

# Second Cousin Sarah

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

## CHAPTER XII.

The reputed wealth of Simon Culwick of Sedge Hill, Worcester, his position in the county or his opinion of himself, did not exercise any restraint upon the peculiarities of the young woman who confronted him; who leaned across the table, and unceremoniously snatched from his hands the painting that she had placed between them. There was no respect for persons in the mind of Lucy Jennings, especially when her blood was up.

"What do you mean by nothing of the sort?" she exclaimed, and at the ominous flashing of her eyes Simon Culwick's lower jaw dropped; "haven't you come in all humility, and kindness, and Christian charity to this house?"

"Certainly not," said Mr. Culwick, making a stand for it.

"Sit down, please, while I talk to you," said Lucy very feverishly, and at the young woman's excitement Mr. Culwick glared in mute amazement. "Have you ever thought what is to become of you, old man, when you are closer to the grave than you are now? When you are dying, and all your pride and wealth are not worth that," she continued, with a quick snap of her fingers so close to his face that he winced and drew back his head with alacrity.

"You wretched woman!" cried Mr. Culwick, finding breath to reply, and clutching the arms of the chair with both hands, and shaking them in his rage, "how dare you speak to me? Do you know that—that I have never been talked to in this way in my life—that this is an unwarrantable liberty from one in your position?"

"I don't care for your position," cried Lucy Jennings; "I wouldn't change my position for yours for twice your money—for fifty times all that you have hoarded together, and hardened your soul with. What are you but a selfish old sinner, who broke his wife's heart, and turned an only son out of doors, and who must stand before his God—aye, sooner than he thinks, perhaps," she added, with an angry bang upon the table that shook the whole house, and took Mr. Jennings downstairs with a headlong plunge, under the impression that his stock had exploded—"to answer for both crimes?"

"Look here," shouted Simon Culwick, "I have had enough of this."

"You will hear me out," said Lucy, backing against the door with her chair, as he rose from his seat; "you have come of your own free will to this house, where no one is likely to be afraid of you. You are here boasting of your want of affection, bragging of the possibility of wounding one as fresh whose life you have already darkened, and I will tell you what is to become of you hereafter."

"You are a fanatic. You're raving mad," said Simon Culwick, dropping into his seat again.

"I have no more to say," she exclaimed. "Now think of it, and do your duty, as I have done mine, before it is too late."

There was a slamming of the door, and he opened his eyes to find that his tormentor had gone. He rose at once, and took his hat.

"What a horrible creature," he muttered; "I will not stop another moment."

He was half way toward the door when the picture attracted his attention again, and he stopped. It was his ruling passion; success in business, present power, future happiness, were not upon his mind now in any great degree.

He went back to the picture, and knitted his brows at it, as a man might do intently puzzled with a problem of more than ordinary difficulty; he took it to the window; he placed it on the table, and hid himself in the curtain folds, behind the light to gaze at it; he put his hat on the floor, and sat down with the picture in front of him, and began rubbing it carefully with the palm of his hand; finally he thrust his hands into his pockets, and stared at it, forgetful of his visit. He was a man possessed of one idea.

There were feet ascending the stairs now, lightly and sprightly. There was a voice he should have recollected as belonging to old days. It was only when the handle turned sharply, and the door opened, that he awoke to the consciousness of where he was, and what figure had come into the room from the world that was so different to his own.

"Father," said Reuben Culwick, as he advanced toward him. "You have come to see me, and I am glad."

"You—you fool!" blurted forth the father.

Simon Culwick rose, buttoned up his coat, and set his hat firmly on his head. "Good morning to you."

"One moment. Is Miss Holland aware of your proposition?"

"Certainly not."

"I am very glad of it."

"I don't see anything to be glad of," said Mr. Culwick, as he walked toward the door, where he paused, and looked at the picture. "I had forgotten that," he muttered, as he returned to the table, and where Reuben was standing the instant afterward with the picture in his hand.

"You will pardon me, but Mr. Jennings will not sell this portrait."

"He has already—"

"Mr. Jennings will not sell it, I assure you," said Reuben, with great urbanity of manner, as he bowed once more to his father, with the picture pressed to his breast.

Mr. Culwick, senior, descended the stairs with extreme care, and passed through the parlor and shop without bestowing any further attention upon Mr. Jennings or Sarah Eastbell. Standing at the shop door was Lucy Jennings. She stood aside and as she passed her, she said in a low tone:

"Try to remember how close you may be to your grave, before you leave this house as wicked a man as you entered it."

He glared at her defiantly; his fingers even closed upon the stick, as if the idea of striking her with it had suggested itself, then he stopped and put his face close to hers, eagerly and confidentially.

"A ten-pound note for that picture, and I'll take it away with me."

"You will take nothing away with you but our contempt," said Lucy, banging the door behind him, and shutting him out in the front garden, down which he proceeded slowly.

He turned in the direction of the Camberwell New Road, but altered his mind, and passing the house again, looking up at the window of the first floor, and even hesitated, as if the idea of re-entering had struck him; then he went on to Walworth Road, where he lost himself. He gave up asking the way to London Bridge after a while, and looked on in a purposeless fashion that was new to him, until he found himself standing by a lamp-post in a crowded thoroughfare, thinking of his son, and then of his dead wife—which was very strange indeed—and then of Mary Holland, down in Worcester-shire.

He stepped into the road and made for the opposite side of the way. There were wagons and omnibuses and carts coming in all directions, and their drivers shouted at him, and foot passengers screamed wildly at the danger which he had not seen for himself. His giddiness overmastered him, and he fell amid clattering, stumbling iron hoofs, and whirling, grinding wheels, and it was beyond man's help to save him.

CHAPTER XIII.

Mrs. Eastbell waited very patiently for the return of her granddaughter to the almshouses. She was very happy in her nest, she said. Sarah wrote her letters; Miss Holland read them to her; everybody was kind, and her granddaughter would soon be home again. What was there to disturb her old head in any way? She was well in health, too, and wonderfully strong.

Suddenly the visits of Mary Holland abruptly ceased, although a message was sent to the old lady that Mrs. Muggerridge's niece had been telegraphed for to London, and would return in a few days. The niece would take that opportunity of calling upon Sarah Eastbell, and bring back to Worcester all the news—possibly Miss Eastbell herself, if she was strong enough to leave.

How long Mary Holland was away Mrs. Eastbell did not know, one day being very much like another, and time passed away smoothly and easily with this complacent specimen of age, and then, one afternoon, when the kettle was singing on the handful of fire which Mrs. Muggerridge had made, Mary Holland came softly into the room, and stood by the bedside of the woman.

"I have returned," she said; and the eyelashes of the listener quivered at the voice.

"Thank you, child," was the answer, as the thin yellow hand crept from beneath the sheets to welcome her. "Have you brought Sarah with you?"

"She will be in Worcester to-morrow."

"Now that's good hearing! Is that all you have to tell me?"

"Oh, no—I have brought a great deal of news with me—good and bad. I am afraid that you must have them both together, for they both affect you, Mrs. Eastbell."

"Go on, girl; let us have them in the lump, then. But," she added, quickly, "is it anything to do with Sarah?"

"It concerns yourself most of all. Can you feel what trimming is on my sleeve?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Eastbell, "crap! You have lost some one?"

"I have lost one who was kinder to me than to any living soul. I shall be no richer for his death. I never expected anything. It was on the condition that I should never touch a halfpenny of his money that I became the keeper of his house, the watcher of his lonely life. His father and mine had been great friends, but they had quarreled at last, as everybody quarreled with this man."

"You must mean my brother Simon?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Is he really dead?" she asked in a whisper.

"You are not smocked?" she asked wonderingly.

"I am too near the end myself, child, to be surprised at Simon's starting before me—the right way, too, for he was an honest, straightforward fellow, wasn't he? And Reuben comes back to his rights at last, and all's well."

"All is not well with Reuben Culwick, so far as his rights are concerned. His father has cut him out of his will, as he said that he would." Mary explained still further, "and as I know that he would."

"Then who has got the money?"

"The young woman's hand touched the dry and withered one lying close to her own."

"You have," said Mary Holland, after a moment's silence.

"What's that you say—who's got the money?—me?" she screamed forth.

"Yes, you are the heiress," said Mary Holland, somewhat satirically.

"How much money is there?" she asked, so keenly that Mary almost fancied that the old woman was peering at her from under her sealed lids.

"More than you will know what to do with."

"Not more than I can take care of," she added, with one of her low chuckles of satisfaction.

"For yourself, and for those who come after you," said Mary, in a low, thoughtful tone.

"Yes; but I must enjoy myself first. I haven't had much pleasure in my life, stuck here like a Guy Fox, goodness knows!"

"What do you think of doing?" asked Mary Holland.

"I shall take possession to-night," said the old lady; "I must get to Sedge Hill; I shall be able to welcome my granddaughter to her new home then. I am strong enough, if somebody will only dress me, and send for a conveyance. Why should I stop? Haven't I had enough of this prison and this poverty? I can't live here any longer."

Mary Holland thought it would have been wiser to have brought her news at an earlier hour than this. She endeavored to persuade Mrs. Eastbell to rest till the next day, but the old lady was obstinate and not to be turned from her intentions.

Mary Holland gave her tea, but although she went from the room, she did not proceed in search of a conveyance to Sedge Hill, but entrusted that commission to the old lady next door. She wondered if the old woman's strength would last to Sedge Hill, or if the reaction would come and leave her prostrate. She was not prepared for this sudden awakening to a new life; it bewildered her, shrewd little woman though she was in many things. She had wished to break the news to Mrs. Eastbell, and the task had been entrusted to her accordingly, but had it been done wisely, and was this a wise step, on the part of Mrs. Eastbell, to leave St. Oswald's in ungrateful haste?

"What a time the cab is!" said Sarah Eastbell suddenly.

"In your happier state apart from this life, you will not forget the man whose place you take, whose home is yours, whose father set him aside without fair cause," urged Mary.

"This isn't a time to worry me about him. I have no fault to find with Reuben—he's an excellent young man—but that's no reason why I should talk of him to-night."

"He is poor."

"I dare say he is," was the reply, "but I must think of my own family first. I can't be bothered with nephews just now."

Mrs. Muggerridge's head peered round the door.

"The cab's come," she said; "do you think you can walk to the outer gate, Mrs. Eastbell?"

"I could walk a mile. There's a teapot of mine on the hob, and it draws beautifully. Take it, tea and all, and don't forget me. Good-by. How very glad I am to get away from here! This way?"

"Yes, this way," said Mary.

"The night's cold, and though I am not used to night air, I can go through it to my new house and my new life as briskly as you can. What a change for me and Sally!"

"And for more than you two," added Mary Holland.

(To be continued.)

## AN OLD BRITISH DEVICE.

"Revolving" Shirt Front Originated in England Years Ago.

"Here's a curious thing," remarked a dealer in what are popularly called "gents' furnishings": "Several years ago a revolving shirt bosom was put on the market in Chicago. The advertisement ran like this:

"Agents make \$10 daily handling 'revolving' shirt bosoms; eight changes; beautiful patterns; greatest seller produced; we are the originators and manufacturers of the revolving shirt bosom, at prices that defy competition; don't be misled by imitators who only want to sell samples, which are a cheap imitation of our goods; don't fail to write for particulars, or sample, 25 cents. Bogus Manufacturing Company, Chicago."

"Well, yesterday, at an old-book shop, I'dly turning over a bound volume of London Punch for May, 1851, I found this announcement, among imaginary novelties to be seen on Mr. Punch's counter at the great exhibition:

"The new revolver shirt, that, by turning around a little to the right or left, is made to display in succession the following round of fronts, viz.: 1. A colored front, pour la matinee; 2. A plain front, pour la promenade; 3. A dress front, pour l'opera, ou le bal; and 4. A deshable front, pour la nuit; thus admirably combining four shirts in one, singularly adapted for foreigners."

"A trifle odd, isn't it?" the speaker concluded, according to the Detroit Free Press, "that a serious Chicago novelty should have been prophesied in London Punch fifty years before?"

His Loss Her Gain.

Gholly—Yaas, whenever I call on her she's out, but I hope for better luck next time.

Miss Pepprey—How ungalant. You can't both have good luck.—Philadelphia Press.



## Ice and Cold Storage House.

While many farmers consider an ice house a luxury that is not for them, a building such as is shown in the cut may be erected at small cost, and if the ice can be had for the cutting and drawing it will be found profitable. Even in sections where ice is scarce such a structure would be worth all it cost to a fruit grower who desired to hold back his products in cold storage.

To make the house cheap build it of any lumber obtainable, the essential thing being to have it with an inner wall a foot from the outer wall and this space filled in hard with sawdust, straw, leaves or any similar material. Then pack on the bottom of the floor a foot of straw or hay or sawdust and on this lay the cakes of ice, filling in between them cracked ice, and, if the weather is freezing, pouring water over each layer as it is filled in. Divide off a portion of the space for a cold storage room, as shown in the lower part of the illustration and one has a place where fruit, milk and butter may be kept in good condition during the warmest days of summer.

Try an ice house, even though it be but a small one, and you will be surprised to see how little it will cost and how useful it is.

Advantages of Farm Life.

It is the farmers' boys who are most likely to succeed, whether in business or in professional life. Spending most of their time under the open sky, breathing fresh air, and eating simple food, they are more likely to have vigorous health and strong constitutions than are their city cousins. Brought into constant contact with nature, they absorb a great deal of useful knowledge, and acquire habits of observation. Then, too, the regular farm work, the "chores" and numberless other little things keep them well occupied and enable them to feel that they are earning their way, thus giving to them a sense of independence and cultivating a spirit of self-reliance and manliness. The performance of a deal of drudgery is an indispensable preparation for all real success in life, whatever the occupation. A boy who is afraid of work or of soiling his hands need not expect to accomplish much in the world. Country boys have their full share of fun, but there are many disagreeable duties on a farm which farmers' boys learn to accept as a matter of course. Edward Eggleston, speaking of the value of his farm training when a boy, once said to me: "I learned one thing of great value, and that was to do disagreeable things cheerfully."—Josiah Strong, in Success.

Half-Soling the Sled.

Soles made of poles are almost a thing of the past since the sawed ones have come into use. There are still some who do not use the sawed soles because of not knowing how to put them on, after they have become dry, without breaking or splitting them.

The illustration shows how the trick is done. A teakettle full of boiling water, poured on very gradually while the sole is being sprung, is all that is necessary in almost every instance. The stream should be no larger than a lead pencil, and poured on continually. Any one who has never tried this method will be surprised how

quickly the sole will bend down into its place.—R. A. Gallier, in Farm and Home.

The Milkman's Steady Job.

A veteran New York State dairyman who has been in the business over half a century says that commencing in 1876 he was away from home but one night in about twenty-two years. He always used to do his own milking. His average for many years was not less than twenty cows night and morning. He milked one cow nineteen years and about ten months in the year. In the year 1879 twenty cows gave him 100,000 pounds of milk, which netted him from the cheese factory \$1,000, besides having his whey to feed to the bogs and calves.

Winter Fruit Tree Pruning.

While the early spring pruning and the summer pinching back of the small shoots covers the main pruning of the fruit trees, much good work may be

done during the open days of winter which will, at least, save time in the spring. Broken limbs may be removed and many of the inside limbs which are overlapping the fruiting twigs can be cut off during the winter as well as in the spring. The work of pruning should always be done with a saw on limbs too large to cut with a sharp knife; in pruning saw from the under side of the limb first, sawing up a quarter or a half through and finishing from the top. This will result in a clean cut and there will be no splintering, as would be the case if a heavy limb was cut through from the top. In the winter pruning of orchards keep your eyes open and note the condition of the trees, so that at the proper time any remedy for any trouble found may be applied.

Cost of Raising Corn.

The present low price of corn and the enormous quantity which is piled up in bins and warehouses everywhere in this country is the most emphatic evidence that corn can be produced at a very low cost, and it is plain from the experience of hundreds of corn raisers that there is a profit in producing corn on a large scale, even at the present low prices, for many thousands of farmers have made a good living and laid some profit by from their corn lands.

It is perfectly true that the man with a small farm, devoted exclusively to corn raising, can get only a very precarious living out of corn when the price is under 25 cents on the farm. But even the small farmer can assure himself of a substantial surplus with the prospect of a substantial surplus, some years, if he devotes a part of his land to raising the products which he needs for his family, and raises corn, well cultivated and carefully cared for, on the rest of it.

It must not be forgotten that the present low price of corn is due to two years of very extraordinary yields, and though this year's crop is moderate, by comparison with those years, the surplus in the country, added to what was produced this year, makes the supply in the country about as large as it was ever known to be, and the cost of production of the corn which most farmers have on hand at the present time, must be figured on the basis of large yields, so that, even at present low prices, the great bulk of the corn in the country represents a good deal more than what it has cost the farmer to produce it.

For Sittin' Hens.

Mrs. Amanda Wilson writes to the Iowa Homestead: "I have been very much annoyed at times with persistent sitting hens. I have tried several methods of preventing them from becoming broody, and have at last hit upon a simple coop about two feet square and two feet high made of lath, and attached to a rope, as shown in the illustration. Place the hen inside the coop and let it swing about eighteen inches from the ground. The excitement of the curious chickens which stand around on the outside will quickly dispel the hatching idea from the most persistent sitting hen. Feed and water should be given the same as usual."

Grooming is Valuable.

The proper and frequent grooming of work horses is too little done by farmers who do not appreciate the importance of the work. It may appear to you when you assert, without fear of contradiction, that a well-groomed horse works better and requires less food than a horse kept in a filthy condition. Proper grooming means proper circulation of the blood and opens the pores of the skin. Where circulation has become impeded, and the pores of the skin are blocked up with the filth, the animal is out of sorts and cannot work with normal vigor, nor can it derive the due amount of nutriment from its food; hence it is, tempted to eat more than other horses.

Indiscriminate Feeding.

On some farms all kinds of poultry are fed together, old and young, and geese, ducks, turkeys and chickens. There are always domineering individuals in all barnyards, hence it will be an advantage to separate the older from the younger stock when feeding. The natural consequence of promiscuous commingling of fowls is that the largest and strongest take their choice and leave the refuse to be eaten by the weaker, whereas the best should be given to the poorest in order to help them to a condition of thrift and growth. It is also more economical to make some distinction when feeding, especially when a profit is desired.

Relation of Size to Age.

There is no fixed relation between size and longevity in breeds of live stock, though it is a well established fact that, generally, small or medium sized animals live longer than very small ones. Also breeds that have a marked tendency to take on fat are shorter lived than the leaner breeds. These facts are recognized by live stock insurance companies, for they refuse to insure the heavy and fat producing breeds to as great age as others.

Brood Hens.

If broody hens are properly treated nine out of ten will begin to lay again within two weeks after being removed from the nest. But if they are half-drowned, starved a week, or bruised and abused, it is more than likely they will get even with their owners by declining to lay a single egg until they have fully recovered from their ill-treatment and acquired their customary tranquillity.

## FARM AND GARDEN

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## GREAT LUMP OF IRON ORE

Weights 600,000,000 Tons and Worth an Immense Fortune.

One of the greatest natural curiosities in Mexico is a big hill consisting of a solid mass of iron ore. It stands beside the railroad track, near the station, in the city of Durango, in the central part of the republic.

Nothing just like it is known elsewhere except in North Sweden, where there is another hill of iron ore, which the miners are beginning to tear down to feed the smelters that have just been built around it.

The Durango hill is simply a tremendous lump of iron ore about a mile in length, nearly 2,000 feet wide and rising above the rock-strewn plain around it from