

# Second Cousin Sarah

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

## CHAPTER I.

It was wintry weather down in Worcester, though the May of the year in which our story opens was already two weeks old. It was a late spring, the country people said, meaning that the hall, and sleet, and rain, and bitter east winds were still in the ascendant, and that there was not a glimpse of sunshine from week's end to week's end. Times were hard and business was bad, and people already croaked about the danger to the harvest. It was a world that shivered by the fire still, and waited for a change. Weather-wise folks looked up at the leaden sky every day, shook their heads and said "more wet"; and the wet came down as though they had asked for it, and washed out the energy from three-fourths of the human-kind in Worcester.

It had been raining all day in the loyal city, just as it had rained the day before, and the day preceding that. It was raining at ten o'clock in the evening in as vigorous and lively a fashion as though it had just commenced, and the wind had turned out with extra strength to add to the dark night's discomfort. Worcester had lost heart and given up and gone to bed, and at the railway station, where, by the tables, one could ascertain that a train was behind time by three minutes, there was a faint semblance of life, more depressing than the elements. There was one fly, with its driver asleep in the interior of his vehicle, and its drabby horse coughing like a man. There was a wet old gentleman, glittering like a beetle in his waterproof as he walked up and down, under the dim gas lamps of the station. There was a railway porter's head peering occasionally from a half-open door, and declining to allow its body to come forward until the glaring eyes of the engine were seen advancing through the mists of the night; and there was a short, thin, laggard scrap of a youth, in tattered corduroys and a red comforter, curled up on a porter's truck, and sleeping placidly.

The train that was overdue was not calculated to rouse the officials into energy. It came from a dull, dead branch line, and was going on to Gloucester; it was not likely to land many travelers or take up many at that hour of the night. When it arrived at last, it came into the station noiselessly and in a spiritless condition, as though the steam were low and the engine-driver had just buried his wife, and only one bespotted window was slowly lowered in a third-class carriage, as the train glided to the platform.

From this window an ungloved hand and arm protruded and unlatched the door, and then a stalwart man of four or five and twenty years of age, a bright-faced, brown-bearded man, stepped out, dragged forth a portmanteau and a hat box, stood aside to allow of the brisk entrance of the man in the shiny waterproof, and looked around him in that half-sharp, half-vague manner common to individuals who find themselves in places that are new to them, or have changed much since their last farewell. The guard banged the door to, the engine gave a melancholy wail, and tolled on with its burden; the youth in corduroys sat up on the barrow and stared at the portmanteau and hat box rather than at their owner; the fly-driver, who had roused himself, called out "Carriage, sir?" and not receiving a response, cut the coughing horse viciously under the chin with his whip and drove off at full speed.

The traveler, after a hasty glance at the sky, looked out in a sharp, clear voice to the porter: "I expected a carriage for me to-night." "What sort of a carriage?" "A private carriage from Mr. Culwick, of Sedge Hill. Do you know Mr. Culwick by sight, or his coachman?" "There has been nothing here but cabs all day—and there's nothing likely to come now, I reckon." "Do you want anybody to carry your luggage, sir?" asked a weak voice, and the lad who had been dozing away time on the barrow intruded in an edgewise manner into the conversation. The traveler glanced at him and said: "It is too heavy for you, my man." "No, it isn't," said the youth with alacrity. "I'm very strong; I have been waiting for a job all night, sir—if you don't mind, sir—for I'm very strong, I am, indeed!"

The eagerness of the request, the restoration of his powers, the contrast which his words presented to his white cheeks, and eager, dark eyes, attracted anew the attention of the gentleman for whom no carriage had arrived, before the railway porter turned upon the applicant. "You get out of this, young shaver; you've been here a sight too long already," cried the porter, "and I've had my hi on you these two hours. It's no use your hanging about as if—"

The boy cowered for an instant, and then turned quickly on the man. "And I'm very strong, sir," he urged again; "may I try? I'll carry it easily; see now!"

The portmanteau was raised and flung upon his shoulder, the other hand caught up the leather hat box, and the white face looked round the burden inquiringly. "Where to, sir?" "To Muddleton's Hotel."

The youth strode into the wind and rain, and then the traveler, after giving a tug to his cap, put his hands in the pockets of his coat and followed his guide across and out of the station yard. The youth turned a corner with the luggage, and the proprietor found him leaning against the brick wall of a house when he had turned after him.

"Which way, sir?" he inquired. "Which way?" echoed the stranger; "why, straight along there. Don't you know the way?"

"Can't say that I know much about hotels—I haven't been at this kind of work a great while, sir." "How long?" inquired the traveler, somewhat curiously. "Three hours and a half."

"Come, that's perseverance, if we take the weather into consideration. You are the lad to make your way in the world, in good time. Three hours and a half. What have you been doing before this?" "Nothing particular."

The lad trudged on. He wavered more in his gait, and splashed the legs of his

companion with superfluous mud and water; and the man walked by his side, studying the roadway and unobtrusively the failing efforts of the weak boy whom he had intrusted with a heavy task.

"Who are you, boy?" he said, without looking up. "What have you come to this sleepy city for?" "I—don't know," was the reply, and a more sullen reply it was than usual, despite its jerkiness.

"Have you run away from home? Is that it?" The man looked at the lad at this query—looked with a grave earnestness that betokened a keener interest in him than he had hitherto shown.

"If that's it, we are in the same boat, boy," said he. "I ran away from home ever so long ago."

"Because—" and the lad, curious in his turn, and even stopping short for an instant for the answer. "Because there was no place like home!—no place so confoundedly uncomfortable, and unsympathetic and hard-earned—and so I put on my hat and walked out. And yet, after all—" he paused and made a clutch at his portmanteau, that he suddenly thought was in peril of slipping from the lad's shoulder—"Here, hold hard, youngster; what's the matter?"

"It's all right, let me be; I can carry it. I said I could," cried the boy, with excitement, and marching himself and luggage away from the touch of the elder man. This sudden effort seemed too much for the overtaxed strength of the porter; he reeled away toward the footpath, and went on with weak and tottering legs for a few moments, when he suddenly collapsed.

"You are ill—you are hurt," said the man.

"No; let me be, I shall get up in a minute. I'm a little bit giddy—the street turned round all at a sudden—but I will go on with the luggage presently."

"Oh, no, you won't," said the man, dryly; "you should have never attempted it. I was a brute not to see—the boy's going to faint." He put his arms round him and lifted him into the doorway as he might have lifted an infant, and looked again at the white, wan face under the old Scotch cap. "Poor little beggar!" he muttered; "why did I load him like this, and load along by his side. Here, what's your name? Can't you open your eyes, just for a moment, till I—"

Here his anxiety took the form of action, for, still holding the boy's head on his shoulder, he kicked with energy at the door against which he was leaning, and awoke the whole house.

A snuffy old woman, in an old black cap weighed down by grimy artificial flowers, was the first to wrench open the door; she had been sleeping by the fire, sitting up for a late husband, and she appeared with a bound on the doorstep, and nearly fell over the strange couple in her haste.

"Water—a glass of water, please," cried the traveler. "This child has fainted."

"What—who—water—whose child is it?" she called forth. Then she realized the urgency of the case and ran back into the room, returning very quickly with a light in one hand and a glass of water in the other, at the same time as heads peered down the narrow staircase, and some one opened a window above and asked twenty questions in stentorian tones, without getting an answer to one of them.

"You can come into the house, if he ain't going to die, mind you," said the woman. "Has he been run over?"

"No—crushed, that's all. Give me the water. Take off his cap and then let him be. He will get the air that way."

The Scotch cap was twitched off, and the woman and the man who was supporting the lad leaned forward and stared with amazement at two small side-combs which were in the head, and which had been used for fixing and drawing up beneath the Scotch cap a profusion of raven hair.

"Mussy on us, it's a gal!" cried the old woman. "Why, what's her game?"

"Ay, what's her game?" said the man very thoughtfully, as he echoed back the slang question of his interlocutor.

The girl heaved a deep sigh, and put thin hands to her head, as if she missed her cap already.

"She's been shamming," said the old woman, who had grown strangely uncharitable within the last few moments. "She will do if we can get her home," said the traveler. "Are you better?—how do you feel now?" he asked kindly. "I'm all right," was the slow answer; "I—I—think so. What has been—the—"

Then she stood up slowly, with her hands pressed to her temples, glared from the traveler to the woman with the light, gave a faint little scream of surprise, snatched suddenly at the cap dangling from the fingers of the woman, and with one wild spring forward, passed from them into the rain and wind, and vanished away in the darkness.

The traveler made one or two strides after her, and then stopped.

"Why should I follow her, and annoy her further?" he said, as he paused.

He remembered that he had given his strange porter no remuneration for services thus abruptly terminated, and started off again; but it was too late, and another memory coming to him that he was leaving his luggage in the street, he went back for it, and discovered that it was being taken into the house by the Samaritans, with a certain amount of undue haste.

"Thank you," he said, politely. He shouldered his portmanteau, picked up his damaged hat case and marched off to Muddleton's Hotel, where the waiter received him urbanely, but was puzzled at the quantity of mud which he brought in along with his luggage.

## CHAPTER II.

Sitting in the coffee room of Muddleton's Hotel, he slipped feet planted on the old-fashioned brass fender, the man who had come to Worcester thought out the incidents of the day, and sketched forth a map of progress for the morrow. Warm and dry, and at his ease, the wan face of the masquerader of an hour ago came before him more often than he had bargained for, the girl being apart

from his life, and only a stray incident by the wayside of a career that had been eventful and varied.

He was a man of the world, and had seen strange sights and met with strange chances and mischances, and yet he had not been at any time more perplexed than on this night of coming back home. There was a stern story, he was sure, of much privation marking the life of that weak woman who had struggled into a man's dress, and hung about Worcester railway station for man's work and man's wages; and he had experienced privation himself, and lived it down in some degree, not losing sympathy with it, or growing callous to it. Perhaps it was on his conscience that the girl had toiled hard for a sixpence, and he had not rewarded her for her labor. He rang the bell and the waiter entered.

"If anybody should ask for me—"

"Yes, sir—what name, sir?" "Reuben Culwick," he replied; "but she—she will not know my name. The party who helped me with my portmanteau from the station, I mean, and who left me in a hurry. She—he is aware that I am staying here for the night; therefore, he good enough to ask him—her—the lad, I mean, or whoever comes," he added with a dash, "into the room to-night or to-morrow morning. Do you understand?" he inquired, as the waiter listened open-mouthed to these rambling instructions.

"Yes, sir—perfectly. Anybody who comes, man or woman. Yes, sir," he said with great briskness.

"Stop one moment," said Mr. Culwick, as the man flitted toward the door; "I shall want a trap to take me to Sedge Hill, and bring me back to Worcester, at ten in the morning," and the waiter having withdrawn, he set himself to his coal-fire studies once more. The instructions which he had given had sufficed to turn the current of his ideas, and the adventure of the night passed away from his mind with the deeper thoughts that followed it.

"And return," he said, and laughed to himself more than once—and odd laughs they were, of various degrees of hilarity, from the hearty and unaffected to the laugh with the inner ring in it, the unobtrusive, as it were, of something which was scarcely irony, and which might have been interpreted into a lurking sorrow or regret by any one who had known his history.

"Yes, Reuben," he said when, at a later hour, he was going upstairs to his room, "to return; positively the last appearance of Reuben Culwick at Sedge Hill. Will there be much of a crowd to see the gentleman under those interesting circumstances?"

He had made up his mind to solve the riddle quickly for himself, and at ten in the morning he was standing in front of Mr. Muddleton's Hotel drawing on a pair of gloves and critically inspecting the animal which the proprietor had harnessed to the dog cart. Reuben Culwick looked up and down the street, and thought of his little adventure in Worcester last night. The waiter, not too busy, was standing at the door, interested in the temporary departure of the customer, and Reuben turned to him.

"Has any one called this morning for me?"

"No, sir."

"If any one should call about helping me with the portmanteau last night, give him—half a crown. And ask her to call again," added Reuben Culwick, as he sprang into the trap and drove off.

"Give him a half a crown and ask her to call again," said the waiter, looking after him. "He doesn't know what he's saying. The old man at Sedge Hill will never make him out. A regular Culwick he is, and no mistake about it."

(To be continued.)

## A DAY, MORE OR LESS.

Crossing the International Date Line in the Pacific Ocean.

Few incidents of a trip to the Philippine Islands, which so many Americans now have occasion to make, are more interesting than the crossing of the international date line, that imaginary boundary where, in going westward, a day is dropped from the calendar, and in going eastward one is added. A California Congressman and his wife happened to reach it, on the outward trip, at midnight of July 3, so that they woke up to find the next morning the 5th, and that they had lost the national holiday for the first time in their lives. To have a September 23 for two days in succession on their return would, on grounds of sentiment, be an insufficient compensation.

The teachers who go out on the transports to the Philippines usually arrange elaborate entertainments to signalize the date line. One of their number is often dressed up as Neptune, and other characters follow in a procession around the deck. The festivities are made as fanciful as the resources and ingenuity of the party permit. Sailors on merchantmen as well as passengers on the fast mail steamers are accustomed to observe the day with some celebration.

One of the old governors of Massachusetts, on being asked to speak at a State normal school which he was visiting, submitted this conundrum: "Would a person who had traveled around the world 365 times in an easterly direction be a year older than the records in the family Bible showed? If not, why not?" The governor explained that such a traveler would actually have lived one day more for each trip than the calendar showed as having passed.

In practice, the length of the trip around the world is such as to discourage most people from adding to their days by this roundabout process. Travelers between New York and Chicago are constantly having days of twenty-three or of twenty-five hours, according to the direction in which they are going.

Like the boundaries of our standard time-belts on this continent, the international date line has been so drawn as to occasion the least possible inconvenience. It deviates from the one hundred and eightieth meridian enough to leave all the islands as well as each continent wholly on one side or the other.

Patience is the king of content.—Mawwatt.

# Science AND INVENTION

From the latest earthquake data it is inferred that the crust of the earth is not more than forty miles thick, and that the nucleus is more uniform in chemical and physical conditions than is usually supposed.

In the New York Zoological Park considerable attention is given to the training of chimpanzees and orangutans. These animals, it is said, seem to be particularly susceptible to teaching, and the methods employed with them resemble those used with untaught children. Coaxing and perseverance are the two strongest and most effective aids in their education.

In some countries walking sticks are manufactured from shark fins. From the skin of the animal is obtained a leather suitable for making sword-grips and many fancy articles. Sharks abound on the coast of Nicaragua, and Mr. Gottschalk, the United States Consul at San Juan del Norte, suggests that the fins, back bones and skins might with advantage be imported into the United States for industrial purposes. The killing of sharks is encouraged by the Nicaraguan fishery laws, and there appears to be no export duty on any industrial product derived from them.

In June, 1886, the waters of Lake Rotomahana, New Zealand, seemed to find their way to the heated rocks near the surface of the earth in this locality, when there was a sudden generation of steam, and the lake was emptied and an enormous mass of rock was blown out. In place of the old lake, which was one and one-half miles long and three-quarters mile wide, a much larger one is forming. It is now six miles long, containing ten times the old volume of water, and may rise many feet more before finding an outlet. A tremendous eruption is feared if some shock should bring this water in contact with molten rocks.

From what is now known of radium Dr. S. G. Tracey reaches these conclusions: The discovery may make it necessary to change our theories about matter and the conservation of energy. Radium may possibly open up the way for a cheaper and more wholesome lighting of houses by phosphorescence. It is a practical agent to differentiate genuine gems from artificial. It is a useful agent to kill bacteria. It may be considered a valuable agent for the treatment of lupus, cancer, tuberculosis, and a possible agent to improve the eyesight and overcome blindness. Later discoveries will doubtless show service in other diseased conditions.

Last summer the Geographical Society of Baltimore sent to the Bahama Islands, in a chartered and provisioned sailing vessel, a party of explorers, among whom were twenty or thirty scientific investigators, who, during two months, made a thorough survey of those islands, with regard to their geography, geology, productions, inhabitants, and so forth. The surrounding sea was explored with deep-sea thermometers, seines, and other marine apparatus; the atmosphere was explored with high-flying kites; the soil and its productions were tested and examined; the question of the rising or sinking of the islands was looked into, and, in short, a kind of scientific conquest was made. All this was done, of course, with the consent and assistance of the local government.

## The Fifth Commandment.

The lesson reaches the commandments, and Theodore holds his breath until the second and fourth are passed. John and Alex got those, and it falls to his happy lot to rattle out the fifth.

"What does it mean?" asks his mother.

"Not to listen to Mose sing on Sunday, or fight Alex, or be cross to Mamma, and to clean your teeth and wash behind your ears every morning, and not say 'dog on!'"

"Not say 'dog on!'" is the third commandment," objected John.

"Then it's in both, 'cause mother told us not to, so it's in the mind-your-mother commandment. 'Most everything is in that.'"

"So it is," approved father, from his chair. "You observe that, boys, and everything will come out right."—Leslie's Monthly.

## Repetition Not Enough.

Pokely—You should have heard Mr. Britton laugh when I repeated your joke to him.

Jokely—When you what?

Pokely—When I repeated and explained your joke to him.

Jokely—Ah! That's different.—Philadelphia Press.

## Railway Journeys.

In the United States the distance of the average railway journey is twenty-nine miles. In England it is scarcely ten miles, while in Germany it is fifteen miles, in France twenty-one miles and in Russia sixty-five miles.

## Just His Luck.

Finnegan (who has found a quarter)—Now, I'm an unlucky devil! If anyone else had found that 'twould have been a dollar.—Ally Sloper.

When you attempt to strike a match in the dark the head is always on the other end.

Most writers who drop into poetry manage to drop clear through.



Mrs. Tupman, a prominent lady of Richmond, Va., a great sufferer with woman's troubles, tells of her cure by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—FOR SOME YEARS I suffered with backache, severe bearing-down pains, leucorrhoea, and falling of the womb. I tried many remedies, but nothing gave any positive relief.

"I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in June, 1901. When I had taken the first half bottle, I felt a vast improvement, and have now taken ten bottles with the result that I feel like a new woman. When I commenced taking the Vegetable Compound I felt all worn out and was fast approaching complete nervous collapse. I weighed only 98 pounds. Now I weigh 109½ pounds and am improving every day. I gladly testify to the benefits received."—Mrs. R. C. TUPMAN, 423 West 30th St., Richmond, Va.

When a medicine has been successful in more than a million cases, is it justice to yourself to say, without trying it, "I do not believe it would help me?"

Surely you cannot wish to remain weak and sick and discouraged, exhausted with each day's work. You have some derangement of the feminine organism, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you just as surely as it has others.

Mrs. W. H. Pelham, Jr., 108 E. Baker St., Richmond, Va., says:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I must say that I do not believe there is any female medicine to compare with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I return to you my heartfelt thanks for what your medicine has done for me. Before taking the Vegetable Compound I was so badly off that I thought I could not live much longer. The little work I had to do was a burden to me. I suffered with irregular menstruation and leucorrhoea, which caused an irritation of the parts. I looked like one who had consumption, but I do not look like that now, and I owe it all to your wonderful medicine.

"I took only six bottles, but it has made me feel like a new person. I thank God that there is such a female helper as you."

Be it, therefore, believed by all women who are ill that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the medicine they should take. It has stood the test of time, and it has hundreds of thousands of cures to its credit. Women should consider it unwise to use any other medicine.

Mrs. Pinkham, whose address is Lynn, Mass., will answer cheerfully and without cost all letters addressed to her by sick women. Perhaps she has just the knowledge that will help your case—try her to-day—it costs nothing.

**\$5000 FORFEIT** if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.

Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Mrs. A.—Your husband smoking again! Why, I thought you insisted that he should give it up. Mrs. Z.—I did, dear, but then I found such a pretty smoking-jacket at a bargain sale.—Chicago Daily News.

Friend—Now that you have made millions, what will you do? Old Bullock—I shall retire, and amuse myself telling people what a burden wealth is, and how happy I was when I was poor.—New York Weekly.

# RHEUMATISM

## AN INDESCRIBABLE TORTURE

Because Rheumatism sometimes comes on suddenly it doesn't prove that it is a chance disease or one due to accidental causes. It takes time for it to develop, and is at work in the system long before any symptoms are felt. The blood is the first point of attack, and the poisonous acids that cause the aches and pains are then distributed through the circulation to different parts of the system, and settle in joints, muscles and nerves; and when the system is in this condition it needs only some exciting cause like exposure to night air, damp, chilly weather, or the cold, bleak winds of winter, to arouse the slumbering poisons and bring on Rheumatism. The severity of the attack depends upon the amount of acid in the blood and the quantity of acid matter in the joints and muscles. Some people are almost helpless from the first, while others have occasional spells or are uncomfortable, restless, nervous and half sick all the time from the nagging aches and pains. Rheumatism is a disagreeable companion even in its mildest form. It grows worse as we grow older, and frequently stiffens the joints, draws the muscles out of shape and breaks down the nervous system. A disease that originates in the blood, as Rheumatism does, cannot be cured with external remedies like liniments and plasters; such things scatter the pains or drive them to some other part of the body, but do not touch the disease or improve the condition of the blood. The thin acid blood must be restored to its normal purity and strength, so that all poisonous substances may be carried out of the system, and no medicine accomplishes this in so short a time as S.S.S., which not only neutralizes the acids and counteracts the poisons, but builds up the general health at the same time.

**RHEUMATISM IN ELBOWS, WRISTS AND KNEES.**

Urbana, Ohio, Aug. 25, 1903. Last winter I had a severe attack of Rheumatism. It started in the right elbow, and from there to my wrists; the right wrist was the worse. It became swollen and extremely painful. My left knee joint was the next place to be attacked. It became swollen and of course painful. The next point to be affected was the hip and ankle, which gave me much trouble. I was barely able to get about for some time. I was under treatment of a physician for awhile, but getting no better. I began S. S. S., and after taking it for some time I was entirely relieved of the Rheumatism. All swelling and soreness disappeared. I consider S. S. S. an excellent remedy for Rheumatism and all troubles having their origin in the blood.

**GRIFFITH KELLY.**

408 Bloomfield Ave.

Write for our special book on Rheumatism, and should you desire any special information or advice, our physicians will furnish it without charge.

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