

LOUISE FORSSLUND

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SYNOPSIS.

Captain Abraham Rose and Angeline, his wife, have lost their little home through Abe's unlucky purchase of Tenafy Gold mining stock. Their household goods sold, the \$100 auction money, all they have left, will place Abe in the Old Man's home, or Angy in the Old Ladies' home. Both are solf-ascritcing but Abe decides: "My dear this is the fust 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.

CHAPTER III-Continued.

Now the Amazonian Mrs. Homan, a widow for the third time, made sturdy retort:

"That's jest like yew old maids-always a-blamin' the men. Yew kin jest bet I never would have let one of my husbands go ter the poorhouse. It would have mortifled me dretful. It must be a purty poor sort of a woman what can't take the care of one man and keep a roof over his head. Why, my second, Oliver G., used ter say—"
"Oh!" Miss Ellie wrung her hands,

"can't we do somethin'?"

"I could do a-pienty," mourned Miss Abigail, "ef I only had been savin'. Here I git a salary o' four dollars a month, an' not one penny laid away." "Yew tergit," spoke some one gently, "that it takes consid'able ter dress a

matron proper." Aunt Nancy, who had been sneezing furiously at her own impotence, now

found her speech again. We're a nice set ter talk erbout dewin' somethin'—a passel o' poor ole oritters like us!" Her cackle of embittered laughter was interrupted by the low, cultivated voice of the belle

of the home, "Butterfly Blossy." "We've got to do something," said

Blossy firmly. When Blossy spoke with such de cision every one of the sisters pricked up her ears. Blossy might be "a shal-ler-pate;" she might arrange the lden-white hair of her head as befitted the crowning glory of a young girl, with puffs and rolls and little ouris, and—more than one sister sus-pected—with the aid of "rats;" she might gown herself elaborately in the mended finery of the long ago, the better years; she might dress her lovely big room—the only double bed-chamber in the house, for which she had paid a double entrance fee—in all sorts of gewgaws, little ornaments, hand-painted plaques of her own pro-ducing, lace bedspreads, embroidered plashers and pillow-shams; she might even permit herself a suitor who came twice a year more punctually than the line-storms, to ask her withered little hand in marriage—but her heart was

fixin' things." "Yes," said she, rising to her feet and flinging out her arms with an eloquent gesture, "we've got to do some thing, and there's just one thing to do, girls: take the captain right herehere"-she brought her hands to the laces on her bosom-"to our hearts!"

in the right place, and on occasion she

had proved herself a master hand at

At first there was silence, with the dies staring blankly at Blossy and then at one another. Had they heard aright? Then there came murmurs and exclamations, with Miss Abigail's voice gasping above the others:

What would the directors say?" "What do they always say when we ask a favor?" demanded Blossy.
"'How much will it cost?' It won't cost a cent."

Won't, eh?" snapped Aunt Nancy. "How on earth be yew goin' to vittle him? I hain't had a second dish o' peas this year."

"Some men eat more an' some less. remarked Sarah Jane, as ill-favored a spinster as ever the sun shone on; generally it means so much grub ter

Miss Abigail glanced up at the celling, while Lazy Dalsy, who had re-fused to tip the beam for ten years, surreptitiously hid an apple into which

she had been biting. "Le's have 'em weighed," suggested a widow, Ruby Lee, with a pretty, well-preserved little face and figure, 'an' of tergether they don't come up

to the heartlest one of us-Miss Abigail made basty interrup-

"Gals, hain't yew never noticed that the more yew need the more yew git? Before Jenny Bell went to live with her darter I didn't know what I should dew, for the 'taters was gittin' pooty low. Yew know she used ter eat twenty ter a meal, an' then look hungry at the platter. An' then ef old Square Ely didn't come a-drivin' up one mornin' with ten bushel in the farm wagon! He'd been savin' 'em fer us all winter fer fear we might run short in the spring. Gals, thar's one thing yew kin depend on, the fore-sightedness of the Lord. I hain't afraid ter risk a-stretchin' the board an'

is willin' ter try it?"

Every head nodded, "I am;" ever; eye was wet with the dew of merciful kindness; and Mrs. Homan and Sarah Jane, who had flung plates at each other only that morning, were observed to be holding hands.

"But haow on arth be we a-goin' ter sleep him?" proceeded the matron uneasily. "Thar hain't a extry corner in the hull place. Puttin' tew people in No. 30 is out of the question—it's jest erbout the size of a Cinderella shoe box, anyhow, an' the garret leaks-" She paused, for Blossy was pulling

at her sleeve, the real Blossy, warmhearted, generous, self-deprecating.
"I think No. 80 is just the contest little place for one! Do let me take it,

Miss Abigail, and give the couple my

great big barn of a room." Aunt Nancy eyed her suspiciously. "Yew ain't a-gwine ter make a fool o' yerself, an' jump over the broomstick For Blossy's old suitor, Samuel Darby, had made one of his semi

annual visits only that morning.

The belle burst into hysterical and self-conscious laughter, as she found every glance bent upon her.

"Oh, no, no; not that. But I confess that I am tired to death of this perpetual dove-party. I just simply can't live another minute without a man in the house.

"Now, Miss Abigail," she added imperiously, "you run across lots and fetch him home."

CHAPTER IV.

One of Them.

Ah! but Abraham had slept that night as if he had been drawn to rest under the compelling shelter of the wings of all that flock which in happier days he had dubbed contemptuously "them air old hens." Never afterward could the dazed old gentle man remember how he had been per-suaded to come into the house and up the stairs with Angeline. He only knew that in the midst of that heartbreaking farewell at the gate, Miss Abigail, all out of breath with running, red in the face, but exceedingly hearty of manner, had suddenly appeared. "Shoo, shoo, shoo!" this stout angel

had gasped. "Naow, Cap'n Abe, yew needn't git narvous. We're as harm less as doves. Run right eriong. Yew won't see anybody ternight. Don't say a word. It's all right. Ssah! Shoo!" And then, lo! he was not in the county almshouse, but in a beau-tiful, bright bedchamber with a wreath of immortelles over the mantel, alone with Angy.

Afterward, it all seemed the blur of a dream to him, a dream which ended when he had found his head upon a cool, white pillow, and had felt glad, glad—dear God, how glad!—to know that Angy was still within reach of his outstretched hand; and so he had fallen asleep. But when he awoke in the morning there stood Angeline in front of the glass taking her hair out of curl papers; and then he slowly began to realize the tremendous change that had come into their lives, when his wife committed the unprece-dented act of taking her crimps out before breakfast. He realized that they were to eat among strangers. He had become the guest of thirty "wom-en-folks." No doubt he should be called "Old Gal Thirty-one." He got up and dressed very, very slowly. The bewildered gratitude, the incredulous thanksgiving of last night, were as far away as yesterday's sunset. A great seriousness settled upon Abe's lean face. At last he burst forth:

"One to thirty! Hy-guy, I'm in fer it!" How had it happened, he won-dered. They had given him no time to think. They had swooped down upon him when his brain was dulled with anguish. Virtually, they had kidnaped him. Why had they brought him here to accept charity of a women's insti-tution? Why need they thus intensify his sense of shame at his life's failure, and, above all, at his failure to provide for Angeline? In the poorouse he would have been only one more derelict; but here he stood alone

to be stared at and pitied and thrown a sickly-satisfying crumb. With a sigh from the very cellar of his being. he muttered:

"Aye, mother, why didn't yew let me go on ter the county house? That air's the place fer a worn-out old hull like me. Hy-guy!" he ejaculated, beads of sweat standing out on his forehead, "I'd ruther lay deown an' die th'n face them air women."

"Thar, thar!" soothingly spoke Angy, laying her hand on his arm. "Thar, thar, father! Jest think haow dretful I'd feel a-goin' deown without

"So you would!" strangely comfort ed. "So you would, my dear!" For her sake he tried to brighten up. He joked clumsily as they stood on the threshold of the chamber, whispering, blinking his eyes to make up for the lack of their usually ready twinkle.

"Hol' on a minute; supposin' I fer-git whether I be a man er a woman?" Her love gave inspiration to her an-

swer: "I'll lean on yer, Abe." Just then there came the loud, imperative clanging of the breakfastbell; and she urged him to hurry, as the first morning of all times. But he only answered by going back into the room to make an anxious survey of his reflection in the glass. He his head reprovingly at the bearded countenance, as if to say: "You need not pride yourself any longer on looking like Abraham Lincoln, for you have been turned into a miserable old

woman.' Picking up the hair-brush, he held it out at arm's length to Angy. "Won't yew slick up my hair a leetle bit, mother?" he acked, somewhat shame

thirty-one. Naow, haow many of yew | facedly. "I can't see extry well this

angular form over her, and smoothed again his thin, wet locks. He laughed a little, self-mockingly, and she laughed back, then urged him into the hall, and, slipping ahead, led the way downstairs. At the first landing, which brought them into full view of the lower hall, he paused, possessed with the mad desire to run away and hide, for at the foot of the stairway stood the entire flock of old ladies. Twentynine pairs of eyes were lifted to him and Angy, twenty-nine pairs of lips were smiling at them. To the end of his days Abraham remembered those smiles. Reassuring, unselfish and tender, they made the old man's heart smiles. swell, his emotions go warring together.

He wondered, was grateful, yet he grew more confused and afraid. He stared amazed at Angeline, who seemed the embodiment of self-posses sion, lifting her dainty, proud little gray head higher and higher. She turned to Abraham with a protecting, motherly little gesture of command for him to follow, and marched gallantly on down the stairs. Humbly, trembling at the knees, he came with gingerly steps after the little old wife. How unworthy he was of her now! How unworthy he had always been, yet never realized to the full until this moment. He knew what those smiles meant, he told himself, watching the uplifted faces; they were to scothe his sense of shame and humiliation, to touch with rose this dull gray color of the culmination of his failures. He passed his hand over his eyes, flercely praying that the tears might not come to add to his disgrace.

And all the while brave little Angy kept smiling, until with a truly glad leap of the heart she caught sight of a blue ribbon painted in gold shining on the breast of each one of the twenty-nine women. A pale blue rib-bon painted in gold with—yes, peering her eyes she discovered that it was the word "Welcome!" The forced smile vanished from Angeline's face. Her eyes grew wet, her cheek white. Her proud figure shrank. She turned looked back at her husband. Not for one instant did she appropriate the compliment to hereelf. "This is in peace and cares for thousands of for you!" her spirit called out to him. while a new pride dawned in her writes E. N. Vallandigham in the Philaworking face.

Forty years had she spent apologising for Abraham, and now she under-stood how these twenty-nine generous old hearts had raised him to the pedestal of a hero, while she stood a heroine Reims, less than 150 miles distant. beside him. Angy it was who trembled company in general, "Ladies, be yew 'spectin' the president?"

preciative laughter, while the old been even more frequented than usual beads bobbed at one another as if to say, "Won't he be an acquisition?" lovely little street shrines have attracted more and more the pious glances of came forward Blossy—Blossy, who had the passers by sacrificed most that this should come to pass; Blossy, who had sat till midnight painting the gold-and-blue rib pean cities of considerable size that bons; Blossy, the pride and beauty really look their age. She has accomof the home, in a delicate, old, yellow, real lace gown. She held her two ising her political and industrial life without throwing off her medieval race for 1,000 years. Beauty of line along the road; and the tainted autumn wind. hind her back as she advanced to the garb. Here dwell 125,000 or 130,000 foot of the stairs. Looking steadily people, forming an active modern comin Abraham's eyes, she kept a-smiling munity, with the public appointments

modulated voice shook, and she and the region round about seems to laughed with a mingling of generous the traveler enriched at every step joy and tender pity. "Are we expecting the president? You dear, modest man! We are welcoming-you!"

and swelling with pride in him. He poetical and touching she described its walls, though a bit of the old deas it had been with no man under the roof of the house and only a deafand-dumb gardener who hated her sex, in the barn. Then in contrast she painted life as it must be for the sisters now that the thirty tender vines had found a stanch old oak for their clinging. "Me?" queried Abraham of himself and, with another silent glance, of Angy.

CTO BE CONTINUED

Puritan Jury.

That the Puritan fashion of nomen clature produced some very odd results is very generally known. The London Chronicle recalls that James Brome, in his "Travels Over England, Scotland and Wales," published in 1700, gives a copy of a "Jury Return, made at Rye, Sussex, in the Late Re-bellious Troublesome Times."

The names of the 12 good men and true were: Meek Brewer, Graceful Harding, Killsin Pimple, Earth Adams, Weepnot Billing, More Fruit Fowler, Hope-for Bending, Return Spelman, Fly Debate Roberts, Stand Fast on High Stringer, Be Faithful Joiner, and Fight the Good Fight of Faith White.

Origin of "Uncle Sam." The name Uncle Sam was first used in Troy, N. Y., in 1812, when some goods bought for the government and marked U. S. were inspected by Samuel Wilson, a government employs, whose nickname was Uncle Sam. The similarity of the initials suggest ed the adoption, and the familier was soon created.

mornin'."

"Why, Abel It's slicked es slick es it kin be naow." However, the old wife reached up as he bent his tall, angular form over her, and smoothed



miles in direct line northwest than one hundred miles from the scene of the present savage writes E. N. Vallandigham in the Philadelphia Record. She believes her noble old cathedral, with its fantastic spire of iron openwork shooting more than 450 feet heavenward, safe from the fate of the lovely structure at

The bombardment of Rouen would now, and Abe, gaining a manly cour mean the ruin of some of the noblest age from that, took hold of her arm to steady her—they had paused on a step near the foot of the stairs—and step near the foot of the stairs—and looking around with his whimsical the Seine in these last months and has smile, he demanded of the bedecked sent forward again to the front many ompany in general, "Ladies, be yew a soldier nursed back to life and health. Her ancient churches, some Cackle went the cracked old voices of them worn, as it were to the bone, of the twenty-nine in a chorus of ap by centuries of wind and rain, have

Looks Its Age. Rouen is one of the few old Eurountil he felt as if the warmth of a and conveniences of a twentieth cenbelated spring had beamed upon him. tury city, yet thousands of them live "The president!" Her mellow, well in houses from 250 to 600 years old, with the dust of centuries.

Hardly eight miles away, approached Abe looked to Angy as if to say, of Roumere, covering 10,000 acres, is "How shall I take it?" and behold! the the perfectly preserved twelfth cenmiracle of his wife's bosom swelling tury Norman church of St. George de and swelling with pride in him. He Boscherville, while at every turn one gases. A substantial luncheon of turned back, for Blossy was making a meets in the city ancient towers and | bread, cheese, salted butter and a quart speech. His hand to his head, he lovely remnants of old ecclesiastical bent his good ear to listen. In terms architecture. Rouen long ago outgrew fenses that actually defied Shakespeare's Prince Hal almost exactly 500 years ago still stands.

Broad, new thoroughfares have penetrated the very heart of the old town, vet everywhere the middle ages crop out, and there remain at least a score of old streets so narrow that the overhanging upper stories almost meet, while there is scant room for pedes trians to pass one another below. The narrowest streets have no sidewalk whatever, while in many others, busy and crowded, the footway is less than two feet wide.

Remains of the Normans.

It is, of course, not Celtic Rouen, the seat of a bishopric more than 1,600 years ago, that now survives, but rather Norman Rouen, which is only 1,000 years old. How those tall, crazylooking, half-timbered houses, huddled so that the sun in some cases never penetrates to the narrow streets and alleys between, have escaped destruction by fire all these centuries who shall guess? Much of Rouen's medievalism has sought to hide itself behind a superficially modern front. What looks like a weather-boarded louse, at most 50 years old, turns out when one pries a bit to be a fifteenth or sixteenth century survival, with heavy, hewn beams and perpendicular timbers forming more than half the

Comn quaint old carvings such as went to decorate the dwellings of the more important burghers of the fifteenth century. All sorts of modern occupations frontiers of the well-beloved land.

OUEN, although barely sixty are carried on in houses built long be miles in direct line northwest fore such occupations were known to of Paris, and considerably less men. Inns that bid for the custom of the tourist still retain the old central court where plays were enacted with the well-to-do looking on from the hotel balconies, the common folk from what we should now call the pit, then the roughly cobbled inn yard itself. Such inns have the oddest, unexpected such that have the oddest, unexpected stairways, the queerest red-tiled hall-ways, narrow and dusky, great beams showing beneath the plaster, windows a single pane wide between the perpendicular timbers and fireplaces, now nearly bricked up, but once open and generous, with blazing logs before which basked the tired travelers of 500 years ago.

Normans of Today. In meeting the Normans of today as they go about their ancient capital one feels anew the marvels of their history. One fancies in watching the common people of Rouen that one sees in these descendants of Duke Rollo's sea-wolves a persistence of the traits that made their ancestors the most dreaded pirates of their day, the foun ders of kingdoms in widely sundered parts of Europe. The women in par-ticular have a high distinction in face and figure. Girls walk with a sinwomen in Norman Rouen, and both men and women are quickly responsive

to courtesy from a stranger. A lively and active race are these Normans of Rouen and its environs. Cider, their favorite drink, is served at the simpler sort of inns instead of wine and at all restaurants and drinking places. Sometimes it comes to the table hardened by many weeks in the barrel; sometimes it appears artificially colored red, heavily sugared and strongly charged with its own or other of cider may be had at some of the suburban villages for about twenty cents, and excellent is it in all respects. Perhaps this drink has saved the Normans from stronger liquors.

Joan's Memory Honored.

The slums of Rouen show as repellent human manifestations as one can find in almost any city, and waterside loafers are sometimes desperate look-ing characters, though, perhaps, this impression is due partly to their squalid dress, unshaven faces and unfamiliar dialect. Some of the women who inhabit the lofty old ruins on the edge of a sewerlike canal in one of Rouen's worst quarters would furnish Norman criminal life. But the human flotsam and jetsam is seemingly a small proportion of the population. Indeed, Normandy seems to have preserved the ideals and virtue of an older France. Here, if anywhere, the influence of sainted Joan's career is powerfully felt, and the city where she suffered flery death does penance by paying her peculiar honor.

The spot in the public street where

she bravely met martyrdom in her fresh and lovely girlhood is marked for all beholders, and her statue greets one at every turn, while the ancient charches vie with one another in perpetuating her memory. If one is sometimes inclined to think that the French club at St. Louis. undervalue maidenhood one must remember that the supremely popular girl who died joyfully for her country the cruelest of deaths at the age of

ON THE LINE OF DEATH

WHAT THE FIGHTERS IN EUROPE ARE SUFFERING.

Correspondent at the Front Tells of Conditions That Prevail in the Trenches-Desolation Marks Path of War.

At the end of the village the road climbed again from the ravine and emerged on open fields. A wall of timber, dark and impenetrable as the woods round an old chateau, rose at the farther end of these fields—the road cutting through it like a tunnel and on the brow of the ravine, com-manding the road and the little plain, was a line of trenches. Here evidently they had fought.

We walked on down the road. Below We walked on down the road. Below the northern horizon, where they were fighting now along the line of the Aisne, rolled the sullen thunder of artillery, as it had been rolling since daylight, writes Arthur Ruhl in Col-lier's Weekly. And the autumn wind, cold with the week of equinoctial rain, puffing out of thickets and across revines, brought, every now and then, the horrible odor of death.

Ahead, to the right, one caught the glint of French infantry's red trousers. A man was lying there, face down-ward, on the field. Then across the open space appeared another-and another—they were scattered all over that field, bright as the red poppies which were growing in the stubble and as still.

They were in various positions. One lay on his back, with one knee raised like a man day-dreaming and looking up at the sky. Another was stretched stiff with both hands clenched over his chest. One lay in the ditch close be-side us, his head jammed into the muddy bank just as he had dived there in falling; another gripped a cup in one hand and a spoon in the other, as if, perhaps, he might have tried to feed himself in the long hours after the battle rolled on and left them

All these were French, but just at the edge of the thick timber was a heap—one could scarcely say of Ger-mans, so utterly did the gray sodden faces and sodden gray uniforms merge into anonymity. A squad of French soldiers appeared at a turn in the road. Two officers rode beside them, and they were just moving off across the fields carrying shovels instead of rifles. Looking after them, beyond the belt of timber, one could see other parties like theirs on the distant slopes to the left, and here and there smoke. Two more French soldiers appeared pushing a wheelbarrow filled with castpushing a wheelbarrow filled with cast-off arms. With the boylsh good nature which never seems to desert these lit-tle men in red and blue, they stopped and offered us a few clips of German cartridges. They were burying their own men, they said, burning the Germans. The dead had been lying here for nearly a fortnight now while the battle line rolled northward, clear across France. . . Through the coquettish little towns along the Marne, through the champagne country and the country just west of it, where we now were everywhere were deserted, perhaps demolished, vil-

An Oriental Meal.

There was nothing in the meal that looked or even tasted like an American dish. The meat, folded up into small squares, was cooked in oriental ways, unknown to American cookery, while the little rice concoctions, rolled up in grapevine leaves, were as deliclous as spinach, and the tiny summer squash, filled with an appetizing stuffing, made a pleasing dish. Pastry, cheese and sweets were also different from the customary American delicacies, and, lastly, the great Turkish pipe, with its long smoke-cooling tube filled with Persian tobacco, replaced the American cigar. The bill of fare, written in Arabic, backward, as is the custom with that language, looked like a stenographer's notebook.-National Magazine.

Hare Lip Hereditary.

William F. Blades of the Eugenics Record office, Cold Spring Harbor, L. I., is making a special study of hare lip and cleft palate, in which be is carrying on breeding experiments with several harelip strains of Boston terriers. He finds that both hare lip and cleft palate are highly hereditary excellent models for the painter of in both man and animal, but he has been unable to determine in what way they are inherited. Mr. Blades finds great difficulty in getting reliable statistics, owing to the fact that many persons do their best to conceal slight cases of hare lip and cleft palate, especially if these have been partially or completely remedied by operation.

> Now Live Fifteen Years Longer. The average length of life in the

United States is 15 years greater now than it was 35 years ago, according to a statement made by Dr. Victor C. Vaughn of the University of Michigan, president of the American Medical association, in an address before the City

Crime he characterized as a disease member that the supremely popular due to heredity and environment, and heroine of the nation was a stainless the way to eradicate crime was to breeding places.

Doctor Vaughn said the death rate from tuberculosis had decreased 54 per cent since 1850.