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Second Cousin Sarah

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

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

Sedge Hill was a starting edifice of considerable proportions, with an aspect of newness about it that fourteen years had not done much to soften. It had been built to the order of the present proprietor, who had made much money by cotton stockings, and had risen from twenty shillings a week at the loom to the splendor of his present life. It was a new house to suit the new man who had been lucky enough to get rich. There were spacious grounds beyond, and there was a big room at the side, that was new to Reuben Culwick since he had last stood in his father's house, and it was this that he pulled up his horse to inspect before turning into the carriage drive.

report, made me what I am? I would rather break my own heart than break my word. You know it," said the father boastfully. "Fifty hearts as well as your own—yes, I know it," answered the other, with an unflinching gaze at his father, "and hence I come to you—not for assistance, I don't want it; not for affection, I don't expect it—but with the simple motive, which I hope that my letter conveyed to you last week, to see you, to express sorrow for a long alienation, to feel glad that you are well, to tell you that I am not unhappy, and to go away again." The son's tones seemed to impress the father, who subsided into his easy chair, from which he had leaned forward, as if cowed by the cold, clear-ringing tones of the voice which fell upon his ears, a voice which subdued him, and an arrogance that had always been difficult to quell—which touched him, though he never owned that—which made him even prouder of his son, though the time never came for him to own that, either. The young woman in the background leaned forward with clasped hands until he caught her glance again, when she once more turned her eyes upon her book. "Have you made your fortune?" asked the father, in a different voice. "On the contrary, I have been somewhat unsuccessful, I have been something of a failure," he answered modestly. "I write a little," he added modestly. "It is a long story, that would scarcely interest you."



"WHO ARE YOU?" DEMANDED REUBEN.

from his old remembrance of the house. The door was opened and his name announced, and he felt that he was passing into a spacious apartment, the walls of which were bright and rich with many pictures, and the ceiling paneled and massive, with ground glass in the panels, for the proper transmutation of light on Mr. Simon Culwick's "collection." When Simon Culwick had lost his son Reuben, he had taken to the "masters," ancient and modern, and given them all the love that was in his heart. But it was not at the paintings which enriched the walls that Reuben Culwick gazed with so much of curious earnestness, but at the big broad-faced man sitting before the fire in a capacious leather chair, and who was looking curiously and steadily at him. There was a pretty, fair-haired young woman in gray silk, sitting at the table in the recess of a bay window, reading, and Reuben was conscious of her presence—that was all. She rose not at his entrance, only looked toward him with a certain degree of curiosity as he advanced, and then turned to the pages of her book as he held his hand out to his father. "So you have thought of me at last, have you?" was roiled out in a gruff bass, as a large, white-gouty-looking hand was placed in that of his son. "So I have come back at last," answered Reuben Culwick. "You can sit down," said the father. "Thank you," said the son. This was the meeting after five years' absence—the calm after the great storm which had happened in that house five years ago. This was the home that he had never liked, and that he felt he did not like now, although he had come to it of his own free will. There was a pause, during which each man took stock of the other without any particular reserve. "I got your letter," said the father, "and I might have sent the carriage for you had it not rained so much." "The horses might have caught cold instead of me," said the son dryly, "but I didn't want the carriage. I was glad that I had not further to go last night than Worcester."

stolical composure. "Till we disagree again," said the father, with a short, forced laugh; "that will not be many days, I suppose?" "One moment, sir," said Reuben Culwick, with grave politeness. A mistake parted us, and we are laying the foundation of another already, unless I explain the first." "Go on." "I was hardly twenty-one—a rash and foolish young fellow—when you wanted me to marry your friend's daughter." "You would have respected it—rich—you would have been respected—it would have been for the best." "I refused to entertain the proposal, if you remember." "Remember! remember it!" cried the father, turning pale with anger; "do you take this up again to insult me?" "No, to enlighten you," said the other; "at that period, Mr. Culwick, I had promised my mother that I would not marry the lady."

Worcester. I am glad to find you well. Good day.

He extended his hand again, but this time his father refused to take it. "You have come out of your way to give me a fresh wound, that's all," said the father, sullenly, "and you have done it effectually. I don't want you to trouble me again. You will not come here again at my invitation. I can't forgive anybody. I never forgive your mother. Your two aunts offended me years ago, you know. Have I ever forgiven them? One died last summer, and I wouldn't go to see her—wouldn't go near her—and the other one is in St. Oswald's almshouses, blind as a bat, and living on eight shillings a week. Eight shillings a week, and those pictures there cost me eighty thousand pounds." "A good investment," said Reuben Culwick, coolly, and critically looking round the walls; "they will increase in value year by year, sir." As he looked round he became aware, for the first time, that the lady in the bay window had disappeared. She had passed from the room silently, through a second door at the extremity of the picture gallery. "And I never gave her a penny in my life," added Mr. Culwick, senior. "Poor old Sarah—blind is she? and in the almshouse, too! I am sorry. I liked old Sarah," said Reuben; "she was one of the few friends I had when I was a boy, and when you were not rich. But I am detaining you, and I am pledged to reach London to-night. Good by again." When he had reached the door, Simon Culwick called out his name, and Reuben paused and turned. "I am not successful," said the father, "and I may as well tell you that I have made my will, and that you will never be a penny the better for it. It is all left—ah," he added, "away from an unfortunat son." There was a moment's pause, and then Reuben Culwick quitted his father's presence and closed the door after him. He went from the room into the corridor, and thence along its entire length to the dining room, where he threw himself into a chair with so thoughtful a mien that he was not for the moment aware that the young lady in gray silk whom he had seen in the bay window was stepping back from the rug fleecy mat at the door, to allow of his egress. When he saw her, she put her finger to her lips, and he repressed an exclamation of surprise. "Go back," she said, with an excitement that astonished him; "don't give up—don't leave him like that—it's your last chance."

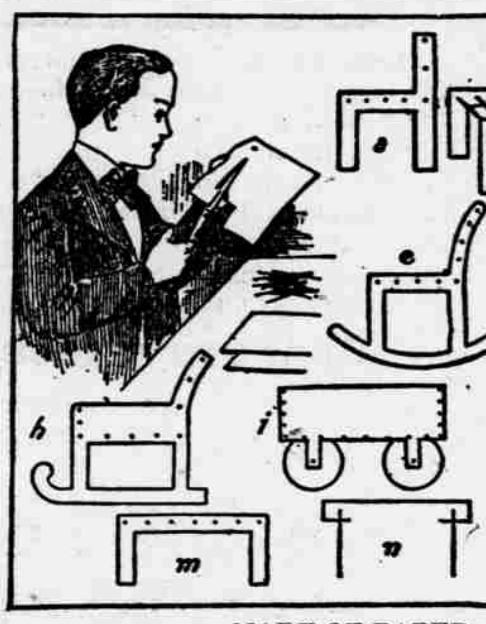
"You have been listening," said Reuben, coldly. "To every word," was the honest confession; "and you have not said a word to please him, and much to offend. Why did you come, if in no better spirit than this? Go back to him. Tell him how sorry you are for everything—do something before you go that will leave behind a better impression," she urged again. "No, I can't go back." "You are as hard as he is," she cried; "as if it mattered what you said to him—as if it were not worth a struggle to regain your position here!" Grasping her wrists, while her hands covered her face to hide it from his fierce gaze, Reuben exclaimed in a wondering tone, "Who are you?" "Only the housekeeper, sir," she said, quaintly; "keeping house for Simon Culwick—and in your place. You should hate me as an usurper already," she added, mockingly, "if you had any spirit in you."

"The housekeeper—yes—but—" he said wonderingly, and without regarding her strange taunts. "I was not aware of it." "Why should you be aware of anything about me, you who are as quarrelsome and strange as your father, and have kept away so long? There, go home and think of the best way to bring that old man to his senses." "And interfere with your chance," said Reuben, lightly. He was in better spirits already, and the odd manner of this young lady interested him. "I have no chance," she answered, "or I should not be so very anxious for you to get back. I should be too selfish—I should try and keep you away, being as fond of money as your father is." "I hardly believe this." "Mr. Reuben Culwick can believe exactly what he pleases," said the young lady, spreading out her skirts and making him a very low obeisance, which he felt bound to return, after which he would have continued the conversation had she not darted out of the door and disappeared. (To be continued.)



Boys and Girls

Little Stories and Incidents that Will Interest and Entertain Young Readers



MADE OF PAPER AND TOOTHPICKS.

get lots of fun by making little objects. To make a chair, cut the figure (a) twice out of a cardboard or a playing card. Where the design is marked by dots, bore small holes and stick the ends of toothpicks through them, allowing only the extreme ends to stick out, and the chair is ready (b). The same way you can make a cradle (c). A double jagger (d), a rocking-chair (e), a stretcher (f), a push-cart (g), a sleigh (h), a wagon (i), a house (k), a bench (m), can be made by the same simple means. A table (n) is made by bending a square piece of cardboard, as shown in the picture, and inserting four toothpicks into the two places where the paper is bent under. A basket is made out of a round ring or a square (r and s) and a smaller round or square piece of cardboard, as shown in the illustrations.

Children's Games. Children are instinctive conservatives. They play the old games and repeat the old rhymes century after century, with little if any variation. Blind man's buff, for example—a survival of the rites peculiar to the worship of Odin, the sightless deity—is played to-day exactly as it was played 2,000 years ago. So, too, is "tag," which was originally a fragment of a sacred pantomime, or miracle play, portraying the old, old story of Diana and her nymphs. In "London Bridge is broken down" we are treated to the entire ritual of the foundation sacrifice, that decreed that a living child must be sacrificed to the god of the structure ere it could be expected to stand firm. First, it will be remembered, the children urge alternative measures. "London Bridge is broken down," cry the two leaders, standing from an arch, hands clasped, so as to form an arch, beneath which the other little players race, as if in dread. "Build it up with bricks and mortar," is the reply. "Bricks and mortar will mold away." "Build it up with penny leaves— with gold and silver—set a man to watch all day—set a dog to bark all night," and the rest of it.

Little Stories and Incidents that Will Interest and Entertain Young Readers

Little Dorothy was visiting in the country last summer and, seeing a black, red and white calf in the barn, she ran to her mother and said: "Oh, mamma, come out to the barn and see the cute little cow with a calico skin." Mamma—Johnny, do you know what day to-morrow will be? Johnny—Yes, mamma, my birthday. Mamma—And what would you like for the occasion? Johnny (after a pause)—I'd like to see our schoolhouse burn down.

To Make Miniature Toys. With scissors for tools and paper and toothpicks to take the place of lumber and beams, boys and girls can

Then, lastly, the hands are unclasped, the "arch" falls, catching one of the players—preferably a little girl—in its mock descent, after which all the children shout in unison. "Hurrah! Hurrah! Now 'twill last for aye and a day, with a fair lady."—Pearson's Weekly. Little Sleepy-Head. Oh, please, will some wise person say which is the really proper way for mother's little sleepy-head, To get each morning out of bed? For often when I cry and pout, As sister comes my tangles out, She says "Oh, Rose," and shakes her head. "You've got the wrong way out of bed!" I've tried both right and left foot first, I'm not quite sure which is the worst; But was it not unkind of Ned To bid me "fall out on my head?" So, please, if some one really knows, Just send a line—my name is Rose, At mother's house I always stay, And our old postman knows the way.

POETS IN THE POORHOUSE. A Rather Pathetic Discussion of the Worth of Rival Verse Makers. In no country is there among the poorest and least educated a greater love of poetry than in Ireland; nowhere are the poets of the people held longer or more fervently in remembrance. Lady Gregory tells a characteristic anecdote of a discussion which she heard between two of the aged, toll-worn, poverty-stricken inmates of Gort Workhouse concerning the rival merits of two peasant bards of sixty years ago—Raftery and Callinan. The partizan of Callinan declared that he had been a more respectable kind of man, owning a little farm of his own and his own cattle; moreover, that he had more settled and respectable ways; also, that he was more good-natured, and did not lash his neighbors with satire; finally, that he was a better poet, anyway, and that Raftery, the blind, wandering rimester, admitted it by avoiding any encounter with him, and once wept with chagrin when some satiric verses on his rival were answered to overwhelming effect by the rival's brother, also a poet. The aged champion of Raftery (really the more gifted poet of the two) reluctantly admitted that he "would run people down, and was somewhat bitter"; but he, too, was kind at heart; and she instanced the pretty incident of the marriage of a poor servant lad and lass "that was only a marriage and not a wedding till Raftery chanced to come in; and he made it one," composing a grand song descriptive of a noble feast, calling in the neighbors to hear it, turning the occasion into a festival, and finally taking up a contribution from each guest, and bestowing the generous result on the happy and astonished pair. But the partizan of Callinan was not silenced. "I tell you," said she, emphatically, "Callinan was a nice man, and a nice neighbor. Raftery wasn't fit to put beside him. Callinan was a

Women's Doings.

Women as Farm Owners. The number of women in the United States who are studying agriculture grows larger every year. Nearly all agricultural departments of Western universities and colleges admit women on equal terms with men, and there are a number of Eastern institutions where they are welcomed. Secretary Wilson so far approves of women as farmers that he frequently addresses classes in the Columbia Normal School, Washington, where there are forty woman pupils, and elsewhere. It is Secretary Wilson's hope that agriculture, or the first principles of the science, will soon be a part of the curriculum in every rural school, and this will mean that thousands of women will have to take normal courses in agricultural science in order to fit themselves for teachers. In Western schools and colleges of agriculture are many girls who have inherited, or expect to inherit, large farms, which they will manage themselves. Others study special branches of farming, such as dairying, small fruit growing, market gardening, etc. Women are well fitted for these branches, and have made them profitable in so many parts of the country that all doubt of the wisdom of this choice of a profession seems to be dispelled. First, it will be remembered, the children urge alternative measures. "London Bridge is broken down," cry the two leaders, standing from an arch, hands clasped, so as to form an arch, beneath which the other little players race, as if in dread. "Build it up with bricks and mortar," is the reply. "Bricks and mortar will mold away." "Build it up with penny leaves— with gold and silver—set a man to watch all day—set a dog to bark all night," and the rest of it.

A new kind of special farming has recently engaged the attention of women in the Eastern States. At the fruit and flower shows given each autumn in New York much interest has attached to experiments in growing cultivated varieties of chestnuts, pecans, walnuts, etc. Larger tracts of lands in Southern New Jersey have been planted with choice nut trees, the Italian and Japanese giant chestnut chief among them. One young woman went into partnership with her brother in planting twenty acres of land owned by them, and a few years later resigned a well-paying position in a New York law office to attend to the growing business of their nut farm. She looks after every detail of the work—the gathering and shipping of the crop, and the correspondence, and will probably one day become the sole owner of the property.—New York Evening Post.

The Dressing-Sack Woman. There is a popular delusion to the effect that household tasks require slipshod garments and unkempt hair. Let the frowsy ones contemplate the trained nurse in her spotless uniform, with her snowy cap and apron and her shining hair. Let the doubting ones go to a cooking school and see a neat young woman in a blue gingham gown and a white apron prepare an eight-course dinner, and emerge spotless from the ordeal. The woman who puts on an apron over her dressing sack by that act openly proclaims that the thing would be better if it was belted in. Then why not a shirt waist? Does one ever see a trained nurse in a dressing sack, even when she does heavier work than any other woman is ever called upon to do? If a woman in the uniform of a trained nurse can do the manifold things assigned to her calling, surely the laundress and the cook do not need a dressing sack. There is a cynical adage that runs thus: "Strangers for help, friends for advice and relatives for nothing." Few of us will be bold enough to say there is no truth in it, and the reason is not far to seek. Who should help us if not those who always see our best side? Strangers think us charming, friends admit but pardon our faults, and relatives fight with us. We make our houses spotless for a stranger, but friends can take us as we are. For a new acquaintance there is purple and fine linen, while we offer our friends cold potatoes and remnants of pie. The solid silver and dainty embroideries are put away for the stranger, while one's husband, who, in a way, is a relative by marriage, eats left-overs out of nicked dishes, and contemplates a dressing sack between mouthfuls.—The Pilgrim.

Do Not Urge Your Child. If your child cannot concentrate its mind or commit to memory without great difficulty, or if it seems backward, do not urge it to study. No development which is forced is natural or normal. The mind may be developing unevenly. When the brain cells are more fully developed and the nerve cells more mature, the faculties will balance and the child will become normal, evenly developed. But he must be encouraged instead of being discouraged, for otherwise the result may be disastrous. It is cruel to keep telling a child that he is dull or stupid, or that he is not like other children. The discouraging pictures thus impressed upon his plastic mind will cling to it and become indelible in the brain of the man and handicap him for life.—Success. Safe Way to Clean Carpets. An experienced chemist says the following recipe is warranted to remove soil and spots from the most delicate carpets without injuring them. Make a suds with a good white soap and hot water, and add fullers' earth to this until the consistency of thin cream is secured. Have plenty of clean drying cloth, a small scrubbing brush, a large sponge and a pail of fresh water. Put some of the cleaning mixture in a bowl and dip a brush in it; brush a small piece of the carpet with this; then wash with the sponge and cold water. Dry as much as possible with the sponge, and finally rub with dry cloths. Continue this till you are sure that all the carpet is clean; then let it dry.—Chicago Journal. Misunderstood. Grace—Miss Oldé says she is after a man with money. Barbara—Well, that may be a successful way, but I'd hate to think I had bribed a man to be my husband.