

# Second Cousin Sarah

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

## CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

"A queer young woman," muttered Reuben, as he walked to the front door and left himself out of the house. He moved into the city of Worcester with his face grave and more thoughtful than he had driven away from it that morning—although he had foreseen much of the result of his journey, and had prepared for it. He should remember coming to Worcester again to the last day of his life. It was a new beginning; even in the rain last night he had stepped from the commonplace to a something like romance, but he had forgotten the first incident of his arrival—he was in Muddleton's coffee room, and the waiter was leaning across the white cloth toward him.

"Hog pardon, but he's been—the young man who helped to carry the luggage last night for you."

"Has she?" said Reuben.

"Yes, sir. And he said that he thought half a crown a precious little, considering how he had spilled his things with your trunk. The infernal trunk, he called it, along with other names."

"He tried it on very hard for another shilling, but I told that I had my orders from you direct, and could not afford to advance, and that it was his impudence to come at all. I said that, sir," added the waiter, deferentially, "because he got awful saucy, and we had to put him out of the house. His language, sir, was bad."

"What kind of a man was he?" asked Reuben Culwick. "A womanish kind of face—with big eyes—black eyes."

"Oh, no, sir—not a bit womanish. He was as full of peck-marks as a cribbage board, and his eyes were particularly small, sir."

"Very good—or, rather, very bad," said Reuben Culwick; "half a crown poor, and the man has got the money instead of the woman."

"Indeed, sir—yes, sir," and the waiter departed. Outside the door he tapped his forehead significantly, and jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the room he had quitted—for the instruction or amusement of another waiter coming downstairs.

"As a March hare, Bob," he said, sententially.

"Who?" said Bob.

"Forty-eight."

"That's young Culwick, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"Oh! he always was a rum 'un."

## CHAPTER IV.

Reuben Culwick had an early dinner at Muddleton's. After dinner he spent some time poring over a time table, and finally rang the bell for the waiter to bring him a copy of the Worcester and London. After he had defrayed the expenses of his board and lodging at Muddleton's he set with his hands in his pockets, considering many things of grave perplexity. The waiter left him—when business hours were over, he said to himself, "I shall want to take the station this afternoon," he said to the waiter who had doubted his sanity. "I wish to catch the 5:15 train for London."

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"Why shouldn't I?" Reuben Culwick said to himself. "I shall not have another chance—she's one of the family—I may never see Worcester again."

He beckoned the waiter to him.

"The Oswald Almshouses are at the top of Forester street, are they not?"

"Yes, sir—in the Tithing."

"All the Tithing. I have been so long away that I forget names and places—everything but injuries," he muttered. He did not go direct to the Tithing, but wandered round the cathedral and strolled to the bridge, over which he looked at the Severn, and where he hesitated strangely.

"What is the use? I shall only hear the recital of her grievances, feel and imagine—disturb her and myself—feel myself in a lather, and leave her none the happier. What's the use of my going, after all—I am as helpless, poor and blind as she is."

He did not see the use of it in the sluggish water that flowed on beneath the arch of the bridge, and at which he gazed so steadily, and he had even turned away from an unthankful task, of which the river warned him, when a second impulse set him with his feet on the railway, and took him with rapid strides in the direction upon which he had first resolved. The church clocks were striking three when he paused at the gateway which opened upon the inner quadrangle of St. Oswald. The doors of some of the almshouses were open, and at one of them was a faint sign of life in the form of a young woman, poorly but neatly clad in a black and white striped cotton dress, who was sitting with her elbows planted on her knees, her hands supporting her temples, and her face bent close over a book that lay upon her lap. As Reuben advanced, he saw that the watcher on the threshold had tired of her volume, and closed her eyes.

"Can you tell me where—"

Reuben Culwick paused in his inquiry, for the white, pinched face, and the big black eyes were the face and eyes of the strange girl who had volunteered to carry his luggage last night, and who had collapsed by the way. He could not be mistaken; he had looked too anxiously at her as she lay in her swoon to be deceived, despite her feminine guise at this crisis, and the taller woman that she looked in.

The big black eyes blinked like a cat's in the sun, and the lashes quivered in unison, but then he had awakened her from slumber, and there was no sign of recognition on her countenance. There was a certain amount of contraction of the eyebrows, that might have indicated a half smile at the traveler for waking her thus unceremoniously.

"Do you know me?" Reuben said, changing his tone and question.

"No," was the slow reply; "I've never seen you before."

"I don't know what you are talking about," was the sullen answer.

The girl was turning away, as if with the intention of passing into the house, when Reuben remembered the object of his quest.

"Will you tell me, please, in which of the small establishments resides Sarah Eastbell?" he asked.

The girl paused, and then swung herself rapidly round and faced him.

"What next?" she cried angrily, "and what's next after that?" she added; "I'm Sarah Eastbell, and if you have any thing to say against me say it. I'm not ashamed of my name; I never was—I never did anything wrong in my life."

"You are Sarah Eastbell," said Reuben, with a new interest asserting itself; "then you are, no, you can't be," added a hero, exhibiting again that incoherence which had already bewildered the waiter at Muddleton's.

"Will you tell me what you want here?" asked Miss Eastbell, peremptorily.

"I want to see an older lady than yourself, of the same name, and residing, I believe, in one of these almshouses."

"Oh, indeed—what for?" was the cautious inquiry.

"A friendly call—that's all," answered Reuben.

"My grandmother is not well enough to see company."

"She will see me," replied Reuben Culwick.

The statement concerning Mrs. Eastbell's indisposition was a short, sharp "Sarah!" in an exasperatingly high key, that was like the twang of a wire, and left a humming sound in Reuben's ears, came from an inner room on the left-hand side of the doorway.

"Coming," said the tall girl, and she disappeared at once, and left Mr. Culwick at the threshold, half resolved to follow her, and before Reuben was prepared for her reappearance she was standing in the doorway again.

"You can come in," said the girl sullenly.

She led the way to a small room, scrupulously clean, with a bed in the center of the room, and an old woman in the center of the bed. There was nothing to be seen of Mrs. Eastbell but her face, and a grim, yellow, parchment face it was, creased up by a hundred wrinkles.

"Well, sir," said the head above the sheets, "will you please to state what business you have with old Sarah Eastbell, who has been past business for the last ten years?"

It was a crisp and not wholly shrill voice, now that it had dropped an octave or two. The visitor walked to the bed-side, sat down in a rush-bottomed chair that stood there, and looked hard at her.

"When I saw you last year you were a bustling little woman, carrying your years well," said Reuben Culwick tenderly; "an sorry to find on old friend brought down as low as this."

"It can't be Reuben, can it?" she asked eagerly.

"Now to think of that, after these years, and here?" said Mrs. Eastbell. "That's kind of you, Reuben; I'm very glad, and the old lady fought hard with the sheets, and got a thin, yellow hand above the bedclothes, and extended it in the direction of her nephew, laughing in an odd chuckling way that portended future hysteria, if she were not careful. Reuben shook the hand in his, and the girl stood by the mantelpiece, watching the meeting with interest."

"What made you think of me?" said the old woman, after a moment's pause.

"I came to Worcester last night; I heard this morning for the first time that you were here."

"Who told you?"

"My father."

"You are friends, then? He has forgiven you?" she said.

"of anything that will suit her, you will bear her in mind, Reuben?"

"I shall not forget her," said Reuben, dryly.

"She shall come and tell you when I'm gone, if you let me know where you live," added Mrs. Eastbell, in a brisk, business-like manner; "it is as well to arrange these little matters."

"I live at Hope Lodge, Hope street, Cambridgewell."

"That's right, Reu—always live in Hope, my lad."

It was a feeble joke, which nobody appreciated but this light-hearted old blind woman, and she appreciated it for the three of them, and lay chuckling over it until it nearly choked her.

"I am going now," said Reuben Culwick, stooping over her; "good-by, aunt."

"Good-by, lad; thank you for a visit which will cheer me up for days; and think of something for my Sally, if you can."

How strongly impressed that sullen girl by the fireplace was on the old woman's mind he did not entirely comprehend until this last moment of their meeting.

"Grandmother!" said Mrs. Eastbell, reproachfully; but Mrs. Eastbell went on, the thin bony hand clinging to her nephew's tightly.

"She's everything to me, but I wouldn't mind parting with her at once—tomorrow, if you should hear of a decent situation for her. Anybody can mind me, and I don't want to stop the way to her advancement. She's clever at her needle; she reads well; she's quick at figures; in any tradesman's shop, now, she's very handy—and she's only seventeen. So young, Reu, to be alone in the world after I am gone!"

"Yes," said Reuben, "so young!"

So young, and so willful and deceptive, he thought also, after he had parted with his aunt and said "Good-by" to Sarah Eastbell; and walked into the little square court yard, where the rain had begun to patter briskly, as though there had been no wet weather for weeks, and it was coming down to make up for lost time.

## (To be continued.)

## WOLVES EAT A RAILROAD.

### The Hungry Beasts Devoured the Rawhide Track.

About 1872 one of the first railroads of the Northwest was built in the Territory of Washington, from Walla Walla to Wallula, along the banks of the Walla Walla River, and following the general line of what is now the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company's road between those points, says C. F. Oliver, in Recreation.

The road was a primitive affair, and was built, owned and operated by Dr. Baker, of Walla Walla. It had no Pullman cars, chair cars or buffet cars, and the day coaches were mostly platform or flat cars. Instead of having a right of way the road had permission to go through the fields of the farmers, consequently the road was not a rapid transit one, as the train hands had to get off and lay down the rails fence and put them up again, after the train had passed through, says the Anaconda (Mont.) Standard.

The roadbed was constructed by laying cross ties six or eight feet apart, and on those laying wooden stringers for rails. The heavy traffic over the road caused the rails to wear in spots so that train wrecks and smashups were of daily occurrence. These were not serious, for when the train crew saw a wreck coming their way they would hop off and let it wreck.

The annoyances, however, soon became detrimental to the interests of shippers, so the owner had to devise some means of overcoming the difficulty. Rails of standard railroad iron were out of the question, they had to be shipped "the Horn around," and freighted by wagon route a distance, and strap iron could not be had, and the doctor, with Yankee shrewdness, finally hit upon the happy idea of substituting rawhide for strap iron. Cuttle were plentiful and rawhide cheap, so the doctor soon had his tracklayers at work putting the rawhide on the wooden stringers. The rawhide soon became dry and as hard as iron and answered the purpose admirably during the dry weather.

The winter succeeding the laying of the rawhide track was a severe one for that part of the country. The snow lay on the ground for several weeks. The wolves were driven from the mountains by the deep snow and skinned for a living as best they could in the valleys. When the snow began to melt it softened the rawhide and the hungry wolves soon found the tracks. When spring came and the snow had melted the wolves had eaten up the railroad track from Walla Walla to Wallula.

A Youthful Estimate.

"Now," said the Sunday school teacher, in her most winning tones, "which little boy can tell me about the still small voice that is within us?"

"Please-m," said the freckled boy at the end of the seat, "my uncle has one."

"Has he?"

"Yes'm. He's a ventriloquist."—Baltimore Herald.

Best of Reasons.

The Summer Girl (to her companion)—What do you suppose it is, dearest, that makes the sea murmur so?

Tasty Old Gentleman Behind (who has encountered a mooning couple in every secluded nook along the shore)—Great Scott! Miss, you'd murmur if you had to listen to all the sentimental nonsense the sea hears.

Everlasting.

Mrs. Newed—I find my lessons in breadmaking have saved us a lot of money.

Mrs. Potts—But I thought you could not eat it, you said.

Mrs. Newed—We don't; but I make playthings for the baby out of it, and they never break or wear out.—Tid-Bits.

About the Same Thing.

"Do you think that our civilization tends to lengthen men's lives?"

## QUEER STORIES

## SHERIFF'S SALE.

### Delinquent Tax, 1902.

Four-fifths of the Irish immigrants arriving in New York are young women between the ages of 17 and 20.

Fort Snelling, at the junction of the Minnesota and Mississippi Rivers, will be preserved by the War Department as an interesting ruin.

Prof. Braun of the University of Strasbourg has undertaken to heat a room in Munich by a flashlight in Nuremberg, which is one hundred miles away.

The trolley car is not drawn or pushed by the electric current at all, but is lifted again and again by the attraction of magnets for the armature coils of the motor.

The home of Samuel Dove, an ex-slave who is more than one hundred years old, was sold recently at Utica, N. Y., under mortgage foreclosure proceedings to satisfy an indebtedness which Dove contracted to secure the freedom of his son nearly half a century ago.

The most marvelous of all rocking stones is that of the island of Cephalonia, off the coast of Greece. This is a great rock, about a rod square, in the edge of the sea, and it is in perpetual motion, alternately touching the land and receding from it about twenty times a minute. The regular oscillations of this natural pendulum are unaffected by calms or by tempestuous seas that break completely over it. The weight of ten persons did not perceptibly change its rate of motion, and when an English captain attempted to drag it away the oscillations snapped his chains like thread.

Eight vegetables, new to this country, are being cultivated in the Government experiment stations with reference to introducing them to the truck gardeners. They are described as follows: A European okra of giant proportions is a very valuable starch producer. From Mexico is a pepper radish used in that country, and a sweet tomato, which makes delicious and pickles. A decorative and medicinal vine is a cucumber, also Mexican, which distributes its seeds broadly when ripe, by violently exploding. Chevril, a sedge-like plant from Europe, produces a tuber of hazelnut size, which, eaten raw, tastes like cocoonut. The Indian basil, a vine, has blossoms like an arbutus, and fruit like a blackberry bush.

## FASHION HINTS FROM FLOWERS

What a Woman Can Learn in Dress by Studying the Fields.

What can a woman learn in dress from the flowers? Can the lilies of the field teach her the principles of beauty in color, line and form that she may be arrayed as they?

The woman who plans her own gowns and has the artistic sense will find abundant suggestion in the colors, shades and harmonious blendings of the flowers. Of course, in some of the freak blossoms into which forists nowadays delight to distort nature, combinations of color may be found as harmonious as it is possible to imagine. Discretion, too, is eminently necessary. Nature throws masses of color together promiscuously and then blends and softens them by various effects of the atmosphere. Many a flower looks beautiful in its native haud surrounded by masses of foliage, which, if taken in the hand and examined by itself, would be found most crude in coloring. Much of the success of such a plan would depend upon a woman's ability to produce the whole effect of any flower in her gown. The untrained eye looking at the rose will see pink. The eye of the artist looking at the same flower will see a variety of colors—grays and purples, whites and pinks. These are the colors, not just plain pink, with which he must produce the rose upon his canvas.

There are, however, never more than two positive colors in any flower. This teaches a valuable lesson, a woman should never have more than two positive colors in her costumes. There is something also in the idea that large women would do well to copy their costumes from the larger flowers. Such flowers—the tulip, poppy, etc.—are generally variegated. A big mass of a single color is never beautiful—nature avoids it.—London Express.

Over the Telephone.

"Hello."

"That's you, Jim?"

"Yeah, Hoosier?"

"Smee—Nell."

"Hello, Nell! Smatter?"

"Nothin'. Thought I'd call yep. Say, Jim, Juno Tom Dixon?"

"No. Coozee?"

"Letcha know some time. Say, jee-about Kitten Jim?"

"No. Whajaknow 'bout 'em?"

"Don't speak teach other."

"Ida know. Cumminover soon?"

"Yeah. Guessa. B' choor cummin-over tower house first."

"Willifcan. Gotteny fudges?"

"Lot zuyvern."

"Well, I'll come. G'by."

"Don't tell whattifudabout Kitten Jim."

"I won't. G'by!"

"G'by!"—Chicago Tribune.

Some Brands of Charity.

"Papa, what is charity?"

"Charity, my son, is giving away what you don't want."

"What is scientific charity?"

"Scientific charity is giving away what you don't want to someone who does not want it."

"What is organized charity?"

"Organized charity, my son, is giving away something that you don't give to someone who does not want it."—Life.

Prim Miss From the Back Bay.

Miss Washab—Last Saturday was your birthday, wasn't it?

Miss Boston—Preposterous! How can you be so silly?

Miss Washab—What's the matter with that?

Miss Boston—Last Saturday was the anniversary of my birth. I'm not an infant.—Philadelphia Press.

## SHERIFF'S SALE.

### Delinquent Tax, 1902.

By virtue of a warrant issued by the County Clerk and ex-officio Clerk of the County of Washington, Oregon, for the Sheriff of said County, commanding me to sell the several tracts or parcels of real property embraced in the delinquent tax list for 1902, in the manner, and form as upon sale of real property on execution.

Now, therefore, by virtue and in pursuance of said warrant, dated the 9th day of January, 1904, I will, on

Monday, the 22nd day of February, 1904, A. D., commencing at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, in the Sheriff's office in the courthouse at Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon, sell at public auction to the person who will pay the taxes, costs and accruing penalties thereon, and take a certificate at the lowest rate of interest therefor, the following described real property, to-wit:

Block A, Commencing at the SW corner of the NE 1/4 of Sec. 12, T. 2 N., R. 5 W., as described in Book 42, page 28, Records of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon.

Block B, Commencing at the SW corner of the NE 1/4 of Sec. 12, T. 2 N., R. 5 W., as described in Book 42, page 28, Records of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon.

Block C, Commencing at the SW corner of the NE 1/4 of Sec. 12, T. 2 N., R. 5 W., as described in Book 42, page 28, Records of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon.

Block D, Commencing at the SW corner of the NE 1/4 of Sec. 12, T. 2 N., R. 5 W., as described in Book 42, page 28, Records of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon.

Block E, Commencing at the SW corner of the NE 1/4 of Sec. 12, T. 2 N., R. 5 W., as described in Book 42, page 28, Records of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon.

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Block H, Commencing at the SW corner of the NE 1/4 of Sec. 12, T. 2 N., R. 5 W., as described in Book 42, page 28, Records of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon.

Block I, Commencing at the SW corner of the NE 1/4 of Sec. 12, T. 2 N., R. 5 W., as described in Book 42, page 28, Records of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon.

Block J, Commencing at the SW corner of the NE 1/4 of Sec. 12, T. 2 N., R. 5 W., as described in Book 42, page 28, Records of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon.

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