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## 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 let himself out of the house. He drove into the city of Worcester with his face drawn 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 until he was in Muddleton's coffee room, and the waiter was leaning across the white cloth toward him.

"Beg 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 spoiled his things with your trunk. The infernal trunk, he called it, along with other names."

"She said that?"  
"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 like 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-narks as a cribbage board, and his eyes were particularly small, sir."

"Very good—or, rather, very bad," said Reuben Culwick; "half a crown poorer, 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—this for the instruction or amusement of another waiter coming downstairs.

"Mad 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.

"I shall want my luggage taken to the station this afternoon," he said to the waiter who had doubted his sanity. "I wish to catch the 5:15 train for London."

After he had defrayed the expenses of his board and lodging, Muddleton's he sat with his hands in his pockets, considering many things of grave perplexity. The waiter left him—the coffee room again, number forty-eight was laughing to himself, just as lunatics of a cheerful frame of mind, or of no mind at all, are in the habit of doing.

"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 St. Oswald Almshouses are at the top of Foregate street, are they not?"  
"Yes, sir—in the Tithing."  
"Ah! the Tithing. I have been so long away that I forgot 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, real and imaginary—disturb her and myself—feel myself in the way, 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 slushy water that flowed on beneath the arch of the bridge, and at which he gazed so steadfastly—he had even turned away from an unthankful task, of which the river warned him, when a second impulse set him with his face from 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 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 it.

The big black eyes blinked like a cat's in the sun, and the lashes quivered in union, 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."

"Not at Worcester station, at ten o'clock last night, when you helped me with a heavy portmanteau that I was selfish enough to let you carry for me?" he continued.

"I help you with a portmanteau?" said the girl, scornfully, "at Worcester station! Yes, that's very likely."

"It was you," said Reuben, sternly, as he continued to stare at her, and as the girl's cool denial of the fact began to aggravate him; "why do you tell me that it was not?"

The young woman did not answer readily. She rose to her feet—a tall, angular girl, slenderly built, and leaning against the door post, peering at her questioner, with her brow still contracted.

"Why should I help you?" she said at last; "can't you help yourself?"

"You fainted away; you were weak, and gave up. Why deny this?"

"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 these almshouses 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 anything to say against me, say it. I'm not ashamed of my name; I never was—I never did anything wrong in my life—now, then, what is it that you want?"

"You are Sarah Eastbell?" said Reuben, with a new interest asserting itself; "then you are—no, you can't be," added our hero, exhibiting again that incoherence which had 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 idiosyncrasies was destined never to be completed, for 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 on 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, cut up by a hundred wrinkles.

"Well, sir," said the head above the sheets, "will you please to state what business you have with an 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 bedside, sat down in a rush-bottomed chair that was there, and looked hard at her.

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

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

"Yes it can."

"Now to think of that, after these years, and here!" said Mrs. Eastbell.

"That's kind of you, Reu: 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 hysterics, if she were not careful.

Reuben shook the hand in his, and the girl stood by the mantelpiece, watching the greeting furtively.

"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.

"No."

"Ah! he will presently," said Mrs. Eastbell, with an easy confidence; "there are many good points about my brother Simon, and it is only a question of time. All things come round in time, Reu—even good luck. That's what I often tell our Sally."

Sally winced suddenly at this introduction of her name into the discourse, and Reuben looked across his prostrate relative toward the waiting attendant, who drew a pattern on the floor with the point of her boot, and did not return his glances.

"Some day Simon will walk in here—just as you have done—and say how sorry he is for all the past," said the old woman; "sometimes I lie awake fancying I can hear his footsteps coming across the paved yard toward me."

"I would not build upon his offering you any help," said Reuben Culwick.

"I don't want any help. Eight shillings a week keeps more life in me than I know what to do with. I'm very happy, though it's a awful place for Miss Sally. Does a little work when she can get it, and is a dear, kind nurse, who never tires of me. She'll read the Bible half the day to me, when I'm too ill to run about much—a good girl, Sally!"

"I am very glad to hear it," answered Reuben.

He would not have dispelled the old woman's faith in her granddaughter by a word—by any question lingering on last night's mystery or to-day's prevarication. This was a woman who had faith in everybody, and extracted happiness even from an almshouse in a shady corner of Worcester City.

"When I am gone, I should like some-

body to get Sally a good place—you don't know any one who wants an honest, hard-working, truthful girl?"

"Not at present," said Reuben, glancing across at Sarah Eastbell again, who was still tracing hieroglyphics on the floor. She looked up this time as he replied to her grandmother, and shrugged her shoulders either at the old woman's criticism or at the wild idea of her being indebted to him for her future position in life.

"Will she be wholly alone in the world some day?" asked Reuben Culwick, inquisitively.

"She has not a friend—she will make plenty, of course, but she has them to make."

"My cousin Mark was her father, then. Is he—"

"Yes—he's dead. So's his wife. They were a worthy couple, but they were very unlucky, and so better out of the world than in it," said the grandmother, "when they died last year I offered Sally part of my home, and my sister tried to do something for Tom, but he went to sea."

"Does Sarah sleep here—live with you altogether?"

"Yes," answered the old woman; "it's very selfish of me to keep her to myself, but, please the Lord, it will not last a great while longer. She's young—she's handsome of my name; I never was—I never did anything wrong in my life—now, then, what is it that you want?"

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"When I am gone, I should like some-



Troubles of Little Boys.  
Before they had arithmetic,  
Or telescopes, or chalk,  
Or blackboards, maps and copy books—  
When they could only talk;

Before Columbus came to show  
The world geography,  
What did they teach the little boys  
Who went to school like me?

There wasn't any grammar then,  
They couldn't read or spell,  
For books were not invented yet—  
I think 'twas just as well.

There were not any rows of dates,  
Or laws, or wars, or kings,  
Or generals, or victories,  
Or any of those things.

There couldn't have been much to learn;  
There wasn't much to know;  
'Twas nice to be a boy,  
Ten thousand years ago.

For history had not begun,  
The world was very new,  
And in the schools I don't see what  
The children had to do.

Now, always there is more to learn—  
How history does grow!  
And every day they find new things  
They think we ought to know.

And if it must go on like this,  
I'm glad I live to-day,  
For boys ten thousand years from now  
Will not have time to play.

—Answers.

Sayings of Children.  
"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed small Bobby after seeing a dachshund for the first time. "I saw such a funny dog this morning. He was two dogs long and only half a dog high."

"Who can tell me what a meter is?" asked the teacher of the juvenile class. "I can," promptly replied the urchin at the pedal extremity. "It's a thing what you chop meat with."

Teacher—What's a fort, Tommy? Tommy—A place for soldiers. Teacher—That's right. Now, Johnny, can you tell me what a fortress is? Johnny—A place for soldiers' wives.

"What did you take your little sister's orange for?" asked a mother of her strenuous young hopeful. "I guess it must be 'cause I'm one of them klermonkeycats," replied the little philosopher.

"Bessie," said a mother to her little daughter as the latter finished saying her prayer, "you didn't tell God how naughty you had been to-day, did you?"

"No, mamma," replied Bessie. "I don't believe in telling our family affairs to outsiders."

The Boy That Was Grafted.  
Philip saw the empty wood-box, but he did not want to fill it. When he went to get a drink of water the water pail was empty, too; but he said never mind, he guessed he was not so very thirsty. It was a bother filling water pails. And when grandmother took down her empty cinnamon can, she distinctly said, "O dear me!" but Philip did not want to hear her. It was half a mile to the Four Corners store.

Philip was cross—"sour," grandmother called it, with a little sigh. "I'm afraid our Philip is getting to be a sour boy, Amasa," she said. Amasa was grandfather, and to tell the truth, grandfather was afraid so, too.

"Well, I can't help it! I didn't want to stay to this house and have the whoopin'-cough, did I? I wanted to go out West with my father," Philip argued, as if that made it all right to be a sour boy.

Grandfather was grafting the natural-fruit trees over in the east orchard, and Philip went over to watch him.

"What do you do it for, grandpa?" he asked.

"To make them over into good, sweet trees. They are sour and crabbed ones now, and don't do anybody any good. Might as well not be here at all, taking up useful room. But I'm going to saw off this sour chap's arms and graft on some new and useful ones. And first thing you know we'll have a good, sweet tree here!"

Philip was thinking about it when he went up into the haymow to cut good, sweet apples. He took a little pucky sour one along to try. Ugh! It was not good a bit! He made a very face. Then by and by something strange and awful happened. As Philip lay there in the sweet, dim place, just beginning on his fourth apple, he saw a man, a little like grandfather, but it was not—coming toward him over the hay. He had sharp things just like grandfather's in his hand, and he was talking to himself. Philip heard every word he said, and it set him thinking.

"He must be made over into a good, sweet boy," the man said, nodding his head. "He's a sour little boy now, and doesn't do anybody any good. Might as well not be here at all. But I'm going to saw off his arms and graft on some new nice ones that will fill wood boxes and water pails without being asked. And some new legs to run errands. First thing you know we'll have a good, sweet boy here!"

He was coming very near indeed now. The sharp things looked very sharp—a little ray of sunlight set them glittering in his hands. Philip set his little white teeth hard and held out his arm. If it must be done—but in spite of himself he could not keep back a little terrified cry.

The next thing he knew the little

Little Stories and  
Incidents that Will  
Interest and Enter-  
tain Young Readers

old man faded away into nothing, and there he was sitting up in the hay, looking at his arms and legs in a dazed way! Were they new ones? Was he a good, sweet boy now?

Grandmother looked up from her cooking to see a boy with laughing eyes and dear, sweet face come dancing in.

"I'll fill the wood box, grandpa, an' the water can an' the cinnamon pail!" he cried, getting things rather mixed in his hurry. "You just see me fill 'em! I want to now, 'cause I've been grafted!"—Youth's Companion.

## The Careful Cat.



"I can't wash the things till to-morrow, but I'll iron them to-day, and then that'll be done. I do like getting forward with my work."

WATCH CHILDREN'S FRIENDS.  
Fathers and Mothers Should Look Into Boys' Associations.

It is natural and desirable that, to a reasonable extent, children should be allowed and encouraged to choose their own little friends. However, the mother should consider it a part of her maternal duty to inquire into their associations, both in school and out, and to discourage such as do not appear entirely desirable.

Children do not—fortunately in one sense—contract lasting friendships, as a rule, and the more violent the attachment in its beginning, the sooner will come its ending; hence, it is not often necessary for the mother or father to interpose and break off the acquaintance in the abrupt fashion that always arouses resentment and often provokes disobedience.

When it can be avoided—and it almost invariably can, if proper precautions be taken—this is not a wise rule to follow; for in most cases the children thus thrust apart conceive and nourish a feeling of anger against the intervening power, while their affection for each other is intensified simply through being forbidden.

The better plan is to follow up the children's little acquaintances as they are formed, and to gently nip in the bud those that were best not formed at all, taking care not to do this in a way that seems arbitrary or unjust.

Some children appear to have an unfortunate proclivity for forming undesirable friendships—often because of a too generous nature, which attracts good and bad influences alike, and is incapable of perceiving the essential differences between them; and such children, of course, require more constant and careful watching and training than the more trustworthy ones who are less impressionable.

It is not good for any child to grow up without friends of his own choosing, since these are more likely to be after his own heart than any which can be chosen for him.

Fathers, as well as mothers, should look into their growing boys' associations; for no boy can be trusted entirely to follow his own inclinations in a matter which so closely concerns his personal welfare, while he will, if approached in the right way, feel flattered rather than annoyed by the interest his parents evince in his little affairs.

Lighthouse in a Desert.  
A lighthouse has been established in the great Arizona desert. Unlike the lighthouses set for the benefit of mariners it is not a signal of danger, but of safety.

Two years ago a couple of desert prospectors died of thirst within a short distance of the place where the lighthouse has been established. Had the light then been there they would not have perished, for the light marks a well of water, the only water within thirty miles of the spot.

One life has already been saved by the establishment of the lighthouse, for an old German gave up the struggle with heat, sand and thirst and lay down to die. This was just at dusk. When it had become a little darker he chanced to open his eyes and saw a light. It gave him courage. He arose, staggered on until he came to the light and found water.

The lighthouse is simply a tall cottonwood pole with a lantern on the top. It is tended by Joseph Drew, who dwells in the little oasis and ministers to the wants of travelers who pass that way. The light is visible a long distance across the plain in every direction in the night time.

Many a man is forced to play the game of life who doesn't hold a single trump.

## DOINGS OF WOMEN

What Woman Owes to Man.  
Mrs. Craigie, known to the literary world as John Oliver Hobbes, may make herself disliked by the advanced women if she is not careful about her public utterances. At a recent dinner given by the Lord Mayor of London to the Society of Journalists she replied to the toast of "The Ladies." In the course of her reply she said many charming things about the accomplishments and the achievements of woman, and then dulled the edge of her praise by declaring that woman owes all she knows of the arts, and nearly everything else, outside of domesticity, to men, citing Angelica Kaufmann, George Sand, George Eliot, Charlotte Bronte and others as examples. She even went so far as to assert that women would not go into the intellectual professions and public life but for the support and praise of men.

Warning up with her subject, Mrs. Craigie asserted that "the reign of great statesmen. The famous ladies of great historical crises owe their celebrity to the classic descriptions written of them by men. Great actresses, great players on musical instruments, great singers, great scholars and great writers were all, without exception, first trained and taught by men." And then, worst of all, in her peroration she said as to woman's position in the world: "We do not understand half of it or nearly half of it. We think of other things. But we do as a rule as we are told, and when we are commended for doing it pretty well we are just as happy as though we were masters of the situation. We know we are not, which is clever of us, and we do not wish to be, which is cleverer still."

It would take a bold man to utter such sentiments as these, and he would be hailed over the coals more effectively than was Bartle Massey by Mrs. Poyser. Fortunately, it was not a man in this case. It remains to be seen how the emancipated women, the advanced women, the club women, and martial spinsters, will accept this feminine definition of the feminine relation toward the masculine tyrant. Of course, there are women who will agree with Mrs. Craigie, but they are the women in humble life, the old-fashioned women, the domestic women, the time spirited women, who usually do as they are told and are glad to have some one tell them what to do. They are the vines clinging to the oaks. But on the other hand, there are many who are not clingers and who are reveling in the joys of freedom, the pleasures of the clubrooms, and have a dorkery of their own. They are not the kind that rest patiently under the accusation of doing as men tell them.—Chicago Tribune.

Nearly Drowned Their Teacher.  
They said Miss Erlene Sinclair was a brave girl when, at the age of 13, she accepted the position of teacher in the "Unlucky Thirteen School" in Cass township, Sullivan County, Ind., for it is one of the toughest in the county. She got along very well, however, until the question arose as to what Christmas treat she proposed to provide for the pupils. It has been the custom for the teachers to provide such a treat. Miss Sinclair promised to observe the custom, but declined to explain what the treat was to be. When she refused to satisfy the curiosity of the pupils the larger girls, ranging from 14 to 16 years of age, overpowered her, tied her feet to a trough and carried her to a pond in a neighboring field. There the boys cut a hole in the ice and the girls put the teacher in the hole. The water came only to her waist and the plucky teacher refused to yield. Then they carried her farther out on the ice, cut another hole and again plunged her into the ice-cold water. This time the water came to her neck. There they left her. The trough tied to her feet prevented her getting out, but finally when she had almost perished her screams brought aid. She afterward suffered greatly from pneumonia and shock.

The Secret.  
The more conveniences we have around us, the more tact shown in our contact with others, the better our surroundings, the better do we enjoy ourselves and get along in the world. Such conditions do not come without effort, nor do they come to the indifferent and weak hearted. To get along, to make a success of the place in which one is situated, is to be thoughtful, tactful and unselfish. Why does some one seem to be liked by all, to have so much influence, to be a general favorite? What has she done? Really nothing but