

Second Cousin Sarah

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"ANNE JUDGE, SPINSTER," "LITTLE RATE AIRY,"
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

He was looking at the leaden clouds which were deepening overhead, when Sarah Easthall stole to his side and twined her arm.

"You need not trouble yourself to think of anything for me," she said, unceremoniously. "You wouldn't have done so, I dare say; but it is as well to tell you I don't want any help from you; and as for leaving her before she dies—well, I'd rather die myself," she added, with a sudden passion exhibiting itself.

"You are attached to her?" said Reuben Culwick, quickly.

"She's the only friend I ever had," was the girl's answer, and she related into her old moodiness of manner.

"Will you tell me one thing before I go?" he said; "come now, Sarah Easthall—second-cousin Sarah—in whom I am interested." Reuben Culwick spoke with tenderness; he possessed a wondrously sympathetic voice, and the girl looked at him till the sunken expression of her face softened and then died away.

"Second-cousin Sarah," she quoted, and a faint smile flickered round her mouth for an instant. "Well, go on."

"You will answer straightly, and make her not go back, and as though she were a woman."

"No," said the second-cousin Reuben, "you are the girl who helped me with my trunk last night? And you thought that I had come to tell your grandmother about it?"

"Yes," said the girl, "and you were so anxious to earn money, and in so strange a fashion? Was it for yourself?"

"No," said the girl, "I had taken from my grandmother's money."

"Ah! you know then," cried Sarah Easthall, wrenching herself from her second-cousin's clutch and running with great swiftness into the house, the door of which she closed with a noise that shook the place and startled Mrs. Easthall from dreamland. Her quick dark eyes detected the corner of a bank note peeping from the pillow on which Mrs. Easthall's head was resting. "Why, this is the luck you and I have been talking about so long!"

"I didn't want my money," muttered the old woman; "I'm not so poor but what I pay my way. He's a very silly fellow—he always was."

"Indeed!"

"He never could keep money—he was always doing something or other that was foolish. How much is it, Sally?"

"It is a five-pound note," said the girl, "and it will come in handy presently. I can have a comfortable funeral now."

Sally Easthall made a clattering noise with the lid of an old china teapot, with its spout off, formed the central ornament of a high mantelpiece, but she did not deposit the note therein. That was not a safe receptacle of money—Tom knew that!

CHAPTER V.

Reuben Culwick occupied the first floor of Hope Lodge, and the gentleman who rented Hope Lodge and to whom Reuben paid the modest sum of three shillings and sixpence weekly, had not hidden his light under a bushel, and had extinguished Reuben's claim to locality by extensive advertising over his house front. The name of "Jennings," in large white capitals on a crimson ground, was the sky line of the edifice, and another board, with a "Jennings" of somewhat more moderate proportions, was fastened between the windows of the first and second floors, while "Jennings, Pyrotechnic Artist," in blue and yellow, by way of variety of coloring, was inscribed over a dingy shop front. On the door also had been painted "Jennings, Firework Maker to the Court," and over the door was a plaster coat-of-arms, significant of the royal patronage which the family legend asserted had been once vouchsafed to an extinct Jennings who had been blown to atoms one Guy Fawkes season.

Mr. Jennings was always waiting for November, although he drove a little business in colored fires for minor theaters at all times of the year. On the night of Reuben Culwick's return to London, he was standing at his door, after his general rule. But on that particular evening he was not waiting for November so intently as for his lodger, Reuben Culwick, who had said that he should be back that evening. Suddenly John Jennings was joined in his watch by a woman as thin as he was, and as pale. She put her hands suddenly, and possibly heavily, on his shoulders, for Mr. Jennings winced and doubled up over the pressure.

"What you wouldn't, Lucy," Mr. Jennings said, reproachfully.

"What I wouldn't not, John?" asked the newcomer on the scene.

"Take a person off his guard like that, and scare him."

"Have you grown a more nervous creature still, watching for what will never come again?" said the woman, with a strange asperity of tone.

"What will never come again?" repeated her brother, in dismay. "Do you mean that Mr. Culwick will not come back, then? Bless my soul, how long have you been thinking of that?" said Mr. Jennings.

"You didn't say so before—your hadn't such a thought an hour ago. What makes you get so foolish an idea into your head now?"

He laughed in an odd, hysterical fashion, like a woman, as his greater interest took him out of his languid position and set him upright, staring at his sister.

"Well, I've been thinking it over—what he is, and what we are—and I'm sure that he will be glad to be rid of us altogether. He has only stopped here out of complaisance at this while; but you can't see that so well as I can," she added, fretfully.

"I haven't tried to see it. I'll trust to Reuben Culwick. He said that if he didn't write he would be back here on the second Tuesday in May, and back he'll come like clockwork; although, mind you—"

"Go on, John—what am I to mind?" asked his sister, gravely, as he paused.

"Although, mind you," he continued, "his coming back doesn't mean exactly that good luck to him which stopping away would, and I wish him good luck—away with him. But then he should have heard from him; isn't he as truthful as you are?"

"He may have missed a post," she answered, evasively—"have postponed telling us a bundle of folk of the good fortune that has come to him. Good news will keep, you know."

"There was a long pause after this, broken at last by Mr. Jennings saying: "You don't want him back, then, Lucy?"

"Not if he will be happier away."

"Well, if he has gone, you've worried your best friend away, for you worried would interfere, and preach to him—"

"He isn't our best friend."

"Yes, I know what you're going to say," said her brother, feebly, "of course, but I'm not speaking of that. And Reuben—here he is! Hurrah!"

And Mr. Jennings, forgetting his apathy, ran down his front garden and went, baredheaded and in his shirt sleeves, at full speed down Hope street, leaving his sister in charge of the premises.

Reuben Culwick and John Jennings came into the park together a few minutes later, and the latter with a croak of triumph exclaimed: "There, Lucy—who is right now?" as the former advanced to shake hands with her.

Lucy looked up into the face of the big, bearded, hearty man, and smiled faintly in response to the cheery expression which she saw there.

"You have kept your word, then, Mr. Reuben," she said, placing her hand in his; and a very odd, almost much like a child, she said, "I'll stay lay in his bed to-night."

"But you don't think that I should," she cried.

"No," was the fearless reply, as the thin lips closed together.

"Now, what does she deserve, to face a man and a brother, and a first-floor lodger of long and honorable standing, with this kind of greeting?" he said, turning to John Jennings.

Reuben Culwick was in boisterous spirits, or he would have never committed the indiscretion of suddenly lifting up the prim Miss Jennings in his arms and kissing her. In all his life he had never kissed her before—never dreamed of taking such a liberty with his landlord's sister—but his high spirits carried him away, and he lifted Lucy Jennings as high as the ceiling before he kissed her lightly, and placed her on the ground.

She did not answer, and John Jennings, after passing his hand over his forehead in a bewildered manner, went to bed accordingly.

When she was sure that he was gone, the woman sank of a heap on the shabby hearth-rug, and buried her face in her arms, which she leaned upon the chair. It was a bitter grief, in which strange words escaped her.

"Why has he come back? Why couldn't he stop away for good?"

"(To be continued.)"

ing her arms to their fullest extent.

"Bigger."

"Me go to bed," said Tots with alacrity—"but," she added, "no must carry me up stairs."

"Of course I will. Good-night, Uncle Jennings; good-night, aunt—we're off, both of us," cried Reuben Culwick, and he was out of the room and striding up stairs with the child before there was time for Tots to change her mind in any way.

Brother and sister did not attempt to follow him; the brother sat and listened until the tramping feet in the room above announced that Reuben had deposited his charge in her crib, and retired to his own apartments; the thin woman with the worn face turned toward the fire, fast dying out, and passed a hand across her eyes, as if by stealth.

"How fond he is of children!" said John Jennings; "I think big men always are. Lucy, there was Topping—"

"Don't bother me about Topping," said Lucy.

"Ahem!—no," he said, with his feeble little cough preface his remarks again; "not if you wish it, certainly. Still, it's odd."

"What is odd?"

"That Reuben's coming back should have put you out in this way."

"I prayed he might never come again."

"Why, we couldn't afford—"

"The man deserved better fortune than he can find here," he cried, "and so I didn't want him back. Besides, we don't agree."

"I'm sorry Reuben has seen you in this town, because I have often fancied that by and by you and he would get to like each other. He is a man who wants something to love—look at him and that child, for instance—and you're not a great deal too old, and he's not proud, and you're—"

He stopped as Lucy Jennings swung herself round, a perfect virago in her last and worst attack of passion. He had never seen Lucy show off in this way before.

"John, you're a fool," she screamed; "you are the worst of fools to think like that, to talk like it. I marry him! he thinks of me. I tell you I hate you for saying this to-night."

John Jennings gasped for breath.

"My dear, I'm sorry if I have hurt your feelings. If you don't mind, I'll go to bed."

She did not answer, and John Jennings, after passing his hand over his forehead in a bewildered manner, went to bed accordingly.

When she was sure that he was gone, the woman sank of a heap on the shabby hearth-rug, and buried her face in her arms, which she leaned upon the chair. It was a bitter grief, in which strange words escaped her.

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A BALLOON FARM.

A Unique Business Carried on in Western New York.

There is at present a general interest in airships, for which the late experiments of Santos Dumont are largely responsible, and in view of this many will read with more than ordinary interest the clever description of the

great balloon farm of Carl E. Myers, written by Chauncey McGovern for Pearson's. "You would be inclined to think you were dreaming," says Mr. McGovern, "were you to walk through the farm of Carl E. Myers, nine miles from the city of Utica, State of New York. Here can be seen, on constant view, in summer time, a large variety of aerial craft—airships that actually fly, just as they do in the story books, doing strange things that you had supposed could never happen in reality."

"Besides the array of new kinds of air craft, it is a fact little known that every American-made hydrogen balloon in use in the United States—whether by the government or by private individuals—is a product of this one farm."

"Most striking among the things to be seen at the balloon farm is a flying machine that really flies, not merely a 'working model' of an airship that 'flies' a few feet along a track on the ground, but a fully completed flying machine that soars into the actual skies as high as any bird—a machine that ascends, that turns and dives as readily as an eagle does."

"Many other curious aerial vessels have been turned out from the Myers balloon farm, and some greater wonders are in course of construction. It is not only his own inventions that Mr. Myers constructs on his balloon farm. He makes all sorts of aerial contrivances—scientific kites, freak balloons, air vessels—for other inventors."

"The greatest number of the balloon farm products, however, are big hydrogen balloons."

MACARONI CROP IN AMERICA.

Imported Product Will Be Driven Out by Dakota Wheat.

"Italian macaroni for the American market will in a few years be a thing of the past," said the Secretary of Agriculture to a correspondent of the New York Post. "Last year the American crop of macaroni wheat amounted to 200,000 bushels; this year it will amount to 2,000,000, and next year I expect a yield of 20,000,000 bushels. In fact, the acreage is growing so rapidly that the farmers have been saving much of their yield for seed, so that the factories have not until this year had material enough with which to do business. My recent trip through the Dakotas convinced me that macaroni wheat has passed the experimental stage. I saw forty-acre fields, yielding thirty-five bushels to the acre, of this wheat growing from seed brought from the headwaters of the Volga. Experiments show that this wheat will grow wherever there is ten inches of rainfall, and as South Dakota averages to receive sixteen inches there will be no trouble in raising it there."

"We have been spending \$30,000,000 a year for imported macaroni. Many of our people who have seen its process of manufacture in Italy have been cured of their appetite for it, but this appetite may be expected to reassert itself with the cleaner and better methods of American factories. The flavor of the American macaroni wheat is especially good, having a nutty taste which I miss in the European product."

Acquired Taste.

Ned—What is your girl's name? Ted—Olivia.

Ned—Oh, I see. You learned to like her—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Flighty.

"My husband's so erratic—so flighty!" "Maybe his work has something to do with it. What is his occupation?" "He's an aeronaut."



SERMONS OF THE WEEK.

Intellect—Intellect thrives without beauty, but beauty cannot thrive without intellect.—Rev. H. O. Breeden, Disciple, Des Moines, Iowa.

Confession.—If confession is a man-made doctrine, we ought to be able to find in history some trace of the man or set of men who instituted this doctrine. But we do not.—Rev. W. J. White, Roman Catholic, Washington, D. C.

The Normal Life.—The best life after all is the normal life which takes all that God Himself has pronounced good, and lives in accordance with that image of God which lies hidden in the depths of the soul.—Rev. G. B. Case, Baptist, Montclair, N. J.

Ruined Lives.—The saddest sight in all the world is a ruined young man or woman, ruined on the threshold of life, a bud plucked and destroyed before it had a chance to bloom, a young life blasted before it had a chance to live.—Rev. G. R. Stair, Methodist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Home.—Our home gatherings are none too often in these days, and especially in our great cities, where we are in danger of losing the old home spirit, and very much that is best in the meaning of the old magic word, home.—Rev. D. H. Overton, Presbyterian, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Miracles.—God never gave a miracle as a proof of Christianity. Christianity does not rest upon the miracles of the New Testament, but upon the character of the life of Christ and the lessons which it conveys to mankind.—Rev. Bererley Warner, Episcopalian, New Orleans, La.

Faith and Works.—Faith means increase, and there is no increase without use. No matter what your endowment is from God, it is of no profit to you unless you use it. Your faith is of no profit to you unless you apply it.—Rev. W. H. McLaughlin, Universalist, Atlanta, Ga.

The Way to Salvation.—The Bible is not filled with dark sayings, which only the learned can decipher after much study and deep thought, but it is a lamp unto our feet and a light unto our path, which shows the way into salvation unto all men.—Rev. J. H. C. Fritz, Lutheran, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Civic Corruption.—Lack of civic pride has made civic corruption possible. We must have a civic patriotism which is not only strong in time of municipal election, but maintain it from day to day. There must be an enlightenment of the public mind.—Rev. J. D. Adam, Reformed, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sainthood.—There has never been but one example of flawless sainthood on this earth. All the rest were "men of like passions as we are." All have gone out of this life with many imperfections and far more to learn in the school beyond than they ever learned here.—Rev. A. B. Kinsolving, Disciple, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Poverty.—Thousands of men can endure self-denial and sacrifice, and disappointed ambition, with patience. But to preach to them that there is any blessing in enduring unnecessary pain is to make them feel: "You rub the sore when you should bring the plaster."—Rev. F. B. Hopkins, Congregationalist, Chicago, Ill.

Justice.—Some religious teachers have apparently conceived of God as living in a court house and exercising the functions of His office as a cruel and relentless judge. The whole of their theology has had a legal cast, and the idea of justice has been that of retribution and vindictiveness.—Rev. H. B. Bradley, Methodist, Atlanta, Ga.

Club Life.—Substitutes for home weaken the family. There has been much and strong opposition to club life, because it has done harm to the family. In many cases it has been made a substitute for the home. Where men and women spend much time in such association there must of necessity be a neglect of home.—Rev. D. G. Wylie, Presbyterian, New York City.

Municipal Corruption.—To tamely turn over the vital interests of a great city, whose public life determines in great degree the moral standard of its citizens, to a band of men without conscience or shame to exploit for their selfish and corrupt ends, is not in accord with the spirit of Him who drove from the temple those who defiled it.—Rev. T. Craft, Methodist, Denver, Col.

The Right Place.—Life is a hunt to find one's self. There are two hunters, one's self and God. If you work in unison, the probability is that you will bag your game. If you proceed separately the certainty is that when the day is done you will return empty handed, a sadder and a wiser man. One does not find himself until he finds and fills his place.—Rev. B. M. Tipton, Baptist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Love and Trust.—Without God there is no place for love, trust, hope, courage in this great scene of life. Can any one be happy who sees no love in the world, who knows of no one who can be trusted to do the best for every man. You know it is impossible. The counsel of the ungodly leads to hardness of heart, to hopeless struggle, to final despair.—Rev. H. R. Harris, Episcopalian, Philadelphia, Pa.

Trackless Trolleys as Scraps n.

The only system of trackless trolleys in the United States is that at Scranton, Pa., which has made a fair showing of success. In France and Germany a number of these lines, which have electrical automobiles operated by an overhead wire, have proved satisfactory, the only objection to them being the fact that they require twice the current used for cars operated over rails.

When a man attempts to make monkeys of his friends he may be forced into the monkey class himself.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Delinquent Tax, 1902.

By virtue of a warrant issued by the County Clerk and ex-officio Clerk of the County Court of the State of Oregon, to the Sheriff of Washington County, Oregon, to sell the several tracts or parcels of land and property embraced in the delinquent tax list for the year 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 19th day of January, 1902, I, the Sheriff of Washington County, Oregon, do hereby sell, to wit:

Lot 1, commencing at the corner of 19th and W. 4th streets, in the city of Portland, Oregon, and containing 1/4 of the NW 1/4 of Sec. 1, T. 2 N., R. 4 W., as described in Book 42, page 64, Records of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon.

Lot 2, commencing at the corner of 19th and W. 4th streets, in the city of Portland, Oregon, and containing 1/4 of the NW 1/4 of Sec. 1, T. 2 N., R. 4 W., as described in Book 42, page 64, Records of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon.

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