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

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CHAPTER IX. tured 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, fo 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 for your healths," 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,

"What business has he with you? Why can't he mind his own business and let recumbent, and inconvenienced him by you alone?" cried Tom. "What's this giving him the benefit of the glare from second-cousin chap to us? What good is a bull's-eye lantern on his face. 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 hisself."

"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 prove 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

"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," sad Reuben Culwck.

"Then you'll have to stop," cred the man. "The house s locked up for the you; can we, mate?"

"Am I to understand that I'm a pris oner?" inquired Reuben, sternly.

"There's men down stairs who say you're a spy on them." said Tom. in further explanation, "and they're Irish, and soon riled."

"I am not afraid of them."

sons stand as much of this man as I ing amends for all past reserve in one not come up here," cried

Barnh.

"They're sitting on the stairs waiting." that he is a detective. What now?" as thing!" cried Lucy, passionately. cold air rushed in, and Mrs. Eastbell began to cough herself to pieces.

"There's mischief meant," cried Sarah; "I shan't leave this window while Mr. Oulwick remains, and I will scream my am going wrong, Lucy?" beart out if you touch him. This is a dreadful house, sir." she said to Reuben, with dreadful men in it. Be on your guard."

"Come back from that window," roared

Tom. "I will do nothing of the kind." cried Barah, standing there erect and defiant; till Mr. Culwick is allowed to quit this place I'll not move away."

'Don't you see how you're making your sister-in-law cough, you brute?"\_said Thomas Eastbell. "If we were the Forty Thieves you couldn't make more fuss.

He was sidling step by step toward his sister as he spoke, when Reuben Culwick crossed the room in one stride, and thrust him forcibly away before his panther-like spring could fasten en her. It was a bold move, assuming the offensive in this fashion, but Reuben had grown angry at restraint, and it was the time to act or never. Reuben's thrust sent him staggering with violence against his friend who, taken off his guard, received Tom's bullet-head between his eyes, and fell backward into the passage, with Tom on the top of him. The clear doorway suggested a temporary expedient, and Reuben closed the door quickly, locked it with the key and set his foot against the lower portion of the woodwork.

"There'll be murder done now," said Mrs. Eastbell, wringing her hands; "oh, you fool to come to this place! Call out you'll give 'em money or they can have your watch-say something. They're coming up the stairs."

"Who are they?" asked Reuben, sternly now.

"Coiners!" He could hear the trampling rush of heavy feet up the stairs, and then the door creaked and shook with the heavy pressure of shoulders from without. Sarah Eastbell was as good as her word. Her watchful dark eyes had observed the door vibrating, and a scream of extraordinary shrillness and volume startled

the echoes of Potter's Court. "Oh! don't, Sally-it's only their fun, perhaps," cried Mrs. Eastbell; but Sally screamed again with fifty horse-power, and then swept from the window sill a whole collection of flower pots, which descended with a tremendous crash on to the paved footway below. The pressure against the door ceased, as though the people in the house had stopped to listen; the windows of other houses in Potter's Court began opening rapidly; there were voices shouting out innumerable questions; there were three or four shrill whistles, and then the ominous crack of a rattle, followed by another in response, and at a little distance.

You are sale," said Sarah; "the police

Presently the street door below was The man who in his zeal had adven- being unfastened in response to solemn knocks without, and then the ponderous, unmistakable boots of the metropolitan force were heard clamping up the stairs. Reuben 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 time of the year, and that it isn't good as it got late, and just as their cousin was going home, and the flower 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 is Mr. Culwick-young Mr. Cul- this explanation with a stolid stare upon wick—our second cousin. You have his countenance; the second official, beheard me speak of him. You must not ing of an inquisitive turn of mind, opened his countenance; the second official, beattempt in any way to interfere with all the drawers and cupboards, and examined their contents; the third men inspected Mr. Thomas Eastbell, as he lay

> "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's 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 tri-

umvirate 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, nght, and we can't afford to part with he felt, had the right to criticise. 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 "Ask my sister; p'raps you'll take her the chair nearest to her lodger, and burst word. Sally," he said, "will the Peter- forth with her catalogue of wrongs, mak-

breath. man you have been. You keep away from home too much-vou have been seen at said Tom, "and they will know all about low places of amusement-you're going this fellow. They are as sure as I am wrong-you-you-you never tell us any

> "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

"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 king's evi-

dence, then!" cried our hero: "Why did you ask him not to tell me? -why are you always at the gardens?why had you the effrontery," she cried. with eyes ablaze now, "to ask that wretched, miserable girl to call here 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?"

Lucy was very pale, but she held her ground against his rage, though she had never been a witness to it before. He had been always a pleasant man till this day, but now he was full of passion and, perhaps, hate of her. She could understand more clearly now why his quarrel with his father had been a bitter one.

"It was a girl in a striped cotton dress," said Lucy, with emphasis. "She was a pert, insolent, miserably clad woman. She would not answer any of my questions, save that you had told her to call, and she grew impertinent at last."

"You sent her away?" "Yes. She said that she would never come again."

"Because of your hardness and harsh "She carried effrontery and desperation in her face."

"It's a lie!" shouted Reuben Culwick; 'you don't know what you are doing, what you have done, in your heartlessness. There was a soul to be saved, and you have wrecked it." "No," said Lucy, growing paler still,

'you don't mean-"I mean that that girl is my cousin,

for whom you tried to obtain an honest place in life," he replied, "for whose salvation I have been struggling after my useless fashion. I found her in Loudon, and tried to save her from the evil that was surrounding her. She saved my life, perhaps, then, and rendered me forever her debtor. When there was a chance for her, she was to come here. She came," he said, fiercely, "and you sent her away. How will you, with all your narrow views of charity, and God's mercy, and God's vengeance, answer for it, if you have cut from her the last thread which led her to a better life?" Leacy Jennings was cowed by his reproaches, by his vehemence. Suspicious, awfully suspicious, as she was, she was still a religious woman, and the horror cf 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 coiners 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

Reuben Culwick rose to greet his second-cousin and to introduce her to John Jennings, who was filling in some Roman 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 "Not ill exactly. A little weak, per-

haps," 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."

"She wants rest," muttered Lucy Jennings.

"I don't want rest-only a few hours, that is," said Sarah, correcting herself, and then I hope to set off to Worcester. I have been thinking of what you said to me at Potter's Court, and when Tom and his wife left me in the lurch-they went away in the night while I was asleep, as if they had grown suddenly afraid of me -I came to this place. I wanted you to take me down to Worcester, to stand by me. Besides, I want you to have the five pounds."

"What five pounds?" asked Reuben; 'that I gave your grandmother when-" "Oh, no-not that," said Sarah, "but to pay that one back, and part of which we were obliged to spend. There's five pounds reward offered for me, you know, and you must claim that, for it's through you I'm giving myself up. I shall say you have caught me, and-

"Here-hold hard-that will do-no more of your highly colored fictions, Cousin Sarah; it's time you gave them up, at any rate," he cried; "and as for the blood money, upon my honor, you turn me to gooseflesh at the thought of

"Why shouldn't you have the money as well as anybody else?" said Sarah reflectively.

"Suppose we argue the case in the norning?" "As we go to Worcester?" said Sarah

"very well. This good woman who traced me to-day thinks it would be right to tell the truth, but, oh! I can't tell grandmother. You will break it to her, in your best way. And I may rest here to-night?" turning to Lucy Jennings. "You will share my bed," said Lucy.

(To be continued.)

The Latest Anecdote of Mark, Twain. Mayor Low's secretary, James B. Reynolds, is authority for the following anecdote, which connects the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" with the originator of "Huck Finn."

The Stowe house at Hartford was situated close to the Clemens place, and not infrequently Mr. Clemens is known to have "shinned" over the back fence. his corncob pipe in his mouth, his collar and cravat anywhere but on him. These informal visits were a source of considerable annoyance to Mrs. Clemens. who frequently remonstrated with her husband on the subject.

On the occasion of one particularly long call of this sort, the indignant wife read her spouse a severe curtain lecture. Returning from this, saddened and repentant, the mournful humorist carefully wrapped up a collar and cravat in a sheet of brown paper and dispatched them to Mrs. Stowe, with the following explanatory note:

"Mrs. Clemens tells me that I spent half an hour at your house this morning without the enclosed articles. Therefore I must ask you to look at them for that length of time.

"P. S .- Please return them; they are

all I have." There are altogether thirty miles of bridges on the Siberian Railway, the lengest being at Krashnoyarsk being over half a mile in length.

## WASHINGTON.



Washington when he took up his great trust as commander-in-chief of the con- thority and native majesty-an ideal candle-cases for Mr. Splud's benefit, tinental army were most complicated commander. 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



MARTHA WASHINGTON.

was only a brave anod 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

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 experi-He was of fine physique and imposing his first inauguration.

The difficulties which encountered | presence, a splendid horseman, carrying with him ever the port and air of au

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

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 at last over 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

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 Mar Savannah has been removed from the premises of Augustus Frey in New York, to Mount Vernon, where it will remain hereniter as an example of what a firstwas long-distance vehicle was in the ighteenth century. The coach was purhased twenty-five years ago at the cen tennial in Philadelphia by Benjamir 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 ence in the previous Indian and French Mr. Frey notified Mr. Dodge that he wars, and had proven himself a wise, could have the ancient carriage. The vecompetent and heroic officer. He had hicle is said to have been used by Washgreat personal advantages for command. ington on his journey to New York for

### GEORGE WASHINGTON UP TO DATE.



That cherry tree episode with a few modern variations.-Philadelphia

# 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

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

upon them."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

#### Inherited.

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

"Patrimony, my dear," replied pa-"is something inherited from the

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

Education in Russia. Of the children of school age in Rus-

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Sootbing syrup the best remedy to use for their children the teetning season.

sia 17,000,000 are receiving no instruc-

Holds Ancient Insurance Policy. Charles M. Booth of Englewood, N.

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 Fears. 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.

Ba1 Break. "That fellow you advertise as a professor of physiognomy is a rank imposter," said the little man with the

scanty locks. "What makes you think so?" asked

the museum manager. "Because," answered the kicker, "he said my wife had a weak chin."



