

# Old Lady Number 31

By LOUISE FORSSLUND

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 Tenney Gold mining stock. Their household goods sold, the \$100 auction money, all they have left, will place Abe in the Old Lady's home, or, if they can't raise the money, they will have to go to the workhouse. The old couple bid good-bye to the little home. "Terror of what folks will say" sends them along by paths to the gate of the Old Ladies' home. Miss Abigail, matron of the Old Ladies' home, tells the old couple the story of the place. She tells the other old ladies, and Blossy, who has paid a double fee for the only double bed-chamber, voices the unanimous verdict that Abe must be taken in with his wife. Abe awakens next morning to find that he is "Old Lady No. 31." The old ladies give him such a warm welcome that he is made to feel at home at once. "Brother Abe" expands under the warm reception of the sisters, and a reign of peace begins in the Old Ladies' home. Abe is the center of the community. The semi-annual visit of Blossy's aged lover, Capt. Samuel Darby, is due. Abe advises her to marry him. For the first time the captain fails to appear. Blossy consults Abe so often regarding Darby, his old captain in the life-saving service, that going to see him, Aunt Nancy takes Abe to task for flirting with Blossy. He is much concerned when he learns that Angelina is jealous. Blossy drives away with Darby to be married. Abe loses popularity. The changes react on him and the doctor orders him to bed. Then he is at the mercy of the old ladies. Darby comes to see him. The old captain suggests a week's hardening up at the old lifesaving station, and the two old cronies make plans for the trip. Angelina plans to visit Blossy while they are gone.

## CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

She perched herself on her little horsehair trunk, which she had packed to take to Blossy's, looking in her time-worn silk gown like a rusty blackbird, and, like a bird, she bent her head first to one side and then the other, surveying Abe in his "barrel clothes" with a critical but complimentary eye.

"Wonder who made that necktie?" she questioned. "I'll bet yer 'twas Aunt Nancy; she's got a sharp tongue, but a lot of little pieces an' a tender spot in her heart fer yew, Abe. Ruby Lee says she never thought yew'd bring her around; yew're dretful takin' in yer ways, father, thar's no use a-talkin'."

Abraham glanced at himself in the glass, and pulled at his beard, his countenance not altogether free from a self-conscious vanity.

"I hain't sech a bad-lookin' feller when I'm dressed up, be I, mother? I dunno ez it's so much fer folks ter say I look like Abe Lincoln, after all; he was dretful humbly."

"Father," Angel said coaxingly, "why don't yer put some o' that air 'sweet stuff' Miss Abigail give yer on yer hair? She'll feel real hurt of she don't smell it on yer when yew go down stairs."

Abe made a wry face, took up the tiny bottle of "Jockey Club," and rubbed a few drops on his hands. His hands would wash, and so he could find some way of removing the odor before he reached the station and the men.

"I'll be some glad ter git away from these here fussy old hens fer a spell," he grumbled, as he slammed the vial back on the bureau; but Angel looked so reproachful and grieved that he felt ashamed of his ingratitude, and asked with more gentleness:

"Yew goin' ter miss me, mother?" Then the old wife was ashamed to find herself shaking of a sudden, and grown wretchedly afraid—afraid of the separation, afraid of the "hardening" process, afraid of she knew not what.

"I'm glad 'tain't goin' ter be fer all winter this time," she said simply; then arose to open the door in order that he might not see the rush of tears to her foolish old eyes.

According to the arrangement, Captain Darby was to drive over from Twin Coves with his hired man, and Ezra, after taking the two old men to the bay, was to return to the Home for Angel and her little trunk.

When Samuel drove up to the front door, he found Abe pacing the porch, his coat collar turned up about his neck, his shabby fur cap pulled over his brow, his carpetbag on the step, and, piled on the bench at the side of the door, an assortment of woolen articles fully six feet high, which afterward developed to be shawls, capes, hoods, comforters, wristlets, leggings, nubbies, fascinators, guernseys, blankets and coats.

Abe was fuming and indignant, scornful of the contributions, and vowing that, though the sisters might regard a scooter as a freight ocean liner, he would carry nothing with him but what he wore and his carpetbag.

"An' right yer be," pronounced Samuel, with a glance at the laden bench and a shake of his head which said as plainly as words, "Brother, from what am I not delivering thee?"

The sisters came bustling out of the door, Mrs. Homan in the lead, Angel submerged in the crowd, and from that moment there was such a fuss, so

much excitement, so many instructions and directions for the two adventurers, that Abraham found himself in the carriage before he had kissed Angel good-bye.

He had shaken hands, perhaps not altogether graciously, with every one else, even with the deaf-and-dumb gardener, who came out of his hiding place to witness the setting-out. Being dared to by all the younger sisters, he had waggishly brushed his beard against Aunt Nancy Smith's cheek, and then he had taken his place beside Samuel without a touch or word of parting to his wife.

He turned in his seat to wave to the group on the porch, his eyes resting in a sudden hunger upon Angelina's frail, slender figure, as he remembered. She knew that he had forgotten in the flurry of his leaving-taking, and she would have hastened down the steps to stop the carriage; but all the old ladies were there to see, and she simply stood, and gazed after the vehicle as it rolled away slowly behind the jog trot of Samuel's safe old calico horse. She stood and looked, holding her chin very high, and trying to check its unsteadiness.

A sense of loneliness and desolation fell over the Home. Piece by piece the sisters put away all the clothing they had offered in vain to Abe. They said that the house was already dull without his presence. Miss Abigail began to plan what she should offer for dinner the day of his return.

No one seemed to notice Angel. She felt that her own departure would create scarcely a stir; for, without Abraham, she was only one of a group of poor old women in a semi-charity home.

Slowly she started up the stairs for her bonnet and the old broche shawl. When she reached the landing, where lay the knitted mat of the three-star pattern, the matron called up to her in tragic tones:

"Angel Rose, I jest thought of it. He never kissed yew good-bye!"

Angel turned, her small, slender feet sinking deep into one of the woolly stars, her slim figure encircled by the light from the upper hall window. She saw a dozen faces uplifted to her, and she answered with quiet dignity:

"Abe wouldn't think of kissin' me afore folks."

Then quickly she turned again, and went to her room—their room—where she seated herself at the window, and pressed her hand against her heart, which hurt with a new, strange, unfamiliar pain, a pain that she could not have shown "afore folks."

## CHAPTER XIV.

### Cutting the Apron Strings.

The usual hardy pleasure-seekers that gather at the foot of Shore Lane whenever the bay becomes a field of ice and a field of sport as well were there to see the old men arrive, and as they stepped out of the carriage there came forward from among the group gathered about the fire on the beach the editor of the Shoreville Herald.

Ever since his entrance into the Old Ladies' home Abe had never stopped chafing in secret over the fact that until he died, and no doubt received worthy obituary, he might never again "have his name in the paper."

In former days the successive editors of the local sheet had been willing, nay, eager, to chronicle his doings and Angel's, whether Abe's old enemy, rheumatism, won a new victory over him or Angel's second cousin Ruth came from Roverhead to spend the day, or—wonder indeed to relate!—the old man mended his roof or painted the front fence. No matter what happened of consequence to Captain and Mrs. Rose, Mr. Editor had always been zealous to retail the news—before the auction sale of their household effects marked the death of the old couple, and of Abe especially, to the social world of Shoreville. What man would care to read his name between the lines of such a news item as this?

The Old Ladies' Home is making preparations for its annual quilting bee. Donations of worsted, cotton batting, and linings will be gratefully received.

Mr. Editor touched his cap to the two old men. He was a keen-faced, boyish little man with a laugh bigger than himself, but he always wore a worried air the day before his paper, a weekly, went to press, and he wore that worried look now. Touching his hand to his fur cap, he informed Samuel and Abe that news was "as scarce as hen's teeth;" then added:

"What's doin'?"

"Oh, nawthin', nawthin'," hastily replied Samuel, who believed that he hated publicity, as he gave Abe's foot a sly kick. "We was jest agwine ter take a leetle scooter sail." He adjusted the skirt of his coat in an effort to hide Abe's carpetbag, his own canvas satchel, and a huge market basket of good things which Blossy had cooked for the life-savers. "Seen anythink of that air Eph Seaman?"

Samuel added, shading his eyes with his hand and peering out upon the gleaming surface of the bay, over which the white sails of scooters were darting like a flock of huge, single-winged birds.

"Eph's racing with Captain Bill Green," replied the newspaper man. "Captain Bill's got an extra set of new runners at the side of his scooter and wants to test them. Say, boys, looking from one to the other of the old fellows, 'so yew're going scootering, eh? Lively sport! Cold kind of sport for men of your age. Do you know, I've a good mind to run in tomorrow an article on 'Long Island and Longevity.' Taking headline, eh?"

Samuel turned to Abe as Samuel would do no more than glower at

him, "to what do you attribute your good health at your time of life?"

Abe grinned all over his face and cleared his throat importantly, but before he could answer, Samuel growled:

"Ter me! His health an' his life both. I dragged him up out of a death-bed only a week ago."

The editor took out his notebook and began scribbling.

"What brought you so low, Captain Rose?" he inquired without glancing up. Again, before Abe could answer, Samuel trotted on his toe.

"Thirty mollycoddling women-folks," Abe found his voice and slammed the fist of one hand against the palm of the other.

"If you go an' put that in the paper, I'll—I'll—"

Words failed him. He could see the sisters fairly fighting for the possession of the Shoreville Herald tomorrow, evening, as they always scrambled, each for the first glance at the only copy taken at the home, and he could hear one reading his name aloud—reading of the black ingratitude of their brother member.

"Jest say," he added eagerly, "that the time fer old folks ter stick home under the cellar door has passed, an' nobody is tew old ter go a-gallivantin' nowadays. An' then yew might mention—the old man's face was shining now as he imagined Angel's pleasure—"that Miss Rose is gone down ter Twin Coves ter visit Miss Samuel Darby fer a week, an' Cap'n Darby an' Cap'n Abraham Rose," his breast swelling out, "is agoin' ter spend a week at Bleak Hill. Thar, hain't that Cap'n Eph a-scootin' in naow? I guess them air new runners o' Bill Green's didn't work. He hain't no where in sight. He—"

"Let's be agwine, Abe," interrupted Samuel, and leaving the editor still scribbling, he led the way down the bank with a determined stride, his market basket in one hand, his grip in the other, and his lips muttering that "a feller couldn't get nuthin' in Shoreville without gettin' his name in the paper." But a moment later, when the two were walking gingerly over the ice to the spot where Eph had drawn his scooter to a standstill, Samuel fell into a self-congratulatory chuckle.

"He didn't find out, though, that I had my reasons fer leavin' home tew. Women-folks, be it only one, hain't good all the time fer nobody. I come ter see Blossy twict a year afore we was married, reglar; an' naow, I cak'late ter leave her twict a year fer a spell. A week ont every six months separate an' apart," proceeded the recently made benedict, "is what makes a man an' his wife learn how ter put up with one another in between times."

"Why, me an' Angel," began Abe, "have lived tergether year in an' year out fer—"

"All aboard!" interrupted Captain Eph with a shout. "It's a fair wind. I bet on making it in five minutes and fifty seconds."

Seven minutes had been the record time for the five-mile sail over the ice to Bleak Hill, but Samuel and Abe, both vowing delightedly that the skipper couldn't go too fast for them, stepped into the body of the boat and squatted down on the hard boards.

They grinned at each other as the scooter started and Eph jumped aboard—grinned and waved to the people on the shore, their proud old thoughts crying:

"I guess folks will see now that we're as young as we ever was!"

They continued to grin as the boat spun into full flight and went whizzing over the ice, whizzing and bumping and bouncing. Both their faces grew red, their two pairs of eyes began to water, their teeth began to chatter; but Samuel shouted at the top of his voice in defiance of the gale:

"Abe, we've cut the apron strings!"

"Hy-guy!" Abe shouted in return, his heart flying as fast as the sail, back to youth and manhood again, back to truant days and the vacation time of boyhood. "Hy-guy, Sam! Hain't we agwine ter have a reglar A No. 1 spree!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## BADLY AFFECTED BY WIND

Prodigious Speed of Projectiles in Warfare Has Been Known to Overcome Soldiers.

That the wind of projectiles causes the death of soldiers is a theory advanced by Professor Laurent of Brussels, who read a paper on this subject before the French Academy of Science.

During the Balkan war, Professor Laurent said he had noticed soldiers who, seemingly, were troubled from cerebral disturbances, although having escaped a bullet. Sometimes the victims became cataleptic and in less serious cases there were symptoms of fainting, tingling sensations and partial paralysis.

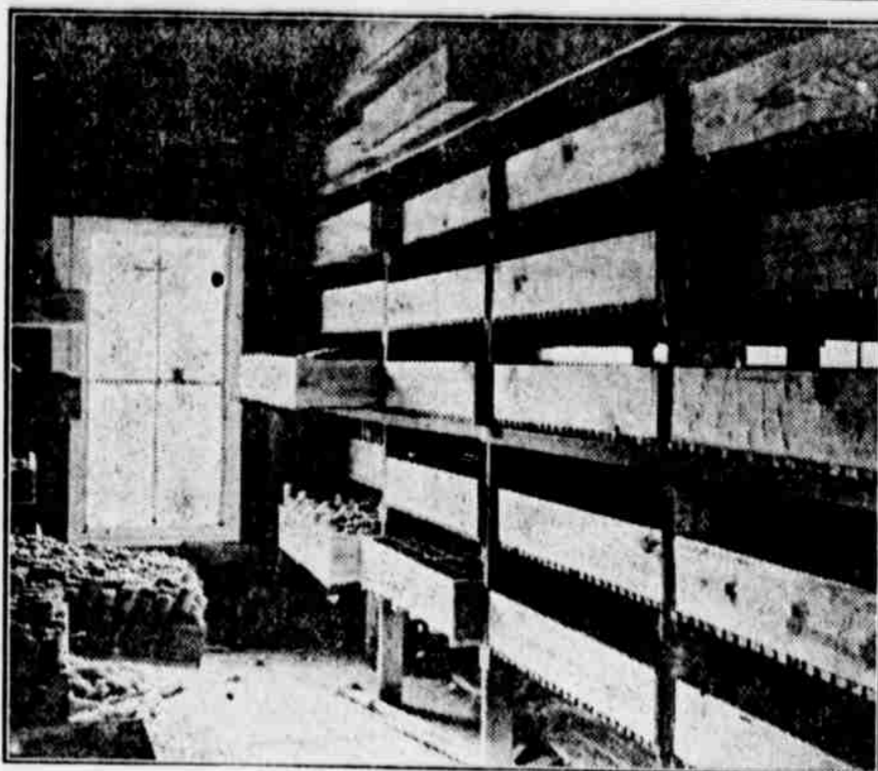
In instances where this mysterious infliction caused death, autopsies were held and these invariably revealed no nervous lesions. Then it occurred to Professor Laurent that the variations of atmospheric pressure caused by the passing of the projectile had an effect upon the nerve cells, causing inhibition.

Dr. Matignon, during the Russia-Japan war, reported similar cases, particularly after a severe bombardment. As projectiles gain not only in size but in speed, as the years go on, just what the toll from wind will be in the next great conflict is hard to forecast.

## Once Over.

Some men attract more attention than a thermometer on a pleasant day. —Chicago News.

## PROFITABLE SEED-CORN DRY HOUSE PLAN



Interior View of Seed Corn House at Piketon, Ohio.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The profits to be derived from the good preservation of seed corn have been put to practical tests by the office of corn investigations of the United States Department of Agriculture. The cuts show a building constructed solely for the purpose of preserving seed corn. It has a concrete basement and flue. Warm air passes from the basement through openings in the floor, ascends through the corn, and escapes through ventilators.

This house was constructed at a cost of \$500, and in one year returned to the farm \$1,500 in profit, due to a five-bushel increased acre yield on 740 acres planted with seed corn dried and stored in it. These figures were obtained as the result of 17 separate tests. The owner of the farm on which this test was made was not fully satisfied with it because it was made on small plots, and he therefore made more extensive tests. At corn-gathering time in November he selected two bushels of seed, placing one bushel in a crib and the other bushel in the seed-corn dry house.

In the spring with a two-row planter he planted four rows 1,280 feet long and 3 1/2 feet apart with the seed kept in the dry house; then four rows with the seed kept in the crib. This he repeated seven times, making eight tests in all in which four rows planted with one lot of seed were compared with the adjoining four rows planted with the other lot of seed. At harvest time four rows yielded a wagon load of ears, which constituted a weighing. From the seed kept in the crib there were produced 15,265 pounds, while from seed kept in dry

poses stirring is now regarded as indispensable.

In one experiment it was found that the milk at the top of the can above the level of the surrounding water was from five to six degrees warmer than the rest of the canful. In consequence, bacteria developed at a higher rate at the top. When the milk became mixed later the increased number of the bacteria in the warmer portion resulted in hastening the souring of the entire canful.

When the water in the cooling tank was 60.6 degrees F. the temperature of the milk was reduced by stirring from nearly 90 degrees F. to 60 degrees F. in about three hours. Unstirred milk did not reach the lower temperature until four hours and fifteen minutes had elapsed. The stirring was done at intervals of fifteen minutes. A period of even three hours, however, is regarded as too long time to cool milk, and the specialists of the department consider that the tests demonstrate the necessity of employing some suitable form of milk cooler that is more efficient than running well water. Where ice is plentiful it is easy to cool the milk to as low as 40 degrees F. by running it over some form of cooler around which cracked ice or a mixture of ice and salt is packed.

To improve the Farm Egg of the Middle West.

If the farmer, the country merchant and cash buyer, the railroad and the car-lot shipper will give special attention to certain points in the marketing and handling of eggs in the middle West, the farm egg of that section may be greatly improved, according to the United States Department of Agriculture.

Here are some suggestions which each individual factor in the process may follow with profit to the whole:

**Suggestions for the Farmer.**

1. Improve your poultry stock.
2. Keep one of the general-purpose breeds, such as the Plymouth Rock, Wyandotte, Orpington or Rhode Island Red.
3. Provide one clean, dry, vermin-free nest for every four or five hens.
4. Conclude all hatching by June 1 and sell or confine male birds during the remainder of the summer.
5. Gather eggs once daily during ordinary times and twice daily during hot or rainy weather.
6. In summer place eggs as soon as gathered in a cool, dry room.
7. Use all small and dirty eggs at home.
8. Market eggs frequently, twice a week if possible, during the summer.
9. In taking eggs to market protect them from the sun's rays.
10. In selling, insist that the transaction be on a quality basis, for if care has been given the eggs, this system will yield more money to the producer.

**Suggestions for the Country Merchant and Cash Buyer.**

1. Candle and buy on a quality basis.
2. Allow the farmer to see you candle his eggs.
3. Pack carefully in strong, clean cases and fillers.
4. Do not keep eggs in a musty cellar or near oil barrels or other odoriferous merchandise.
5. Ship daily during warm weather.

**Suggestions to the Railroad.**

1. Provide a covered portion of station platform where cases of eggs can be stacked, and see that the agent stacks them there.
2. Provide refrigeration for the eggs on the local freight.
3. Where refrigerator cars are used on local freights, see that the doors are kept closed when not loading.
4. If refrigeration cannot be supplied, provide stock cars for this purpose during the summer.
5. Where box cars are used for eggs do not allow freight which may hurt their quality, such as oil barrels, to be loaded in the same car.

**Suggestions for the Car-Lot Shipper.**

1. Buy strictly on a quality basis.
2. Encourage the smaller buyers to trade on a quality basis.
3. Join the State Car-Lot Shippers' association.
4. Co-operate with other shippers and with the state officials in bringing about this system of buying.
5. Keep the subject agitated and before the people; in other words, educate them.

**Stirring Milk to Cool It.**

The importance of stirring milk while being cooled has been demonstrated in experiments conducted by the United States Department of Agriculture. When the cans of milk are merely set in cold water the cooling process is very slow, much too slow, in fact, to be at all satisfactory to a progressive dairyman. In particular the milk at the top of the can above the level of the water is hardly affected at all. The cold milk, being heavier than the warm, will remain at the bottom of the can, while the warmer and lighter milk stays at the top. Ultimately, of course, the entire canful will acquire the same temperature, but this will require such a long period of time that for practical purposes

stirring is now regarded as indispensable.

In one experiment it was found that the milk at the top of the can above the level of the surrounding water was from five to six degrees warmer than the rest of the canful. In consequence, bacteria developed at a higher rate at the top. When the milk became mixed later the increased number of the bacteria in the warmer portion resulted in hastening the souring of the entire canful.

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To improve the Farm Egg of the Middle West.

## Peruna Cured This Man Of Catarrh.

Mr. J. B. Reese, Habnab, Maryland, writes: "Two years ago I became a sufferer with catarrh, which continued to grow worse and made me miserable. I could scarcely smell at all, and my taste had almost left me. My head ached constantly, and at times had high fever and bleeding at the nose. I was a perfect wreck."

"I tried several doctors, but derived no relief. I read in one of your little booklets, called 'His of Life,' of Peruna being a remedy for catarrh, and procured a bottle at once. After the use of one bottle I felt some better, so I tried the second and the third, and now I am a well man."

They say it's good luck to pick up pins, but you can't make the boy who works in a bowling alley believe it.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets first put up 40 years ago. They regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated tiny granules. Adv.

Once in about seven thousand years a man manages to hit the mark when he shoots off his mouth.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU. Write for Book of the Day by mail free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Waived. "Tommy, how often must I tell you to wash your hands?" "You needn't at all, mother."—Judge.

Money for Christmas. Selling guaranteed wear-proof hosiery to friends & neighbors. Big Xmas business. Wear-Proof Mills, 3200 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.—Adv.

A Magnate, Perhaps. "He keeps open house, you say?" "Yes, but it's almost impossible to get into his office."

St. Petersburg. The city of St. Petersburg (recently renamed Petrograd by the czar) was founded by Peter the Great in the year 1703. He called it the "window through which he could look out upon Europe."

Nothing More to Be Said. A traveling man tells of his sojourn at a "hotel" in a western town. When, on the evening of his arrival, he entered the dining room and was shown to a table by a waiter, the latter asked, when he had brought the customary glass of water:

"Will you have some pork and beans?"

"No, I don't care for them," said the traveler. "I never eat pork and beans."

"Then sir," said the waiter, as he moved away, "dinner is over, sir."

His Jargon in Doubt. "That your cart outside?" asked the chauffeur.

"Ay, it be," replied the village grocer.

The chauffeur gave a superior smile. "I wonder you fellows don't get tired," he said, "joggin' along in them old, ramshackle carts."

"What pleases one doesn't please 'nother," replied the grocer philosophically.

FOUND OUT. A Trained Nurse Discovered Its Effect.

No one is in better position to know the value of food and drink than a trained nurse.

Speaking of coffee, a nurse in Pa. writes: "I used to drink strong coffee myself, and suffered greatly from headaches and indigestion."

"While on a visit to my brothers I had a good chance to try Postum, for they drank it altogether in place of coffee. After using Postum two weeks I found I was much benefited and finally my headaches disappeared and also the indigestion."

"Naturally I have since used Postum among my patients, and have noticed a marked benefit where coffee has been left off and Postum used."

"I observe a curious fact about Postum when used by mothers. It greatly helps the flow of milk in cases where coffee is inclined to dry it up, and where tea causes nervousness."

"I find trouble in getting servants to make Postum properly. But when it is prepared according to directions on package and served hot with cream, it is certainly a delicious beverage."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 20c packages. Instant Postum—Is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, made a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum. —Sold by Grocers.