

ABIE AN' SLATS



—By Raeburn Van Buren



Today's Short Story—

## THE DEATH WATCH

By MARTIN ROWAN

A WOMAN of great beauty was Una Dhonn.

I do not say this merely because she was my grandmother, for from my earliest recollection until her death at the age of 88 when I was 14 I recall that her charm and personality won the palm from every man, woman and child in Carrig-An-Affrin.

Her finely chiselled features were gentle in repose. When red anger struck, her great brown eyes closed to two small slits. Her thin lips became compressed into a fine straight line, and it was not necessary for her to breathe one word, for her expression withered the transgressor.

It was seldom indeed that she was seen in that grim mood for it was difficult to ruffle or excite her. It was only in the face of rank injustice that she assumed that pose.

Most of the time her countenance bespoke cheer and hospitality and when she laughed, which was often, there was no trepidation in it. Her laughter came from the bottom of her heart, and reverberated like a silver bell.

Tall she was—almost 5 feet 11—and graceful. Even the heavy burden of the years had been unable to bow her head or droop her shoulders. Time also had failed to make but slight ravages on the clustered brown hair.

TO EVERY ONE in the barony she was a ministering angel. The gentle, patient woman who came to their aid in the hour of need, who helped usher their offspring into the world, and who prepared their dead for the eternal sleep.

A knowledge of herbs she had which was beyond the understanding of learned men, for although it was scant book-learning she had, yet she made healing salves from the herbs and mosses and her treatment of wounds invariably brought relief and recovery. It was neither reward nor praise that she sought. Sufficient for her was the knowledge that she had "lightened the cross."

It was her favorite grandchild. Maybe it was because I was the youngest. Or perhaps it was because my name was Owen and that I was named after the grandfather who was her husband.

Owen More "Big-Owen," he was called and although he had been dead over 50 years and there was no other one of that name within miles, to her he was always Owen Beg (Little Owen).

At the age of 93 she took to her bed one day after she had walked home the nine miles from a funeral in the gien.

"It is how I will not be going gallivanting anymore, Una," she said to my mother. "It is how the death-man is coming on me at last and it was myself that fooled him the long time"—and she chuckled. "Send Tim for the priest, Una," she said.

THERE WAS NO gainsaying a request of that kind in our part of Ireland. It did not take my father long to go nor did it take the priest long to come. That night the neighbors came from far and near. A lot of them wanted to stay until morning to keep the watch.

"Aren't you low, I will not be bothering you like that all," my grandmother said. "It is no company I will want, tonight except Owen Beg." Will ye sit and hold the watch with me until the dawning, Owen Beg?" she asked me.

"I will sit and hold the watch with you," I replied. When everyone had gone to bed I sat watching Una Dhonn with the flames of the fire laughing and sticking out their tongues at me.

"Get my pipe out of the hob-hole and light it, Owen Beg," she said. I took the pipe out of the hob-hole lit it and gave it to her.

"Musha—it is how an old woman do get great comfort out of a smoke of the pipe, Owen Beg," she said.

"It is from the taste of the tobacco one do see in the smoke. It is many the time I sat beside the fire when the rest of ye were in bed and lit my pipe and watched the pictures. It is often I saw Owen More running with the hurley across the field like he was the first time I saw him 75 years ago."

SHE HANDED me the pipe then and fell asleep. She awoke at the break of day.

"Now I want you to do something

## THE INDIANAPOLIS TIMES

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With Major Hoople



DIVING FOR THE CHECK, HE FORGOT HIS SPRAINED WRIST

OUT OUR WAY



THERE'S LOTS OF ROOM OUT IN TH' WORKMEN'S WASH ROOM, AN' ONE OF THEM ACTUALLY DOES WASH OUT THERE. BUT HE MAKES SURE YOU'LL KNOW HE'S AN OFFICIAL BY LEAVIN' HIS HAT, TIE AN' VEST IN THE OFFICE!

By Williams



AMAPOLA

WEEK TAKE A NICE

SIT--AT THE

SOUSE AMERICAN

WAY!!

—By Al Capp

FUNNY BUSINESS



AW-- I DON'T MIND!

YOU'RE MEAN, SLUGGO!

AW-- HE'S ALWAYS BOASTING ABOUT HIS STRENGTH!

SAY-- WHAT I WANNA KNOW ABOUT THIS TUG-O-WAR IS----

HOW FAR DO I HAVE TO TUG 'EM?

—By Fred Harman

THIS CURIOUS WORLD



THE MATE OF THE SEA WITCH CAN USE ANOTHER HAND-- BARBARY PETE!

WHAT ABOUT THIS BOSS?

TAKE HIM ALONG-- HE MAY NEED THE MATE'S HELP-- A CABIN BOY, HEH, HEH!

—By Crane

SCIENTISTS

ARE ATTRACTED BY

THE NOTES OF A

VIOLIN.

—By William Ferguson

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