of the strain of the coming hours of that fateful last day, halting on the pathway of his sorrows, he gives his disciples time for repose. While we contrast his self-sacrifice and their selfishness, yet, when we study our own lives, we hardly dare to criticize. We are, however, impressed with the marvelous privilege they allowed to slip from them.

The Golden Text was spoken after the first period of prayer. These words were spoken in tender compassion and in full recognition of the weakness of the disciples. He knew them altogether, the whole truth about each one. That they desired fellowship with him we feel confident, yet they, even as we so often likewise, failed. Let us then endeavor to observe and obey his injunction, "Keep awake, and pray ye enter not into temptation." Not that we shall be kept from temptation, but as in the disciples' prayer, we should pray, "Lead us not into temptation."

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WHAT HE REALLY DID SAY

Remark Might Almost Be Construed as a Snur on a Most Noble Profession.

One morning Gifford met his old friend, Hall. After they had greeted each other, Gifford said: "Say, Will, I heard today that your son, Thomas, was an undertaker. I thought you told me he was a physician."

"Oh, no," replied Hall, positively, "I never told you that." "I don't like to contradict you, old friend," insisted Gifford, "but, really, I'm positive you did say so."

"No, you probably misunderstood me," explained Hall, "I told you he followed the medical profession."—Exchange.

Tender Spot.

He was taking her for a ride in his new motor car. He seemed to be absent-minded and dreaming.

"How time flies!" he exclaimed at last with a deep sigh. "When is the next installment due?" she asked with a significant glance at his car.

And the very next evening he went out for another ride in his car, but with a girl who didn't know so much.

Simple and Effective.

"I understand Smith has got a simple and effective system of betting on the races."

"Yes, He always bets all he's got on the first race."

"And then?"

"Oh, then he goes home—disgusted."

What He Deserved.

"You deserve a great deal of credit, young man."

"Maybe I do, but I always have to pay cash."—Stray Stories.

Marriage used to be a lottery; now it's a game of skill.

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"Gi tada, aci flaw? (Good morning, how are you?)

"Sto ec, abi lic. (Thank you, I am well.)

"Asi we reesk abo? (Do you understand me?)

We do not; but apl mugcal hab awoz mebu? How many legs has a lobster?—New York Sun.

Watermen and Uniforms.

Watermen—who were also firemen—enjoy the distinction of being the first public servants who ever wore a uniform. "Long before our army and navy adopted any distinguishing garb," writes Mr. Guy Nickalls, "Thames watermen were known by their uniform and badge, a platted coat, knee breeches and stockings and hat, according to fashion, but always a plate on the arm, either of the Waterman's hall to denote that they had the freedom of the river, and were licensed, or the badge of their employer. Any person rowing or working any boat, wherry or other vessel, who had not served seven years as apprentice, incurred a penalty of £10."—London Chronicle.

Most Improper.

"Miss Fibbit, the doctors say that if a self-conscious person will hold something it will help him to overcome that feeling."

"Perhaps the doctors are right, Mr. Flubbin, but I cannot permit you to overcome your self-consciousness by holding me, so please don't attempt it again."

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