

OLD LADY NUMBER 31

By LOUISE FORSSLUND
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SYNOPSIS.

Captain Abraham Rose and Angelina, his wife, have lost their little home through Abe's unlucky purchase of Tenafly 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 Angy in the Old Lady's home. Both are self-sacrificing but Abe decides: "My dear, this is the first time I've had a chance to take the wust of it." The old couple bid good-by to the little house. 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, hears of the ill fortune of the old couple. 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 gossip begins to buzz. Aunt Nancy takes Abe to task for flirting with Blossy. He is much concerned when he learns that Angy is jealous. Blossy drives away with Darby to be married. Abe loses popularity. The change reacts on him and the doctor orders him to bed. Then he is at the mercy of the old ladies. Darby comes to see him.

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 today, and was informed that Miss Abigail had written to tell Blossy that if she ever expected to see her "Brother Abe" alive again she must come over to Shoreville at the earliest possible moment.

"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!' I says. Here, yer pipe's out. Light up ag'in!"

Abe struck the match with a trembling hand, unnerved once more by the speculation as to what might have happened had Samuel's treatment worked the other way.

"I left Blossy and Aunt Nancy a-huggin' an' a-kissin' down stairs."

Abe sighed: "Aunt Nancy ailers was more bark than bite."

"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. Yew want ter cut loose from this all-fired old ladies' shebang an' go skylarkin'." Abe hung on Samuel's words, his eyes a-twinkle with anticipation. "Yes,—yes, go skylarkin'! Won't we make things hum?"

"Thar's hummin' an' hummin'," objected Abe, with a sudden show of caution. "Miss Abigail thinks more o' washday than some folks does o' heaven. Wharabouts dew yew cak'late on a goin'?"

"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—back to the sound of the surf upon the shore, back to the pines and cedars of the beach, out of the bondage of dry old lavender to the goodly fragrance of balsam and sea salt! Back to active life among men!

"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?"

For answer Abe made a quick spring out of his chair, and in his bare feet commenced to dance a gentle, rheumatic-toe-considering breakdown, crying, "Hy-guy, Cap'n Sam'l, yew've saved my life!" While Darby clapped his hands together, proud beyond measure at his success as the emancipator of his woman-ridden friend.

Neither heard the door open nor saw Angy standing on the threshold, half paralyzed with fear and amazement, thinking that she was witnessing the mad delirium of a dying man, until she called out her husband's name. At the sound of her frightened voice, Abe stopped short and reached for the blanket with which to cover himself.

"Naow don't git skeered, mother, don't git skeered," he adjured her. "I'm all right in my head. Cap'n Sam'l here, he brung me some wonderful medicine. He—"

"Blossy said yew did!" interrupted Angy, a light of intense gratitude flashing across her face as she turned eagerly to Darby. "Lemme see the bottle."

"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 naow, tew. An' ef I had that pesky leetle banty rooster of a doctor here, I'd kick him all the way down stairs. Cap'n Sam'l'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'—"

Samuel turned away and coughed.

"Mother, mother," cried Abe. "shet the door an' come set down er all the sisters'll come a-pillin' in. I've had a invite, I have."

Angy closed the door and came forward, her wary suspicious eye trailing from the visitor to her husband.

"Hy-guy, ain't it splendid!" Abe burst forth. "Me an' Cap'n Sam'l here is a-goin' over ter Bleak Hill fer a week."

"Bleak Hill in December!" Angy cried, aghast. "Naow, see here, fa-



"Nawthin' but Men fer a Hull Week, That's My Prescription."

ther," resolutely, "medicine er 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.

"He'll freeze to death. Yew shan't—"

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.

"Termorrer!" proclaimed Samuel; whereupon Abe looked a little dubious and lifted up his two feet, wrapped as they were in the blanket, to determine the present strength of his legs.

"Don't yer think yer'd better make it day after termorrer?" he ventured. "Or 'long erbout May er June?"

Angy hastily amended.

Samuel gave an exasperated grunt.

"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 ast 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 sail 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 poety frequent moanest-while; an', Abe, ef ever I ketch yew

a-layin' abed, I'll leave yer ter 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 "scummed" 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 termorrer."

"Sho, thar hain't no danger of me ketchin' cold," decreed Abe.

"I didn't say yer thickest set of flannels; I said yer best. When a man gits throwed out onto the ice ker-flump, the thickness of his clo'es ain't goin' to help him much. The fust thing I allus taught my husbands was to have everything clean an' whole on, when thar was any likelihood of a sudden death."

"Yew 'spect me tew go an' prink up fer a sudden death?" thundered Abraham. "I hain't never heard tell on a scooter a-killin' nobody yit; it's them plagued iceboats up state what—"

"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 tell yew, these days we've got tew prepare fer a violent end."

The patient Angy somewhat tartly retorted, that during the last week she had spent even more time upon father's wardrobe than she had upon her own; while Abe inwardly rejoiced to think that for seven days to come—seven whole days—he and Angy would be free from the surveillance of the sisters.

Mrs. Homan, in no way nonplussed, boomed on:

"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 a 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' pneumonia, 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 man-



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 final-

ly the hook caught in the lad's coat. The body was dragged to the bank and taken on the train to Hackensack.

This Better World.

Burglars entering a San Francisco firm's establishment the other night found a note pinned to the safe, containing the combination and an urgent appeal to them to use it instead of explosives. The burglars accommodately acceded to the request. On the same night burglars blew open a safe in an eastern city and among other plunder found a burglar insurance policy. The next day they thoughtfully returned the policy by mail so that the firm could collect on it. These little exchanges of polite amenities would seem to indicate that the Hon. Champ Clark is right when he says that the world is growing better every day.

They also seem to indicate that as soon as society ceases placing obstacles in the way of the burglar's pursuits the burglar generously meets society half way. Perhaps, after all, society has all these years misunderstood the burglar.

Truth About Royalty.

The first king was no more than a fortunate soldier.—Voltaire.

ner 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 "guardian angel."

"Mis' Holman," 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 yew lose no sleep ter-night," she admonished, "a-worryin' erbout the change in yer vittles. I told Cap'n Sam'l that hardtack an' sech like wouldn't never do fer yer 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'y 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 lamplight 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 "everythin' 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 keeful, Abe, an' don't take cold."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEW ARMOR PLATE

The New Process, it is Claimed, Will Make Large Guns Useless.

Another of the series of experiments to determine the resisting power of a certain class of armor was recently conducted with extremely satisfactory results. Fortifications built of this metal might be made indestructible and it would be useless to bombard them.

It is also useless to try to make a success in life if handicapped by poor health. You lack the strength and stamina necessary to win.

In the majority of cases of poor health, stomach trouble is the real cause; but this can be corrected by careful diet and the assistance of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It tones, strengthens and helps the digestive functions and when the food is properly digested, strength and renewed vigor is sent coursing through the entire system.

The proper time for action is when you notice the first symptoms of weakness, such as loss of appetite, headache, bloating, heart-burn, sour stomach, indigestion or constipation and by resorting to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters you can help Nature conquer them. Delay only aggravates matters and prolongs your suffering.

Take a bottle home with you today but see that the stamp over the neck is unbroken.

"A waist for a salesgirl" is described by a fashion writer. But in what respect does a salesgirl's waist differ from that of a duchess.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Art is long and time is fleeting, and we are reminded that the bizarre valentine will soon be in our midst again.

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Left Over.

"Robert," said his mother, "what mischief have you been up to now? I can tell by the look in your eyes that you have been naughty." "Oh," replied Robert, "that's part of the look left over from the last time I was naughty."

The pork barrel seems to be the center of interest "over to" the legislature.

Optimistic Thought.

Resolutions taken without thought bring disasters without remedy.

NEW MODERN DANCING.

E. Fletcher Hallamore, the leading Dancing Expert and Instructor in New York City, writes: "I have used ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes, for ten years, and recommend it to all my pupils." It cures and prevents sore feet. Sold by all Drug and Department Stores, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Poor Father.

"Mother, where are Helicon and Parnassus?" "Ask your father, Johnnie. He keeps up with the war news."—Life.

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