

His Grandma Wife

How a Man to Save a Fortune Was Obligated to Wed His Grandmother.

By BRADFORD C. ALMY

Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

I was in Switzerland and about to climb the Jungfrau when a bundle of letters and newspapers were handed me. While waiting for my guides I tore open the wrapper of the papers and, scanning one of the journals, noticed a marked item stating that my grandfather, Sherman Wellesley, aged eighty-five, had married and died the same day.

In a twinkling I was deposed from a position of heir expectant to a great fortune—I did not know what. My grandfather had bitterly opposed my propensity to travel and especially to climb mountains. I was his only descendant, and he had long endeavored to induce me to settle down to the care of the millions which he had willed me. He lived in constant terror lest I should make a slip on one of my climbs, go several thousand feet down over a precipice and the fortune that had been accumulating during his life time would go a-begging. In other words, it must be left to charity.

His intention in marrying was plain to me. He could not have had her (other than myself, but he could have a wife. He had doubtless lost all patience with me and at the last moment married some woman who would supply my place as an heir.

I hesitated what to do, but, looking up at the glittering top of the white mountain, forgot for the time all about the fortune I had lost, and, my guides being ready, I started on what proved my last ascent. On returning to my starting point, Interlaken, I left for home. As soon as I landed I wrote my new grandmother asking for information as to her husband's disposition of the property. By return mail I received the reply:

Your grandfather, being taken suddenly ill, concluded to destroy the will leaving you his sole heir, not having confidence that you would settle down and attend to the property. Having but an hour or two to live, there was no time to make a detailed will. His brain always quick to work, solved the problem in this wise: Having great confidence in me, he married me at his deathbed and signed a will comprising in a few words leaving me all his property. He, however, exacted a promise from me that if you desired to marry me I would take you for a husband.

Pshaw! Marry my grandmother! Well, all depended upon what kind of a woman she was. A hope sprang up in my breast that she might be of a suitable age for me and passably good looking. I wrote her that I would run up for a conference and politely assured her that if she was not favorably impressed with me I would release her from the verbal condition by declining to marry her. This, I flattered myself, was a very foxy way of putting it, my real object being to decline to take a wife with a fortune if I didn't like her.

I was, doomed to a terrible disappointment. I found my grandmother a veritable grandmother. She was sixty-five years old, fat, bald and not a tooth in her head that was her own. I cursed myself for a fool to have declined to comply with my grandfather's wishes during his life, for now that the blow had fallen I realized how folly. It was evident that to save the fortune I must marry an old woman, and even then she would own the property till her death, and I should have to ask her for every penny I spent.

Having taken sufficient time to make up my mind what course to pursue, I sounded her as to whether I could marry her, take an allowance and spend my time anywhere but with her. She said she would think it over, and I had hope. But the next day I was informed that such a course would not be carrying out her late husband's wishes. He had desired that I should take care of the property.

The medium through whom I received this answer was Agnes Dorchester, my grandmother's secretary, a young woman not quite my age. Indeed, I was obliged to transact everything through this girl, and it was not long before I saw plainly that Mrs. Wellesley was completely under her thumb. This added to my chagrin. Another had stepped in between me and the fortune I had been brought up to expect would be mine, and I was not even at liberty to deal directly with that person.

Having discovered where the power lay, there was nothing for me to do but endeavor to gain such points as I wished to make through its possessor. I invited Miss Dorchester to a conference, in which I played my best card in an attempt to induce her to persuade her mistress to fulfill her promise, allow me a stated income and permit me to live abroad.

"Mrs. Wellesley," she said in reply to this proposition, "would not have been entrusted with this matter were it not that she was to be implicitly trusted with carrying it out. Your grandfather's object was to make a man of one who was wasting his talents in globe trotting."

While I was disappointed, I was impressed. Even this girl, whom I had begun by disliking, saw that I was not worthy to be treated with a fortune—a fortune of which she herself held the real management.

I spent some time at my grandmother's endeavoring to bring her to some

terms. She declined all my proposals, adhering to her late husband's intentions. She would fulfill her promise and would not consent to any subterfuge to get around it. A month passed, and I was about to give it all up and go away when Mrs. Wellesley herself came to me with a proposition.

"I sympathize with you heartily," she said, "in being obliged to give up a fortune or take with it an old woman like myself. I will tell you what I will do. I am as attached to Miss Dorchester as if she were my daughter. She is of suitable age for you and a woman of rare good sense. I can safely trust her to carry out your grandfather's intentions toward you. If she will have you and you will have her I will make a will leaving my property to you both jointly, giving her meanwhile control of the income."

"But I don't know that I like Miss Dorchester," I exclaimed, taken aback at this offer. Then after a pause, "Will she consent to the plan?"

"That is for you to find out."

I had no hope that Miss Dorchester would marry me simply to gain a fortune, and in any event I should have to live with her and carry out my grandfather's wishes. But anything rather than beggary. I went to the young lady, told her of Mrs. Wellesley's proposition and asked her to be my wife.

What did she do but toss her nose in the air and decline to have anything to do with such a proposition.

I left her furious. She would rather give up a fortune than be my wife. I spent the next twenty-four hours in inventing imaginary ways of torturing her. The upstart!

We all know that a woman scorned becomes a fury. There is no such advice about a man, but there should be. "A man scorned is soon conquered." I resolved that I would make Miss Dorchester love me, then toss her aside as a wax doll.

In a few weeks I had softened her so far as to receive a proposition from her.

"I cannot bear," she said, "to stand between you and a fortune. I feel that it will be impossible for Mrs. Wellesley to carry out your grandfather's intentions toward you. I will agree to her proposition to marry you provided you will promise to go away and not trouble me."

I had secured terms that in the beginning I would have considered very acceptable. But what did I consider them now? An insult!

"Are you aware," I said, the color rising to my cheek and a spark glittering in my eye, "that you are by no means flattered?"

"But I supposed what you wish is to go abroad and break your neck climbing mountains."

"Oh!" I exclaimed ironically. "In that case you would not be troubled with me further."

"And death would release you from living with a wife you had married for convenience."

In this retort I fancied I could detect something womanly—something of pain. I was surprised. I went to her and laid my hand on her arm. I was not repulsed.

"I think," I said, "that you could carry out my grandfather's wishes. At any rate, try. I will do all I can to help you."

"To retain your fortune," she said, pouting.

"And become a loving husband."

The evening before the wedding, when I was a hundred miles from my intended bride, I was thrown into a wild state by the receipt of the following telegram:

You must marry your grandmother, after all, lose your fortune. AGNES.

What new complication could have arisen? Why could not those lawyers be certain of anything? I had become violently in love with Miss Dorchester and would not in any event give her up. I replied:

Grandmother be hanged! I will marry you tomorrow.

I could not get a train till early the next day, but after a sleepless night at 5 a. m. was steaming toward my bride that was to be. On my arrival I hesitated whether to go at once to see her and discover the meaning of her telegram, but there was little time, and my mind was made up as to the marriage, so I dressed for the wedding before setting out. I dashed up to the house in a carriage, alighted and hurried up the steps. Agnes was standing in front window in bridal array, her face radiant with happiness. Rushing into the room where she was, I caught her in my arms.

"What's the matter?" I asked, breathless.

"You're going to marry your grandmother?"

"No, I'm not. I'm going to marry you."

"I'm your grandmother." Her eyes were dancing a hornpipe.

Then I saw it all. My grandfather had married her instead of the old woman. She had been playing a game with me. My grandfather in the presence of death had hit upon the expedient of marrying the girl who had been supplying my place by devoting herself to him. This would make her inheritance stronger in law, though he left a will in her favor telling her that it was his wish that she should marry me and make a man of me.

But she had no mind to make a business transaction of the matter. She had therefore put an old woman forward to personate her as the widow while she stood in the background. The old woman had nothing else to do with the matter except to receive a handsome salary. I had been completely duped, but had become so impressed with the ability and good sense of my real grandmother that the moment I was picked I was hopelessly in love.

ENDED BEFORE BEGUN

By ANNA WOODBRIDGE.
(Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.)

I have had a love affair of which I was not conscious till it was all over. How could this be? Listen and I will tell you.

I went to Paris to study art. I was then a girl of nineteen. I lived in a pension occupying one floor of a five story building. There was an elevator, one of that foreign kind which you enter, shut the doors, press a button, and the cage takes you up, stopping at your floor. I lived on the fourth floor. Sometimes I used the elevator and sometimes walked up or down the staircase. One day when ascending on foot a door opened at the third landing and a young man came out and met me on the staircase. He was very handsome, with great, dreamy eyes, and faultlessly dressed. I wished to look at him, but he kept his eyes fixed on me, and I felt constrained to turn mine away.

There was that about him which made me desirous to see him again, but we did not happen to meet for several days. Then we met quite frequently. I was so conceited as to think that he learned the hour when I came from the art school and met me purposely. Possibly he might have watched at a window for me to enter the building. At any rate, we met so frequently that I felt I had reason to suspect that it was not all accidental.

After while he began to raise his hat to me when he passed. I replied to his salute with a nod which I tried to make appear indifferent. There was nothing presuming in his notice of me, only civility. Indeed, his manner was so deferential as well as engaging that I was quite won by it. In time he gave me a scarcely perceptible smile in passing. I did not return it. I was brought up in America with the understanding that if you give a Frenchman an inch he will take an ell.

Nevertheless the time came when there was occasion for me to speak to him. I was carrying some sketches up to my room, and one slid out of my portfolio and fluttered down the staircase. He ran down after it, picked it up and handed it to me. His lips were one of his sweet smiles, and he looked things unutterable with his eyes. Of course I thanked him, but that was all. I passed on up to my abiding place, and entered without a look behind me.

One day I became aware that another person was interested in me. As I entered the building where I lived I saw a face at a window opposite. It was the face of a man, and he stared at me. Indeed, it was so evident that I was an object of marked importance to him that I felt troubled. I ran into the house, took the elevator and was lifted to my pension. After that every day when I went home the man opposite was at his window, and every time he stared at me. Finally I delayed or anticipated my arrival in order to escape him.

There was such a contrast between his manner and that of the young man on the floor below me that I rather warmed to the latter. The next time I met him I spoke a few trivial words to him. He replied in kind, treating my action as a matter of mere politeness, and passed on. After that when I met him I encouraged him to make my acquaintance. Finally I told him of the man across the street who stared at me. The truth is I craved protection. My friend was sympathetic, but nothing more.

The next day I had occasion to go out to do an errand in the early morning. I had just closed the door behind me when I heard a door open on the floor below and my friend appeared. He waited for me till I came down to him. I noticed that he was dressed all in black. Not a white speck was visible, even at his throat. I asked if he had lost any one dear to him, and he said he had not. He regarded me with a singular expression, which I could not interpret, but it seemed to me such an expression as a man to whom I belonged might wear or that of one who was making a sacrifice for me. We walked down to the street together. A carriage was standing at the door. My friend looked at me earnestly, lifted his hat, got into the carriage and was driven away. I went on to the art school, where I became engrossed in my studies and was oblivious to all else.

When I went home by a rapid glance I satisfied myself that the face I dreaded was not at the window. I hoped I would meet my friend on the stairs. I did not. Nor did I again meet him. A week passed, another, a third, and I did not see him. What did it mean? Had he left the place without speaking of his going to me? I was astonished at myself for expecting him to inform me of his intentions.

I tried to forget all about him, but failed signally. I lost interest in my studies. I lay awake nights. At last, when I could endure to remain uninform no longer, I knocked at the door from which I had so often seen him come out, determined to learn the truth.

I was received by a lady, who gave me a pressure of the hand and a melancholy, sympathetic smile.

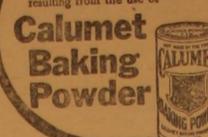
"He roomed in my apartments," she said. "He gave me his confidence. He loved you and lost his life as your protector. The morning you last met him he was killed in a duel with the man of whom you complained to him."

I stood staring at the woman in mute astonishment. A man had loved me, had died for me, and yet we had not exchanged a word of love.

I have never married, and there is no possibility of my marrying.

\$1000.00

Given for any substance injurious to health found in food resulting from the use of



Calumet Baking Powder

ROUSSEAU'S SHYNESS.

An Experience the Composer Had in a Country Inn.

On one occasion Rousseau composed an opera, which was performed before King Louis XV and met with the royal approval. The king sent for him, and if he had put in an appearance he would probably have obtained a pension. He was, however, of a retiring disposition and could not bring himself to face the court. To his friends he gave as a reason his republican opinions, but his real reason was his shyness.

Accordingly he fled from the court and sought the privacy of a country inn. While he was there a man came in who began telling the company that he was the celebrated Rousseau and proceeded to give an account of the opera, which, he said, had been performed before the king with great success.

Most men in Rousseau's position would have felt nothing but contempt for the impostor, but this extraordinary man felt only pity and shame. "I trembled and blushed so," he tells us in his "Confessions," "for fear the man should be found out that it might have been thought that I was the impostor." He was afraid that somebody might come in who knew him and expose the pretender. At last he could bear it no longer and slipped out unobserved.

Very few people would treat an impostor like that.—Westminster Gazette.

Making Life Safer.

Everywhere life is being made more safe through the work of Dr. King's New Life Pills in Constipation, Bilioussness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Liver troubles, Kidney Diseases and Bowel Disorders. They're easy, but sure, and perfectly build up the health. 25c at West Side Drug Store, John A. O'Malley, Prop.

The neighboring city of Bloomington received a severe shock last Monday afternoon at 2:18 when a tremendous concussion, gas escaping from a ten-inch main, exploded in the water gas department of the Union Gas company's plant in that city, wrecking the main building, killing three employes and injuring seven others. The explosion was heard by the entire city. Gas is used so extensively for heating, cooking and lighting, that the city was in a crippled condition for the thirty-six hours that the gas was turned off until other connections could be made.

Rev. I. W. Williams Testifies.

Rev. I. W. Williams, Huntington, W. Va., writes us as follows: "This is to certify that I used Foley's Kidney Remedy for nervous exhaustion and kidney trouble and am free to say that Foley's Kidney Remedy will do all that you claim for it." Sold by all druggists.

The genuine sportsman is a pretty good fellow. Lots of them are now looking after game which needs food badly during the winter months. All people should remember this.

Foley's Kidney Remedy will cure any case of kidney or bladder trouble that is not beyond the reach of medicine. It invigorates the entire system and strengthens the kidneys so they eliminate the impurities from the blood. Backache, rheumatism, kidney and bladder troubles are all cured by this great medicine. Commence taking at once and avoid Bright's Disease and Diabetes. Sold by all druggists.

The Cough of Consumption

Your doctor will tell you that fresh air and good food are the real cures for consumption. But often the cough is very hard. Hence, we suggest that you ask your doctor about your taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It controls the tickling, quiets the cough.

We publish our formulas
We banish alcohol
from our medicines
We urge you to
consult your
doctor



Ayer's

One of Ayer's Pills at bedtime will cause an increased flow of bile, and produce a gentle laxative effect the day following. Formulas on each box. Show it to your doctor. He will understand at a glance. Dose, one pill at bedtime.

Made by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

A BIT OF DIPLOMACY

An English Official Who Outwitted a French Admiral.

HOW PERIM ISLAND WAS WON

The Interesting Story That is Told by a White House on the Foreshore of the Arabian Coast at the Southern Entrance to the Red Sea.

On the foreshore of the Arabian coast in the strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, at the southern entrance to the Red sea, stands a large white house concerning which the travelers to the far east may hear a curious story. In the middle of the nineteenth century, when M. de Lesseps after many difficulties had successfully floated the Suez Canal company, the governor of the British port of Aden, about 100 miles distant, was surprised one morning by the visit of a French squadron of very unusual size for that part of the orient, which, having encountered a terrific storm off Sokotra, had put in for repairs.

In the mind of the governor curiosity was at once aroused as to the destination of so large a command, a curiosity which increased as he found it impossible to extract any further information from the French admiral or his officers beyond the statement that they were upon an ordinary cruise, an explanation which the former was not the least inclined to believe.

Firm in the belief, therefore, that some political move of great importance was afoot, if not afoot, the governor, in order first of all to gain time, gave orders to go very tortoise-like on the repairs and then set to work to take the Frenchmen off their guard by giving a succession of such entertainments as both his slender means and the awful barrenness of the place would afford.

But, though at the end of two weeks the French and British officers had got upon the best of terms, the immediate destination of the French squadron remained as much of a mystery to the governor of Aden as before, and in spite of all possible delay the repairs were nearly completed.

Now, it happened that the wife of the governor possessed an Irish maid, who had been receiving attentions from one of the French petty officers—attentions which the girl did not regard seriously. It occurred to the governor that by such means something might be learned of his unexpected visitor's plans, and a private conversation between the governor's wife and her maid resulted in another between the latter and her French admirer, by which it was discovered that Perim Island was the objective point.

At this information the governor opened his eyes wide indeed, for, if the Suez canal were cut through, Perim, as commanding the southern entrance to the Red sea, in the middle of the strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, would be a place of great strategic importance, over which, without doubt, it was the intention of the French admiral to hoist the tricolor.

Secretly giving orders, therefore, for a gunboat to immediately embark a detachment of soldiers and steal away in the night for Perim island, the governor then announced a farewell banquet and ball for the day but one following, a final act of courtesy with which the French admiral would willingly have dispensed, for he was anxious to sail, but which he could not well refuse on account of the use he had made of the British supplies and machinery at Aden.

So the dinner and party in due course came off, the governor being in high spirits, because in the meantime he had received the news of the occupation of Perim, which under the circumstances would surely be followed by the longed for promotion, and the French admiral was equally happy, for he hoped on the morrow to add the same important little speck of land to the dominion of his own country, thereby covering his breast with the stars and himself with maritime glory.

Next day, after an interchange of cordial farewells, the French squadron sailed away to an apparently unknown destination, until, when clear of the land, the course was laid full speed direct for Perim island.

Then what were the dismay and disappointment of the French admiral and his officers when, on coming in sight of their destination, they beheld the British flag flying and a company of soldiers drawn up to give them a proper salute. It is said the French admiral was so mortified at being thus outwitted that he first flung his cocked hat overboard and then followed it himself into the sea.

Be this as it may, as Perim was clearly already occupied by the British, the only counter move which the French could make was to take possession of a strip of the foreshore on the opposite Arabian coast, where they built the fortified white house in question, but as the place was entirely at the mercy of the guns on Perim island it was shortly abandoned, to remain to this day as a monument of a French admiral's undoing.—Exchange.

In Honor of Minerva.

The most notable festival at Athens was in honor of Minerva. All classes of citizens in this particular day marched in procession. The oldest went first, then the young men, then the children, the young women, the matrons and the people of the lower orders. The most prominent object in the parade was a ship propelled by hidden machinery and bearing at its masthead the sacred banner of the goddess.

TO AILING WOMEN.
A Little Sound Advice Will Help Many a Sufferer in Dwight.

No woman can be healthy and well if the kidneys are sick. Poisons that pass off in the secretions when the kidneys are well, are retained in the body when the kidneys are sick. Kidneys and bladder become inflamed and swollen and worse troubles quickly follow. This is often the true cause of bearing down pains, lameness, backache, sideache, etc. Uric poisoning also causes headaches, dizzy spells, languor, nervousness and rheumatic pain.

When suffering so, try Doan's Kidney Pills, a remedy that cures sick kidneys. You will get better as the kidneys get better, and health will return when the kidneys are well. Let a Dwight woman tell you about Doan's Kidney Pills.

Mrs. Minnie Tenneson, Delaware St., Dwight, Ill., says: "I join others in recommending Doan's Kidney Pills and I do so because the remedy has helped me. I was made miserable by kidney trouble and rheumatism. I had headaches and dizzy spells, often felt weak and little like doing my work and was nervous and irritable. The doctors said I had too much uric acid in my system. As soon as I began using Doan's Kidney Pills I felt better and now my condition is improved in every way."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name — Doan's and take no other.



If you wish to realize good prices for your personal property at Public Auction, secure the services of C. E. BUTZ, the best stock auctioneer in the state. Write me for dates at Kempton, Illinois, Box 17.

DR. Wm. LOUIS RABE
Residence and office 120 Mazon Ave.
Telephone 72
Dwight, ILLINOIS

ABSTRACTS

MADE BY
Livingston County Abstract Company
are reliable and up-to-date
E. HOEBLER, Sec'y and Mgr.
Late Circuit Clerk and Recorder of Livingston County.

FARM LOANS

Borrowers of money upon good Illinois land as security, consult their best interests by dealing direct with us. Liberal rates and terms—no delay.

Attractive Investments
There is no safer or more convenient way to invest money than buying Thompson Farm Loans.
Best returns available—security considered.
No expense for payment of principal or interest.
Our service and advice free to investors.
Correspondence and personal interviews invited.
JOHN I. THOMPSON
Lecan, Illinois.



If you want good prices for your property and stock employ
COL. FRANK WEBER
GENERAL AUCTIONEER
LIVE STOCK AND FARM SALES
A SPECIALTY
Phone No. 95-14. Palace Livestock Phone 74
ODELL, ILL. DWIGHT, ILL.