

## Second Cousin Sarah

BY THE AUTHOR OF  
"ANNE JUDGE, SPINSTER," "LITTLE KATE KIRBY,"  
ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XIV.

Two years after the events recorded in our last chapter, there was a Sunday service of a peculiar character held under a railway arch, in one of the darkest streets of a dark neighborhood lying between the Lower Marsh and the York road, Lambeth. The place of worship, the worshippers, and the one who preached and prayed, were all strange together, and there was much for skin-deep piety to protest against, and for irreverence to scoff and jeer at. It was only the downright earnestness of these fugitive atoms scraped together here, that put forth its claims to the respect of those who had time to think of the odd forms in which religion may assert itself. Amongst the myriads who turn their backs on church or chapel orthodox, there are still a few with courage to seek God in some fashion.

Of the tenets of this community it is not our purpose or right to inquire too closely in these pages. The preaching was simple, the earnestness was manifest, the one text seemed forgiveness to sinners, and the one appeal was for their repentance before the hour was too late. That which was most remarkable in the service was the fact of its being conducted by a woman—a tall, hollow-eyed female—with a touch of fanaticism in her extravagant gestures and her high-pitched voice, and in the sermon which she preached to ragged and unkempt men, women and children, three-fourths of whom were full of a grave, deep interest, and the remaining fraction very noisy, and watching its opportunity to turn a portion of the discourse into ridicule.

These discontents were huddled together near the door, a grinning, coughing, and grinning mob, whilst over their heads peered occasionally a policeman's helmet, a sign of peace and order, that was followed by much horse play and ironical comment on the proceedings, after it disappeared.

It had been a noisy night at Jennings' railway arch, where we resume our story; the preacher had been more than usually powerful and the opposition more than commonly opposed to her; but the service had reached its conclusion. From the background of the congregation there stepped suddenly a tall, well-dressed young woman with her veil down, and room was made for her into the inner circle of rags and tatters by which Lucy Jennings was surrounded.

"May I speak to you for a few moments in private?" asked the stranger in a low voice.

There was a low breath of astonishment, as Lucy Jennings surveyed our heroine. Sarah Eastbell had certainly changed in two years—for the better, too, being a tall, healthy, handsome young woman now; but she had not altered out of all knowledge of her friends and acquaintances. There was the same steady outlook from the dark eyes; there was something of the same sadness, or depth of thought, expressed upon her face, though the pallor had passed away, and there was faint rose tinges on the cheeks, which Lucy had seen last wasted with a fever from which she had helped to save her.

"I know you by your voice," said Miss Jennings, stolidly, "and I have a memory that does not fail me. I am above taking offense with any living soul, or attributing to any human being motives for actions which have not been explained," said Lucy Jennings; "but I cannot, on the Lord's Day—I will not under any circumstances—devote myself to anything but his service."

She crossed her thin hands upon the bosom of her dress, and looked up at the stained roof of the railway arch, over which a heavy Southwestern train was rumbling at the moment.

"I will call on you to-morrow, if you will give me your address," said Sarah Eastbell.

Lucy Jennings hesitated before she answered, as though an insuperable objection to renew their acquaintance asserted itself too strongly to be resisted; then she said:

"I shall be in Hope street to-morrow at eleven. I will wait for you there."

Lucy Jennings moved her head slightly, and Sarah Eastbell left her surrounded by her converts.

As Sarah went out of the place one of the unconverted picked her pocket of a cambric handkerchief, and was disappointed at not finding her purse, which she had left at home.

Sarah Eastbell was disturbed greatly by this meeting with Lucy Jennings. Her reception had not been what she had anticipated; there had been a coldness, almost a repulse, in lieu of that welcome which she had expected at her hands. Still the young lady from Hedge Hill, Worcester, was of a nature not to be easily daunted, and she had come to London in hot haste, and only attended by her maid, on a mission of importance.

The next day at eleven she was in Hope street, where she had been the day before making inquiries, and finding out the new vocation of Miss Jennings after a great deal of trouble and perseverance. Hope street had changed more than herself in the two years since she had quitted the place. The Saxe-Gotha Gardens were no more, and two rows of small brick houses formed a street on their site. There were railway arches crossing the road, and in place of the house of Jennings, fireworks maker to the Court, was a black heap of ruins, shored up by beams, and fenced around by a boarding.

At eleven to the minute, Lucy Jennings, in the rustiest of black, and with black cotton gloves three sizes too large

for her, came along the street, striding like a man. It was with the same inflexible cast of countenance which daunted Sarah Eastbell last night that she advanced, and the outstretched hand of the younger woman was taken almost with reluctance, and afterwards dropped coldly.

"I hope you will not detain me very long, Miss Eastbell," said Lucy, "as I have a great many calls to make this morning. We will walk Myatt's Fields way; and now to save time—for time is valuable to me—what is your first question?"

There was no restraint in the reply, though there was a deepening of color in the cheeks, as Sarah Eastbell said eagerly:

"What has become of Reuben Culwick?"

"Is that the first question, next your heart, then?"

"Yes," was the frank answer; "why shouldn't it be? You have seen him?—you will let me know where he is?"

"I don't think that I shall," said Lucy gravely, considering the matter, "when we were friends, it was his wish that you should not know—what has become of him?"

"When you were friends! You have quarreled then?"

"It takes two to make a quarrel," said Lucy Jennings, "but there was a bitter parting between us, and I never care to see him again."

"I am sorry to hear this. Why does he keep away from us? Has the loss of his father's money set him against those who wish to help him? Has he altered very much? He was so good-hearted, so good-tempered, so affectionate a man."

"He tried hard to be—and failed—when misfortune came—and it came heavily to him, and in more shapes than one—he gave up, as you would say."

"I'll not believe it," cried Sarah Eastbell indignantly; "he was never a coward, there was nothing in his nature to make him one. He was the bravest and best of men!"

"In your idea of what is best and bravest, possibly," replied Miss Jennings, "but that man is a coward who turns his face from heaven because trouble has come to him—who grows rebellious, discontented, angry—who will not accept trial as his due—who goes from bad to worse in sheer defiance—who believes in himself, and his own miserable errors."

"But you must not think, Lucy, because he will not listen to your doctrine, that he is altered for the worse. If he never was a religious man—I don't know, I can't say whether he was or not—still he was always kind and true. Tell me where he is," said Sarah impatiently; "he is in distress, and you keep me talking here. If you have parted from him, still you know of his misfortunes. How is that?"

"Why should I explain to you?" said Lucy tetchily; "you belong to the old set from which I am apart. I am utterly alone."

"Your brother John—he—"

"He is afraid of me—the poor wretch ran away from me long ago."

"I wish to be of service to you, and to Reuben Culwick, and to your brother John—the three associated with my happy days in Hope street."

"Happy days!" said Lucy mockingly; "and you look back at them cheerfully, of course, from the grand house which belongs, by right, to Reuben Culwick."

"Which I wish that I could give him."

"Is that true?"

"Yes," answered Sarah, returning the steady gaze into her eyes, "as I hope to live."

"There's a deal of gratitude left still, Sarah Eastbell—riches have not spoiled you yet, as they may presently. I wish, now," she added, "that you came to my Sunday services."

She strode away from Sarah Eastbell, leaving her motionless for a while, till Sarah recollected that the meeting had been all in vain, and ran after her.

"You—you have not told me where Reuben Culwick lives," Sarah gasped forth as she came up with her.

"And I never will. You can do no good—you are a foolish child who will only make him worse," she said, turning away again.

"It is you, then, that you would keep him poor. It is you who have him, Lucy Jennings," cried Sarah, indignant at last.

Lucy hurried on without paying heed to Sarah Eastbell's reproaches. She was very white, but very firm. The interview had terribly disturbed her; the old world, even yet, was not to be regarded with the stoicism of a pure soul apart from it; but no good could arise from this weak young woman's meeting with Reuben Culwick, she was sure.

"Better as it is," she muttered; "he said that he would never see her in his poverty."

It was at this juncture that a white-faced man, perfectly destitute of eyebrows and eyelashes, and seedily attired, turned the corner of the hedge rows that were still green and luxuriant, and faced Miss Jennings.

He was engaged in smoking, but his short pipe dropped from his mouth at the sight of her, and he stepped into the road to allow her to pass, and looked sheepishly away.

"John," she said sharply, "a little further along that road you will find Sarah Eastbell. She wants her cousin Reuben's address. Give it to her. It shan't be said that I stood in his way," she muttered.

### CHAPTER XV.

John Jennings ran his hardest after Sarah Eastbell. He ran hurriedly past her, for in his mind's eye he could only

see the lank poorly clad girl of two years ago—he was even looking out for a striped cotton dress the worse for wear and tear. He would have run fairly out of sight of her, if a female voice had not called out "John," and stopped him. Then he looked back, open-mouthed, and waited for Sarah to approach.

"You—you were running after me—you sister sent you. Are you offended with me too, John, that you will not shake hands?"

"I—I beg your pardon. I hardly liked to—I—I didn't know you, miss." And then, weak, flabby John Jennings burst out crying, and put his right coat sleeve before his eyes.

A little gloved hand touched his arm and lowered it.

"Isn't this rather childish, John?" said Sarah, in a kind reproach.

"I know it is, but I can't help it," answered John, brushing his tears away with a mutilated hand; "I'm not what I was once. There have been so many changes."

"And you are a lady!—that's the wonderfulest part of it."

"Now, John Jennings," she said coaxingly, "before another word is spoken, tell me where my cousin Reuben lives, please. I ask it as a favor from an old friend."

"He lives in Drury Lane—No. 790—at the ironmonger's."

An empty cab passed at this moment, and Sarah Eastbell raised her parasol. The vehicle stopped, and Sarah and John Jennings, the latter with evident reluctance, got into it.

"Now, what has happened?" said Sarah, after the cabman had been told his destination and had driven on; "it is a long story, but pray get it over before we reach Reuben's house."

It's a short story," said John, "and soon told. After you left Hope street I had a little trouble. The Saxe-Gotha Gardens burst up, and let me in for a lot of money; we were all in trouble and in a muddle, and the brokers were in, when Reuben thought of the picture which his father wanted to buy."

"Ah! I remember," cried Sarah.

"He got an artist friend to see it, and he said that it was worth two hundred pounds as it was, and might be worth more if restored—and he would bring a purchaser in three days' time. We were all in high spirits, though Lucy and I had a terrible row as to what we should do with the money—but on the very day the purchaser was coming we blew up. I was mixing material when, bang! we were all in the street or the back yard, and everything left in the house was burned or blown to cinders! The picture—Reuben's books and papers, furniture—everything clean gone to smash, and not a farthing of insurance anywhere."

"And Reuben?" asked Sarah solicitously.

"He was out—when he came back the place was a ruin. All his papers were gone, the money that he had, the novel that he was writing—but he came to see me in the hospital that night, just as if nothing had happened. The worst came after the blow-up. I had borrowed money on the strength of selling the picture, and Reuben had become my security; and when I couldn't pay, he was dropped on, and he has been working off my loan as well as his own ever since—killing himself with work, poor boy," and Jennings began to weep again.

"There, there, the worst is over, now that I have come to help you," she said. "I will change all this."

"He changed by degrees—he became more discontented and aggravating like, after his awful bad luck. Then Lucy went raving mad—had her 'cull,' she says—and took to preaching, and bullied Reuben and me about our souls, till one day Reuben gave her a piece of his mind—and we all went different ways after that. She spoke to me this morning—it was the first time for six months. She passes me like dirt—she—"

"There, don't begin to cry again," Sarah adured; "I am sorry, but it might have been worse. I'm very glad that I came to London, to lead the way to better times."

John remained silent till the cab stopped in the dingy thoroughfare of Drury Lane, before a small ironmonger's shop, as shabby and rusty in its exterior as the Jew-bolstered theaters for which the parish is famous.

"Here!" said Sarah in a low whisper. "He is close to his work—he saves omnibus hire and shoe leather—but he loses the country air and cheerful society of Hope street," explained John Jennings with a sigh.

The cabman was dismissed, and John Jennings paused on the curbstone and pointed to an open door on the left-hand side of the shop.

"You go in there, and up to the very top of all the stairs, and it's the back room, Miss Eastbell."

"Stop one moment," cried Sarah, as John was about to beat a precipitate retreat. "You will not mind this. You are not proud, and I am indebted to you—you are poor, and I am a friend with too much money. Pray do," she said very hurriedly, then a bank note was thrust into his hand, and she disappeared in the murky passage of the house, whither he had not the courage to follow her.

"What a dreadful place!" she muttered to herself as she went up the dirty, uncovered stairs, glancing through the landing window as she passed at the wilderness of house-ropes stretching beyond it. Two years of affluence had set her old life wonderfully apart from her. She reached the top of the house, and went with slow, dragging steps to the back room door, on the panels of which she knocked.

"Not in!" she whispered to herself as she knocked again, and again the deep silence in the room beyond her warned her of the fruitless sequel to her expedition. She tried the handle of the door, which she found unlocked; there was another pause, then she opened the door and entered the room with vacillating steps, resolved to wait till he came back, as, under different circumstances, and with her in distress, he would have waited half a lifetime.

(To be continued.)

## Spring Medicine

There is no other season when good medicine is so much needed as in the Spring.

The blood is impure, weak and impoverished—a condition indicated by pimples and other eruptions on the face and body, by deficient vitality, loss of appetite, lack of strength, and want of animation.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills

Make the blood pure, vigorous and rich, create appetite, give vitality, strength and animation, and cure all eruptions. Have the whole family begin to take them today.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla has been used in our family for some time, and always with good results. Last spring I was all run down and got a bottle of it, and as usual received great benefit." Miss BEULAH BOYCE, Stowe, Vt.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla promises to cure and keeps the promise.

Iowa pays lady school teachers less than any other State, the average salary being \$36.91 per month.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething season.

Frugality and sobriety form the best elixir of longevity.

## To Break in New Shoes.

Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

## Somewhat Different.

"Is that dog of yours a pointer?" asked the ticket agent at the village station.

"No," replied the weary hunter who was returning to the city with an empty game bag, "he's a disappointment."

**FITS** Permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free \$2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 92 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

## Deserted in Summer.

The villages near the north Italian lakes are in summer inhabited almost entirely by women, who till the fields, which do not yield much. The men go to Switzerland and bring back their earnings in winter.

For forty years Piso's Cure for Consumption has cured coughs and colds. At druggists. Price 25 cents.

## An Ingenious Plan.

"Yes, my husband has almost given up smoking."

"Indeed! It must have been a hard struggle."

"It was. But every time the craving grew too strong for him I let him have one of those bargain cigars I bought for him on Christmas and he promptly swore off again."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Perrin's Pile Specific The INTERNAL REMEDY No Case Exists it Will Not Cure

# WINTER IS COMING BRINGING CATARRH

Every Catarrh sufferer dreads the coming of winter, for with the first breath of the "ice-king" this miserable disease is fanned into life and all the disgusting symptoms return. The nostrils are stopped up and the throat can be kept clear of mucous secretions only by continual hawking and spitting. Catarrh is a nuisance and source of annoyance, not only to the one who has it, but everybody else. The thick, yellow discharge from the head produces a feeling of personal defilement, and the odor of the breath is almost intolerable.

The catarrhal poison brings on stomach troubles and affects the Kidneys and Bladder. It attacks the soft bones and tissues of the head and throat, causing total or partial deafness, the loss of smell, and giving to the voice a rasping, nasal twang. No part of the body is secure from its ravages. Catarrh makes you sick all over, for it is a disease of the blood, and circulates all through the system, and for this reason, sprays, washes, inhalers, powders and salves have proven failures.

The way to cure Catarrh thoroughly and permanently is to cleanse the blood of the unhealthy secretions that keep the membranes of the body inflamed, and nothing does this so surely and promptly as S. S. S. As long as the blood is poisoned with Catarrhal matter the discharge of mucus and other disgusting symptoms of the miserable disease will continue. S. S. S. goes to the fountain source of the trouble and purifies and enriches the blood, and so invigorates and tones up the system that catching cold and contracting Catarrh is not so likely to occur. Keep the blood in order and winter's coming brings none of the discomforts of Catarrh. Write us particulars of your case, and let our physicians help you get rid of this blood-tainting and stubborn disease. We make no charge whatever for medical advice.

# SSS

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

## Not a Flying-Fish.

It was "a beautiful fish," the butcher said so, and Mrs. Wilcox was a beautiful woman; a clever one, too, and the first in her class at college for "thinking out things." Therefore, when her maid of all work went to her cousin's wedding, Mrs. Wilcox was quite sure that she could prepare the fish dinner for which Mr. Wilcox had asked. What he thought about it is no part of the story as the Chicago News prints it.

At four o'clock precisely Mrs. Wilcox put on one of her trousseau aprons and began to think. She thought out the gastronomic trimmings first, but when she had made some hollandaise sauce, and put it where it could not possibly keep hot, although that was not her intention, she began to consider the fish.

To her intense annoyance, the butcher had neglected to clean it and make it ready for cooking.

Very well, she would do it herself. So it came about that when Mr. Wilcox got home he found his wife with worried brow and flushed cheeks standing over the sink, the fish in one hand and the teakettle in the other.

"There is something wrong with this fish," she announced. "It is most peculiar. I have poured gallons of boiling water over it,—just as I remember grandmother used to treat newly killed chickens before she could pick the feathers off,—and the horrid scales stick just as tightly as ever!"

"Why don't you try singeing it?" Wilcox managed to ask before he exploded.

## Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure, be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

## To Sterilize Drinking Water.

Here is the latest receipt for sterilizing drinking water and killing off the typhoid germ: Put four drops of tincture of iodine in half a gallon of water and permit it to stand at least half an hour. By the end of that time it will be as harmless as distilled water. Many persons have not the facilities for making distilled water. Boiling it also entails a certain amount of trouble. In either case the water is flat and unpleasant to the taste. The few drops of iodine impart practically no taste to the amount of water they sterilize, and at the same time they answer every medicinal purpose.

## Milk and Water.

Boston leads the big cities of the country in the use of milk, the daily average being 1.171 pints per capita. She likewise leads in water consumption but this does not imply that there is any mixing of the two.—Boston Advertiser.

The record for a sailing vessel is 325 miles in a day; that of a steamer 500 miles.

## COULD NOT HEAR THE TICK OF A CLOCK.

Watsontown, Pa., July 13, 1903.

Dear Sirs: I have used S. S. S. for Catarrh of the inner ear, and have found it an excellent remedy for same. I had been troubled with this disease for years and tried many things in an effort to get relief, but nothing did me any permanent good until I began S. S. S. I had a discharge from my ear and my hearing was so badly affected that I could not hear the tick of a clock. I was in bad shape when I began your medicine. S. S. S. has done away with the discharge and my hearing has been wonderfully improved; so much so that I can now carry on a conversation in an ordinary tone, whereas a year ago this was impossible.

Your medicine has done me a world of good and I do not hesitate to give it the credit it deserves.

W. F. KRUMHINE.

## NO SIGN OF CATARRH IN THIRTEEN YEARS.

Krebs, Ind. Ter., Aug. 1, 1903.

Dear Sirs: About thirteen years ago I used your remedy for Catarrh. I had been troubled with it for about nine years, but since taking S. S. S. have never been worried with it. I feel able to recommend S. S. S. as a sure cure for Catarrh.

T. MILLWEE.