

Second Cousin Sarah

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

CHAPTER XXVI.—(Continued.)

This was the man whom she had seen at her father's house, who had lodged with them at the button factory, and of whom she had caught a glimpse even at Sedge Hill. Tots and John Jennings were in the main thoroughfare of Holborn, both interested in the shops, when he touched Tots on the arm.

"Don't you know me?" he asked in a husky voice.

Tots gave a little scream, and clung more closely to John Jennings.

"Oh! don't let him take me away!" she cried at once.

"I don't want to take you away, Bessie—I only want to ask you how you are, after all these months," said Thomas Eastbell, offering a very dirty hand to the child to shake.

"Come, you let her alone, will you?" said John Jennings sharply. John did not admire the looks of the man who had forced himself upon the notice of Reuben's adopted child; John held Tots in trust, and was watchful of his charge.

The man before him was a forlorn specimen of humanity, ragged and dirty. John did not know Thomas Eastbell at first sight, but he was a judge of disreputability—he had seen so much of it in Flope street—he had become so disreputable himself.

"I have as much right to the child as you have," said Tom in a surly tone, "or as your master has, for the matter of that. The child's stole, and you know it."

"And its father will come to claim it precious quick, too—see if he don't—and you can tell Mr. Culwick, too, directly you get home. Say Tom Eastbell told him so—or Vizobini. You ought to know Vizobini of the Saxe-Gotha."

"You are Thomas Eastbell, then?" "Yes, and I don't care who knows it. You can give me in charge if you like—say for coining last year—I shall do it myself in an hour or two, if you don't—I hate the work, and it's awful cold outside the prison. Where's Sally?"

"Your sister, do you mean?" "Yes, of course I do," answered Tim; "she ain't at Sedge Hill."

"Never mind where she is," said John. "I don't mind. She won't help me—I'm her only brother, and starving in the streets. But you can take my compliments to her, Mr. Jennings, and I'm to be heard of at the 'Maggie.'"

Reuben was hard at trumpet work when John Jennings and Tots arrived home with the news of their meeting with Thomas Eastbell. He was working against time somewhat, but he set his pen aside to listen to John Jennings' recital and Tots' scared interpellations, paying particular attention to Mr. Eastbell's information that the child would be fetched away presently by her father.

"And he said that Sarah might hear of him at the 'Maggie'?" "Yes," answered John Jennings.

"John," he said suddenly, "you must take a letter to Sarah at once."

"Very well, Mr. Reuben."

"Don't say anything of your meeting with her brother," said John knowingly.

"Trust me for that," said John knowingly.

"She is not strong enough for any fresh trouble," said Reuben, as he drew a sheet of note paper toward him and wrote very reluctantly an excuse for not being able to see her as he had promised. He alleged no reason—he would explain when he saw her, he said—and he re-read the letter somewhat critically after he had finished the writing of it. It was a brief epistle; he should see her to-morrow, he hoped, and that would be time enough for explanation of his breach of promise. Sarah trusted him implicitly, and would know that only business of importance could keep him from her. She did not expect a long letter from him, and a heap of reasons, at that busy hour of the day. Let the letter go.

In the evening, somewhat late, Reuben Culwick, not too fashionably attired, was at the "Maggie." It was eight o'clock or later, when Thomas Eastbell's pock-marked countenance peered round one of the swinging doors. The "Maggie" was Tom's forlorn hope. He had sent a message to his sister, and she might attend to it. Who knows? He caught sight of Reuben Culwick, and his first impulse was to back into the street. Then he wavered; and while he was hesitating Reuben came from the public house and confronted him.

"You need not run away, Tom Eastbell," said Reuben.

"I haven't done you any harm," he returned; "I haven't done nobody any harm—never. All that you have heard about me has been a pack of lies. I've been as honest as I could be, and this is what comes of it. I'm hard up—I'm starving, Mr. Culwick, I haven't tasted food to-day."

"Where are your friends?" "They turned me out of their house. They said I was a blundering fool. One of them kicked me, last time I saw him."

"The Captain?" Tom Eastbell laughed sardonically.

"No, he can't kick. He broke both his legs in the country, jumping from a window of the button factory to get out of the way of the police. He can only swear and cuss me now."

"Is this Edward Peterson the father of the little girl you met this morning?" "He says he is. He gave me money to take care of her altogether. But it wasn't enough, so I lost her," said Tom coolly—"or rather," he added, interpreting Reuben's look of disgust correctly, "my old woman lost her. It was her fault. She never had a mite of feeling in her for anybody save herself."

"And I found the child when she was lost."

"And then Peterson turned up, and stormed and raved at me, till I told him where the child was, and he stole it from you back again. He was fond of that child when he was in a good temper, which wasn't often though."

"His wife—is she dead?" "Long ago, he tells me."

"Where is Edward Peterson now?" "In Worcester—Mitcheson's place, near the river—and you can put the bobbies on to him, if they're not taking care of him already. He has treated me bad enough."

"Who is with him?"

"An old sweetheart, who will marry him when his legs get better."

"Is it Mary Holland?" "That's her name. The woman who was at Sedge Hill. You know her well enough."

"And she is with Edward Peterson at Worcester?" "Yes."

Reuben Culwick waited for no further news; he had learned more than he had anticipated; he thought he saw all very clearly to the end now, and where his duty lay. He darted from the friendly shelter of the "Maggie," and hurried into Holborn, and from Holborn through sundry back turnings into Drury Lane, where he met John Jennings, who passed a great deal of his time walking up and down the street in which Reuben Culwick resided.

"John," said he, seizing him by the arm, "you must go to your sister's house. Find Sarah Eastbell. Tell her I have discovered that Miss Holland is in Worcester, that I have left London in search of her, and to end all suspense at once—her suspense as well as mine. I hope to be back on Monday."

"Is that all?" "Yes. Now be off at once."

Reuben hurried to his lodgings, begged his landlady to be careful of Tots till his return, looked in at Tots sleeping calmly in her little crib, stooped over her and kissed her without awakening her, and then hurried away to the railway station, in the hope of catching a night mail that should carry him on a portion of his journey toward Worcester.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Reuben Culwick was in the loyal city early the next day. The cathedral bells were ringing when he was searching in Mitcheson's place for Edward Peterson. The man who had leaped from the top window of the button factory and broken both his legs was not difficult to find—the inhabitants of Mitcheson's place knew all about him, who he was, and where he was, and the country police had been watching for his convalescence for weeks past, in order to conduct him to safe quarters. Edward Peterson was too ill to be removed at present—indeed, of late days the police had not been vigilant, a turn for the worse having taken place in the sick man's condition, and it being tolerably certain that he was drifting from the laws of his country in undue haste.

Reuben understood the position before he had reached the house—a policeman on duty in the street gave him the fullest particulars. It was the back room of the first floor to which he had been directed, and where he knocked softly for admittance. Some one crossed the room lightly, opened the door, and looked hard at him, with the color flickering faintly on her cheeks. It was Mary Holland, pale and thin, who faced him on the landing place.

"You have found me at last, then?" she inquired.

They did not shake hands—the shadow of the past mistrust was still between them, and there was no getting from it in the first moments of their meeting.

"You know that we have been searching for you—advertising for you?" said Reuben.

"Yes; but I did not care to answer yet," she replied.

"You are attending upon Edward Peterson?" "My husband—yes."

"Your husband!" repeated Reuben slowly.

"He is wholly friendless now—he is terribly alone—and at the last I have found the courage to do my duty," he said.

"Then the little girl—Tots—"

"Is mine. It was his promise that I should have the child back—it was the revelation that she lived—that kept me silent when my suspicions might have given a clew to the truths which perplexed you. To have betrayed him at that bitter hour was to kill my little girl. He swore it—and I knew how desperate a man he was, years ago," she added, sadly. "When he first came to Sedge Hill I wrote, warning you of danger—but not knowing what the danger was which threatened Sarah Eastbell."

"I see," murmured Reuben Culwick. "I was a woman in the toils, and knew not what I did," she continued. "When Sarah had disappeared, he said she should return in safety to Sedge Hill if I would keep my peace—and I was forced to trust him. Ah, sir! do not blame me too harshly—it was my child's life, my child's happiness against Sarah Eastbell's, and I acted like a mother, in the one hope of clasping her to my heart. I could not have brought your cousin back had I owned that man for my husband—I was in the dark with you—and my little Bessie lived."

"And you love this man?" "She answered: 'He killed my love years ago. I do my duty in calm apathy, that is all. Years ago he was my hero. He was honest then, and I was very young.' He was honest, and we were married secretly. When he grew tired of me, when he went wrong, he abandoned me without remorse, and took my child with him, in a spirit of revenge that nearly broke my heart. My marriage and that child's birth were not known to the world I found at Worcester—although your mother always doubted me. I tried hard to live apart from the past, when I believed my little girl was dead, but it all came back last autumn. This," she added, almost bitterly, "is a strange time for explanation."

"I have not come for explanation—I have no right to demand it," said Reuben; "but let me ask if my father knew of your marriage to Edward Peterson?"

"I dared not tell him. I was very poor—I was alone in the world, without a friend, and he had confidence in me, and liked me for my dead father's sake. Would he have wished you to marry me had he dreamed of this?" she added, with an impressive gesture toward the door of the sick room.

"Why did he wish this marriage?" "He told me on the day he died that he had ruined my father—deceived him

in some way of business and got rich by his disgrace," she said. "Heaven knows if this were true, or the wanderings of a demented mind. It is beyond our guessing at, and belongs not to our present lives."

"Mary Holland, it was true," said Reuben, solemnly; "I bring a proof of it in his statement—reparation."

"Impossible."

"He has left you all his money."

"There was a wild scream—an awful yell from the room which Mary Holland, or, rather, Mary Peterson, had quitted, and Mary ran back into the chamber, followed by Reuben in his haste to be of assistance to the affrighted woman.

It was only a cry of delight. Captain Peterson had heard all the news.

"Is it all true?" he gasped forth, turning to Reuben as if to a friend on whom, in this crisis of his life, he might rely.

"All the money is left to Mary Holland," answered Reuben.

"How is it—how is it that—that—this can be?" he inquired, catching at Reuben's hand and clasping it with his trembling fingers; "you see how excited I am, but I can bear good news. Good news will save me yet, please heaven."

"There has been discovered another will, signed by my father the day before his death. In it my father bequeaths the whole of his property to his faithful friend and housekeeper, Mary Holland."

"That's my wife," said Peterson, quickly; "don't forget she's my wife. We were legally married years ago, upon my soul, I swear it—it's easily proved—isn't it easily proved, Mary? Tell him so—don't stare at me like that."

"Yes, I am his wife," said Mary, thus appealed to; "I am not Mary Holland."

"Oh, that makes no difference," cried Peterson; "you were Mary Holland, you have always been known by that name to old Culwick, and it's your money—I know law enough for that. All yours—and all your husband's—why, it's as clear as daylight. This brings me back—to life! Where is the will?"

"I have brought it with me."

"Give it to me," said Peterson; "it isn't safe in other hands. I—I will keep it till I'm—stronger."

"Let him have it," said the wife, carelessly; "it will calm him, and rest is necessary."

"I would prefer your taking it, Mrs. Peterson," said Reuben, producing the will; "better still to leave it with a trustworthy solicitor to act upon. There will be no opposition to it in any way from Sarah Eastbell."

"It will be safe enough in my husband's keeping," said Mary, with strange listlessness.

Reuben gave her the will, and she crossed with it her husband's side and placed it in his hands, which with great difficulty began to unfold the paper on which Simon Culwick's last testament was written.

"I shall be glad—when I'm better," Edward Peterson whispered at last; "you can put it under my pillow—now."

"And the child?" asked Reuben, curiously.

A gesture, quick and deprecatory, from Mary Holland came too late to arrest the question, or to check the excitement of the prostrate vagabond, who half raised himself in bed in his vehemence.

"I'll never see the child again—I'd rather die than see her. She shall never be more than the beggar's brat she is!" he shouted.

"What has she done?" "She turned against her own father—when there was a chance of making money, it was she, that cursed child, who betrayed me."

The color vanished from his face again, and once more the leaden hue suffused it, and the eyes closed, as by the pressure of the hand of death itself upon them. Mary was at his side, when life seemed coming slowly back again, she said to Reuben:

"Leave me now. You see what he is—that he has ever been. I would prefer to be alone—to the end."

Reuben passed from the room and left the dying man to his strange wife's care. He had done his duty, he had rendered his father's will into the hands of those it was to benefit, and it had been coldly, almost unthankfully received. Let him get back to Sarah Eastbell and to the brighter life wherein she moved.

(To be continued.)

Had a Fuel Supply.

The 7-year-old grandson of William Dudley Foulke, the Civil Service Commissioner, went with his grandmother to the Senate to hear Senator Tillman's speech. They had fine seats in the front of the member's gallery, and the little chap made a brave show in his velvet suit and long curly hair. He listened intently, but didn't make out much of it until Senator Tillman referred, with much emphasis, to "anthracite coal." Then he piped up joyously, so he was heard all over the chamber:

"We've got some; we've got some."—New York World.

Strictly Professional View.

"Why don't you try to live down your past?" asked the visitor at the jail.

"It's no use," answered the prisoner.

"Not if you're sincerely sorry."

"Bein' sorry don't do no good. When dey've got your picture in de rogue's gallery you've got to git out o' de business. It's worse dan bein' up agin a trust."—Washington Star.

Hard Fall.

Tess—Did he seem hard hit when you told him I was married?

Jess—Not exactly. It took him by surprise, though, and he was interested.

Tess—Wanted to know how the wedding came off, and all that, eh?

Jess—No, he merely asked, "How did it happen?"—Philadelphia Press.

Extremely Improbable.

"Another thing about these apples," the dealer said, opening the barrel for his inspection, "is that if you put them in a cool place they will keep all winter."

"I am quite positive they won't," said the customer, who happened to be the father of a half grown boy, "but I'll take them."

Every one desires to live long, but no one would be old.—Swift.

MEETING "OLD EPHRAIM."

In an article entitled, "After Big Game in Wyoming," a writer in the Pall Mall Magazine tells of an exciting meeting between himself and a large grizzly bear. The interview was somewhat unexpected on both sides, and it lasted only a minute or two; but while it did last it occupied the undivided attention of all the participants.

I chanced to be riding ahead, says the author. "There's a bear!" whispered Jack, as a big gray head appeared over the fallen tree. What followed in the next few minutes takes longer to tell than it did to happen. As I sprang down from the saddle to shoot, an enormous grizzly of the largest kind jumped up on the trunk of the tree, behind which he had been feeding on a dead elk.

As I pulled the first trigger he sprang down, all claws, hair and teeth, and charged straight at us. The shot was a clean miss—over his back as he jumped down; and here was grizzly not thirty yards away, on a downhill run, and obviously intent on getting first blood.

The second bullet went home, right in the center of the broad, furry breast, as we afterward ascertained. He turned a complete somersault, and lighting on his feet again, came on, apparently uninjured.

My rifle was now empty, and there was no time to reload. The next few seconds were a kind of nightmare. I turned and jumped at the saddle, but my horse, seeing the bear close behind me, swerved and bolted before I could mount. Grizzly, now only a few yards away, was rising to strike with a gigantic, claw, sinewy paw that could, with a single blow, break a buffalo's back or tear out all his ribs.

With a cold thrill down my back I also swerved and bolted up the hill for all I was ever worth in what Jack afterward described as ten-foot strides. He, meanwhile, with unloading rifle thrown on the ground, sat on his horse fifty yards away, and emptied his six-shooter at the bear without apparent effect.

I glanced nervously over my shoulder as I ran, and then saw that the fight was done. Grizzly, obviously mortally wounded, having missed his blow, was blundering on down-hill, not knowing where he went. Even an old king of the divide, weighing a thousand pounds or so in sinewy, muscular flesh and bone, could not long withstand the effects of a half-inch expanding bullet, propelled by five drams of black powder through a good rifle barrel.

A BOYS' COOKING CLASS.

Thirty-two stalwart young men, some over six feet high, have formed themselves into a cooking class, which is probably the only institution of its kind in the world.

All of the boys belong to the Orange, N. J., high school, and the cooking class meets after school hours. Inquiries have come from England concerning it, and similar classes are to be started there. The class has been in existence over a year, and the pupils are athletic young fellows who



EMBRYO CAMP CHEFS.

have no idea of taking the places of cooks, but who want to shine at summer camps, where the gentler sex is not present.

Good, plain, old-fashioned fare is prepared and the dishes are made up in the most appetizing manner. Every kind of vegetable and fruit that grows in the garden, bread, biscuit, old-fashioned buckwheats, stews, roasts and soups are prepared by the boys.

The fact that the good things cooked are eaten by the chefs, sitting comfortably at a table where the lady teacher does the honors, is one of the reasons why the boys enjoy their novel lessons, and a larger number of boys than can possibly be instructed are clamoring for admission.

Literary Names.

"Yes," says the fond mamma, "I think we picked real pretty names for the two twins. Pat got them out of a book. I always did like a name with a literary tone to it."

"And what do you call the little darlings?"

"Fauna and Flora. It's from a book in the library downtown that tells about 'The Fauna and Flora of the Western Hemisphere.'"—Judge.

A Discovery.

They had been discussing the baby's ears, eyes and nose.

"And I think he's got his father's hair," said the joyful young mother.

"Oh, is that who's got it? I noticed it was missing," said the girl who knew her before she was married.—Exchange.

Spectacles Not Dainty.

Polite Chinese consider it a breach of etiquette to wear spectacles in company.

Chronic Sores Eating Ulcers

A Constant Drain Upon the System.

Nothing is a source of so much trouble as an old sore or ulcer, particularly when located upon the lower extremities where the circulation is weak and sluggish. A gangrenous eating ulcer upon the leg is a frightful sight, and as the poison burrows deeper and deeper into the tissues beneath and the sore continues to spread, one can almost see the flesh melting away and feel the strength going out with the sickening discharges. Great running sores and deep offensive ulcers often develop from a simple boil, swollen gland, bruise or pimple, and are a threatening danger always, because while all such sores are not cancerous, a great many are, and this should make you suspicious of all chronic, slow-healing ulcers and sores, particularly if cancer runs in your family. Face sores are common and cause the greatest annoyance because they are so persistent and unsightly and detract so much from one's personal appearance.

Middle aged and old people and those whose blood is contaminated and tainted with the germs and poison of malaria or some previous sickness, are the chief sufferers from chronic sores and ulcers. While the blood remains in an unhealthy polluted condition, and the sore will continue to grow and spread in spite of washes and salves, for the sore is the outward sign of some constitutional disorder, a bad condition of the blood and system, which local remedies cannot cure. A blood purifier and tonic is what you need—something to cleanse the blood, quicken the circulation and invigorate the constitution, and S. S. S. is just such a remedy. It counteracts and removes from the blood all the impurities and poisons, and gradually builds up the entire system; and when the blood has been purified the healing process begins and the ulcer or sore is soon entirely gone. S. S. S. contains no mineral or poisonous drugs of any description, but is guaranteed purely vegetable, a blood purifier and tonic combined and a safe and permanent cure for chronic sores and ulcers. If you have a slow-healing sore of any kind, external or internal, write us about it, and our physicians will advise you without charge. Book on "The Blood and Its Diseases" free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Wheeling, W. Va., May 28, 1903.

Some years ago while at work, I fell over a truck and severely injured both of my shins. My blood became poisoned as a result, and the doctor told me I would have running sores for life, and that if they closed up the result would be fatal. Under this discouraging report I left off their treatment and resorted to the use of S. S. S. Its effects were prompt and gratifying. It took only a short while for the medicine to cure up the sores, and I am not dead as the doctor intimated I would be, neither have the sores ever broken out again, and some 12 years have elapsed since what I have described occurred.

JOHN W. FUNDIS, Care Schmalbach Brewing Co.

Difficult Horseback Feat.

There are no better horsemen in the world than the cavalry officers of the Italian army, yet even among them there are very few who could perform the feat recently achieved by one of them.

To run an ordinary foot race is easy enough, but to run at full speed for several hundred yards holding in one hand a spoon on which rests an egg and to reach the goal without dropping the egg is a feat which must be practiced carefully a long time before it can be performed successfully, and as a result there are not many who can be sure of accomplishing it whenever they try. Great, therefore, was the surprise when an Italian officer mounted on horseback performed this difficult feat. Moreover, he selected a course in which there were two or three high fences, and these he cleared at full gallop without losing the egg.

A Sure Protection.

Barton, N. Dak., May 9.—Many cases are being published of how diseases have been cured and lives saved by Dodd's Kidney Pills, but there is a family in this place who use this remedy as a protection against the coming on of diseases and with excellent results.

Mr. W. A. Moffet says: "We have no very serious illness or complaint for we always use Dodd's Kidney Pills the very moment we feel the least symptom of sickness and they soon put us right. If we have a touch of lame back or think the kidneys are not right, we take a few Dodd's Kidney Pills and the symptoms are soon all gone."

"My brother had diabetes and the doctor told him he could not live until spring. I got some Dodd's Kidney Pills for him and although that was several years ago, he has lived through all the winters and springs since and is still living. Dodd's Kidney Pills are a wonderful medicine."

Right in His Line.

Mother—I don't know what in the world to do with my son. He is a born rover.

Neighbor—Why not make a Methodist minister of him?

One pound of cork is sufficient to support a man of ordinary size in the water.

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