

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 Angeline, his wife, have lost their little home through the unwise 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. Angeline, who is the Old Lady's help, goes to the Old Lady's home. The Old Lady's help, who is the Old Lady's help, goes to the Old Lady's home. The Old Lady's help, who is the Old Lady's help, goes to the Old Lady's home.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

At night, however, she was obliged to admit that he could not be coming; and then, quivering with honest anxiety for her old friend, Blossy dipped into her emergency fund, which she kept in the heart of a little pink china pig on a shelf in her room—a pink china pig with a lid made of stiff black hair standing on edge in the middle of his back—and sent a telegram to Captain Darby, asking if he were sick.

The answer came back slowly by mail, to find Blossy on the verge of a nervous collapse, under the care of all the women in the house.

That letter Blossy never showed to Brother Abe, nor to any one else. Neither did she treasure it in the sentimental trunk beneath the attic eaves. The letter ran:

Dear Betsy Ann: I never felt better in my life. Ain't been sick a minute. Just made up my mind I was a old fool, and was going to quit. If you change your intentions at any time, just drop me a postal.

AS EVER,
SAM'L DARBY, ESQ.

"This, Captain Darby, makes your rejection final," vowed Blossy to herself, as she tore the note into fragments and drowned them in the spirals of lavender with which the sisters had been seeking to soothe her distracted nerves.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Anniversary.

About this time Blossy developed a tendency to draw Brother Abraham aside at every opportunity, convenient or inconvenient, in order to put such questions as these to him:

"Didn't you say it is fully thirty-five years since you and Captain Darby were on the beach together? Do you think he has grown much older? Did he lose his hair then? Did he care for the opposite sex? Was he very brave—or would you say more brave than stubborn and contrary? Isn't it a blessing that I never married him?"

Fearful of the ridicule of the sisters, Blossy was always careful to conduct these inquiries in whispers, or at least in undertones with a great observance of secrecy, sometimes stopping Abe on the stairs, sometimes beckoning him to her side when she was busy about her household tasks on the pretense of requiring his assistance. On one occasion she even went so far as to inveigle him into holding a skein of wool about his clumsy hands, while she wound the violet worsted into a ball, and delicately inquired if he believed Samuel spoke the truth when he protested that he had never paid court to any other woman.

Alas, Blossy's frequent teta-tetes with the amused but sometimes impatient Abraham started an exceedingly foolish suspicion. When, asked the sisters of one another, did Abe ever help any one, save Blossy, shell dried beans or pick over prunes? When had he ever been known to hold wool for Angy's winding? Not once since wooing time, I warrant you. What could this continual hobnobbing and going off into corners mean, except—flirtation?

Ruby Lee whispered it first into Aunt Nancy's good ear. Aunt Nancy indulged in four pinches of snuff in rapid succession, sneezed an amazing number of times, and then acridly informed Ruby Lee that she was a "jealous cat" and always had been one.

However, Aunt Nancy could not refrain from carrying the gossip to Miss Ellie, adding that she herself had been suspicious of Abe's behavior from the start.

"Oh, no, no!" cried the shocked and shrinking spinster. "And Angy so cheerful all the time? I don't believe it."

But whisper, whisper, buzz, buzz, went the gossip, until finally it reached the pink little ears at the side of

Miss Abigail's generously proportioned head. The pink ears turned crimson, likewise the adjoining cheeks, and Miss Abigail panted with righteous indignation.

"It all comes of this plagued old winter time," she declared, sharply biting her thread, for she was mending a tablecloth. "Shot the winders on summer, an' yew ketch the tail of slander in the latch every time. Naow, ef I hear one word about this 'arnal foolishness comin' to Angy's ears, or Brother Abe's, or Blossy's ether, or that matter, we'll all have to eat o'n oil-cloth Sundays, the same as weekdays, until I see a more Christian spirit in the house."

She gave the Sunday damask across her lap a pat which showed she was in earnest; and the rebuked sisters glanced at one another, as if to say: "Suppose the minister should walk in some Sabbath afternoon and find oil-cloth on the table, and ask the reason why?"

They one and all determined to take Aunt Nancy's advice and "sew a button on their lips."

Fortunately, too, the February thaw had already set in, and the remainder of the winter passed without any severe strain on the "buttonholes." And at length the welcome spring began to peep forth, calling to the old folks. "Come out, and grow young with the young year!"

With the bursting forth of the new springtide the winter's talk seemed to drop as a withered and dead oak leaf falls from its winter-bound branches; and Abe stood once more alive to the blessings of renewed approval.

Angy went out of doors with Miss Abigail, and puttered around among the flowers as if they were her own, thanking God for Abe's increasing popularity in the same breath that she gave thanks for the new buds of the spring.

The anniversary of the Roses' entrance into the Home drew nearer, and Blossy suggested that the best way to celebrate the event would be by means of a "pink tea."

Neither Angy nor Abe, nor in fact half the sisters, had any clear conception of what a tinted function might be; but they one and all seized upon Blossy's idea as if it were a veritable inspiration, and for the time jealousies were forgotten, misunderstandings erased.

Such preparations as were made for that tea! The deaf-and-dumb gardener was sent with a detachment of small boys to fetch from the wayside and meadows armfuls of wild roses and for the decorations. Miss Abigail made pink icing for the cake. Ruby Lee hung bleeding-hearts over the dining-room door. Aunt Nancy resurrected from the bottom of her trunk a white lace cap with a raskish-looking pink bow for an adornment, and fastened it to her scant gray hairs in honor of the occasion. Blossy turned her pink china pig, his lid lifted upstairs, into a sugar bowl.

Pink, pink, pink, everywhere; even in Angy's proud cheeks! Pink, and pink, and pink! Abe used to grow dizzy, afterward, trying to recall the various pink articles which graced that tea.

But most delightful surprise of all was his anniversary gift, which was slyly slipped to his place after the discussion of the rose-colored strawberry gelatin. It was a square, five-pound parcel wrapped in pink tissue paper, tied with pink string, and found to contain so much Virginia tobacco, which Blossy had inveigled an old southern admirer into sending her for "charitable purposes."

After the presentation of this valuable gift, Abraham felt that the time had come for him to make a speech—practically his maiden speech.

He said at the beginning, more suavely at his ease than he would have believed possible, secure of sympathy and approbation, with Angy's glowing old eyes upon her prodigy, that all the while he had been at the Home, he had never before felt the welcome which had been accorded him—the welcome which seemed to wear and wear, as if it were all wool and a yard wide, and could never wear out.

The old ladies nodded their heads in approval of this, every face beaming; but as the speech went on the others perceived that Abe had singled out Blossy for special mention—blind, blind Abraham—Blossy, who had first proposed admitting him into this paradise; Blossy, who had given up her sunny south chamber to his comfort and Angy's; Blossy, who had been as a "guardian angel" to him; Blossy, who as a fitting climax to all her sisterly attentions had given him today this wonderful, wonderful pink tea, and "this five hull pound o' Virginny tobaccoer."

He held the parcel close to his bosom, and went on, still praising Blossy—this innocent old gentleman,—heedless of Angy's gentle tug at his coat-tail; while Blossy buried her absurdly lovely face in the pink flush of a wild-rose spray, and the other old ladies stared from him to her, their faces growing hard and cold.

When Abraham sat down, aglow with pride over his oratorical triumphs, his chest expanded, his countenance wrinkled into a thousand guileless, grateful smiles, there was absolute silence.

Then Blossy, her head still bowed as if in shy confusion, began to clap her hands faintly together, whereat a few of the others joined her half-heartedly. A sense of chill crept over Abraham. Accustomed as a rule to deferential attention, did he but say good morning, by no means aware that his throne had toppled during the winter, he was still forced to perceive that something had gone amiss.

As always when aught troubled his mind, "father" turned to Angy; but instead of his composed and resourceful little wife he found a scared-faced and trembling woman. Angy had suddenly become conscious of the shadow of the green-eyed monster. Angy's loyal heart was crying out to her mate: "Don't git the sisters down on yer, Abe, 'cus then, mebbe, yew'll lose your hum!" But poor Angeline's lips were so stiff with terror over the prospect of the county house for her husband, that she could not persuade them to speech.

Abraham, completely at sea, turned next to her whom he had called his guardian angel; but Blossy was rising from her seat, a baffling smile of expectancy on her face, the rose spray swinging in her delicate hand as if to the measure of some music too far back in youth for anyone else to hear. Blossy had worn that expectant look all day. She might have been delightedly hugging to herself a secret which she had not shared even with the trusted Abraham. She was gowned in her yellow lace, the beauty and grace of which had defied the changing fashions as Blossy's remarkable elegance of appearance had defied the passing of the years.

"Brother Abe,"—in her heedlessness of the mischief she had wrought, Blossy seemed almost to sing—"I never shall forget your speech as long as I live. Will you excuse me now?" She swept out of the door, her skirts rustling behind her.

Abe collected himself so far as to bow in the direction she had taken; then with lamblike eyes of inquiry met the exasperated glances cast upon him.

Not a sister moved or spoke. They all sat as if glued to their chairs, in a silence that was fast growing appalling.

Abe turned his head and looked behind his chair for an explanation; but nothing met his eye, save the familiar picture on the wall of two white kittens playing in the midst of a huge bunch of purple lilacs.

Then there broke upon the stillness the quavering old voice of Aunt Nancy, from her place opposite Abe's at the head of the board. The aged dame had her two hands clasped before her on the edge of the table, vainly trying to steady their palsied shaking. Her eyes, bright, piercing, age-defying, she fixed upon the bewildered Abraham with a look of deep and sorrowful reproach. Her unsteady head bobbed backward and forward with many an accusing nod, and the cap with its raskish pink bow bobbed backward and forward too. Abe watched her, fascinated, unconsciously wondering, even in the midst of his disquietude, why the cap did not slide off her bald scalp entirely. To his amazement, she addressed not himself, but Angy.

"Sister Rose, yew kin leave the room." Implacable purpose spoke in Aunt Nancy's tone. Angy started, looked up, going first red and then white; but she did not move. She opened her lips to speak.

"I don't want ter hear a word from yew, nor anybody else," sternly interposed Aunt Nancy. "I'm old enough ter be yer mother. Go upstairs!"

Angy's glance sought Miss Abigail, but the matron's eyes avoided hers. The little wife sighed, rose reluctantly, dropped her hand doubtfully reassuring on Abe's shoulder, and then went obediently to the door.

From the threshold she looked wistfully back; but an imperious wave from Aunt Nancy banished her altogether, and Abe found himself alone—not with the sisters whom he loved, but with 28 hard-visaged strangers.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wanted a Little Praise Himself.

Following a disastrous fire in a western city, many men and women gathered to look at the ruins. Some of the men, seeing that a wall near which they were standing was tottering, made haste to get out of the way, and narrowly escaped being crushed.

Johnny Brabson, a good Irish citizen, was so near the wall that he could not escape with the others. So, whirling about, he made for a door in the wall, burst through it, and came out on the other side safe, and evidently very proud of his exploit. Women who had shut their eyes and shrieked when they saw his danger now gathered round him in great joy, and cried out:

"Praise heaven, Johnny Brabson, down on your knees, and thank heaven!"

"Yis yis," said he, "and I will, but wasn't it injanevous inn me, now?"—Youth's Companion.

No Landmarks in Space.

"There are no landmarks in space; one portion of space is exactly like every other portion, so that we cannot tell where we are. We are, as it were, in an unrudded sea, without stars, compass, soundings, wind or tide, and we cannot tell in what direction we are going. We have no log which we cast out to take a dead reckoning by; we may compute our rate of motion with respect to neighboring bodies, but we do not know how these bodies may be moving in space."—Maxwell.

Futurist Window Display.

An Oxford street store has turned one of its windows into a futurist boudoir, which is a regular "Midsummer Night's Dream."

There is an oxidized bed with black sheets and pillows, black and white striped wall paper, spruce and orange cushions scattered about at random on sofas or on the floor, and finally, one of these very green china parrots, the reason of which is not apparent.—Washington Herald.

TURKEY RAISING PAYS

Fowls Have Proved of Benefit to Growing Crops.

City Buyers Are Willing to Pay Fancy Prices for Birds Provided They Come Direct From Farm, Free From Disease.

(By M. E. WHITLOCK.)
It has been said against turkeys that they are destructive to crops, but in the writer's experience, they have, instead, proved a benefit to growing crops of hay or grain; they are in search of insects, not green food.

As soon as, or before, the hens show an inclination to seek for nests in the spring a sufficient number of barrels or large boxes should be placed where they can find them, preferably on the ground so that the hen may walk into the nest; if she has to jump down into the barrel or box the chances are some eggs will be broken. Seclude these boxes or barrels by partly covering them with brush or straw. After the hen begins to lay, remove the eggs each day, placing one or two hens' eggs in their place.

If the hen lays more than fifteen eggs, give all over that number to a chicken hen, but when the eggs are hatched, give all to the turkey hen. After the hen has been set shut her in safely from anything that might harm her, but let her off the nest each morning very early, shutting her in again when she returns.

Some claim that the chicken hen makes the best mother, but if those who claim this will notice when feeding young turkeys with a chicken hen, they will see that often the turkeys will, after eating a few mouthfuls, go off in search of an insect until called back by their unnatural mother and encouraged to stuff themselves with unnatural food.

They do not wish to eat much at one time and when being fed, should, at the same time, be supplied with water; but when allowed to roam they do very well, if watered night and morning, but, if they come in from the field during the day it is because they want water.

Nature has taught them to eat insects almost exclusively when young, while the same teacher instructs the turkey hen to take her brood where such food is abundant, allowing them to secure it for themselves.

The hen scarcely ceases her watch long enough to secure the necessary food to sustain herself, for she seems always to have her head in the air to see that the coast is clear.

The turkey crop hatched previous to June 1 should attain good growth by the last of November, the cock birds reaching ten to twelve pounds.

The turkey is not fully matured



Young Bronze Turkey.

until two years of age, and in his prime at three years, and nearly as good at four years old. It is, therefore, a mistake to sell off all the older birds and retain the young ones for breeding purposes.

Young turkeys are of a delicate nature until they are fully feathered and have thrown out a red on their heads, which usually occurs at about three months of age. After that they are hardy, and may be allowed unlimited range at all times.

To fatten turkeys for market they should be confined in pens of about ten feet square and from six to eight birds to the pen. The quarters must be warm and dry, and the birds must be protected from the rains and storm. A good fattening food is a mash of two parts bran and shorts, one-fourth ground wheat, mixed with a little water. Whole corn and wheat is also an excellent fattener, and they may be given as much of this as they will eat. A little beef fat, finely chopped, given once or twice a week, is relished and has a good effect. Skim milk should be kept before the birds always.

Turkey raising can be made a very profitable business, particularly in the West, where all kinds of grain grow at small cost.

It will pay well if only the regular markets are used, but if a private trade is worked up, which is easily done in any part of the country today, the profits can easily be increased from 25 to 50 per cent.

Molasses to Dairy Cows.

When molasses is fed to dairy cows, it is usually preferable to mix it with the grain feeds in the feed cart; the molasses being poured over the mixed grain feed and the mass then worked over thoroughly with the shovel or a fork, until all the particles have a molasses coating. Diluting the molasses with an equal amount of water will make the mixing easier.

Business Farming.

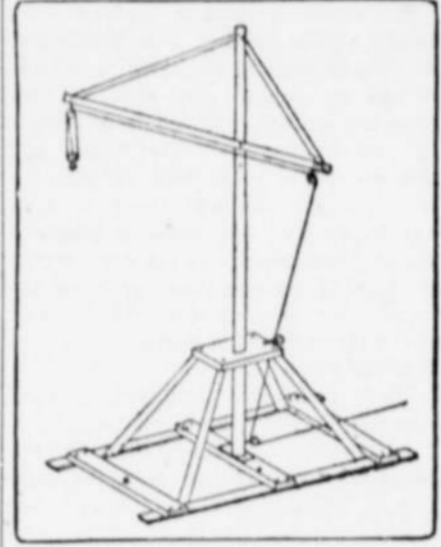
Growing alfalfa is good business farming.

EVERY FARM NEEDS A HOIST

Many Little Inexpensive Contrivances Can Be Built for General Use Around the Farm.

There is a lot of heavy lifting about farm work. There are, however, many little inexpensive contrivances, some of which it is necessary to buy and others of which can be homemade, which will save a great deal of very hard labor. One of the things which should be on every farm is a light hoist costing \$2, or possibly a little more, the cost depending upon the lifting capacity. A hoist 2,000 to 4,000 capacity is the most satisfactory size for general farm work.

With a good hoist you can do all the heavy lifting without calling your neighbor or interrupting the hired man in his work. It is surprising the great number of jobs on which a hoist can be used, at a great saving of time and labor. A hoist will lift stones, logs, sacks of grain to loft, pull stumps



Farm Derrick.

and small trees, lift pump pipe from wells, bind loads of hay, lift windmills, change wagon boxes, etc.

A hoist hung in the wagon shed will pull the hay rack or wagon box up out of the way when not in use. Drive into the shed, attach the hoist to the hay rack, put it up and drive out from under it, and when again wanted on the wagon, back the wagon under the rack and let it down onto the gear.

A hoist can be used to good advantage when butchering for lifting the carcass. It enables the man to swing up a 300-pound hog where it would otherwise take two or three men on a dead lift.

VALUE OF WINTER MANURING

Gives Spring Rains Chance to Soak Decomposed Fertilizer into Soil, Instead of Washing It Away.

(By G. A. FORMOSA.)

I think manure can be applied cheaper in the winter, as most farmers are not very busy at this time of the year, consequently they should not be so much occupied as in the spring when they should be rushing in their crops.

I think when the manure is applied in the winter it gives the spring rains a chance to soak the decomposed manure into the soil instead of washing it away, as some writers think, and also helps rot the coarse manure that is left, so by the time the land is ready to work, it does not gather under the plow beam or clog the cultivator teeth as it does when applied in the spring.

I think, and a large part of the best farmers think, that the fresher manure is applied the more valuable it is, for when it is placed in a large heap to rot, part of it will be almost useless by the time all of the heap is rotted.

The reason why some of it is spoiled is this, the large heap generates so much heat that the bottom and middle of the heap is burned until there is very little fertilizing matter in it.

Manure, properly applied, we all know is very beneficial to the soil, inasmuch as it supplies much of the lost fertility, but manure can be so applied as to be an injury instead of a benefit.

Always try to apply your coarse manure to clay soils, as they need something to keep them porous as well as to fertilize them.

Do not apply coarse manure to loamy soil, as it keeps it too open and will consequently dry out.

For two years we have applied as soon as the ground froze, a light coat of manure to our winter wheat.

It keeps the snow from being all blown off, leaving it all exposed, and also protects it in the early spring, as well as fertilizing it.

POULTRY NOTES

Stronger fertility is secured from birds on range.

Allow the hens free range. Wire in the garden, not the hens.

Spray the brood coops once a week with some good solution and move to fresh ground.

Be sure and feed the table scraps to the fowls. Milk is one of the best feeds for egg production.

See that there is absolutely no draft in the poultry house. The birds can stand much cold, but drafts will kill them.

A flock of chickens will level a pile of sand or chaff as often as it is raised for them. The exercise they get in this way is the best sort for them.

CO-OPERATION

is your only real safeguard against loss of appetite, poor digestion, and general weakness. You must help Nature to maintain strength and vigor. With the aid of

HOSTETTER'S

STOMACH BITTERS

you have a combination that is sure to result to your benefit.



Where the Trouble Lies.

Wife—I wish you would realize, John, that there is something in the world besides money.

Husband—I do, the trouble is that when I want anything done I can't get the other fellow to realize it.—Boston Transcript.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU
Terry Marine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail Free. Marine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Hard Luck.

"Terrible predicament Jones was in."

"What was that?"

"Got in hot water and couldn't get anybody to bail him out."—Baltimore American.

WOMAN WOULD NOT GIVE UP

Though Sick and Suffering; At Last Found Help in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Richmond, Pa.—"When I started taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was in a dreadfully rundown state of health, had internal troubles, and was so extremely nervous and prostrated that if I had given in to my feelings I would have been in bed. As it was I had hardly strength at times to be on my feet and what I did do was by a great effort. I could not sleep at night and of course felt very bad in the morning, and had a steady headache.

"After taking the second bottle I noticed that the headache was not so bad, I rested better, and my nerves were stronger. I continued its use until it made a new woman of me, and now I can hardly realize that I am able to do so much as I do. Whenever I know any woman in need of a good medicine I highly praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. FRANK CLARK, 3146 N. Tulip St., Richmond, Pa.



Women Have Been Telling Women
for forty years how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored their health when suffering with female ills. This accounts for the enormous demand for it from coast to coast. If you are troubled with any ailment peculiar to women why don't you try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? It will pay you to do so. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Identified.
Mrs. Jude Johnson is now demanding that each egg contain the picture of the hen that laid it, so the consumer can know whether or not the egg came from a healthy hen. She will take the matter up with Topeka and Washington.—Atchison Globe.

IF YOUR CHILD IS CROSS, FEVERISH, CONSTIPATED
Look Mother! If tongue is coated, cleanse little bowels with "California Syrup of Figs."

Mothers can rest easy after giving "California Syrup of Figs," because in a few hours all the clogged-up waste, sour bile and fermenting food gently moves out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. Sick children needn't be coaxed to take this harmless "fruit laxative." Millions of mothers keep it handy because they know its action on the stomach, liver and bowels is prompt and sure.

Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which contains directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups.

Diplomatically Speaking.
"I want to answer Gwendolyn's letter and say something that means nothing."
"Tell her you love her."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The political dopesters are seeing things. Some are in the White House, some in the governor's chair, and elsewhere.

London says Germans are getting wool, and the worst of it is they are pulling it over the eyes of the allies occasionally.