

Second Cousin Sarah

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

CHAPTER IX.

The man who in his zeal had adventured into Potter's Court did not betray by any change of feature his sense of the danger which seemed hanging over him. It was not an enviable position, but his coolness did not desert him. Had it not been for the clanging of bolts below and for the careful locking up of the house he would have been disposed to regard the arrival of Thomas Eastbell and his companion in a friendly spirit, despite the scowls with which they favored him and the anxious faces of the women.

"Hanged if I didn't think so!" exclaimed Thomas Eastbell, alias Vizzobini, to the crowned-head patronage department; "so this is why you have been creeping about the Saxe-Gotha, is it? Well, what have I done, that you come into my crib in this way? What have you got to say?" he roared forth in a louder key.

"That you keep too big a fire for the time of the year, and that it isn't good for your health," said Reuben, in a quiet tone of voice. "I have come to see your sister."

"Well, that's uncommon kind of you." "Tom," said Sarah, at this juncture, "this is Mr. Culwick—young Mr. Culwick—our second cousin. You have heard me speak of him. You must not attempt in any way to interfere with him."

"What business has he with you? Why can't he mind his own business and let you alone?" cried Tom. "What's this second-cousin chap to us? What good is he? What notice has he ever taken of us till now? Hang me! I don't believe he's a cousin at all, but a policeman trying to work up a case against people more honest than himself."

"I came to help your sister." "Oh, that's it! Eh?" The interrogative was addressed to the man looking over his shoulder, who had touched his arm and whispered in his ear, keeping his eyes fixed upon Reuben meanwhile.

"My friend remarks," said Mr. Eastbell, with a grim smile, "that if you have come to help the family, perhaps you will be kind enough to grove your words by doing the handsome to us people out of luck."

"You mean give you money? Then, gentlemen, I am sorry that I can't help you." "But you must," growled forth the man in the background, who had recently whispered to Tom Eastbell; "you've walked in without leave after the gal, and you'll pay your footing before you go."

"I think not," said Reuben Culwick. "Then you'll have to stop," cried the man. "The house is locked up for the night, and we can't afford to part with you; can we, mate?"

Presently the street door below was being unfastened in response to solemn knocks without, and then the ponderous, unmistakable boots of the metropolitan force were heard clamping up the stairs. Some one unlocked the room door, and Thomas Eastbell, white as a ghost, crawled in on his hands and knees, took a harlequin's dive into bed, and drew the tattered coverlet to his chin. The burly figures of three policemen were in the room in an instant or two afterward.

"Now, then, what's the row?" said the principal spokesman; "who's been trying to throw the other out of the window?" "Who's been melting lead?" inquired another, whom the peculiar nature of the atmosphere had impressed, as it had done Reuben at an earlier hour.

No one had been throwing another out of the window, whined forth Mrs. Eastbell, no one had been melting lead or anything. They had had a little wrangle as it got late, and just as their cousin was going home, and the fever pots somehow gave away and fell into the court, which frightened the gal at the window, who began to scream. The policeman who had first spoken listened to this explanation with a stolid stare upon his countenance; the second official, being of an inquisitive turn of mind, opened all the drawers and cupboards, and examined their contents; the third man inspected Mr. Thomas Eastbell, as he lay recumbent, and inconvenienced him by giving him the benefit of the glare from a bull's-eye lantern on his face.

"Come, that sham won't do, young feller," said he; "is there any complaint to make?" No one had any complaint to make. Reuben had crossed to Sarah.

"Here is your chance still. Will you leave this place?" "Not yet," she answered; "not till Tom is safe." "Good-by, then." Reuben went out of the room, and the policemen followed him downstairs and into the court.

He somewhat ungratefully left the triumvirate who had arrived in good time to his rescue. But he could not explain, and it seemed the better policy to be silent for Second-cousin Sarah's sake. She wished it—and it was she who had saved him from danger. He had to think again of the way to save her, now that he had become more than ever resolved to get her away from Potter's Court.

CHAPTER X.

Reuben Culwick did not in any way attempt to account for his late hours to the inmates of Hope Lodge. He was the master of his own actions, which no one, he felt, had the right to criticize. Hence, with this impression on his mind, the deep reveries of Lucy Jennings, and the studious stares of her brother appeared to be taking him in far too intently, became a source of irritation to him.

"Is anything the matter, Lucy?" he asked at last, one morning. Lucy Jennings sat down suddenly in the chair nearest to her lodger, and burst forth with her catalogue of wrongs, making amends for all past reserve in one breath.

"It has come to you. You're not the man you have been. You keep away from home too much—you have been seen at low places of amusement—you're going wrong—you—you—you never tell us anything!" cried Lucy, passionately. "Yes, I have been seen at low places of amusement," said Reuben, quietly, "and my hours of return to Hope Lodge are somewhat irregular at present. And so I am going wrong, Lucy?"

"You are not doing what is right." "You jump too rapidly at conclusions, after the habit of enthusiasts. I'm not a sinner—that is, no more of a miserable specimen than I was three weeks ago."

"Why did you ask John about the girl in the striped dress, at the Saxe-Gotha?" "Ah, the rascal has turned kind of evidence, then?" cried our hero. "Why did you ask him not to tell me?—why are you always at the garden?—why had you the effrontery," she cried, with eyes ablaze now, "to ask that wretched, miserable girl to look for you?"

"What?" shouted Reuben, so forcibly that even Lucy was unprepared for his excitement, and jumped back in her chair some distance from him. "What do you mean?" he continued; "who has been here? Speak out—don't glare at me, you suspicious, heartless, disagreeable woman. What girl called here for me?"

proaches, by his vehemence. Suspicious, awfully suspicious, as she was, she was still a religious woman, and the horror of having cast back a stubborn, willful nature on itself rose before her even in more terrible colors than he had painted it.

"Why—why didn't you tell me?" she gasped forth; "why didn't you trust me? I will find her," said Lucy, very meekly now. "I will bring her back."

"It is impossible." "I will tell her that I was wrong in my judgment. I will ask her pardon. You must not charge the loss of this girl to me. Where did you see her last?"

"In Potter's Court." "I know it—in the Walworth road," said Lucy; "it is part of my mission to go among the people there. What is the number of the house?"

"Two." "Where the Petersons live—the Irish people. I will go at once; don't judge me too harshly, till I have made amends for my mistake," she pleaded.

"It is too late," said Reuben, gloomily; "the house was empty two days since. There were coilers in it, and the suspicion that I might betray them, or that the police were on the scent, led them to leave the premises."

"I will find them," said Lucy; "I am known. People trust me there, who know me better than you do," she added, almost disdainfully again.

Lucy Jennings walked out of the room with her hands rigidly clasped together; in a few minutes afterward she had passed out of the house.

It was late, and when John Jennings and Reuben had taken counsel together and had arrived at the conclusion that she would not return that night, Lucy, stiff-backed and grim, came up the front garden with a tall girl, who walked with difficulty, resting on her arm.

"Here's your Second-cousin Sarah," she said to Reuben, in her old jerky manner, as the two women came into the house.

Reuben Culwick rose to greet his second-cousin and to introduce her to John Jennings, who was filling in some Roman candle-cases for Mr. Splud's benefit, which was to take place in a fortnight's time at the Saxe-Gotha.

"I am glad that you have come," said Reuben, heartily. "John, this is my Second-cousin Sarah."

"How d'ye do, marm?" said Mr. Jennings, with a solemn bow.

Sarah Eastbell was very like Sarah Eastbell's ghost, as she looked from one to another, and tried hard to raise a smile, without success.

"Can't you find the girl a seat, instead of staring at her," said Lucy, sharply, to her brother, who immediately tendered her his own chair.

"You have been ill," said Reuben to his cousin, as she sat down wearily; "how's that?" "Not ill exactly. A little weak, perhaps," answered Sarah; "I shall be better in a minute."

"I am very glad that you have found her, Lucy," said Reuben to Miss Jennings, who was untying her bonnet strings in rather a violent manner; "you will let me thank you for all the trouble that you have taken?"

"I never cared for people's thanks," she answered. "She has been very good to me," Sarah Eastbell murmured; "I made a mistake when I thought her very hard—but my life's been pretty well all mistakes, I think."

WASHINGTON.



The difficulties which encountered Washington when he took up his great trust as commander-in-chief of the continental army were most complicated and immense. The theater of the struggle was a vast one, geographically, stretching along the Atlantic coast from Massachusetts to South Carolina, while the whole population was only three millions—not very much greater than that of the State of Michigan, and not so great into a million as that of Illinois.

Out of this small, scattering and peaceful population an army was to be raised, organized and equipped capable of contending with the chief military and maritime power of the globe. And it was not to be a struggle between government and government, between one nation and another. It was a rebellion, and there was really no central authority, no arms or warlike stores, no navy, no treasury or financial system or responsibility. It

presence, a splendid horseman, carrying with him ever the port and air of authority and native majesty—an ideal commander.

So when this noble Virginian appeared before that northern army and drew his sword as their commander under those Cambridge elms his fame had preceded him and he was received with shouts of welcome and of confidence. Then all men knew it was to be a struggle to the death.

Hardly a better instance does history afford of patience under provocation, of dogged determination under difficulties, of unconquerable will and courage, holding on so long and coming out triumphant in the last ever such mighty opposition. These great qualities, as we have already seen, belonged to the man more than to the soldier. It was indeed the great man behind the soldier, the man with the great patriotic heart, with the wise head, and the lofty, unshaken soul, that brought us through that long and tremendous struggle and gave us our glorious place and opportunity among the nations.

No other man on this continent but he could have done it. Greene, among the generals of the revolution, would have come nearest to it, but he would have failed.

But in looking over the whole field and record, in the light of all the facts and history, it will be seen that Washington made no military mistakes, that he improved all his opportunities, that his generalship will stand the test of criticism. He struck whenever he had the chance, his plans were good, and when compelled, his retreats were masterly.

WASHINGTON'S COACH.

The coach which bore George and Martha Washington from Mount Vernon to Savannah has been removed from the premises of Augustus Frey in New York, to Mount Vernon, where it will remain hereafter as an example of what a first-class long-distance vehicle was in the eighteenth century. The coach was purchased twenty-five years ago at the centennial in Philadelphia by Benjamin Richardson of Harlem. After his death twelve years ago it was purchased by Mr. Frey, who has had it on exhibition ever since. Occasionally it was drawn



in processions, and its ancient color and venetian blinds always attracted attention. Some time ago Superintendent Dodge of Mount Vernon came to New York, made a careful examination of the coach and pronounced it genuine. It was suggested to the "Ladies' Association of the Union" that they secure the coach for the museum at Mount Vernon, and Mr. Frey notified Mr. Dodge that he would have the ancient carriage. The vehicle is said to have been used by Washington on his journey to New York for his first inauguration.



MARTHA WASHINGTON.

was only a brave and patriotic people, small in numbers, without discipline or military experience, without arms and without money, rushing thus bare-handed into a conflict with the mother country, their own government; a powerful nation, which had recently been raised by the genius of the elder Pitt to the front rank among the great warlike nations of the world—a nation whose military posts and possessions already dotted the globe, whose victorious navies covered every ocean and sea, whose morning drum beat, as Webster said, was heard round the world. It was against such a power as this that this handful of patriots had thrown down the gage of rebellion and defiance.

Washington is known in history as a providential man; that is, a man raised up by Providence to fill a great place and perform a great mission. However this may be, he certainly had great parts and great and peculiar fitness for the most difficult and trying place which he filled in history. He had had experience in the previous Indian and French wars, and had proven himself a wise, competent and heroic officer. He had great personal advantages for command. He was of fine physique and imposing

GEORGE WASHINGTON UP TO DATE.



That cherry tree episode with a few modern variations.—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Bad Coughs**

"I had a bad cough for six weeks and could find no relief until I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Only one-fourth of the bottle cured me."  
L. Hawn, Newington, Ont.

Neglected colds always lead to something serious. They run into chronic bronchitis, pneumonia, asthma, or consumption. Don't wait, but take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral just as soon as your cough begins. A few doses will cure you then.

Three sizes: 25c., 50c., \$1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing.  
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

**If the Enemy Was Obliging.**

"I see that Prof. Langley's airship is to be used in warfare," remarked the man in the end seat of the open car.

"I suppose it could be utilized in that way," thoughtfully observed the man beside him, "if the enemy could be coaxed to wait around until it fell upon them."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Piso's Cure is a good cough medicine. It has cured coughs and colds for forty years. At druggists, 25 cents.

**Inherited.**

"What's patrimony, papa?" asked little Dan.

"Patrimony, my dear," replied papa. "Is something inherited from the father."

"Why, then," exclaimed Dan, "patrimony must be something inherited from the mother, isn't it?"

**Education in Russia.**

Of the children of school age in Russia 17,000,000 are receiving no instruction.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children the teething season.

**Holds Ancient Insurance Policy.**

Charles M. Booth of Englewood, N. J., who has just celebrated his 100th birthday anniversary, says he is the oldest holder of a life insurance policy in the United States. He was insured in 1843 in a company just organized and still in existence.

**Familiar Articles.**

"Dey ain't teachin' so much hell dese days."

"No, it's so close home now, folks is well acquainted wid it."—Atlanta Constitution.

**Quieting His Feels.**

He—And what do you suppose your father would say if I told him I was an actor?

She—He'd say 'Rats!' I guess.

**Corn**

We challenge the world to produce a more prolific, early, big earred corn variety than **John's Seed Co.'s Home Builder**, so named because it builds up the soil and yields so heavily in 1897, that its net proceeds built a beautiful home for the lucky possessor. See catalog.

Here are some of the yields our customers had of this corn in 1897:

157 bu. per acre. By John Papp, La Perle Co., Ind.

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149 bu. per acre. By Richard Speth, Lake Co., Ind.

139 bu. per acre. By J. D. Walker, Hamilton Co., Tenn.

120 bu. per acre. By Lawrence Scheibel, Ogema Co., Mich.

120 bu. per acre. By J. W. Massey, Crockett Co., Tenn.

104 bu. per acre. By Ray Stearns, Rauven Co., N. D.

ays: Ripened in 120 days. Yielded 306 bu. per acre. Next year I will grow 400 bu. per acre from it.

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