

Second Cousin Sarah

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ANNIE JUDER, SPINSTER," "LITTLE KATE BIRDY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

The man who in his soul had advanced into Potter's Court had not betrayed by any change of feature his sense of the danger which seemed hanging over him. It was not an avoidable position, but his presence did not desert him. Had it not been for the stinging of hot lips and for the careful looking 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 words with which they favored him and the anxious faces of the women.

"Hanged if I didn't think so!" exclaimed Thomas Eastbell, alias Vandalino, to the crowded head paragon department; "so this is why you have been creeping about the Naxo-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 hoarse 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," said Sarah, at this juncture. "This is Mr. Culwick—your Mr. Culwick—our second cousin. You must not be afraid to 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 me? What good is he? What notice has he ever taken of me? He's a cousin at all, but a policeman trying to work on a case against people more honest than himself."

"I came to help your sister," said Reuben, with a grim smile. "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 you." "But you must," growled forth the man in the background, who had recently whistled 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, calmly. "The house is yours, and you'll have to pay for it. The house is yours, and you'll have to pay for it. The house is yours, and you'll have to pay for it."

"They will not come up here," cried Sarah. "They're sitting on the stairs waiting," said Tom, "and they will know all about this fellow. They are as sure as I am that he is a detective. What now?"

"Come back from that window," roared Tom. "I will do nothing of the kind," cried Sarah, standing there erect and defiant. "Mr. Culwick is allowed to quit this place if he will move away."

"Don't you see how you're making your mistake-law, cough, you brute?" said Thomas Eastbell. "If we were the Forty Thieves you couldn't make more fuss. Why—"

He was sliding 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 putter-like spring could fasten on her. It was a bold move, assuming the offensive in this fashion, but Reuben had grown weary at seeing his sister's throat cut by the evening 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 here," 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."

atmosphere had impressed, as it had done Reuben at an earlier hour.

No one had been throwing another out of the window, whistled Mrs. Eastbell, so no one had been mortally leaved or anything. They had had a little quarrel 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 intended to this explanation with a stolid stare upon his countenance; the second official, being of an impulsive 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 inconspicuously by giving him the benefit of the glare from a 'bull-eye' lantern on his face.

"Some, that a man won't do, young fellow," 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 gone." "Go away, then." Reuben went out of the room, and the policeman 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 Sarah's sake. She 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 staid stare of her brother appeared to be taking him in far too intensely, because a source of irritation to him.

"Is anything the matter, Lucy?" he asked at last one morning. Lucy Jennings set 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 now, and you don't believe in the best plans of amusement—you're going wrong—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."

"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 Naxo-Gotha?" "Ah, the racial has turned grey's evidence, then," cried out hers.

"Why did you ask him not to tell me?—why are you always at the gardens?—why had you the efferentary," 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 all 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, insubordinately clad woman. She came in here, and asked me questions, and she gave me impertinent answers. You sent her away?"

"Yes, she said that she would never come again." "Because of your hardness and harshness?"

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. Spind's benefit, which was to take place in a fortnight's time at the Naxo-Gotha.

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

"How do you 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, shortly, 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 uniting 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. "Who 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 have caught me, and—"

"Here—hold hard—that will do—no more of your highly colored fancies, 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 goodshell at the thought of it."

"Why shouldn't you have the money as well as anybody else?" said Sarah reflectively. "Suppose we argue the case in the morning?"

"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 tonight," turning to Lucy Jennings.

"You will share my bed," said Lucy. (To be continued.)

WASHINGTON'S NAME.



At the heart of our country the tyrant was lying, To dye there the point of his dagger in gore. When Washington sprang from the watch he was keeping, And drove back that tyrant in shame from our shore; The cloud that hung o'er us then parted and rolled Its wreaths far away, deeply tintured And high on its fold— Was a legend that told The brightness that circled our Washington's name.

Long years have rolled on, and the sun still has brightened Our mountains and fields with its radiant glow; And the bolt that he wielded so proudly has lightened, With a flash as intense, in the face of the foe; On the land and the sea the white banner—

relics. From one of these it is supposed the father of his country took the design for the original American flag. On the ground floor of the house is a dining hall twenty-eight by seventeen feet in length, also a tiny breakfast room. The dining hall contains a large open fireplace and oak beams form its ceiling. On the first floor above are the drawing room and two bedrooms. The next floor is occupied by one big bedroom with an adjoining dressing room, and still above, there are three attic bedrooms.

ONE PICTURE OF WASHINGTON. From the portrait by James Peale, painted from life for David C. Claypool of Philadelphia, editor of the Daily Advertiser, the journal chosen by Washington to publish his fargwell address. In this picture Washington is represented in the uniform of commander-in-chief. The form is well drawn, the face serene and dignified, the costume true to the period. At the death of Mr. Claypool it was purchased, with the original manuscript of the address (which Mr. Claypool by Washington's permission had retained), by James Lenox, and is in the collection founded by him in the city of New York.

So Many More to Cut Down. "Say, mam—" "What is it, Tommy?" "If dey'd had Arber Day when George Washington was er kid, he'd had a cluch, wouldn't he?"

Washington as Dictator. Dec. 27, 1776, George Washington was made Dictator in the United States. It is a remarkable—and not a very well observed—passage in American history. Students know he was honored above other men at different times in his life; but that the Congress of this country should ever clothe any man with the powers and attributes of Dictator—as if it were a South American State—seems incredible. Yet that is what Congress did years ago. True, the authority was to run only six months; but a less patriotic man, as warranted, might have made himself Dictator for life, King or what-over he liked.—Chicago Evening Post.

None for Her. "Really, Mrs. O'Toole," said Mrs. Naylor, "you should send little Denis to the kindergarten." "Plawt koid at a thing is that?" demanded the contractor's wife. "Kindergarten? Oh, that's simply German for—"

Good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue.—Isaak Walton.

HIS ANCESTRAL HOME. House of Washington's Ancestors Still Stands at Branbury, Kentland. The home of George Washington's ancestors still stands at Branbury in the English county of Northamptonshire, about eighty miles from London. The old-fashioned manor house now forms a part of what is known as the Sulgrave estate. The house, while small compared with many homes of the English gentry, is well arranged and comfortable. It is built mostly of stone and has a stone roof and square porch of stone imbedded in which are some interesting antique

GOOD Short Stories

The late Gustav von Moser, the successful German author of comedies, whose name is best remembered in this country in connection with "The Private Secretary," used to show his friends a little crystal urn in which he ordained that his ashes were to rest after his cremation. "From every one of the many laurel wreaths showered on him after the premiere of a new success," so the story goes, "he used to pluck a single leaf, burn it, and lay its ashes in the urn. 'And so, you see, he was wont to say with his sunny smile, 'one of these days I shall really be resting on my laurels.' And so it came about, for his whimsical request was scrupulously observed."

The late British ambassador, Sir Michael Herbert, was a guest at a dinner at one of the clubs in Washington not many months before his death. He was one of the speakers of the evening, and was to be followed by Rear Admiral Charles Beresford. "I am to be followed by a little sailor man," he observed, after an extremely felicitous speech in a more serious vein, "at least, he has been a sailor. I believe he is engaged at present in the plastering business." There was a little polite laughter from those who felt sure that a joke was intended, while others waited, believing that the final touch was to come. "I see you don't understand my joke," said the ambassador, taking in the situation; "I mean that he is engaged in cementing the good relations between England and America."

Thomas A. Edison believes there is no work so mechanical as the telegraph operator's. To prove his deductions, he relates this incident: "One night when I was a 'cub' operator in Cincinnati, I noticed an immense crowd gathering in the street outside a newspaper office. I called the attention of the other operators to the crowd, and we sent a messenger-boy out to find the cause of the excitement. He returned in a few minutes and shouted out: 'Lincoln's shot!' Instantly the operators looked from one face to the other to see which man had received the news. All the faces were blank, and every man said he had not taken a word about the shooting. 'Look over your file,' said the boss to the man handling press stuff. For a few moments we waited in suspense, and then the man held up a sheet of paper containing a short account of the attack on the President. The operator had worked so mechanically that he had handled the news without the slightest knowledge of its significance."

The recent death of Lord Rowton, Disraeli's trusted secretary, and the executor of his estate, was responsible for the following explanation of how Mrs. Brydges Wilyams came to leave her fortune to Lord Beaconsfield: "Dixy received one morning a letter from Mrs. Wilyams—whom he did not know—in which she said that she had read his novels with much interest, and would like to make his acquaintance. She also asked a question which rendered it necessary for him to answer the letter. Unfortunately, the letter was left in his greatcoat pocket, and Dixy did not wear the coat until several months after, when he happened to be in the south of England, and in the very town in which Mrs. Wilyams lived. Coming across the letter in such circumstances, it occurred to him to call upon her, and Mrs. Wilyams was so flattered at, as she thought, his carrying the letter so long about him, and then calling, that she decided on leaving him her fortune! That shows how wise it is not to answer letters," added Lord Rowton.

A SCHEME THAT FAILED. Unsuccessful Attempt to Discover a Competitor's Secret. A group of young men all active in the world of business, were telling hard stories at the Manufacturers' club one evening recently. An electrical engineer, still in his early 30's, whose salary is represented by five figures, told the following: "I've been up against it more than once, but an adventure I had in New York in '96, like Aaron's serpent, swallows all the rest. At the time I was manager and stockholder to a limited extent in Baltimore. We were operating under a patent, and things were just beginning to come our way when we got word from our salesman that goods similar to ours were being placed upon the market at a figure which we could not meet.

"I got samples of the goods and the figures from three different sources, and at once called a meeting of the directors. Our patent was worthless as a matter of protection, and our only source was secrecy; and, so far as we were able to do it, our process was kept from prying eyes. But there was some one who was beating us at our own game. If we could find out how it was done we could do it ourselves; if we couldn't, it meant ruin.

"The next day disguised as a workman, I went over to New York and found the factory without any trouble, but try as I would I couldn't get employment. The foreman said he hadn't work enough to keep his men going and would have to discharge some of them. I was desperate. It was a bitter winter day, and a foot and a half of snow lay on the ground. As a last resort, I asked him if he would let me shovel the snow from the sidewalk and give me a square meal in payment. This appeal reached his heart, and I got the job. It was no joke, I can tell you, for the factory was a big one and the sidewalk long. But I was glad to get the chance, for it meant that I was to have a show to get inside the works, and I only needed a few hours at most to find out how the trick was done. It took me four hours to get the sidewalk cleared, and my back was nearly broken when I went into the office again. The foreman looked up from his desk as I came in and said: "Got it done so quick?" "Yes," said I. "Let's go out and look at it."

"And we went out. He looked the sidewalk over and said: 'It's a good job. I didn't think you could do it. Now, if you look sharp you'll be in time to catch the noon train for Baltimore, and 'Just tell them that you saw me.' That was a new song in those days, and I have detected it ever since."—Philadelphia Press.

PROMINENT TRAIT OF RACE. Negro's Love of Music Manifest in His Daily Avocations. "Marvel as you will at the negro's penchant for music, it stands out as the most pronounced trait of the race," said Representative Williams of Mississippi. "They love harmony of sound. It innates with them. They excel in music, although it is not developed in its higher phases, because they draw from the most ordinary surroundings. A negro woodchopper, a roustabout, a rail-splitter, will inject the idea of music, the harmony of sounds, into his work. Show me a bookkeeper or bank cashier who ever joggles figures in a manner to make them suggest music and I'll show you a model of Gabriel's horn.

"The conclusion is forced that the cold, intensely practical affairs of the up-to-date business man exclude all sentimental feelings. The banker goes to the opera when he desires music. The broker hears only the monotonous ticking of the telegraph instrument. The bank clerk is abjured to work silently. If he whistles or sings in the counting-room he is corrected if not dismised.

"Note the difference. The negro splitting rails in the woods mingles his voice in a well-blended manner with the noise made by the mail. The swing of his voice matches the swing of the mail, and falls with the strongest force just when the wedge is struck. The steamboat roustabout hauls in a line with a sort of rhythm that suggests music, chanting the while. So it is with these fellows. Watch them tamping the asphalt with those heavy trons. Observe the precision of their movements. Catch the sounds as the heavy weights fall. If the ear is properly attuned you will hear the music of the sound and also the rhythm of the movements. Out of this simple manual labor those negroes get as much music as an ordinary drum corps would produce.

A few days ago I had my shoes polished in the Natchez. I was surprised to catch the strains of 'There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night' from the swish of the cloth the negro was using, and I discovered that he could faintly produce several other simple airs. In a barber-shop a negro boy used a whisk broom on my clothes, and the first thing I knew he was fairly sweeping music off my shoulders. Watch for such demonstrations if you do not believe the correctness of the instances I have given. You will soon be convinced."

WHAT THE BOSS THOUGHT. His Idea of the Way Public Affairs Should Be Managed. Other men may make the speeches and write the platforms; let me bestow the jobs. One man with a little political swag in view outweighs a hundred good citizens. He will hustle; they will not. Some politicians say: "First my own interests; then the interests of the party; then the interest of the people." They are soft. My motto is: "First, my own interest; then my own interest; then my own interest." Why should a man fritter away his time? The weakness of my enemies is that when they get power they think they have to look after the welfare of the service and the good of the people. The people are dough. The people can't do anything but sleep.

Let the young man seeking a political career study the game of poker and learn the meaning of bluff. It is all very well to be a "talented young literary and newspaper man." But there is more satisfaction in owning and bossing a whole bevy of the sweet creatures. And that is easy. Because they will all come to you if you succeed. Power is power.—Kansas City Journal.

A Chinese Auction. The celestial always seems to do things differently from other nations and men. Perhaps nowhere is this more apparent than at an auction sale in China. To a stranger it is a most curious spectacle. It is a quiet, solemn proceeding, perfect silence being preserved the whole time. In this particular it is unlike the noise and confusion that usually reigns on like occasions in this part of the world. The auctioneer leans over a slightly elevated counter and exhibits his wares. He says nothing, neither does the bidder, who merely steps forward to the auctioneer and runs his fingers up his sleeve, making pressures on the salesman's arm, indicating in this manner how much he is willing to pay for the article. Then another and another repeat the action until the one signifying the highest price receives the article without a word being exchanged on either side. Only the auctioneer and the successful bidder know the price offered and accepted. The opportunity for favoritism in this method is apparent, and doubtless is often shown.

The Less, the More. "What?" asks the astonished husband when the wife shows him the bill for her new theater gown; "five hundred dollars for that dress?" "Why, yes, dear," purrs the fond wife. "Five hundred dollars? Why, there isn't half as much goods in it as there is in one of your ordinary dresses." "I know; but when the modiste makes a decollete gown she makes a higher charge."

Another Label on the Sex. "Laura," said Mr. Ferguson, "do you suppose your mother would like to go with us to the concert to-morrow night?" "I am sure she would."

"You might call her up by telephone and ask her * * * Now, Reggie," he said to the friend that had called in, "we'll have a smoke. It takes two women half an hour to finish a talk over a telephone."—Chicago Tribune.