

Second Cousin Sarah

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

CHAPTER XXVIII.

It was the old position—and yet with a grave difference. It was the old line of argument cropping up afresh in Sarah Eastbell's mind, with no Reuben Cutwick at hand to laugh down her logic—with Reuben Cutwick's power to laugh it down, perhaps, wonderfully diminished.

John had told of Reuben going to find Mary Holland at Worcester. Lucy had predicted evil would come of it, and Sarah was wretched.

She must give him up—she must not remain that weight upon his life, that clog upon his industry, which she had always thought she was, when her love was not bewildering her too much. Reuben loved her, she hoped still—she did not put faith in those strange suspicions of Lucy Jennings—but Lucy was right in one thing, that she, Sarah Eastbell, could not add to the happiness of Reuben Cutwick's life. She could only add to the expenses—she could only keep him poor. If she stood apart now, perhaps he would marry Mary Holland, and be master of his father's house again, just as he father had wished from the first.

She had no right to bind him to his long engagement, to shackle his energies, to keep him from "bettering" himself—now that she felt herself as poor—morally, if not legally as poor—as when he came in search of her to Potter's Court.

It was a very quiet morning at one of those strange Sunday services, those who came to pray were not disturbed by those who came to scoff; but the evening was boisterous and stormy, and made up for it.

Lucy Jennings read the signs of it in the noisy crowd about the door, and compressed her lips and held her breath at the strong language which echoed from the street as she and Sarah approached, under the escort of two policemen, who were waiting for them.

"You are trembling—you are afraid," said Lucy Jennings to her companion; "will you turn back now?"

"Why?"

"There will be but little religion there to-night," said Lucy, "and you are not a strong woman."

"I was not thinking of the crowd—or the service," answered Sarah.

"Of what then?" was the sharp inquiry.

"Of all I shall say to Reuben presently. It's very wrong, I know, Lucy, but you must not blame me for thinking of him so much. I can't help it," she said plaintively.

They passed under the arch, where the service commenced, and was interrupted—where the old uproar went on, and the police were tolerably busy for an hour and a half. The service came to an end; the stormy elements subsided; men, women and children went their various ways, and Lucy Jennings and Sarah Eastbell came out together, and confronted Reuben Cutwick, who was waiting for them.

"You have come back then," cried Sarah in her first delight at seeing him, in her new forgetfulness of all that she had resolved upon.

"Yes—it was no use stopping longer in Worcester, Sarah. Well, Lucy?"

"Well," answered Lucy in her old short tones.

"I congratulate you on your sermon, but I wish the surroundings had been more orthodox, and the congregation less quarrelsome; for some of these days—"

Lucy was gone. She had suddenly "doubled," and disappeared down one of the dark turnings, and Sarah and Reuben were left looking at each other.

Sarah Eastbell took his arm and sighed. This might be for the last time that they would ever walk together thus, who would tell? She had made up her mind now, and the sooner the truth was told him the better. He gave her the opportunity to speak at once, and her impulsiveness leaped toward it, indiscreetly, desperately.

"I saw Miss Holland this morning—I gave her the will—and you are as poor as old Job, girl!" he said.

"Yes, Reuben; I have been waiting for this opportunity to tell you that you must not share it with me."

"Indeed?" was his quiet answer.

"That you and I are not fit for each other. Oh, Reuben," she cried, "I am quite certain of it now."

her my congratulations, after which I said good morning."

"Well?" said Sarah, almost sharply now.

"Well, an hour or two afterward she turned up at the railway station, and in common politeness I could but offer her my escort back to town. She was very anxious to see you, she said."

"Ah! she said so," answered her second-cousin. There was no further argument after the introduction of Mary Holland's name into the conversation. The harmony of their last evening together was effectually settled after that. Better to have ended all in a storm of words and tears than in the grace and unmutual silence which followed. Sarah had no idea that she was a jealous woman until then; for Lucy had not made her jealous last night—only roused in her a feeling of intense indignation at the suspicions which she had sown broadcast. But for Reuben Cutwick to speak of Mary Holland in this off-hand way was a very different matter; and her heart sank like a stone and refused to stir any more with hope or pleasure, or even surprise.

When they were in the York road Reuben said:

"She is not in good spirits, but I hope to have been a companion for her while we have been away."

"Is she the child with her?"

"To be sure," said Reuben; "is not Tots—but there, Mary will explain for herself."

"Mary?" echoed Sarah Eastbell. They went upstairs into the front room on the first floor, where sat by the fire-side the young woman whom we have known by the name of Mary Holland. Tots was in her lap, with her child's arms round her neck, and her little head snuggled upon a mother's bosom for the first time in her childish recollections.

"It is her child then," said Sarah in a low whisper.

"Yes, to be sure," answered Reuben carelessly.

"I am in a dream," murmured Sarah. "But you are very close to the walking," added her cousin Reuben.

CHAPTER XXIX.

There was another inmate of the room which Reuben and his cousin had entered. Lucy Jennings was standing on the hearth rug with her hands clasped together, and her grave white face turned toward mother and child. She had reached home before them, having a better knowledge of the shortest cut to York Road than Reuben had.

Mary looked round as the cousins came in together, and a sad smile flickered on a face grown careworn with anxiety. She did not raise her head from that of her child as Reuben and Sarah advanced, and Reuben said:

"Mrs. Peterson, I have brought an old friend to shake hands with you—express her regrets for all that past distrust which she has had, as well as I."

Sarah had only heard the first two words.

"Mrs. Peterson," she exclaimed. "Then you—"

"I was Edward Peterson's wife," she added wearily and sadly—"yes."

"But not in the plot against you, Sarah," said Reuben; "fighting for you in the first instance—writing to me to come to the rescue—kept forever in doubt concerning you—held down at last to silence by the awful threat of her child's death—believing in your safety through it all, and striving once more for you to shake hands with you—when she feared his treachery had deceived her."

"And he was true to his word," Mary added with a sigh, "for the first time in his life. It is a long story; spare me for a few days the history of a school girl's secret marriage, a bitter repentance, a husband's desertion, a long up-hill fight to forget a past that had become terrible and full of humiliation. I did not know then that Bessie lived, and was one link of love that held me to my old life. I have come to London for a few words of explanation, Sarah; they are made at a sad time," Mary said; "but I could not rest, after Reuben's visit to me—not even for an hour after my husband's death."

"Edward Peterson is dead!" exclaimed Sarah Eastbell.

She was surprised—she hardly knew why, but she was sorry for his death. He had plotted against her—he would have killed her rather than let her escape without a ransom—but she did not brood over his life. And it left Mary young and pretty widow, too—but what had that to do with it?"

"He died within an hour of your cousin's visit this morning," said Mary.

"And you are here," replied Sarah wonderingly.

"Ah! you cannot understand that," said Mary, "you who will love your husband all your life. But my love was crushed out quickly, and only my duty took me to his bedside—my regret for the last mistake which brought about his death, and his last act of vengeance."

"His last act of vengeance?" repeated Sarah.

"Half an hour after Mr. Cutwick had left me, my husband changed suddenly; he wholly realized, and for the first time, that there was no hope for him in this world, and—what did he do?" she added with a shudder.

"He should have asked pardon of you for blighting your life," said Sarah.

"He should have sought pardon of his God," added Lucy Jennings.

"He tore the last will of Simon Cutwick into a hundred pieces, lest I should claim my right to riches by it," answered Mary; "he cursed me, and left me poor."

"But—"

"But I have all the fragments," added Mary, opening a purse heaped to the clasp with small pieces of paper; "see—there they are."

Sarah glanced at them, but did not speak.

"It would be a specimen of patchwork that the law would hardly acknowledge," said the widow, "but you would not dispute the will, Sarah, if I, by patient study and great care, render this testament complete again?"

"No," answered Sarah Eastbell.

"In my husband's lifetime I dared not make him rich; and now, in memory of much kindness, of old trusts—of new confidence, may I say?—I have the courage to remain poor."

She held the open purse over the fire, and the fragments fell from it into the red coals. Reuben and Sarah started forward to arrest her hand, but it was too late.

—but which he owned himself. You told me that," said Reuben.

"He was strange that day. It might have been the ravage of a madman."

"As that," said Lucy, pointing to the fire, "was the act of a madwoman."

"I think not," answered Mary confidently; "it is an act of justice to the man entitled to his father's money, and who will marry this brave young lady in possession."

"She has given me up," said Reuben dryly; but Mary turned from one to another and read no doubt or distress on either face. Here were two lives in the sunshine at last.

"I believe it was always Simon Cutwick's wish that Reuben should have this money," continued Mary; "he did not know of my marriage, and I dared not tell him for my home's sake, and so we went on from one complication to another. There were only two wills; the first left all to his sister, the second to me—and the second I could not, and did not care to prove. The answer to the riddle came round in the way I thought it might do, if I were watchful and reserved—for I knew in what high estimation Sarah Eastbell held her cousin, and how she had made up her mind to give an obstinate man his rights. She and I together planned more ways than one—she very artless, I very artful perhaps—but the best and simplest and happiest way has come without our plotting."

"But you?" said Sarah and Reuben almost together.

"You two are not likely to forget me, or my little daughter here—to shut me from your friendship—to help me in the world, should I want help."

"Help!" echoed Reuben; "why, it is all yours."

"You can't prove that," said Mary emphatically, "and I would prefer to be dependent on your bounty. I will not be proud to ask for a pension, when my little girl grows up and tires of her mother."

"The future, for you and Tots, you will leave to Sarah and me," said Reuben; "you will trust in those whom you have trusted so much already."

"As they will trust in me now," said the unselfish woman, holding out her hands to them.

It is a fair picture on which the curtain is rung down—on perfect confidence, and true affection and prosperity—on life opening out before these three with no shadows on the scenes beyond. Reuben and Sarah will live happily forever afterward—as young couples always should in books—and Mary and her daughter will be their faithful friends and loving companions to the end of life.

In the red glow of the sunset of our story, stands poor Lucy Jennings—grave and stony as the Libyan sphinx—commenting but little upon the happiness about her, and yet feeling that it reaches to her heart, and makes her more like other women.

Reuben's brother-in-law, one Thomas Eastbell, will not visit Worcestershire again, and Reuben's wife will not learn for years of his disappearance in the Australian bush—where we can afford to let the last of our villains hide himself.

In the bright early morning, gazing from the window of her room at the fair landscape beyond, with the silvery laughter of little children ringing upward from the lawn, and with her husband's arm linked within her own, Second-cousin Sarah will talk no longer of Sedge Hill being an unlucky house.

(The end.)

"Mrs. Peterson, I have brought an old friend to shake hands with you—express her regrets for all that past distrust which she has had, as well as I."

Sarah had only heard the first two words.

"Mrs. Peterson," she exclaimed. "Then you—"

"I was Edward Peterson's wife," she added wearily and sadly—"yes."

"But not in the plot against you, Sarah," said Reuben; "fighting for you in the first instance—writing to me to come to the rescue—kept forever in doubt concerning you—held down at last to silence by the awful threat of her child's death—believing in your safety through it all, and striving once more for you to shake hands with you—when she feared his treachery had deceived her."

"And he was true to his word," Mary added with a sigh, "for the first time in his life. It is a long story; spare me for a few days the history of a school girl's secret marriage, a bitter repentance, a husband's desertion, a long up-hill fight to forget a past that had become terrible and full of humiliation. I did not know then that Bessie lived, and was one link of love that held me to my old life. I have come to London for a few words of explanation, Sarah; they are made at a sad time," Mary said; "but I could not rest, after Reuben's visit to me—not even for an hour after my husband's death."

"Edward Peterson is dead!" exclaimed Sarah Eastbell.

She was surprised—she hardly knew why, but she was sorry for his death. He had plotted against her—he would have killed her rather than let her escape without a ransom—but she did not brood over his life. And it left Mary young and pretty widow, too—but what had that to do with it?"

"He died within an hour of your cousin's visit this morning," said Mary.

"And you are here," replied Sarah wonderingly.

"Ah! you cannot understand that," said Mary, "you who will love your husband all your life. But my love was crushed out quickly, and only my duty took me to his bedside—my regret for the last mistake which brought about his death, and his last act of vengeance."

"His last act of vengeance?" repeated Sarah.

"Half an hour after Mr. Cutwick had left me, my husband changed suddenly; he wholly realized, and for the first time, that there was no hope for him in this world, and—what did he do?" she added with a shudder.

"He should have asked pardon of you for blighting your life," said Sarah.

"He should have sought pardon of his God," added Lucy Jennings.

"He tore the last will of Simon Cutwick into a hundred pieces, lest I should claim my right to riches by it," answered Mary; "he cursed me, and left me poor."

"But—"

"But I have all the fragments," added Mary, opening a purse heaped to the clasp with small pieces of paper; "see—there they are."

Sarah glanced at them, but did not speak.

"It would be a specimen of patchwork that the law would hardly acknowledge," said the widow, "but you would not dispute the will, Sarah, if I, by patient study and great care, render this testament complete again?"

"No," answered Sarah Eastbell.

"In my husband's lifetime I dared not make him rich; and now, in memory of much kindness, of old trusts—of new confidence, may I say?—I have the courage to remain poor."

She held the open purse over the fire, and the fragments fell from it into the red coals. Reuben and Sarah started forward to arrest her hand, but it was too late.

"You should not have done this, Mary," cried Reuben.

"It was not a just will," answered the widow; "I told your father so when he placed it in my hands, although I did not tell him that never in all my life should I avail myself of his beneficence."

"He had wronged your father in some manner which we cannot even guess at

—but which he owned himself. You told me that," said Reuben.

"He was strange that day. It might have been the ravage of a madman."

"As that," said Lucy, pointing to the fire, "was the act of a madwoman."

"I think not," answered Mary confidently; "it is an act of justice to the man entitled to his father's money, and who will marry this brave young lady in possession."

Remember

That you will always find a full line of
Drugs, Chemicals,
Patent Medicines,
Brushes, Combs,
Toilet Articles, etc.
School Supplies
and Stationery at



The Delta Drug Store

Special attention given to prescriptions and family recipes. Hillsboro, - Oregon

How People Lose Their Money

By concealing it about their person; by stowing it away in mugs, jugs and jars, by sewing it up in skirts and ties; by tucking it under the couches and carpets, in cupboards and bureau drawers; these are some of the ways by which people lose their money and sometimes lose their lives.

How People Save Their Money

By depositing it in a good, reliable bank. Confident that this bank fully meets the public's needs, we tender its services to all who believe in keeping on the safe side.

J. W. SHUTE, Banker

HILLSBORO, OREGON

Standard VINMONT, 14017 Registered

Trotting Stallion, 2:21 1/4. Sire of Portia Knight, 2:16 1/4, and Lottie B., trial 2:23. Dark bay, 15.3 hands. Sired by Altamont, 3600, the sire of Chehalis, pacer, 2:04 1/2; Del Norte, pacer, 2:08, and 45 others. Dam of Vinmont, Venetia, sired by Almont 33, whose grandsons, Flying Jib, made time of 2:04, and Chehalis, 2:04. Vinmont's first and second dams are in the great brood mare list.

Splendid action and a sure foal getter.

Season of 1904, at E. J. Lyon's barn, Hillsboro.

TERMS—To insure, \$20; Season, \$15; Single Service, \$10.

E. J. LYONS and W. L. DAVIS, Hillsboro, Or.

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS.

Notice is hereby given that under the law, from this date, a penalty of ten per cent must be added to all taxes where half has not been paid, and that where said tax is paid, the county must, under the law, collect one per cent per month interest on the tax.

J. W. SEWELL, Sheriff and Ex-officio Tax Collector for Washington County, Oregon Dated at Hillsboro, this 4th day of April, 1904.

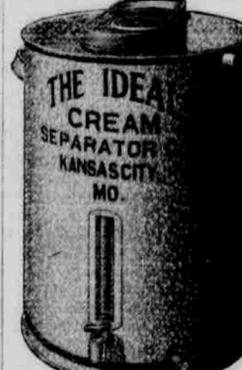
Notice Of Final Settlement.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has filed in the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, her final account as administratrix of the estate of Robert H. Whitehead, deceased, and that said Court has set Monday, the 30th day of May, 1904, at the County Court room in Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day as the time and place for hearing objections to said Final Account and for the final settlement of said Estate.

Dated at Hillsboro, Oregon, on this 20th day of April, 1904.

CHARLOTTE WHITEHEAD, Administratrix of the estate of Robert H. Whitehead, Geo. R. Bagley, Attorney for Administratrix.

WATER AND MILK ARE NOT MIXED



THE IDEA CREAM SEPARATOR KANSAS CITY MO

Herman Collier returned Friday from a trip to Astoria, where he represented the Scholls Old Fellows' Lodge in the State Grand Lodge.

Money to loan on farm property. Also choice farms for sale.—T. Withycombe, Room 1, Hamilton Building, Portland, Oregon.

D. B. Emerick was up from Scholls, Friday.

NOTICE TO PATRONS.

Notice is hereby given, that the City Council of Hillsboro, Oregon, in regular session held May 3, 1904, passed a resolution commanding the City Recorder to enforce the City Ordinance governing the collection of water and light revenues; therefore, from and after this date, all persons delinquent and unpaid on the 10th day of each and every month will have service discontinued and a penalty charged for renewal. Delinquent amounts must also be paid forthwith. This resolution will be enforced irrespective of person or firm.

Dated May 5, 1904.

H. T. BAGLEY, Recorder of the City of Hillsboro.

VILINDUS Registered Percheron, 22,031.



Vilindus, the full-blood Registered Percheron Stallion, weight 1,850, dark dapple gray, splendid build, gets fine colts, good action, tractable and gentle.

Will Stand the Season of 1904:

Monday, until Tuesday morning, Herman Roge's, Farmington, Tuesday, until Wednesday morning, A. B. Flint's, Scholls, Wednesday, until Thursday morning, at B. J. Lyons' barn, Hillsboro, Thursday at Glenco, evenings, at Wm. Smith's, Hoover & Connel's farm, Friday, until Saturday noon, Cornelius & Hancock's barn, Forest Grove, Saturday afternoon, Running's barn, Cornelius, Sunday, at Hillsboro, Lyon's barn.

Terms: Single Service, \$5; Season, \$10; Insurance, \$12.

Every care possible, but not responsible for accidents

HARTRAMPF BROS.

Hillsboro, Oregon

BRILLIANT ORE

The handsome Percheron Stallion, a dapple iron gray, weight 1500, past three years, perfectly built, sired by Oregon, 15140; he by Passe-Partout, 15, 136; he by Brilliant, 1271, he by Brilliant, 1899; he by Coco II, 714; he by Vieux-Chaslin, 713; he by Coco 712; he by Mignon, 715; he by Jean Le Blanc, 739. Dam, Norma Queen, sired by Paroli, an imported registered Percheron, brought to America by W. A. Howe, of North Yamhill, one of the finest horses in Oregon; grandsire, Rotomago; her great grandsire, Prince.

Will Stand the Season of 1904:

Tuesday, until Wednesday morning, at R. L. Olsen's, Reedville, Wednesday noon, A. B. Flint's, Scholls; Wednesday evening, until Thursday morning, at Rowell's, Scholls; Friday, near Blooming postoff; Saturday, Sunday and Monday, at owner's home, near Farmington.

This horse has fine style, is from sire and dam acclimated to this district, and his sire has the finest gets of any individual horse in the West. The undersigned has been 17 years in the business, and goes upon record as saying that Brilliant Ore will get fine colts.

TERMS: Single service, \$5; Season, \$8; insure with foal, \$12. Care to prevent, but not responsible for accidents.

S. H. DUNBAR, Owner, Farmington, Ore.

Electioneer-Wilkes Blood is the Most successful Blood.

Lovelace 2:20

No. 32741

By Egotist, sire of 47, son of the great Electioneer and the brood mare, Sprite

Dam Crepon (dam of Dorsey L. 2:20 1/2, Betsy Britton 2:20 1/2, Lovelace 2:20, Goldie 2:28 1/2, Duchess 2:27 1/2, Brillantine 2:29 1/2), by Princeps, sire of 63 second dam, Crap Lise (dam of King Rene Jr. 2:17, Braid 2:10 1/2, Balzarine 2:17), by the Great George Wilkes, etc.

LOVELACE 3:27-41

Is a bay stallion 16.1, weighs 1280. His colts won all the 2 year old stakes on the circuit last year, and were prize winners in the show ring. The get of Lovelace brought a higher average at the McCarthy sale both this year and last than that of any other stallion. His colts are uniformly good size, level-headed and speedy.

He will make the Season of 1904 at Hillsboro, Oregon.

Terms—Season, \$25.00; Insurance, \$35.00.

E. B. TONGUE, HILLSBORO, OR.

Percheron Stallion

[Eligible to Registry]

I will stand at the Homer Griffin place, near the James H. Sewell ranch, this season, the handsome full-blooded Percheron stallion, out of Oregon Beauty and sired by Oregon, for the very low price of \$7.00 for the season closing July 1, 1904.

...A Fine Draft Stallion....

This horse is four years old, and has fine action, and blood will tell. His dam was full blooded Percheron, and his sire of Pure Registered Percheron stock, and has hundreds of fine colts in Washington county. Here is the opportunity to breed your mares to a thoroughbred horse at a very reasonable figure.

E. E. LYONS

Homer Griffin Farm, 2 1/2 miles northeast of Hillsboro