"The Story of Sarah"
"The Ship of Dreams"

SYNOPSIS.

Author of

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Captain Abraham Rose and Angeline, his wife, have lost their little home through Abe's unlucky purchase of Tenafiy Gold mining stock. Their household goeds sold, the \$169 suction money, all they have left, will place Abe in the Old Man's home, or Angy in the Old Ladies' home. Both are self-sacrificing 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. Miss Abigail, matron of the Old Ladies' home, hears of the ill fortune of the old couple. She tells the other old ladies, and Blossy, who has paid a double fee for the only double bedchamber, voices the unanimous verdict that Abe must be taken in with his wife. Abe awakens next morning to find that he is "Old Lady No. 31." The old ladies give him such a warm welcome that he is made to feel at home at once.

CHAPTER IV-Continued.

But what was this? Blossy, leading all the others in a resounding call of "Welcome!" and then Blossy drawing her two hands from behind her back. One held a huge blue cup, the other the saucer to match. She placed the cup in the saucer and held it out to Abraham. He trudged down the few steps to receive it, unashamed now of the tears that coursed down his cheeks. With a burst of delight he perceived that it was a mustache cup, such as the one he had always used at home until it had been set for safekeeping on the top pantry shelf to await the auction, where it had brought the price of eleven cents with half a paper of tacks thrown in.

And now as the tears cleared away he saw, also, what Angy's eyes had already noted, the inscription in warm crimson letters on the shining blue side of the cup, "To Our Beloved Brother."

"Sisters," he mumbled, for he could do no more than mumble as he took his gift, "ef yew'd been gittin' ready for me six months, yew couldn't have done no better."

CHAPTER V.

The Head of the Corner.

Everybody wore their company manners to the breakfast table—the first time in the whole history of the home then company manners had graced sant at supper was easy enough, unt Nancy used to say, for every one we the unreasonably cantankerous, nd being agreeable at dinner was not especially difficult: but no one short of a saint could be expected to smile of mornings until sufficient time had een given to discover whether one had stepped out on the wrong or the right side of the bed.

This morning, however, no time was seded to demonstrate that everybody the place had gotten out on the appy side of his couch. Even the deaf-and-dumb gardener had untwisted his surly temper, and as Abraham entered the dining-room, looked in at the east window with a conciliatory grin and nod which said plainly as words:

"Tis a welcome sight indeed to see one of my own kind around this estab-Hahment!"

"Why don't he come in?" questioned Abe, waving back a greeting as well as he could with the treasured cup in one of his hands and the saucer in fellow, being a confirmed woman hater, cooked all his own meals in the smoke house, and insisted upon all his fully, contemplating her homely countenance, over which this morning's forming glow.

immediately disappeared. "Yew don't derd hearts in this here place 'stid o' gais? He must be crazy! Sech a outside even go so fur 's ter say that handsome, clever set o women I never yew throw places at one another!"

There was a moment's silence; then

Sarah Jane blushed to the roots of suddenly disarmed of every porcupine looked at Mrs. Homan, and from Mrs.

little stir among the sisters. "Set deown, all hands! Set deown!" enjoined Miss Abigail; fluttering about sturdy little red and white pepper pot. "Brother Abe-that's what we've all air seemed filled with the promise of agreed to call yew, by unanimous an electric storm. Then Blossy spoke vote-yew set right here at the foot hurriedly-Blossy, the tacticianthe head an' me the foot; but I only ing Abe's attention to herself. kept the foot, partly becur thar wa'n't "Really! You surprise me! You no man fer the place, and partly becuz don't mean to say folks falk about us called "Christian socialism," the I was tew sizable ter squeeze in any like that!" whar else. Seein' as Sister Angy is sech a leetle mite, though, I guess she critter," amended Miss Abigail, smil-

olemn moment of waiting with bowed heads. Aunt Nancy's trembling voice guarded the right of saying grace at table in the Old Ladies home for a peremptory "Brother Abe!"

Abraham looked up. Could she poshimself as the head of the household by repeating grace? "Brother Abe!" she called upon him again. "Yew've her. askt a blessin' fer one woman fer many a year; supposin' yew ask it

fer thirty!" Amid the amazement of the other herency, and all joined heartly in the into the kitchen, Aunt Nancy felt that action. It would never do, she thought, for her to gain a reputation for selfeffacement and sweetness of disposition at her time of life.

"Son, I want yew to understand one thing naow at the start. Yew treat in the garden that summer, but almost pass the radishes."

assure her. "Hy-guy, that coffee smells some kind o' good, don't it? Between the smell o' the stuff an' the looks o' my cup, it'll be so temptin' that I'll wish I had the neck of a gi-raffe, an' could taste it all the way deown. a-livin' so high. Look at this here cream!"

Smiling, joking, his lips insisting apon joking to cover the natural feeling of embarrassment incident to this first meal among the sisters, but with his voice breaking now and again with had to steal his handkerchief to his old eyes. Abe passed successfully through the-to him-elaborate breakfast. And Angy sat in rapt silence, but with her face shining so that her quiet was the stillness of eloquence. Once Abe startled them all by rising stealthily from the table and seizing the morning's newspaper, which lay upon the buffet.

"I knowed it!" caviled Lazy Daisy sotto voce to no one in particular. "He couldn't wait for the news till he was through eatin'!" But Abe had folded the paper into a stout weapon, and, creeping toward the window, despatched by a quick, adroit movement a fly which had alighted upon the screen.

"I hate the very sight o' them air pesky critters," he explained half apologetically. "Thar, thar's another one," and slaughtered that.

"My, but yew kin get 'em, can't yew?" spoke Miss Abigail admiringly. "Them tew be the very ones I tried ter ketch all day yiste'day; I kin see as a fly-ketcher yew be a-goin' ter be wuth a farm ter me. Set deown an' try some o' this here strawberry presarve."

But Abe protested that he could not eat another bite unless he should get the initial meal of the day. Being up and run around the house to for the one man among them. Their 'joggle deown" what he had already swallowed. He leaned back in his chair and surveyed the family: on his right, generous-hearted Blossy, who had been smiling approval and encouragement at him all through the repast; at file left, and just beyond Angy, Miss Abigail indulging in what remained on the dishes now that she discovered the others to have finished: Aunt Nancy keenly watching him from the head of the board; and all the other sisters "betwixt an' between." He caught Mrs. Homan's eye where

> she stood in the doorway leading into the kitchen, and remarked pleasantly: "Ma'am, yew oughter set up a pancake shop in 'York. Yew could make a fortune at it. I hain't had sech a meal o' vittles sence I turned fifty year o' age."

A flattered smile overspread Mrs. Homan's visage, and the other sisters, noting it, wondered how long it would be before she showed her claws in Abraham's presence.

"Hy-guy, Angy," Abe went on, "yev the other; whereupon Sarah Jane, can't believe nothin' yew hear, kin that ugly duckling, explained that the yer? Why, folks have told me that yew ladies - What yew hittin' my foot fer, mother? Folks have told me," a twinkle of amusement in his orders being left on a slate outside the eye at the absurdity, "that yew fight tool-house door. Abe sniffed disdain- among yerselves like cats an' dogs, when, law! I never see sech a clever lot o' women gathered tergether in mood had cast a not unlovely trans- all my life. An' I believe mother, I hain't a-sayin' nothin'! I jest want Why, the scalawag!" He frowned ter let 'em know what I think on 'em. so at the face in the window that it I believe that that must be three hunmean ter tell me he's sot ag'in yew thirty. But dew yew know, gals, folks

a little gasp first from one and then her thin, straight hair and sat down, from another of the group. Every one quill that she had hidden under het Homan to Sarah Jane. Mrs. Homan wings; while there was an agreeable tightened her grip on the pancake turner; Sarah Jane uneasily moved raise a crop. her long fingers within reach of a with the heaviness of a fat goose. Another moment passed, in which the of the table. Aunt Nancy always had clasping her hands together and bring-

"Slander is a dretful long-legged kin easy make room fer me l'other ing and sighing in the same breath. "Sary Jane," Inquired Mrs. Homan Abe could only bow hie thanks as he sweetly, "what's the matter with that put his gift down on the table and pepper pot? Does it need fillin'?"

of the place action of peace and so born the reign of peace aim. The others wated, there was a the Old Ladge house.

CHAPTER VI.

Indian bummer. Miss Abigail had not banked in vain on the "foresightedness of the Lord." twenty years-not, however, in the cus- At the end of six months, instead of tomary words of thanksgiving, but in there being a shortage in her accounts because of Abe's presence, she was able to show the directors such a ibly mean that he was to establish balance sheet as excelled all her previous commendable records.

"How do you explain it?" they asked

"We cast our bread on the waters," she answered, "an' Providence jest kept a sendin' out the loaves." Again she said. "'Twas grinnin' that done sisters. Abe mumbled, and muttered, it. Brother Abe he kept the gardener and murmured-no one knew what good-natured, an' the gardener he jest words; but all understood the over-grinned at the garden sass until it was whelming gratitude behind his inco- ashamed not ter flourish; an' Brother Abe kept the gals good-natured an' Amen. Then, while Mrs. Homan, the they wa'n't so niasy about what they cook of the week, went bustling out eat; an' he kept the visitors a-laughin' jest ter see him here, an' when yew it devolved upon her to explain her make folks laugh they want ter turn around an' dew somethin' fer yew. I tell yew, ef yew kin only keep grit ernough ter grin, yew kin drive away

a drought." In truth, there had been no drought us right, an' we'll treat you right, a dcuble yield of corn and beans; no That's all we ask o' yew. Miss Ellie, drought in the gifts sent to the home, but showers of plenty. Some of these "I'll do my best," Abe hastened to came in the form of fresh fish and clams left at the back door; some in luscious fruits; some in barrels of clothing. And the barrels of clothing solved another problem; for no longer did their contents consist solely of articles of feminine attire. "Biled Angy, I be afraid we'll git the gout shirts" poured out of them; socks and breeches, derby hats, coats and negligees; until Aunt Nancy with a humorous twist to her thin lips inquired if there were thirty men in this establishment and one woman.

"I never thought I'd come to wearin' a quilted silk basque with tossels on emotion, while from time to time he it," Abe remarked one day on being urged to try on a handsome smoking jacket. "Dew I look like one of them sissy-boys, er jest a dude?"

"It's dretful becoming," insisted Angy, "bewtiful! Ain't it, gals?" Every old lady nodded her head with an air of proud proprietorship, as if to say, "Nothing could fail to become our brother." And Angy nodded her head, too, in delighted approval of their appreciation of "our brother" and "my husband."

Beautiful, joy-steeped, pleasure-filled days these were for the couple, who had been cramped for life's smallest necessities so many meager years. Angy felt that she had been made miraculously young by the birth of this new Abraham-almost as if at last she had been given the son for whom in her youth she had prayed with impassioned appeal. Her old-wife love became rejuvenated into a curious mixture of proud mother-love and young-wife leaning, as she saw Abe win every heart and become the center of the community.

"Why, the sisters all think the sun rises an' sets in him," Angy would whisper to herself sometimes, awed by the glorious wonder of it all.

The sisters fairly vied with one another to see how much each could do own preferences and prejudices were magnanimously thrust aside. In a body they besought their guest to smoke as freely in the house as out of doors. Miss Abigail even traded some of her garden produce for tobacco, while Miss Ellie made the old gentleman a tobacco pouch of red flannel so generous in its proportions that on a pinch it could be used as a chest protector.

Then Ruby Lee, not to be outdone by anybody, produced, from no one ever discovered where, a mother-ofpearl manicure set for the delight and mystification of the hero; and even Lazy Daisy went so far as to cut some red and yellow tissue paper into squares under the delusion that some time, somehow, she would find the energy to roll these into spills for the lighting of Abe's pipe. And each and every sister from time to time contributed some gift or suggestion to her "brother's" comfort.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How the Rain Bores Holes.

When rain falls it does not actually soak into the earth, but bores its way in, forming tiny tubes, says the Rehoboth Sunday Herald. These tubes are so small that it would be impossible to insert a hair in one of them without bursting its walls. Sometimes the tubes are bored down to a depth of four or five feet. When the surface dries the water evaporates from the tubes, just as it would from a pipe. If the tube is twisted it takes longer for the water to evaporate.

If one takes a rake and stirs the ground after each rain he breaks the tops of the tubes and the water will stand in them for months. In this way the farmers of the West, on semi-arid lands, store the rainfalls one year and raise a crop of wheat every other year, there being sufficient water in two years, but not enough in one. to

Church, State and Poor.

A book on "The Church, the State and the Poor" has been written by an English vicar. The book is comprehensive, tracing the subject of prereformation days. The author regrets that during the growth of collectivism, under which he classifies what is church has trusted too much to the state to better the conditions among the poor. Now there is a revival of interest in the welfare of the poor on the part of the church. The writer's contention is that a firm belief in the Christian creed is the only inspiration and guide to any effort to solve "the social problem."

INTERNATIONAL ESSON

Department, The Moody Bible Institute,

LESSON FOR SEPTEMBER 13

THE TEN VIRGINS.

LESSON TEXT-Matt. 25:1-13. GOLDEN TEXT—"Watch therefore for ye know neither the day nor the hour when the Son of Man cometh." Matt.

A parable is "an earthly story with a heavenly meaning." An analogy is "a likeness." This story is a parable. It is to illustrate the vigilant, expectant attitude of faith, Heb. 6:28; II Tim. 4:8. Leaving the temple, Jesus drew the disciples' attention to its buildings and predicted its destruction. Proceeding to the Mount of Olives, his disciples ask him, "Tell us, when shall these things be? And what shall be the sign of thy coming, and the end of the world?" In reply Jesus gave the disciples his Olivet discourse and prophecies found in chapters 24 and 25. To fully comprehend this parable we ought to review all of this teaching. The discourse as a whole falls into these parts (1) 24:1-44 deals with Israel as a nation: (2) 24:45-25:30 deals with the church as being responsible for the king during the period between his two advents: and (3) 25:31-46 deals with the judgment of the nations when the Son of Man comes in his glory. It will be seen then that this lesson comes in the second part and is one of three parables concerning the responsibility of the church. Jesus is the bridegroom, John 3:28, 29; Eph. 5:25; II Cor. 11:2; Rev. 21.9, and sets forth the love of Christ for the church

Eph. 5:25, 28, 30-32. Two Classes. I. "While the bridegroom tarried" vv. 1-5. The first and strongest idea of this section is that he, Jesus, the bridegroom, is coming again. Among those who walt are two classes, the wise and the foolish, though both were right intentioned. The lamps symbolize Christian profession, Luke 12:35; II Tim. 3:5, and the oil that which is essential to give us power whereby we maintain our profession, Acts 10:38; I John 2:20-27. The foolish virgins were superficial and had not enough to maintain their professions. The wise virgins had enough oil: so also may the believer have the abiding spirit of Christ's presence wherein to maintain his Christian profession. Waiting they all nodded (slumbered) and others evidently lay down (slept). The wise virgins could afford to rest as they had all things ready. If they had been awake, however, they might have seen and rendered aid to those who were in the sorry plight of not being ready. The tarrying was a test of the faith and nationce of both the wise and the foolish as both awaited the "fulness

of time" when he should appear. The Great Question. II. Behold the bridegroom cometh" vv. 6-13. All are awakened by this

midnight cry. The hour was one when he was least expected, and the church of today needs to be awakened to a realizing sense of this truth. Both the wise and the foolish have to meet him, but the wise were the only ones whose lights could shine and show the way into the banqueting room. They all outwardly appear alike even to the very point of separation. The church of God individually and collectively, has yet to sense the danger to it and to others if its light for any reason be not continuous. This cry was a call to "meet him" and we all need to ask ourselves, "are we ready to meet him?" The hour was too late to make needful preparation to meet him. In their emergency they turned to the five wise ones but the wisdom of one cannot supply the deficiency or the foolishness of others (v. 9). There is no Scripture to support the teaching that one man's merit is applicable to another except the merit of the God-man Jesus as applied to sinful humanity. Hence the wise sent their sisters to the original source of supply for oil, and as they went "the bridegroom came." So will it be with all who put off too long the securing of the Holy Spirit in their lives.

"They that were ready" went in, came found the door "shut." To attend a marriage feast is highly esteemed everywhere, but it is a prive aration. Remember that Jesus is here showing the attitude towards himself of those who profess to be devoted to him during the period of his absence, and who expect his return as king. That being so, we need to remind ourselves of the laws of

the kingdom as he gave them. Jesus knows those that are his John 10:27; H Tim. 2:19; I Cor. 8:3, but such are not those who make a mere outward profession of faith and lack the abiding presence and power of the Holy Spirit. The day of separation between the true and the false is surely coming, a time when the real, genuine, Spirit-filled Christians

will rejoice "at his coming." The lesson for us is "Watch." Because we do not know the day nor the hour when he will come, therefore, "watch." This word does not mean simply to look or to gaze but to keep awake, to be vigilant to anytheupe

FORMER SAVAGES ARE VOTERS

New Zealand Cannibal Tribe Advancing Rapidly-Women Have Ballot Also.

Washington.-Many persons whose parents were cannibals are now voters and good citizens in New Zealand, and some of them are members of the New Zealand parliament, according to a report on the progress of the Maori tribes and their descendants recently made by the National Geographic soclety in Washington. The society has just completed a long study of the advancement of the tribes, which were considered among the most vicious tribes of cannibals in existence a little over fifty years ago. At that time, it is said, tribal feasts in which human captives were the principal feature of the bill of fare were periodical forms of entertainment in the regions controlled by the tribe chiefs. Today even the women descendants of the cannibals exercise the right to vote.

"When the English first occupied the islands in the early part of the Nineteenth, century," the report states in part, "it is estimated that there were about 100,000 Maoris in New Zealand. They were divided into tribes, each tribe having its unwritten laws regarding land, cultivation, and other social matters.

"The English found that they had a genius for war, showing unusual skill in building, fortifying and defending stockades. They found them also tillers of the soil and that as carvers and decorators they were unrivaled in the Oceanic world, and that they displayed great originality in design and perfection in the execution of rock paintings, and in carving the ornamental figures of their dwellings, their boats and sacred inclosures. The Maoris were also noted for their tattooing, which was designed to ornament the body. Whoever refused to undergo the protracted tortures of tattooing required at every important event of his life was regarded as a person by his own consent foredoomed to slavery.

"There are about 35,000 Maoris left. These have retired to the northern provinces of New Zealand, where certain reservations have been set apart for their exclusive property. The Maori children attend schools regularly. Such of them as continue into the higher branches of learning are said to be worthy rivals of white students. Some of the Maoris have become landed proprietors. They are proud of their right to vote, and especially of the fact that their women were given this privilege at the same time that it was given to the white women of New Zealand."

It is said that tattooing among the tribes is now rare, and that the Maoris, to greater extent than any other group of savages, have indicated that man can be raised from savagery to civilization within one generation.

VILLAGES OF UPPER VALAIS

There is a Distinctly Italian Touch About Some of These Small Towns.

Paris.-There is a distinctly Italian touch about some of the villages in Upper Valais, says L. E. Waller in "Country Life." In few places is this more marked than in Brigne and its half-sister, Naters, across the Rhone, probably because of the Simplon Pass over into Italy which mounts near by.



The Main Street of Naters.

they that were not ready when they The new Lotschbag line will probably cause Brigne to grow into a town, but Naters may be saved from civilization for some time to come, and we may ilege that is worthy of careful prep- still hope to see scenes like this in its main street. The half black, half white goats are familiar to all, and inquisitive animals they are, too, ready to eat anything you offer them-even your last hotel bill-and prepared to attach themselves to you for good if you give them a little salt when you meet them on the Alps. Here they were the friendly escort of the picturesque girl, and obeyed her as readly as dogs.

> London.-A new wheat with five parents and inheriting the virtues of each of them is the latest triumph of Prof. Rowland Biffen of Cambridge university. It is a peculiarly hardy development, growing from three to three and a half feet in height, stout of straw and also good for milling, and is especially adapted for the exposed Fen country, This new wheat will be put on the market next year.

New Wheat Has Five Parents.

Doctors Gave Him Up

A Music Teacher Saved From A Catarrhal Disease By Peruna.

Prof. W. L. Perkins, Waynesboro,

Va., writes: "I was unde, the care of a doctor for four months, but did not improve at all. At last he gave me up to die of bronchial catarrh. So I thought I would try a bottle of Peruna. I began to feel better at once, Now I feel as well as I ever did in my life. I want to thank you, Dr. Hartman, for your advice. I shall always praise your Peruna for catarrh of the lungs."

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GOODYEAR TIRES AT ANTE-BELLUM PRICES

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. announce "No war prices on Goodyear Tires." Mr. F. A. Sleberling, president of the Company, thus explains their unique position. "We advanced Goodyear prices, as

others did theirs, when the rubber panic came. Almost in a day crude rubber rose in New York from 55 cents per pound to much over a dollar. he New York supply was

small to consider. We cabled our London people to buy up the pick of the rubber there. By acting quickly and paying cash they obtained 1,500,-000 pounds of the finest rubber. "That big supply of rubber is now

nearly all on the way to the Goodyear factory in Akron. It constitutes the best of the London supply.

"We are using the same grade of rubber and the same amount of it as we always have used in these tires. "We are running our factory with three shifts of men, twenty-four hours a day. So long as we remain in this fortunate position on rubber, we shall supply tire users at before-war prices to the limit of our capacity."

Popular Fallacies. 1. That mosquitoes only bite once. 2. That mosquitoes only live one

day. 3. That mosquito bites won't itch is

you don't scratch 'em. 4. That if you hold your breath you can catch a mosquito and slay it.

My experience is that mosquitoes only bite once (in the same place); that they only live one day (at a time); that their bites won't itch if you don't scratch 'em (but rub 'em with sandpaper and the edge of a buzz saw instead); and that if you hold your breath you can catch a mosquito and slay it (provided you have a shotgun in each hand and are a good shot).

Rare Minerals In Tasmania.

The number of rare minerals found to exist in Tasmania is constantly being added to, and the latest addition is molybdenite, which is used in the manufacture of "molybdenum steel," to which it gives a special hardness and toughness that makes it suitable for use in propeller shafts, guns and boilers. It is also used, to lesser extent, in the making of pottery glass and other things. The price of molybdenite is now \$2,500 a ton, or nearly four times the present price of tin.

Heroic Measures. "My doctor is evidently determined to get a rest."

What has he done?" "Sent all his patients to the mountains and he's going to the seashore."

Granulated Eyelids, Eyes inflamed by expo-sure to Sun, Bust and Wind Eyes quickly relieved by Murine Eyes EyeRemedy. No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggist's 50c per Bottle. Murine Eye Salvein Tubes 25c. For Book of the Eye Free ask Druggists or Murine Eye Remedy Ce., Chicage