Old Lady Number

LOUISE FORSSLUND

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

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CHAPTER XX-Continued.

His face lightened. The weight of the shock passed. He threw off the awe of the glad news. He smiled the smile of a happy-child.

'Naow, mother, we kin buy back our old chair, the rocker with the red roses onto it. Seems ter me them roses must 'a' knowed all the time that this was a goin' ter happen. They was jest as pert an' sassy that last day-"

Angy laughed. She laughed softly and with unutterable pride in her husband.

"Why, father, don't yer see yew kin buy back the old chair, an' the old place, too, an' then have plenty ter spare?"

"So we kiri, mother, so we kin;" he nodded his head, surprised. He plunged his hands into his pockets, as if expecting to find them filled with gold. "Wonder of Sam'l wouldn't lend me a dollar or so in small change. Ef I only had somethin' ter jingle, mebbe I could git closer to this fac'." He drew her to him, and gave her waist a jovial equeeze. "Hy-guy, mother, we're rich! Hain't it spiendid?"

Their laughter rang out togethertrembling, near-to-tears laughter. The old place, the old chair, the old way, and-plenty! Plenty to mend the shingles. Aye, plenty to rebuild the house, if they chose. Plenty with which to win back the smiles of Angy's garden. The dreadful dream of need, and lack, and want, of feeding at the hand of charity, was gone by.

Plenty! Ah, the goodness and greatness of God! Plenty! Abe wanted to cry it out from the housetops. He wanted all the world to hear. He wished that he might gather his wealth together and drop it piece by piece among the multitude. To give where he had been given, to blossom with abundance where he had withered with penury!

The little wife read his thoughts. "We'll save jest enough fer ourselves ter keep us in comfort the rest of our lives an' bury us decent."

They were quiet a long while, both

face with an exclamation of dismay: "Don't it beat all, that it happened jest tew late ter git in this week's Shoreville Herald!

"Tew late?" exclaimed the new fledged capitalist. "Thar hain't nothin' tew late fer a man with money. We'll hire the editor tew git out another paper, fust thing termorrer!"

CHAPTER XXI.

"Our Beloved Brother."

The services of the "Shoreville Herald," however, were not required to spread the news. The happiest and proudest couple on Long Island saw their names with the story of their sudden accession to wealth in a great New York daily the very next morn-

A tall, old gentleman with a real "barber's hair cut," a shining, new high hat, a suit of "store clothes" which fitted as if they had been made for him, a pair of fur gloves, and brandnew ten-dollar boots; and a remarkably pretty, old lady in a violet bonnet, a long black velvet cape, with new shoes as well as new kid gloves, and a big silver-fox muff-this was the couple that found the paper spread out on the hall table at the Old Ladies' Home, with the sisters gathered around it, peering at it, weeping over it, laughing, both sorrowing and reloicing.

"This 'll be good-by ter Brother Abe," Aunt Nancy had sniffed when the news came over the telephone the day before; and though Miss Abigail had assured her that she knew Abe would come to see them real often, the matriarch still failed to be consoled.

"Hain't you noticed, gals," she persisted, "that thar hain't been a death in the house sence we took him in? An' I missed my reg'lar spell o' bronchitis last winter an' this one tew-so fur," she added dismally, and began to cough and lay her hands against her chest. "That was allus the way when I was a young'un," she continued after a while; "I never had a pet dog or cat or even a tame chicken that it didn't up an' run erway sooner or later. This here loss, gals, 'll be the death o' me! Naow, mark my words!"

Then followed a consultation among the younger sisters, the result of which was that they met Abe in the morning with a unanimous petition. They could neither ask nor expect him to remain; that was impossible, but-

"Hip, hooray! Hip, hip, hooray!" as he entered. "Sam'l dropped us at the gate. Him an' Blossy went on ter see Holmes tew dicker erbout buyin' Every sister in the Home had taken at ck the old place. Takes Blossy an' least one stitch in the names.

Sam'l tew dew business. They picked | out my clothes between them yist'day arternoon deown ter Injun village, in the Emporium. Haow yew like 'em? Splendid, eh? See my yaller silk handkerchief, tew? We jest dropped in ter derly couple. git our things. We thought mebbe yew'd want ter slick up the room an' git ready fer the new-"

He was allowed to say no more. The sisters, who had been kissing and hugging Angy one by one, now swooped upon him. He was hugged, too, with warm, generous congratulation, his hands were both shaken until they ached, and his clothes and Angy's silently admired. But no one said a word, for not one of the sisters was able to speak. Angy, thinking that she divined a touch of jealousy, hastened to throw off her wrap and display the familiar old worn silk gown beneath.

"I told Abe I jest wouldn't git a new silk until you each had one made tew. Blossy sent for the samples. Blossy-"

"All I need's a shroud," interrupted Aunt Nancy grimly.

Angy and Abe both stared at her. She did look gray this morning. She did seem feeble and her cough did sound hollow. The other sisters glanced also at Aunt Nancy, and Sarah Jane took her hand, while she nudged Mrs. Homan with her free elbow and Mrs. Homan nudged Ruby Lee and Ruby Lee glanced at Lazy Dalsy and Lazy Dalsy drawled out mean-

"Miss Abigail!"

Then Miss Abigail, twisting the

edge of her apron nervously, spoke: "Much obliged to you I be in behalf o' all the sisters, Brother Abe an' ter Angy tew. We know yew'll treat us right. We know that yew," resting her eyes on Abe's face, "will prove ter be the 'angel unawares' that we been entertainin', but we don't want yew ter waste yer money on a cartload o' silk dresses. All we ask o' yew is jest enough tew allow us ter advertise fer another brother member ter take yer

Who could describe the expression that flashed across Abe's face?—hurt astonishment, wounded pride, jealous incomprehension.

"Ter take my place!" he glanced about the hall defiantly. Who dared to enter there and take his place?-his

"This is a old ladies' home," he protested. "What right you got a-takin' in a good-fer-nuthin' old man? Mebbe he'd rob yew er kill yew! When men git ter rampagin', yew can't tell what they might dew."

Sarah Jane nodded her head knowingly, as if to exclaim:

"I told yer so!"

But Miss Abigail hurriedly explained that it was a man and wife that they wanted. She blushed as she added that of course they would not take a man without his wife. "No, indeed! That'd be highly im-

proper," smirked Ruby Lee. Then Abe went stamping to the

stairway, saying sullenly:

"All right. I'll give yew all the sitting with bowed heads as if in money yew want fer advertisin', an' prayer; but presently Angy raised her yew kin say he'll be clothed an' miliar way, "I dunno how Sam'l merely in conducting water to the dressed proper, tew, an' supplied with terbaccer an' readin' matter besides; that advertisement! They had me here sorter pertendin' ter be unbeknownst. Come on, Angy. Let's go upstairs an' git our things. Let's-"

> Aunt Nancy half arose from her chair, resting her two shaking hands on the arms of it.

"Brother Abe," she called quaveringly after the couple, "I guess yew kin afford ter fix up any objections o' the directors."

Angy pressed her husband's arm as she joined him in the upper hall.

"Don't you see, Abe. They don't realize that that poor old gentleman, whoever he may be, won't be yew They jest know that yew was yew; an' they want ter git another jest as near like yew as they kin."

Abe grunted, yet nevertheless went half-way down stairs again to call more graciously to the sisters that he would give them a reference any time for knowing how to treat a man just right.

"That feller 'll be lucky, gals," he added in tremulous tones. "I hope he'll appreciate yew as I allers done." Then Abe went to join Angy in the

room which the sisters had given to him that bitter day when the cry of his heart had been very like unto:

"Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani!" After all, what was there of his and Angy's here? Their garments they did not need now. They would leave them behind for the other old couple that was to come. There was nothing else but some simple gifts. He took up a pair of red wristlets that Mrs. Homan had knit, and tucked them in his new overcoat pocket. He also took Abigail's bottle of "Jockey Club" which he had despised so a few days ago, and tucked that in his watch pocket. When he bought himself a watch, he would buy a new clock for the dining-room down stairs, too-a clock with no such asthmatic strike as the present one possessed. All his personal belongings -every one of them gifts-he found room for in his pockets. Angy had even less than he. Yet they had come practically with nothing-and compared with that nothing, what they carried now seemed much. Angy hesitated over the pillow-shams. Did they belong to them or to the new couple to come? Abe gazed at the shams too. They had been given to him and Angy last Christmas by all the sisters. They were white muslin with white cambric cried Abe, waving an imaginary flag frills, and in their centers was embroidered in turkey-red cotton, "Mother." on one pillow, "Father," on the other.

Father and Mother-not angy and Abe! Why Father and Mother? A year ago no one could have foreseen the fortune, nor have prophesied the possession of the room by another el-

Angy drew near to Abe, and Abe to Angy. They locked arms and stood looking at the pillows. He saw, and she saw, the going back to the old bedroom in the old home across the woods and over the field-the going back. And in sharp contrast they each recalled the first time that they had stepped beneath that roof nearly half a century ago-the first home-coming -when her mother-heart and his father-heart had been filled with the hope of children-children to bless their marriage, children to complete their home, children to love, children to feed them with love in return.

"Let's adopt some leetle folks," said Angy, half in a whisper. "I'm afeard the old place'll seem lonesome without-"

"Might better adopt the sisters;" he spoke almost gruffly. "I allers did think young 'uns would be the most comfort tew yew after they growed

up." "A baby is dretful cunnin'," Angy persisted. "But," she added sadly, "I don't suppose a teethin' mite would

find much in common with us." beginning to unfasten the pillowshams, "these belong ter us, an' I'm a-goin' ter take 'em."

They went down stairs silently, the shams wrapped in a newspaper carried under his arm.

"Waal, naow,"-he tried to speak cheerfully as they rejoined the others. and he pushed his way toward the dining-room-"I'll go an' git my cup an' sasser "

But Miss Abigail blocked the door,

again blushing, again confused. "That "Tew - our - Beloved - Brother" cup," she said gently, her eyes not meeting the wound in his, "we bout concluded yew'd better leave here fer the one what answers the ad. Yew got so much naow, an' him-"

She did not finish. She could not. She felt rather than saw the blazing of Abe's old eyes. Then the fire beneath his brows died out and a mist obscured his sight.

"Gals," he asked humbly, "would yew ruther have a new 'beloved brother'?"

For a space there was no answer. Aunt Nancy's head was bowed in her hands. Lazy Daisy was openly sobbing. Miss Ellie was twisting her fingers nervously in and out-she unwound them to clutch at Angy's arm as if to hold her. At last Miss Abigail spoke with so unaccustomed a sharpness that her voice seemed not her own:

"Sech a foolish question as that no body in their sound senses would ask." Abe sat down in his old place at the fireside and smiled a thousand smiles in one. He smiled and rubbed his hands before the blaze. The blaze itself seemed scarcely more bright and warm than the light from within which transfigured his aged face.

"Gals," he chuckled in his old fa-Darby 'll take it; but if mother's willin'. I guess I won't buy back no more but jest wait till the directors read of the old place, 'cept'n' jest my rockin'-chair with the red roses onto it; an' all the rest o' this here plagued money I'll hand over ter the directors. an' stay right here an' take my comfort."

Angy bent down and whispered in his ear: "I'd ruther dew it, tew, father. Anythin' else would seem like goin' a-visitin'. But yew don't want ter go an' blame me," she added anxiously, "ef yew git all riled up an' sick abed ag'in."

"Pshaw, mother," he protested; 'yew fergit I was adopted then, naow be adoptin'. Thar's a big difference.' She lifted her face, relieved, and smiled into the relieved and radiant faces of Abe's "children," and her own.

(THE END.)

YEAR'S SUPPLY OF BABIES

Facts Compiled by Statistician Will Come to Many as Something of a Surprise.

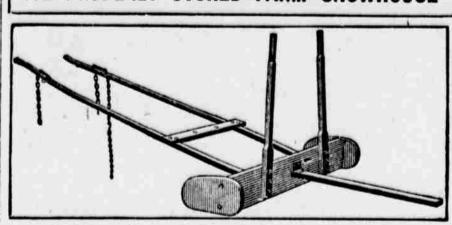
It has been computed that about 36, 000,000 bables are born into the world each year. The rate of production is therefore about 70 per minute, or more than one for every beat of the clock.

With the one-a-second calculation every reader is familiar, but it is not every one who stops to calculate what this means when it comes to a year's supply. It will, therefore, probably startle a good many persons to find on the authority of a well-known statisticician, that, could the infants of a year be ranged in a line in cradles. the cradles would extend around the globe.

The same writer looks at the matter in a more picturesque light. He imagin s the babies being carried past a given point in their mother's arms. one by one, and the procession being kept up night and day until the last hour in the twelfth month had passed by. A sufficiently liberal rate is allowed, but even in going past at the rate of 20 a minute, 1,200 an hour. during the entire year, the reviewer at his post would have seen only the

sixth part of the infantile host. In other words, the babe that had to be carried when the tramp began would be able to walk when but a mere fraction of its comrades had reached the reviewer's post, and when the year's supply of babies was drawing to a cclose there would be a rear guard, not of infants, but of romping six-year-old boys and girls.

ICE PROPERLY STORED-FARM SNOWHOUSE



Horse-Power Scraper for Removing Snow From an Ice Field.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Ice is a very perishable commodity and, therefore, certain important principles must be considered in the construction of a place to store it. Investigators of the United States department of agriculture consider that there are four important things to be considered in order to keep ice well. These are as follows:

1. The ice must have a minimum of surface exposed to the air or to "Anyway," vowed Abe, suddenly the packing material. This is most easily accomplished by piling the ice in the form of a cube. A mass of ice 12 by 12 by 12 feet exposes less surface than the same tonnage piled in any form less nearly that of a cube or of a globe.

2. The keeping of good ice depends upon the completeness of its insulation, whereby it is protected from external influences, such as heat and

3. Drainage is important because the lack of it interferes with the insulation.

4. The ice itself must be packed so as to prevent as completely as possible the circulation of air through the mass. The more nearly the mass of ice approaches that of a solid cube, both in shape and texture, the easier, with good drainage and insulation, will be the keeping problem. The keeping of ice, then, depends upon the shape of the mass, its insulation, its drainage and its solidity.

The ease and rapidity with which ice may be gathered depends upon the condition and location of the field as well as upon the tools used for

doing the work.

If the ice field is covered with snow the formation of ice will be retarded, as the snow acts as a blanket and raises the temperature, thus retarding the ice formation. If the ice sheet is sufficiently thick and snow falls upon it, the snow must be removed before harvesting can proceed; or if, on the other hand, it is desirable to increase the thickness of the ice after the snow falls, the field may be flooded and the snow saturated with water, which is allowed to freeze, thus adding a layer of snow ice. Flooding on small fields may be accomplished in either of two ways: By "overflowing," which consists fie'd, or by piercing the ice field here and there with a bar or auger, to allow the water to force itself to the surface and gradually to saturate the snow.

Snow may be removed from small fields, when necessary, by means of shovels, but upon large fields it will economical to use horse-power scrapers. A simple plank scraper is shown in the accompanying figure.

A Snowhouse for the Farm.

"Snow well packed will last as long as ice," say those who have tried the experiment on farms where more snow than ice is available in the winter. In a properly constructed snowhouse the snow may be kept for a long time and used in the summer in the place of ice. This plan, say field agents of the United States department of agriculture, has already given excellent results in practice, and is especially recommended to farmers in Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky and Maryland. There is, however, no reason why it would not be profitable to construct a snowhouse in any region where there is a likelihood of any considerable snowfall in the course of the year.

In Virginia and Maryland successful snowhouses have been made from a pit sheltered by a gable roof some four feet above the ground. The dirt dug from the pit is piled around the board sides of the house and graded in order to drain the water away. Underground the pit should not be less than 16 feet in diameter and depth with a bottom from two to six feet smaller than the top. This is to prevent the formation of air spaces around the snow as it settles. The pit should be lined with planks two inches thick. Obviously, the coolest place av tilable should be selected, and whenever possible, shade from surrounding trees should be utilized to keep off the rays of the sun. Proper packing of the snow in the house is essential. It should be tramped down with the feet and tamped with a block of wood. After a few days, when the first loads have settled, the spaces between the snow and walls should be filled with more snow piled as high as possible. The top should then be covered first with sacks and finally with two or more feet of sawdust or straw. As fast as the snow melts around the sides, the spaces thus left should be packed with straw in order to prevent air currents. Care should also be taken to fill the snowhouse before the snow becomes wet. In the case of heavy falls the snow should be shoveled directly into the out wonderfully. Ser that the stock wagon from any clean spot as soon has enough to eat even if you have as it has settled sufficiently to pack to increase the dry feed.

well. Where there is only a light fall, the snow can be drawn into rows by means of a plank drag and ther hauled in wagons to the pit.

Well-packed snow stored in this way in a properly-constructed snowhouse will be useful in the hot weather in many ways. It will cool milk, dairy products and meat, and the housewife can use it freely for freezing ice cream or in other ways that will add greatly to the comfort of the household. The pit should, of course be constructed in the summer time and be all ready for use when the first snow comes. It is also well to remember that as long as the outside temperature remains below 32 degrees it is advisable to leave the doors of the storehouse open. As soon as the thermometer rises above freezing, however, the doors should be shut. Care should also be taken after removing snow to see that the covering of sacks and straw is replaced.

EXPENSE OF FILLING A SILO

Distance That Corn Must Be Hauler and Efficiency of Labor and Equipment Determine Cost.

(By J. KELLEY WRIGHT, Missouri Ex The cost of filling silos in Missouri varies from 23 cents a ton to \$1.50 a ton, according to conditions and

the ability of the man on the job to turn out good work. The average price for filling silos is 60 cents a In calculating the cost of silage, the cost of growing the corn cannot be

grown anyway, whether harvested as silage or not. From the standpoint of food nutrients it contains, a ton of silage is worth from \$3.25 to \$3.50 a ton.

considered, because the crop must be

Whenever silage takes the place of hay it is worth whatever hay sells for. Many men have sold silage in Missouri for from \$8 to \$10 a ton.

It costs to harvest an acre of corn (40-bushel yield) from the stalk, from \$1.20 to \$1.60 an acre. It costs to harvest an acre of corn

(40-bushel yield) by cutting and putting into the shock and then shucking it out, \$3.20.

The same acre of corn can be harvested as silage for \$6 (40-bushel yield of corn)-ten tons of silage. Cost of harvesting, \$6. Ten tons of silage at \$3.50 a ton equals \$35.

The distance that the corn must be hauled from the field to the silo has much to do with the cost of filling. The greater the distance to haul, the greater number of wagons that will be required.

The kind and efficiency of labor and equipment will also determine to a very great extent the cost of filling the silo.

BRACE POST WITH CONCRETE

Trenches Filled With Broken Stones or Brick and Strengthened With Cement Is Good Plan.

Dig the hole in the usual manner, then in the directions opposite to the pull of the wires dig trenches ten inches wide and two feet long. Put in some broken stones or brick and pour cement over it, first a layer of stone, then some cement, and so on until the trenches are filled. trenches, of course, connect with the



Concrete Around Base of Post Has Two Connecting Concrete Extensions.

post hole and are filled as the post is being held in place by a temporary brace, says Popular Mechanics. After the filling is done, a better brace cannot be had, and the unsightly corner brace is not needed.

Fattening Calves.

The fattening of calves, one after another, on dairy cows injures the latter for use later as milkers. It is better to milk the cows and feed the calves. Frequently, also, in these conditions two calves may be fattened together by the use of a little oilmeal and water added for each calf, to one-half of what the cow gives. The addition of the substitutes must be made gradually.

Supplement the Pastures.

Nearly every year there is a season of short pacture. Everything goes back then. Peed some sorghum or sweet cora and it will help



and delicious as mother used to bake. And just as whole-some. For purer Baking Pow-der than Calumet cannot be had at any price. Ask your grocer. RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS

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Time to Go. "Right in the midst of the advice you were giving him you broke off and

hurried away." "That's what I did!"

"But he was listening deferentially to all you had to say."

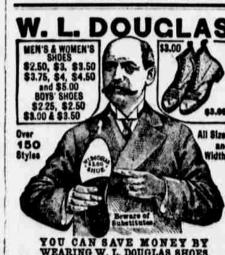
"You bet he was. I never had a man listen to me that deferentially that he didn't try to touch me for five dollars before I got away."

Married in Haste. Neighbor-The Widow Gay's marriage was rather sudden, wasn't it? Friend-Yes; her daughter's baby was beginning to talk; and the widow wanted to have the wedding over be fore the kid learned to say "grand-

Affinity.

ma."-New York Weekly.

"Why do they serve Memm drinks with oysters?" "Aren't oysters considered dumb?"



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