

## THE OLD FURNITURE

By Ernest Thwing.

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When Grandma Turnbull got the collecting mania in her old age, nobody thought very much about it. But when she brought home a photograph of Washington crossing the Delaware, taken by a snapshotter in the Continental army, for which she had paid a hundred dollars, I felt that it was time to discourage her foolishness. Grandma's capital could not have amounted to more than ten



To My Mind They Were Just Tables.

thousand dollars and here was one per cent of it gone for an outrageous fraud.

I talked it over with Dorothy. Dorothy was Grandma Turnbull's granddaughter, and we were as good as engaged. I had asked her ever so many times, but she had been holding off and trying to make me jealous by flirting with Jim Bates, a sort of second cousin of ours, but belonging to the poorer branch and generally

looked down upon among us Lenards.

"Poor old thing! Don't say anything to hurt her feelings, Harry," said Dorothy.

"But, Dorothy, don't you see?" I urged. "She's buying up old furniture wholesale, and every crook in the county is bringing her so-called antiques. She must have spent five hundred in the last month or two. If that goes on, what will become of her capital?"

"Well, it's her capital, isn't it?" asked Dorothy.

"Yes, but some day it will be yours and mine," I answered. "And I'd rather have what's left of the ten thousand or so than own a lot of fraudulent antiques."

Dorothy gave me a queer sort of look, but I went on:

"The fact is, Dorothy, grandma is getting senile. This collecting mania is one of the first signs. Now I'd like to move for a guardianship over her. Why not? Surely you don't sympathize with her, do you?"

"Harry," said Dorothy, "grandma put you through college when your father was bankrupt and started you in business. That's where most of her money has gone. If you have no more gratitude than that you needn't speak to me any more." And she flounced out of the room.

It's queer how women think: Here was I, bent only on securing to Dorothy and myself our rightful inheritance of grandma's money, and she was up in the air.

Things ran on as usual for a while, and then the crisis came. It came from Boston, in the shape of a delivery man carrying two tables, for which grandma had paid a thousand dollars apiece.

"They are real Louis Quatorze, Harry, and the only specimens remaining from the workshop of Monsieur Genappe," said Grandma, beaming upon me and upon them.

As soon as they had been unpacked and placed in grandma's reception