

Second Cousin Sarah

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

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

Sledge Hill was a staring edifice of considerable proportions, with an aspect of newness about it that fourteen years had not done much to soften. It had been built to the order of the present proprietor, who had made much money by cotton stockings, and had risen from twenty shillings a week at the loom to the splendor of his present life. It was a new house to suit the new man who had been lucky enough to get rich. There were spacious grounds beyond, and there was a big room at the side, that was new to Reuben Culwick since he had last stood in his father's house, and it was this that he pulled up his horse to inspect before turning into the carriage drive.

Then he went rapidly along the drive, drew up in front of the house, and stepped lightly and briskly from the trap, giving the reins to a rosy-faced young man in livery, who emerged from some stabling in the rear, to be of service to the newcomer.

"Old Jones has gone, then?" he said to the servant.

"Yes, sir. He's with Squire Black of Holston."

"And you reign in his stead. Well, we cannot all reign."

He knocked and rang, looking steadily through the glass doors the while. Another new face—a smart young housemaid, whom he had never seen before, to replace Mrs. Perkins, who was stout and sallow, came to the door and admitted him.

"Is Mr. Culwick in?"

"Yes, sir, but he's engaged just now."

"You will be kind enough to give him my card?"

The maid servant took the card and departed, and Reuben Culwick, like the most stranger, and feeling like a stranger, very doubtful of his reception, walked up and down the spacious hall with his hands behind him, and his hat in his hands.

Presently the servant reappeared.

"Will you step this way, if you please, sir?"

Reuben followed the servant along a corridor to a door at the extremity—the door of the new room, he was certain.

report, made me what I am? I would rather break my own heart than break my word. You know it," said the father boastfully.

"Fifty hearts as well as your own—yes, I know it," answered the other, with an unflinching gaze at his father, "and hence I come to you—not for assistance, I don't want it; not for affection, I don't expect it—but with the simple motive, which I hope that my letter conveyed to you last week, to see you, to express sorrow for a long alienation, to feel glad that you are well, to tell you that I am not unhappy, and to go away again."

The son's tones seemed to impress the father, who subsided into his easy chair, from which he had leaned forward, as if cowed by the cold, clear-ringing tones of the voice which fell upon his ears, a voice which subdued him, and an arrogance that had always been difficult to quell—which touched him, though he never owned that—which made him even prouder of his son, though the time never came for him to own that, either.

The young woman in the background leaned forward with clasped hands until he caught her glance again, when she once more turned her eyes upon her book.

"Have you made your fortune?" asked the father, in a different voice.

"On the contrary, I have been somewhat unsuccessful."

"How do you live?"

"I write—a little," he added modestly.

"It is a long story, that would scarcely interest you."

"It would not interest me in the least."

There was another long pause, during which the son, still at his ease, still singularly hard, despite his respectful manner, glanced round at the pictures on the walls, admired them even, secretly but not enviously, wondered at their cost, and looked once more in the direction of the lady, whose pensive face and quiet grace he admired also, and at whose presence he wondered in a greater degree, though he repressed all exhibition of surprise.

Suddenly the father said, with that singular abruptness characteristic of the man:

"You can stay here if you like."

"For how long?" asked the son, surprised at last out of his assumption of

Worcester. I am glad to find you well. Good day."

He extended his hand again, but this time his father refused to take it.

"You have come out of your way to give me a fresh wound, that's all," said the father, sullenly, "and you have done it effectually. I don't want you to trouble me again. You will not come here again at my invitation. I can't forgive you—why should I? I never forgive anybody. I never forgive your mother. Your two aunts offended me years ago, you know. Have I ever forgiven them? One died last summer, and I wouldn't go to see her—wouldn't go near her—and the other one is in St. Oswald's almshouse, blind as a bat, and living on eight shillings a week. Eight shillings a week, and those pictures there cost me eighty thousand pounds."

"A good investment," said Reuben Culwick, coolly, and critically looking round the walls; "they will increase in value year by year, sir."

As he looked round he became aware, for the first time, that the lady in the bay window had disappeared. She had passed from the room silently, through a second door at the extremity of the picture gallery.

"And I never gave her a penny in my life," added Mr. Culwick, senior.

"Poor old Sarah—blind is she? and in the almshouse, too! I am sorry. I liked old Sarah," said Reuben; "she was one of the few friends I had when I was a boy, and when you were not rich. But I am detaining you, and I am pledged to reach London to-night. Good by again."

When he had reached the door, Simon Culwick called out his name, and Reuben paused and turned.

"I am not deceitful," said the father, "and I may as well tell you that I have made my will, and that you will never be a penny the better for it. It is all left—"

"—all," he added, "away from an undutiful son."

There was a moment's pause, and then Reuben Culwick quitted his father's presence and closed the door after him. He went from the room into the corridor, and thence along its entire length to the dining room, where he threw himself into a chair with so thoughtful a mien that he was not for the moment aware that the young lady in gray silk whom he had seen from the big fleecy mat at the door, to allow of his escape. When he saw her, she put her finger to her lips, and he repressed an exclamation of surprise.

"Go back," she said, with an excitement that astonished him; "don't give up—don't leave him like that—it's your last chance."

"You have been listening," said Reuben, coldly.

"To every word," was the honest confession; "and you have not said a word to please him, and much to offend. Why did you come, if in no better spirit than this? Go back to him. Tell him how sorry you are for everything—do something before you go that will leave behind a better impression," she urged again.

"No, I can't go back."

"You are as hard as he is," she cried; "as if it mattered what you said to him—as if it were not worth a struggle to regain your position here!"

Grasping her wrists, while her hands covered her face to hide it from his fierce gaze, Reuben exclaimed in a wondering tone, "Who are you?"

"Only the housekeeper, sir," she said, quaintly; "keeping house for Simon Culwick—and in your place. You should hate me as a usurper already," she added, mockingly, "if you had any spirit in you."

"The housekeeper—yes—but—" he said wonderingly, and without regarding her strange taunts. "I was not aware"

"Why should you be aware of anything about me, you who are as quarrelsome and strange as your father, and have kept away so long? There, go home and think of the best way to bring that old man to his senses."

"And interfere with your chance," said Reuben, lightly. He was in better spirits already, and the odd manner of this young lady interested him.

"I have no chance," she answered, "or I should not be very anxious for you to get back. I should be too selfish—I should try and keep you away, being as fond of money as your father is."

"I hardly believe this."

"Mr. Reuben Culwick can believe exactly what he pleases," said the young lady, spreading out her skirts and making him a very low obeisance, which he felt bound to return, after which he would have continued the conversation had she not darted out of the door and disappeared.

(To be continued.)

What They Said.

Penelope—Charley called last night.

Justine—That's twice in a week, isn't it?

Penelope—Yes.

Justine—I suppose he'll come three times in the next week?

Penelope—That's what my brother says.

Justine—And six times the next?

Penelope—That's what aunt says.

Justine—And seven times the next?

Penelope—That's what papa says.

Justine—And then what?

Penelope—Then we'll get married; that's what everybody says.

Justine—And then what?

Penelope—Then I shan't see him any more of an evening; that's what mamma says.—Baltimore Sun.

Mildly Rebuked.

"Didn't you say that it was going to rain to-day?"

"I did," answered the weather prophet.

"But there hasn't been a sign of moisture."

"I am perfectly aware of the fact. All I could do was to offer the best opinion on the subject that I could arrive at. If I could accurately foretell events, I should quit working for a salary and make a fortune in the stock market."—Washington Star.

So Thoughtful.

She—There, dear, haven't I been thoughtful of you and unselfish?

He—How?

"Why, I kept all these bills of mine away from you until the middle of the month!"

To see what is right, and not to do it, is want of courage, or of principle.—Confucius.

Boys And Girls

Little Stories and Incidents that Will Interest and Entertain Young Readers

Said by Children.

"Is your new nurse French or German?" asked the visitor. "I think her's bwooken English," replied 3-year-old Margie.

"Come, Harry," said his mother, "it's time all good little boys were in bed." "But, mamma," rejoined the little fellow, "you said I was naughty to-day, so that lets me out."

"Mamma," queried little 4-year-old Mabel, "was papa related to us before he married into our family?" "Certainly not, dear," was the reply. "Oh, then we just adopted him, didn't we, mamma?" continued the small miss.

Little Dorothy was visiting in the country last summer and, seeing a black, red and white calf in the barn, she ran to her mother and said: "Oh, mamma, come out to the barn and see the cute little cow with a calico skin."

Mamma—Johnny, do you know what day to-morrow will be? Johnny—Yes, mamma; my birthday. Mamma—And what would you like for the occasion? Johnny (after a pause)—I'd like to see our schoolhouse burn down.

To Make Miniature Toys.

With scissors for tools and paper and toothpicks to take the place of lumber and beams, boys and girls can

peat the old rhymes century after century, with little if any variation.

Blind man's buff, for example—a survival of the rites peculiar to the worship of Odin, the sightless deity—is played to-day exactly as it was played 2,000 years ago.

So, too, is "tag," which was originally a fragment of a sacred pantomime, or miracle play, portraying the old, old story of Diana and her nymphs.

In "London Bridge is broken down" we are treated to the entire ritual of the foundation sacrifice, that widespread, hideous custom, which decreed that a living child must be sacrificed to the god of the structure ere it could be expected to stand firm.

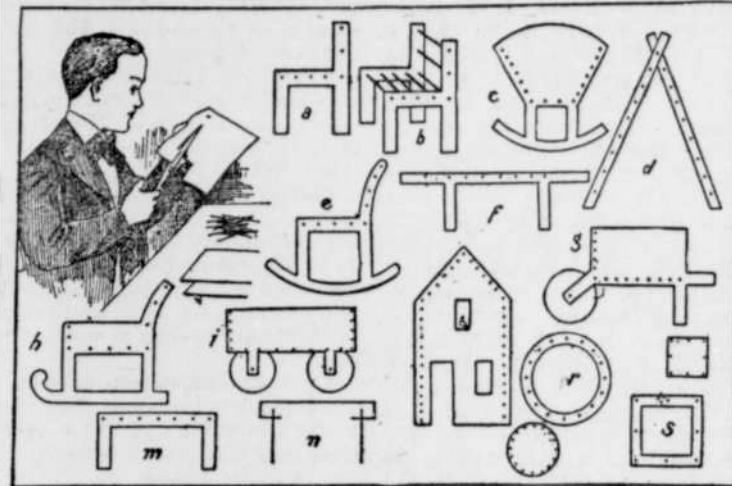
First, it will be remembered, the children urge alternative measures. "London Bridge is broken down," cry the two leaders, standing from an arch, hands clasped, so as to form an arch, beneath which the other little players race, as if in dread.

"Build it up with bricks and mortar," is the reply.

"Bricks and mortar will mold away."

"Build it up with penny loaves—"

with gold and silver—set a man to watch all day—set a dog to bark all night," and the rest of it.



MADE OF PAPER AND TOOTHPICKS.

get lots of fun by making little objects. To make a chair, cut the figure (a) twice out of a cardboard or a playing card.

Where the design is marked by dots, bore small holes and stick the ends of toothpicks through them, allowing only the extreme ends to stick out, and the chair is ready (b). The same way you can make a cradle (c).

A double ladder (d), a rocking-chair (e), a stretcher (f), a push-cart (g), a sleigh (h), a wagon (i), a house (k), a bench (m), can be made by the same simple means.

A table (n) is made by bending a square piece of cardboard, as shown in the picture, and inserting four toothpicks into the two places where the paper is bent under.

A basket is made out of a round ring or a square (r and s) and a smaller round or square piece of cardboard, as shown in the illustrations.

Children's Games.

Children are instinctive conservatives. They play the old games and re-

Then, lastly, the hands are unclasped, the "arch" falls, catching one of the players—preferably a little girl—in its mock descent, after which all the children shout in unison. "Hurrah! Hurrah! Now 'twill last for aye and a day, with a fair lady."—Pearson's Weekly.

Little Sleepy-Head.

Oh, please, will some wise person say Which is the really proper way For mother's little sleepy-head, To get each morning out of bed?

For often when I cry and pout, As sister comes with tangles out, She says "Oh, Rose," and shakes her head, "You've got the wrong way out of bed!"

I've tried both right and left foot first, I'm not quite sure which is the worst; But was it not unkind of Ned To bid me "fall out on my head?"

So, please, if some one really knows, Just send a line—my name is Rose, At mother's house I always stay, And our old postman knows the way.

POETS IN THE POORHOUSE.

A Rather Pathetic Discussion of the Worth of Rival Verse Makers.

In no country is there among the poorest and least educated a greater love of poetry than in Ireland; nowhere are the poets of the people held longer or more fervently in remembrance. Lady Gregory tells a characteristic anecdote of a discussion which she heard between two of the aged, toll-worn, poverty-stricken inmates of Gort Workhouse concerning the rival merits of two peasant bards of sixty years ago—Rafferty and Callinan.

The partizan of Callinan declared that he had been a more respectable kind of man, owning a little farm of his own and his own cattle; moreover, that he had more settled and respectable ways; also, that he was more good-natured, and did not lash his neighbors with satire; finally, that he was a better poet, anyway, and that Rafferty, the blind, wandering rimester, admitted it by avoiding any encounter with him, and once wept with chagrin when some satiric verses on his rival were answered to overwhelming effect by the rival's brother, also a poet.

The aged champion of Rafferty (really the more gifted poet of the two) reluctantly admitted that he "would run people down, and was someways bitter"; but he, too, was kind at heart; and she instanced the pretty incident of the marriage of a poor servant lad and lass "that was only a marriage and not a wedding till Rafferty chanced to come in; and he made it one," composing a grand song descriptive of a noble feast, calling in the neighbors to hear it, turning the occasion into a festival, and finally taking up a contribution from each guest, and bestowing the generous result on the happy and astonished pair.

But the partizan of Callinan was not silenced. "I tell you," said she, emphatically, "Callinan was a nice man and a nice neighbor. Rafferty wasn't fit to put beside him. Callinan was a

man that would go out his own back door and make a poem about the four quarters of the earth. I tell you, you would stand in the snow to listen to Callinan!"

But just then, Lady Gregory records, a bed-ridden old woman, who had not joined in the discussion at all, "suddenly sat up in bed and began to sing Rafferty's love song, 'Bridget Vesach' (Courteous Bridget). This she continued as long as her breath lasted; so the last word was for him, after all."

Big Task to Sweep Floor.

It is enough to blister one's hands just to contemplate the job that confronted the men who swept the floor of the mammoth palace of agriculture at the St. Louis world's fair. When the contractors finished their work all that remained to be done was to sweep the floor. It never dawned on anyone how great the task was. Caldwell & Drake, the contractors, ordered a dozen brooms and set twelve men to work. When night came their brooms on the twenty-three acres of floor space were scarcely noticeable. They increased the force next day to forty men and ordered 100 brooms. These forty men worked ten days before the big floor was thoroughly swept.

Sometimes.

Sunday School Teacher—Bobby, where do good people go when they die?

Bobby (glibly)—To heaven.

Sunday School Teacher—Yes, that is right. And if a person who is wicked all the way through dies, where does he go?

Bobby—To the police station.—Woman's Home Companion.

A man who boasts of being able to accomplish more in one day than any other man can in a week never has occasion to do it.

If some men knew as much as they talk the encyclopedia would have to retire from business.



Mrs. Anderson, a prominent society woman of Jacksonville, Fla., daughter of Recorder of Deeds, West, says:

"There are but few wives and mothers who have not at times endured agonies and such pain as only women know of. I wish such women knew the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is a remarkable medicine, different in action from any other I ever knew and thoroughly reliable."

"I have seen cases where women doctored for years without permanent benefit who were cured in less than three months after taking your Vegetable Compound, while others who were chronic and incurable came out cured, happy, and in perfect health after a thorough treatment with this medicine. I have never used it myself without gaining great benefit. A few doses restores my strength and appetite, and tones up the entire system. Your medicine has been tried and found true, hence I fully endorse it."—MRS. E. A. ANDERSON, 225 Washington St., Jacksonville, Fla.—\$5.00 per bottle. (If original of above testimonial proving genuineness cannot be produced.)

The experience and testimony of some of the most noted women of America go to prove, beyond a question, that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will correct all such trouble at once by removing the cause, and restoring the organs to a healthy and normal condition.

"Does your daughter's husband love her as devotedly as ever?" "He does when I'm around," replied her daughter's husband's mother-in-law, grimly.—Houston Post.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children's teething season.

The Anxious Mother—Are you sure my son has appendicitis? The Eminent Specialist—We can tell you better, madam, after the operation.—Life.

To Break in New Shoes.

Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures hot, sweating, aching, swollen feet. Cures corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, 14 Roy, N. Y.

"Dis world ain't square," growled little Mickey. "Why not?" asked Jimmy. "Cause the only ones dat get free peanuts are elephants and policemen."—Chicago News.

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

He—I'd like to meet Miss Bond. She—Why? "I hear she has thirty thousand a year and no incumbence." "Is she looking for one?"—Life.

FITS Permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great New Restorer. Send for Free 24 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Masculine Theory.

Wife—I wonder why the fashions for women change so often?

Husband—Probably for the purpose of enabling them to correspond with the feminine mind, my dear.

Horrible Thought.

Here's an astrologer who predicts that King Edward is shortly to pass through a lot of trouble, a dark cloud hanging over the empire. Some horrible calamity, don't you know.

I'll bet Alfred Austin is writing another ode.—Life.

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