

# Second Cousin Sarah

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

CHAPTER XXIII.—(Continued.)

It was dark when he returned to the house, and he closed the shutters and barred the door very carefully before he sat down by the fire to reflect upon his next step. He had been reflecting on that day, without seeing his way too clearly to the results on which he had set his heart—a large sum of money, and a new life ahead of him.

He would not go upstairs yet another hour would be of advantage to him, and he must wait. The bank at Worcester was shut, and there would be no getting more till to-morrow morning—before that time came she would sign the check, and remain a prisoner in Jackson's button factory until time had been allowed for him to cash it. That was the end of the brilliant scheme which he had planned out like an artist.

Suddenly there was a violent knocking at the door, and Peterson sprang up, with his hand shaking on the back of the chair. He reached his hand toward the candle and extinguished the flame, as his first resource against an unseen enemy. Then he crept on tiptoe toward the door.

"Who's there?"

"Let me in."

"Tom Easthall!" ejaculated Peterson. He opened the door, and dragged the applicant for admittance into the house by the collar of his coat—a man drenched to the skin by heavy rain.

"You soddler!" shouted Peterson. "Why couldn't you stop at Sedge Hill? How dare you come interrupting? Didn't you let it in to me?"

"Here—let me go through—let a fellow speak. What are you doing in the dark? Where are they all? Is Sarah here? Has she signed the check?"

Peterson released his hold and looked the front door again. Tom followed him into the room, and sat down shivering by the fire. His companion and adviser relighted the candle, and held it to his face.

"Why did you come?"

"For safety. Oh, Ned, I shall be hanged!" Tom cried. "The old woman is dead, and everybody thinks I have done it. Here's a blessed good for an innocent man! I never thought her, upon my soul, she died right in front of me in the picture gallery, and it was nothing to do with me. I wouldn't have thought of such a thing."

"Dead? The old woman dead?" said Peterson, surprised as at this revelation.

"Oh—ugh—yes," he said, shuddering more strongly. "Her eyes opened and she died. And then the beast of a woman, Hartley, came in when I screamed, and said that I had murdered her. I was talking her over to make a will, when she died—that's all. Oh! let's go to London."

"Tom," said Peterson with excitement, "you must go now. You must not leave anything to chance. Quick! The old woman has died naturally—the doctor will prove that—and you have nothing to fear."

"Oh, haven't I? That's all you know about it?"

"You accused didn't you see that you are rich?—that Sarah Easthall was only between you and a colossal fortune?—Sarah Easthall is dead, too?"

"Sarah dead, too?" screamed Tom. Easthall in his excitement; "Oh, don't say that. It can't be."

"Hush! Keep it quiet; it is an eternal secret between you and me; but she sprang out of the boat suddenly last night, they told me, and was drowned. In a day or two they will find her in the Severn, and you will be half-dead."

"They'll say I killed the couple of them."

"Sarah ran away from home—everybody knows that—and came to harbor by accident. There is nothing more natural."

"Poor Sally! She was a good sort," said Tom; "and she—she's dead then. Thank goodness it was quite an accident—for nobody meant to kill her."

"Get back to work at any cost. Say you were distracted, and did not know what you were doing—that you have been in search of Culwick—or a doctor. Get back."

"Suppose they take me up for killing my grandmother, that's what I'm afraid of."

"Get back; you are safe. Get back, fool, to all that wealth."

Edward Peterson's excitement was greater than Thomas Easthall's now. He thrust him from the house; he locked the door after him; he tottered back to the room.

Tom Easthall would be rich—immensely rich—if his sister Sarah were removed from all the troubles of this world. Tom Easthall in his power—at his mercy for many past offenses—a weak fool who he could rule implicitly, and get money quickly by.

Then, with the light in his hand, he proceeded with a wonderful steadiness of step up the stairs. A strange specimen of a villain this—for he went into the daughter's room first, and said, "Poor Bess—you have gone for good then," and walked out again, and the remaining flight, with a very sorrowful countenance. He drew the key from his pocket, unlocked the door, strode in, and then stopped suddenly—a man struck, as it were, into stime by his amazement.

The room was empty!

CHAPTER XXIV.

Reuben Culwick did not reach Sedge Hill till a late hour, when the blinds were down before every window of the great house. He did not dream of going at home while he had been abroad in pursuit of the living, and in the deep thought born of his baffled search, he strode up the broad garden path without being struck by the blank aspect of the mansion.

"How did it occur? Tell me everything!" he asked, as he went into the picture gallery, and Hartley followed him. The story was related, and he listened patiently. He heard of his aunt's death, and of Thomas Easthall's flight—the of the suspicion which attached to Thomas Easthall until the doctor's arrival, and that gentleman's belief in the natural termination to the life and career of the old lady of the inquest which must follow her decease.

He walked up and down the great picture gallery in his old restless fashion, planning for the morrow. Suddenly he quitted the gallery, and went upstairs to Aunt Easthall's room, at the door of which Hartley's knock had been heard. He looked at the door, and saw that the poor old woman needed protection still.

"Why are you waiting here now?" he asked the servant.

"If you please, sir, Mr. Thomas Easthall has come back again. He has been looking for you, and for the doctor, he says—and I thought that I would sit here as usual."

"Where is the man?"

"In his own room, changing his clothes, which are wet."

"We will not disturb him. Have you your aunt's keys?"

"There was a little lamp upon the bracket, and he passed into his aunt's bed-chamber, Hartley remaining at her foot. It was a solemn moment in his life, which

shut collar; his throat had begun to swell, and he felt uncomfortable.

"Oh," he said, "if that's it you're on a wrong."

Tots had looked round at the sound of his voice some moments since, but he had not noticed her till then, and then his voice uttered a cry, and his eyes protruded in amazement. He did not ask any further questions of Miss Jennings. The child belonged to Edward Peterson. He and his wife had the charge of her care, and grown tired of her, and lost her in a Cambridge street, where Reuben had found her; and Edward Peterson had discovered her a year or so afterward, and taken her from the Jennings; but he could not stop to explain that now. A few days ago that child was at Jackson's button factory, and she must have come back because he had found her; and Edward Peterson had discovered her a year or so afterward, and taken her from the Jennings; but he could not stop to explain that now. He knew it had not been safe to return, but that fool Peterson had persuaded him. They knew all, and were getting him into a line by degrees; everything might have been discovered, for what he knew to the contrary. He must "cut it," at any risk.

He went into the passage and closed the door behind him. He took down a hat from the rack in the hall and put it on. It was Reuben's hat, and went over his eyes, and was altogether a bad fit; but the sooner he was off the better, and when he had put his own hat on he could not recollect in the present confusion of his faculties.

He went on tiptoe to the front door, and drew back the heavy bolts and the big lock. He opened the door and let in the wind and rain—and Sarah Easthall!

Yes, it was his sister, with a shawl over her hair, and her face, white and wild, peering from it. She had come back—she knew all, and was doing for "Tom's" sake. "You shirked forth, at first sight of him."

Thomas Easthall went down on his knees at the same moment as Reuben came from the drawing room.

"Oh, Reuben take care of me," Sarah murmured, as she went feebly to the friendly shelter of his arms; "I have no one else."

"She could never take care of herself," muttered the infernal Lucy, as she followed Reuben. Culwick had said, and Sarah Easthall was back in her own house.

(To be continued.)

COLONEL TOLD THE TRUTH.

Got Half a Hog and Won Case for the Negro Who Stole It.

"The West has some great lawyers," said the Missouri colonel to the crowd that had been discussing rapid-fire cases in court.

"Oh, I don't know," said the young lawyer from Hackensack; "suppose you name a few of them?"

"Well," replied the colonel, "there's old Jeff Thomson and Zeb Blackburn and Col. Ike Hilton, all of Christian county, Missouri, and any one of them can take you Easterners every spade in the deck, except one and then win. Take Col. Ike Hilton, for instance. Why, once when he was both lawyer and witness. It was the fall term of court at the county seat of Christian County. The first case on the docket was that of a negro charged with stealing a fattening hog."

"There were not many negroes in Christian County, for the simple reason that they had to stand for about everything that happened in the criminal line, and consequently got considerably thinned out. The one in this case was the only negro in the township where the man lived who lost the hog, and when it disappeared he had him arrested on general principles. That time it happened that the negro was guilty."

"As a lawyer as Link—his name was Lincoln Washington, but they called him 'Link' for short—as soon as Link was arrested he sent for Col. Ike, and as Link owned a little farm and had some live stock, Col. Ike responded readily."

"Link," said Col. Ike, "I guess you got that hog?"

"Link was silent, for he did not know whether it would be safe to confess."

"Come, now," said Col. Ike, slapping him on the back, "you got that hog, and if you don't own up I can't take your case."

"Link squirmed uneasily."

"Yans, sah," he said, "Ah guess Ah has, Col. Ike."

"That's the stuff!" replied Col. Ike, reassuringly. "Where is the hog now?"

"It ain't in 'n' dress 'n' er hangin' in 'n' stall smokehouse," answered Link.

"All right, Link; now let me tell you what to do. I'm going to get you loose, and as soon as you go home I want you to cut that hog exactly to two and bring me half. Do you hear? Then you have me summoned for a witness."

"Link heard and agreed, and the next day there was fresh meat at Col. Ike's house."

"When the case was called Link appeared, wearing a serene smile. The court was both surprised and impressed to find that he had such an influential witness. Two other witnesses were called first, for a bluff, and then Col. Ike took the stand."

"In response to the customary question, 'What do you know about this case?' Col. Ike swore pointblank to Link's innocence."

"I know," he said, "that Link Washington here has no more of that hog than I have."

"Of course, such testimony was inadmissible, and Link was not only acquitted, but exonerated."

"Now," continued the traveling man, according to the New York Times, "we'll hear from the East."

His Explanation.

Why are people who buy gold bricks invariably farmers? asked the man who assumes superiority.

"I dunno," answered Mr. Corntossel, "unless it's because farmers are the only folks nowadays who have money enough to make it worth while for sharpers to bother with 'em."—Washington Star.

Almost Night.

"What do you know about this case?" asked the lawyer.

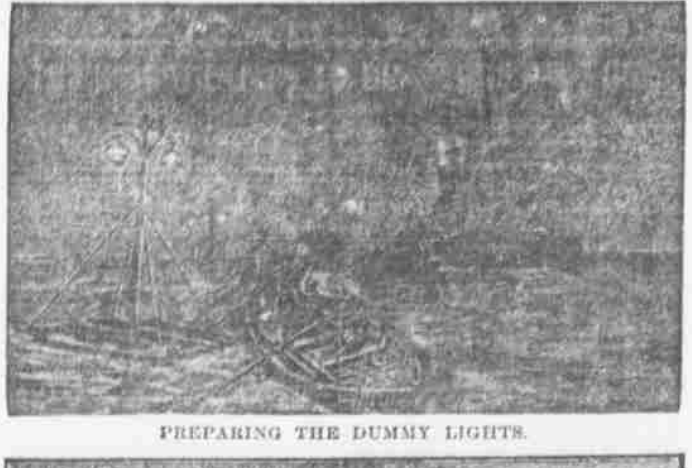
"Nothing," replied the witness. "I'm the expert."

Subsequently his testimony proved conclusively that he knew less than nothing.—Chicago Tribune.

A Suspense.

She—You didn't stay long in London. He—No, I couldn't stand it. Over there everybody knew me for an American right away. Here, in New York, no one ever suspects it.—Smart Set.

## TRICK OF THE JAPS TO DRAW RUSSIAN FIRE.



PREPARING THE DUMMY LIGHTS.



FORTS OPEN FIRE ON THE DUMMY LIGHTS.

Rafts bearing lights are reported to have been used by the Japs at various points on the Kwantung (Port Arthur) peninsula to ascertain the location, character and range of Russian guns. Such rafts, which are not altogether new in warfare, are constructed out of light of the enemy, fixed with lamps to represent ship's lights, and turned loose at a point where the tide will carry them toward the enemy's forts. The gunners in the forts see a string of lights a mile or two out and open fire on what looks like a line of ships. Torpedo boats of the attacking fleet are close enough to observe where the fire comes from, the range of the guns, and their size. Where the attacking fleet already has this information the trick is used to cause the enemy to waste ammunition.

## PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S "OFFICIAL TWINS."



The chums of President Roosevelt's Cabinet are Ethan Allen Hitchcock, Secretary of the Interior, and James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture. They are comrades in every sense of the word. For years they have walked away from cabinet meetings together, except on bad days, when their carriages were waiting for them. They manage to finish their work in the Cabinet room about the same time and leave the President's offices together. Mr. Hitchcock lighting a cigar as he walks away from the Cabinet room.

The friendship between the two men dates back three or four years. They began to like each other and the comradeship followed. They are jealously guarded by the President as the "official twins" of his Cabinet and the other Cabinet members say funny things to them and about them. They go on, however, as they have gone for years, believing in and admiring each other.

## HANDY ELECTRIC FAN.

Every year brings out some new design in electric fans, which have of recent years proven as great a boon to the power companies as to the suffering humanity, whose midsummer sufferings are greatly alleviated through the means of these little devices. The companies find it profitable to encourage the use of fans for the reason that it makes a demand for the current at a time of the year when there is but little demand.

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## NOISE OF A MOVING TRAIN.

Engineers Are Not Disturbed by the Rattle of Cars Over the Rails.

The locomotive engineer was talking about his run. He maintained that, with the roar and rattle of the engine directly beneath him and of the train thundering behind, he had no trouble in hearing what his fireman on the other side of the cab said to him, and the fireman could understand and answer. The noise of the train seems to be something extra accustomed to him, to which he has become so accustomed that it does not interfere in any way with his ordinary faculties. It appeared from his remarks, to be like a dull clatter of numerous typewriters in a big office, which never interferes with speech or thought except a person has become accustomed to the noise. He asserted that he knew of old engineers who had become so deaf when they were not in the cab, and their friends had to yell at them to make themselves understood. But as soon as the veterans stepped into the engine and got the rattle of the train in their ears they could hear the ordinary conversational voice, despite the thunder of the machinery and the wheels. As soon as the train stopped they were deaf again for that interval, only to be right as soon as the pandemonium of the wheels shook up their aural openings.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

## NO JAIL COULD HOLD HIM.

French Burglar Makes Good His Boast That He Would Break Jail.

The police throughout the whole of France are making a thorough search for a hotel burglar named Vanderwegate, who recently made a wonderful escape from Lille prison, where he was confined in an underground condemned cell. He had been placed there because he had boasted that the jail could not keep him. The massive door of the cell opened on a corridor, at the end of which was another door, fitted with a safety lock.

Locked up for the night on Monday, Vanderwegate was not to be found on Tuesday morning. He had left a couple of keys made of tin behind him as a memento. It is supposed that he made an impression of the lock of the cell with bread given

## FISH FOOD NOT THE BEST.

Many Fallacies Regarding a Diet on Sea Products Are Extant.

It is doubtful whether any given food in common use contains constituents which have a selective action, so to speak, on the property of ministering to one part of the body more than another. As a rule, when a food is assumed to have specific reparative properties—as, for example, a so-called brain or nerve food—the fact really is that such food is easily and quickly assimilated to the body's general advantage; in a word, in such a case repair quickly overtakes waste and a real purposeful nutrition and restoration are accomplished. The administration of such elements as phosphorus or iron in medicine, is, of course, a different matter, but these elements are evenly distributed in the materials of a daily diet.

It is often stated that fish is a food which ministers particularly to the needs of the brain because it contains phosphorus. As a matter of fact, fish does not contain more phosphorus than do the ordinary meat foods, and it certainly does not contain it in a free state. The notion that fish contains phosphorus had no doubt its origin in the glowing phosphorescence of fish in the dark. This phosphorescence is due not to phosphorus at all, but to microorganisms. The belief, therefore, that fish is brain food is just about as reasonable as the idea that because a soup is thick and gelatinous "it will stick to the ribs" or as sensible as the celebrated advice to Verdant Green to lay in a stock of Reading biscuits to assist his reading.

Fish, of course, is excellent food, partly because of the nourishing nature of its constituents and partly because of its digestibility. But it is in no sense a specific for brain or nerve.—London Lancet.

## LIVELY ELEVATOR GIRL.

Martha Washington Hotel Has One Pro Tem, and Approves of Her.

The Martha Washington Hotel has an elevator girl. Her services were volunteered, and were accepted only as an experiment in an emergency. They have proved so satisfactory that a petition will be presented to the managers, requesting them to do away with the elevator boys.

Yesterday was a busy day at the Martha Washington, and the boy managing the second elevator ran it to the third floor and deserted it at a time when one of the other elevators was out of order. A crowd gathered on the third floor, and there was furious ringing of elevator bells. Finally, a neat little maid appeared.

"I'll take you down," she volunteered.

"Oh!" exclaimed one of the ladies, "mercy on us! Do you know anything about it?"

"I guess I can do anything those boys can do," said the girl.

Several of the women said they were not afraid, and stepped in, and the elevator shot down with a jump. It went so fast that Mary shut off the power with a yank that brought the emergency brakes into play, and the elevator stopped with a terrific jolt half way between the first and second floors.

"It's all right," said Mary, reassuringly. "I just started too sudden and quit too sharp. Now, this time it'll be all right." And it was.

Then, just to show what she could do, Mary ran the car from the top to the bottom of the building twice without letting the passengers out. She ran the car until the boy came back and demanded his job.—New York Sun.

## Peril in Electric Wires.

It was claimed at one time that the substitution of electricity for gas and petroleum in lighting would result in a lessening of the danger from fire. But a recent report issued by the Toronto fire and light commission tends to show that the danger has been increased rather than diminished by the change. The report gives a record of 150 fires due to electric currents during the last three months of 1903, with an aggregate loss of \$1,000,000.

When classed according to causes the list shows that twenty-two fires were due to the contact of telephone, telegraph and other low potential wires with electric light and other high tension circuits. Wires grounded on gas pipes were responsible for nineteen fires. Eleven fires were due to the defective wiring of gas fixtures, five to the puncturing of gas pipes by the currents on flexible cords wrapped around them, three to short circuits in moulding cut out boxes, fifteen to overhead and nine to incandescent lamps coming in contact with inflammable material. In the same report 135 fires are recorded in which electricity was suspected of being the cause, but in which all material evidences of origin were destroyed.—Toronto Globe.

## Vagaries of Our Language.

The vagaries of English spelling are well illustrated in the following extract. The words sound properly, but the spelling does not correspond to the meaning required. It would make a good exercise in spelling to rewrite the extract in its proper form:

Know won kneads weight two bee tolled thee weigh too dew sew.

A rite suite little buoy, the sun of a grate kernel, with a rough around his neck, sue up the rode as quick as a deer. After a thyme he stopped at a blew house and wrung the belle. His tow hurt bym and he kneaded wrest. He was two tired to raze his fare, pall face. A feint noon rows from his lips.

The made who herd the belle was about two pair a pare, but she through it down and ran with awl her mite, for fear her guessees wook knut weight. Bust when she saw the little wun, tiere stood in her eyes at the site.

"Ewe poor deer! Why dew yew lye hear?" she oer dyin'g?"

"Know," he said, "I am feint."

The boar hymn in her arms, and hurried two a rheum where he mite bee quiet, gave him bred and meet, held a cent bottle under his knows, untide his neck scarf, rapped him up warm, and gave him a suite drachm.—St. Nicholas.

## He Told Her at Last.

"There is something," he said, "that I have wanted to tell you for a long time, but—" "Oh, Bertie," she said, blushing sweetly, "not here in the car before all these people. Wait. Come this evening."

"It's merely that you have a streak of soot down the middle of your nose, but I couldn't for the life of me get a word in till just now."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## Murder Record in South Carolina.

According to the report of the attorney general of South Carolina to the General Assembly of that State, the circuit solicitors have tried since 1888 2,781 cases for murder. During the last five years 838 murder trials have been held and in 492 of these 192 were convicted, but the sentences in many instances were ridiculously inadequate.



He—Why does this theater have its orchestra concealed? She—Why? Just wait until you hear it play.

Teacher—Where was the Declaration of Independence signed? Tommy At the bottom.—Chicago Daily News.

Wantano—Why do you call that boy of yours "Flannet"? Danno—Because he just naturally shrinks from washing.

Editha—I wonder why the dudes wear one eyeglass? Deborah—To prevent seeing more than they are able to comprehend.

"Ma, is there any pie left in the pantry?" "There is one piece, but you can't have it." "You are mistaken, ma; I've had it."

Fond Parent—I understand the faculty are very much pleased with your work. Dropped Junior—Yes, they encored my sophomore year.

"Grace, can you tell me what is meant by a cubic yard?" "I don't know exactly, but I guess it's a yard that the Cuban children play in."

Old Grim—Remember, young man, there is always room at the top. Young Sprawley—Oh, I know that; I'm waiting for the elevator now.—Judge.

Lord Littlecash (lovingly)—You are my soul, Editha—Yes, I told papa that "Oh, what did he say?" "Said you didn't earn enough to keep your soul and body together."

Nurse—Johnny, stop asking your father so many questions. Don't you see it annoys him? Johnny—Why, nurse, it's not the questions that make him angry; it's because he can't answer them.

A husband said to his wife: "I dreamed last night that I caught a man running away with you." "What did you say?" she asked. "I wanted to know what he was running for," replied the husband.

Mrs. Closest—Oh, do buy me a new bonnet, my dear. It will set all my friends talking. Closest—If you're after notoriety, why don't you get the old one retimmed? That will make your friends talk twice as much.

"I see that choice Bengal tigers have been marked down to \$100 each." "For goodness' sake, don't let my wife read that paragraph. Here's my knife. Cut it out. If those tigers are on the bargain counter should want at least two."

He (bitterly)—If I were rich you'd marry me fast enough! She—Don't, Gussie, don't! Such devotion breaks my heart! He—What do you mean? She—Often you have praised my beauty, but never before my common sense!

"Hello, Freddie! Are you playing robber?" "Freddie" replied. "This is the real thing. I'm waiting for the cook, and when she comes she'll tell where she hides the pies, or I'll know the reason why."—New York Evening Journal.

"John," asked the lawyer's wife, who had recently taken up the health culture tad, "is it best to lie on the right side or the left side?" "My dear," replied the legal luminary, "if one is on the right side it isn't usually necessary to lie at all!"

Mrs. Youngwood—You know Uncle Pincher said he was going to send us something that would help us save our coal bills this year? Well, it came. Mr. Youngwood—Really? A stock of coal? Mrs. Youngwood—No. A little arrangement for filling bills.

He (as they were seated in a quiet nook near the links)—Are you quite sure we have never met before this season? She—Yes; quite positive. He—And you haven't a sister? She—No; why do you ask? He—Well, I'm positive I hugged that blouse before, somewhere.

Call a girl a chick, and she smiles; call a woman a hen, and she howls. Call a young woman a witch, and she is pleased; call an old woman a witch, and she is indignant. Call a girl a kitten, and she rather likes it; call a woman a cat, and she'll hate you. Queer sex, isn't it?—Chicago News.

Burglar—Gimme yer jewels! Lady of the House—Did you shut the window after you? Are you sure you wiped your feet? What did you do with that burnt match? Did—Burglar—Er—I—I guess I forgot it. Don't say another word, ma'am, an' I'll go right out.—Chicago News.

"Did I understand you to say that you didn't have any company in the kitchen while I was out, Katie?" "Yis, mum, that's what I said." "But I smell the tobacco from a pipe all through the house." "Yis, mum; the policeman was in for half an hour, mum, but we were in the drawing-room."

Economical: First farmer—Did they hev fire-escapes at the hotel where ye slept, Zeke? Second farmer—No, but it was the most economical tavern I ever seen. First farmer—In what way, Zeke? Second farmer—Why, they had a rope hanging in every room, so that you could commit suicide without wastin' the gas.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

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