

Second Cousin Sarah

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

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued.)

The great conspiracy was at an end, and Sarah Eastbell had bidden the conspirators. All that had been planned by Captain Peterson, and that Sarah's absence from Sedge Hill had rendered obligatory, all the new schemes to which she had given rise, and which were set in motion with Sarah's return, had collapsed at the eleventh hour. Sarah was neither dead nor a captive, and Tom was as far removed from prosperity as he had ever been.

"I never meant," he began, then he burst forth with a cry, "Oh, I am so glad that you've come back, Sally—so glad that you ain't dead!"

"Were you waiting for the news of my death, then?" asked Sarah with indignation. "There is your world, Tom," she said, pointing to the door behind this house, and any love of mine, from this day, you could not trust me—you set a store for me, and called in rogues and villains to assist—you degraded my property and my life. If I was only stoned, I would have been glad to die for you. Lucy Jennings' hard voice cut short his defense, and he backed from the woman to the grounds beyond the house with every word she hurled at him.

"Tom Eastbell, some hours ago, in London, I gave information to the police where the Peterson gang were likely to be found—where you were, and in what way you were connected with them. You had no time to lose."

"He lost no time accordingly. He vanished away, a thief to the last—for he departed with Reuben Culwick's best hat rammed over his eyebrows. Sarah turned again to Reuben, her watchful protector, who would keep her ever in his sight now, and as she turned she linked her hands upon his arm.

"Take me in, please—I am tired out, Reuben. I have fought hard to get home!"

"Tell me how it happened—how it was that you disappeared from all eyes so suddenly," said Reuben impatiently.

"He did not regard Lucy Jennings—he drew his chair to his cousin's side, took her hand in his, and gazed eagerly into her face. She might as well have said to him, 'I have fled away again from her. If he did not make sure of her.'"

"Yes, yes," said Sarah, in answer to his questions; "but grandmother—tell me, first, is she not very anxious about me?"

"Your grandmother is not anxious, Sarah," said Lucy in a low tone.

"Is she ill?"

"No, she is not ill now."

"Is she—she is keeping something back? Tell me, please," she said in great excitement; "I have not heard of her in a long time, and she has not died without a word from me?"

"She is in God's hands—and God keep you strong to bear the loss of her," said Lucy Jennings.

Sarah Eastbell closed her eyes, and sank back in the chair like a dead woman. Reuben, a man wholly unacquainted—as men will be in stages of excitement which strike them to the heart, and rob them of their self-protection—turned upon the poor proscriber, who had done her best at least.

"There, you have killed her! Are you satisfied now?" he shouted at Lucy Jennings.

"I am not satisfied with this world, or with you," was the cold answer, as she bent over Sarah, and loosened the fastenings at her throat. But Sarah Eastbell had not fainted—she only stunned by the truth, and she sat up the instant afterward, eager for the whole story, and looking piteously from one to the other.

It was not in Reuben's power to break the news to her, and he left her to the woman whom his impatience had wounded.

"Tell her, Lucy. It is beyond me," he said.

ward to the paper cautiously and eagerly. Yes, Lucy Jennings was right—that which might affect the whole after life in the hands of the woman-proscriber.

On the envelope were written these words: "Herein is contained the last Will and Testament of Simon Culwick, of Sedge Hill, Worcester."

There was a date appended—the date of the day on which Simon Culwick had called at Hope street, Cambridge, for the first time, and last, in his life. It was the day made before he had come that day in search of his son, and it occurred all other testaments to which in his life of change he had set his trembling hand.

"Where did you find this?" Sarah asked at last.

"In that box," Lucy replied, pointing to an old-fashioned trunk studded with brass nails—some of the boxes which Mary Holland had never claimed. "What right had she to take it?" asked Lucy. "Her father's will," said Sarah, "has she committed a crime against the law?—is not this an act of revenge against him?"

"I don't see all this yet," responded Sarah Eastbell, still thoughtfully.

"This will be sealed, it was given in trust to Mary Holland before Simon left for London. It leaves his property to Reuben, and she would have kept him from it. I see it all. I despise that woman, although I have never met her in my life."

"Mary Holland is not here to answer for herself," said Sarah; "and Mary would have preferred Reuben's being rich to your grandmother's coming to this house."

"She brought your grandmother here herself, there was a plot in it. Read the will!"

"What right have I to read it?" asked Sarah.

"You are in possession. Reuben is too weak to bear the shock. There may be something in it which he is not to know first of all," she added, with a sudden doubt—"which is to be broken to him by degrees."

"Reuben is as brave as a lion," said Miss Jennings pityingly.

"I don't think so meekly of him as you do," cried Sarah, with sudden spirit. "I don't believe he has fretted for an instant about his father's money, though he told me so once. He has denied it since; he is above all mercenary thoughts. (Some and see how he will take 'this news'—) 'I have no interest in it; it concerns me not,' said Lucy very sharply; 'I should not have mentioned it till I was prepared to leave the house, had you not come in with your foolish story of a hasty wedding. Go to him, Sarah. I am Lucy with a better task than yours.'"

Reuben took the packet from Sarah's hand and read the superscription, his eyes dilating with surprise. He made no attempt to break the seal of the back, but he walked with her slowly toward the bay window at the end of the room, as though his sight were weak, and more light he needed to assist it.

"Some people thought that a corner of the tower might go, but really there was no one there excepting a few tourists and some shopkeepers. We went to Cook's, where we could see if anything did happen."

Cook's men smiled at the Americans who thought that a tower which had seen a thousand years could fall without any warning.

Suddenly, as we stood there, a huge gap appeared from top to bottom, and then the whole thing seemed to groan and tremble, and, with apparently no sound, sank in a heap where it stood.

Only the top poised itself a minute in midair, tipped, and fell crashing toward St. Mark's. Pieces of the gilt angles were picked up on the church steps; otherwise nothing but a pile of bricks and mortar was to be seen.

We all stood in the doorway, too stunned to move. The people in the square fled panic-stricken in every direction. Instantly what appeared to be a solid wall of plaster and dirt rose from the mass as high as the tower had been, and spread in every direction.

I thought, of course, we should be suffocated, and a rush followed for the back of Cook's office. Every one screamed, "Shut the doors!" The dirt entered like a thick fog, and you could not distinguish your best friend. Fortunately it cleared away in a minute or so, enough to see where we were, and all were safe. Not even one woman fainted where we were, although the Italians were calling on heaven and earth.

The dust was about two inches deep; huge stones lay against Cook's building, and I picked up a piece of one of the bronze bells on the other side of the square.

Venice went wild, of course, and the square was soon crowded by hundreds of mourning people. It was a very sad sight. All shops closed at once, and every one waited.

Thus He Got Rest.

Anxious Wife—What do you think of my husband's case? Is it serious?

Physician—Oh, he'll pull through all right. What he needs is rest, so I have prescribed an opiate.

Anxious Wife—How often shall I give it to him?

Physician—Don't give it to him at all. Take it yourself.—Chicago News.

Prudence.

"I suppose you would like to say or do something that will live in history?"

"Well," answered Senator Sorghum, "there are so many things concerning which I should prefer to keep history uninformed that I guess I'd better not take any chances trying to break in."—Washington Star.

Slow Boy.

Ascum—And what profession is your son to follow?

Pater—I do not know yet, but that's about all he'll do, I guess.

Ascum—What? How do you mean?

Pater—He'll follow some profession; he never seems able to catch up to anything.—Philadelphia Press.

The River Platte is navigable for 2,000 miles and has a current of two and one-half to three miles an hour.

SERMONS OF THE WEEK

A Curse of Religion.—One of the curses of religion is that so many people are merely the shells of Christianity.—Rev. W. F. Sheridan, Methodist, Louisville, Ky.

The Better Life.—The first effect of a good life is the cheerfulness and joy born of the testimony of a good conscience.—Rev. J. A. Tracy, Roman Catholic, Germantown, Pa.

The Golden Call.—We have danced around the golden calf in America until we have almost come to worship the man who steals the most.—Rev. C. Myers, Baptist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Which?—It depends on whether a man loves the comfort of his family or his cup whether he is a blessing or a burden to his family.—Rev. M. N. Preston, Congregationalist, Chicago, Ill.

The Armor of God.—The half-hearted Christian is not happy, but the man who has on the whole armor of God is the one who rejoices along the way.—Rev. W. F. Bryan, Methodist, Dallas, Texas.

The Will.—All emotion can and ought to be controlled by the will. This is the divine truth. Whoso beareth shall be saved.—Rev. Frank Crane, Congregationalist, Worcester, Mass.

Simplicity.—Learn to live simple, in body, in mind, in spirit and a multitude of burdens shall slip from your soul and you shall know the meaning of rest.—Rev. F. O. Hall, Universalist, New York City.

Creed.—It is better to have a good human creed than to have no creed, but better still, to have a divine creed which is a personal faith in a personal Christ.—Rev. M. E. Harlan, Disciple, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Genius.—Most geniuses are queer as they are great. Emphasis of one virtue is very likely to destroy others. A great philosopher can scarcely be a good statesman.—Rev. G. B. Van de Water, Episcopalian, New York City.

Order.—Nature is always orderly, and this is one of the prime reasons why she is never superfluous; she has a good system, and therefore, is always correct in her movements.—Rev. H. A. Tupper, Baptist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Harmony.—Place the home, the church, the state, upon one high level, in harmony with each other. This is the ideal, and this is the rule of an all-around noble and secure manhood.—Rev. A. J. Lyman, Congregationalist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Kingdom.—Wherever God reigns in a human soul there His kingdom is. The weakest Christian, if he be a true son of the kingdom, has all the power of God enlisted in his behalf.—Rev. S. S. Palmer, Presbyterian, Columbus, Ohio.

Peace.—If for a moment we obtain what we have sought and are elated with the thought that we possess peace, it needs only a reverse to show us how false and spurious and evanescent such peace is.—Rev. Charles Wood, Presbyterian, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dual Solves.—Every man is dual in the constitution of his mind. In other words, every man is possessed of two selves—an inner self and an outer self. In theology these two selves are called the spiritual man and the natural man.—Rev. T. A. King, Swedenborgian, Cleveland, Ohio.

The Savior.—The ignorant need a teacher. The wandering need a guide. The lost soul needs a Savior. Error can be reasoned away, evil habit can be reformed away. The stain of sin can only be whitened by sacrificial blood.—Rev. Howard Duffield, Presbyterian, New York City.

Help and Cheer.—The Bible is much more than a great literary monument with which every student or writer of English literature must have close acquaintance. It is a personal fountain of moral and religious inspiration, help and cheer.—Rev. J. W. Chadwick, Unitarian, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Charity.—If the men who have money only knew the worth of money, and instead of wasting their substance in riotous living or in ostentatious extravagance would use it for the mitigation of the misery that is withering all around them.—Rev. P. S. Henson, Baptist, Boston, Mass.

The Heart.—The heart brings men together into loving fellowship. It is the summer of the soul. In its gentle radiance all sweet and beautiful things come to their lovely perfection. Where the heart is there men love to dwell. The great-hearted man is of necessity beloved.—Rev. G. K. Morris, Methodist, Cleveland, Ohio.

The Higher Court.—Christianity is the sanest and grandest conception of human life yet given to the world. Her standards are higher than any other, and they alone have resulted in the purifying and sanctifying of the body and the regeneration of the mind. To Christianity men must look for the supreme tribunal of the soul.—Rev. C. E. McNally, Baptist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Labor Unions.—The labor people must unite or be crushed, and they have the right to do so. The trusts are inevitable. If the associations of the great masses of capital are necessary, they can only be met and dealt with by the wider association of the toilers in their employ.—Rev. W. S. Rainsford, Episcopalian, New York City.

Stunted.

ANCHORING A BAND DUNE.

Useless Lands Along the Sea Coast Being Reclaimed.

So much attention has been directed to the work that is being done in reclaiming the arid and semi-arid lands along the Atlantic coast is almost entirely overlooked, the Philadelphia Record.

The familiar sand dunes, characteristic of the coast from Cape Cod to Cape Fear, while perhaps artistically constitute a menace to adjacent cultivated lands and are useless in themselves.

Massachusetts, at considerable expense, has been endeavoring to reclaim the sand dunes that form so large a portion of the "provincial lands" on Cape Cod. It has been found that and is readily bound together by grass roots, and that if sturdy varieties of grass suitable for sandy soils are planted and cared for while obtaining a foothold and maturing, they will gradually cover large areas, transforming them from shifting, worthless lands into fertile fields.

Many years of forestry work in Europe has shown that after the grasses have made a start trees can be successfully raised on these erstwhile sand piles, which may thus be made to yield a revenue.

Some of the most extensive and mobile sand dunes in the United States, however, are found in the West, and it is the ambition of the Bureau of Forestry to cover these with permanent forest growths. Along the Columbia river, in Washington, the sand is very light in character, owing to the large proportion of mica it contains, and consequently is easily blown about by the winds. In a portion of the lower Columbia river valley great orchards have been actually gnawed through the shifting sands, and the railroads have experienced great difficulty in maintaining their tracks in this district in passable condition. In order to make a practical test as to the best method of treating these dunes, a strip of land on the Columbia river between Willow creek and the John Day river has been set aside by the government for extensive experiments based on the work done by Massachusetts, referred to above. In the East tree-planting plans for owners of sandy tracts are being prepared, thus extending the scope of the practical cooperation begun by the Bureau of Forestry.

Another Good Man Gone.

Left Michigan Because He Had to Get a Marriage License.

"Sir," he began, as he entered the county clerk's office almost as soon as the door was opened for business the other morning. "I am in love with a person of the opposite sex."

"Meaning a woman, sir, and one of the nicest women on the face of this terrestrial globe. I not only love her, but I have asked her to be mine."

"And you want a license to get married, of course? What name, please?"

"Sir, my name is Schuyler Jenkins White, but I don't desire a license. I have called here to say to you that any law demanding a marriage license is a relic of the dark ages."

"Yes."

"To force me to publish to the world at large my intention of making Amanda Jane Blinkerhorn my wife is nothing but an act of barbarism, and I don't propose to put up with it, sir—not for a moment, sir. Even if my feelings cannot be respected here, must be."

"I'm sorry," replied the clerk, as he thought of how much hard work his fee would purchase, marriage coaches and other attendants will readily accept for another \$200 of his income.

During the London season, also, the king's eldest son is naturally expected to give a certain number of house parties, and it need scarcely be said that these entertainments must be in every way consistent with the regal position of the distinguished host. In addition to these parties, the present prince, like his father, gives several royal balls every year, the total cost of which means a further serious inroad in his income. Again, it is only reasonable to expect that his royal highness will be one of the best-dressed gentlemen in the kingdom, and this desirable qualification is only attained by judicious expenditure. For example, it may be stated that the Prince of Wales generally dons a new suit of clothes twice a month and a new silk hat about the same period. He never wears a pair of boots more than half a dozen times, and these are of superlative quality, at 2 guineas the pair. He rarely uses a pair of gloves for more than one occasion, and his hosiery and other clothing are sufficiently versatile and multitudinous in character to start a man in business. In all probability \$1,500 a year would barely cover the princely expenses for clothing. But even this estimate does not meet the cost of those naval and military uniforms which the prince has to purchase in order to appear in his various official capacities in connection with the British army and navy, and for these splendid garments, some of which cost \$100 each, at least another \$500 a year must be added to the expenditure.

Another important item of expenditure is that represented by gratuities to servants when the prince and princess become the temporary guests of other royal families, either at home or abroad. Take, for example, a visit to the Czar of all the Russias, which, apart from traveling expenses, would mean at least \$100 in royal tips among the countless servants of the Muscovite monarch. It is not a matter of general knowledge that when the Prince of Wales was receiving his education at Cambridge he was allowed an income of \$2,000 a year. He was of a frugal disposition, and managed to maintain the dignity of his position without running into debt; on the contrary, it is stated that he actually saved money out of his allowance.

Caught.

"Pshaw!" she exclaimed, impatiently. "I'm sure we'll miss the first act. We've waited a good many minutes for that matter of mine."

"Hours, I should say," he retorted, rather crossly.

"Ours? Oh, George!" she cried, and laid her blushing cheek upon his shirt front.—Philadelphia Press.

OLD FAVORITES

How Can I Leave Thee? How can I leave thee? How can I from thee part? Thus only hast my heart, dear one, be true.

Bliss is a flower. Call it the forget-me-not, wear it upon thy heart, and think of me. Flow'ers and hope may die, yet love with us shall stay. That cannot pass away, dear one, be true.

Would I a bird were. Soon at thy side to be, falcon nor hawk would fear, speeding to thee. When by the fowler slain, I at thy feet should lie. 'Tis sad shouldst complain—joyful I'd die.

Though Lost to Sight, to Memory Dear. Sweetheart, good-by! the fluttering sail is spread to waft me far from thee. And soon before the favoring gale my ship shall bound upon the sea. Perchance, all desolate and forlorn, These eyes shall miss thee many a year. But unforgotten every charm— Though lost to sight, to memory dear.

Sweetheart, good-by! one last embrace. Yet in this heart's most sacred place. Thou, thou shalt dwell forever! And still shall recollection trace. In Fancy's mirror, ever near. Each smile, each tear, that form, that face— Though lost to sight, to memory dear.

Those Evening Bells. Those evening bells! those evening bells! How many a tale their music tells. Of youth and home, and the sweet time. When last I heard their soothing chime. Those joyous hours are passed away. And many a heart that then was gay. Within the tomb now darkly dwells. And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone. That tuneful peal will still ring on. While other birds shall walk these dells. And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.—Thomas Moore.

EXPENSES OF A PRINCE.

What It Costs Britain's Royal Heir to Live.

The popular idea about a royal prince is that he is an exalted personage, with a magnificent income, says Hour Glass. There is, however, another aspect of the case, concerning which many people are in ignorance, namely, the enormous expenditure invariably connected with a princely establishment. The following authentic details as to what it costs the Prince of Wales to live may, therefore, prove instructive to the general reader. It is generally known that there are about eighty servants employed in the prince's household, and the wages of these people aggregate not less than \$40 a week. Out of this sum the butler a similar amount, and two of the stewards \$150 apiece, in addition to special perquisites. Then there is the cost of provisions, electric lighting and other domestic expenses, which involve a further outlay of at least \$300 a year. It is also essential that his royal highness should keep a good stable, and the maintenance of thirty horses, carriages, groomed coaches and other attendants will readily accept for another \$200 of his income.

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RACING WITH PROA BOATS.

Fragile Craft that Can Sail Twenty Miles an Hour.

The most interesting feature of the yacht club at Biscayne Bay, Florida, is the number of proas owned by the members; in no other section is the building of them carried on and their use encouraged and practiced, says the Illustrated News. Until within the last few years, these fragile craft did not come practically before yachtsmen. It was in countries where trade winds prevail that they were built and sailed, and we are told by Fiskard and others that they have been in the Laadrone and South Sea islands for several thousands of years.

When we see one of these dainty craft, twenty-four feet long and only two feet wide, with an outrigger looking all the world over like a "straddle bug," as it rushes through the water enveloped in mist at the rate of twenty miles an hour, the two men on board, one at the helm (an oar) and the other sitting up and down "chinking" as they call it on the dainty outrigger as he hauls on the shaft, every time the wind freshens or falls, the crew seem to be amphibious, for, if the "biker" chances to miss stays, as it were, by falling to move quickly enough to preserve the equilibrium of the craft, over she goes and the men, particularly if air tanks exist at the interchangeable stem and stern, as they do on all modern-built proas, topple into the sea and, holding on respectively fore and aft, "unbitch" the lug sail, set the light board "on its feet," sail her out, slide aboard over the dainty outrigger as human ballast, every time the wind freshens or falls, the crew seem to be amphibious, 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