

# Second Cousin Sarah

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

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

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 his 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 unadorned silence which followed. Sarah had no idea that she was a jealous woman until then that she had not made her jealous last night—only roused in her a feeling of intense indignation at the suspicion which she had sown broadcast. But for Reuben Outwick 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 a companion for her while we have been away."

"To be sure," said Reuben; "is not the girl grown 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 Worcester 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 silver 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.

"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 assist her husband 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—she 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. Outwick 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 asked 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 Outwick into a hundred pieces, lest I should claim my right to riches by it," answered Mary; "he cursed me, and left me poor."

"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 misfortune."

"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 ravaging 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 Outwick'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.

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

## Remember



### 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 Chelalis, pacer, 2:04; 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 Chelalis, 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.

Geo. Hall, of St Helens, and who was formerly well known here, recently notified the Portland police that his wife had disappeared, and that he feared that she had fallen into trouble, through suicide or something of that sort. The police looked in vain for the woman and her child, and her father, who lives in Washington county, finally told the officers that she was well and with friends, having left Hall because he had not treated her as becoming a husband. She alleged that Hall had physically maltreated her—but this Hall strenuously denies.

A photograph of a handful of nuggets, from the Shute-Hare mine, is possessed by J. W. Shute, and the picture looks like business. The nuggets range in value from \$6 to \$65. This mine is located in the Baker country and is worth thousands of dollars. When you see these nuggets, and the values they represent you cease to wonder why men spend their lives in search of the yellow metal.

J. O. Kindt, well known in the lower part of the county, has reached Nanton in the Alberta country, Canada, and will try farming up there for a time. Mr. Kindt has been some years at Kiona, Wash., on the Yakima river wheat belt.

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.

WATER AND MILK ARE NOT MIXED



The above cut is made from a photograph of the Ideal Cream Separator, which is made in four sizes to suit every farmer's requirements. It shows the inner milk vessel, which is made of the best charcoal tin plate. It also shows the outer water vessel, which is made of heavy galvanized iron. The inner vessel can be instantly removed from the outer vessel. This Separator saves time, labor and money. Every farmer should have one. The prices are low and every Separator is guaranteed exactly as represented or money refunded. Drop a postal card to agent named below, who will be glad to call and show you the Separator.

B. LEIS, - - BEAVERTON, ORE.

### 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 Rode's, Farmington, Tuesday, until Wednesday morning, A. B. Flint's, Scholls, Wednesday, until Thursday morning, at B. J. Lyons' barn, Hillsboro. Thursday at Glenwood, 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 1/4, Lovelace 2:20, Goldie 2:28 1/2, Duchess 2:27 1/2, Brilliantine 2:29 1/2), by Princes, sire of 63 second dam, Cape Lise (dam of King Rene Jr. 2:17, Braid 2:10 1/2, Balzartine 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 mare to a thoroughbred horse at a very reasonable figure.

E. E. LYONS

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