

Second Cousin Sarah

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

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

Thomas Eastbell was not prepared for his sister's firmness. She was right; she was changed. This was not the woman of two years ago, who had some hopes of him, and whom he had talked over more than once—who had been afraid of him, and had not been altogether wanting in affection for him; this was some one whom he had scarcely expected to find at Sedge Hill.

"You would ruin me if you could, then," he said; "you would stand between me and my share of the good luck which has come to the old woman. You would live on rich as a Jew, and leave me to starve, or steal—to go to the workhouse, or the prison."

"I think that possibly I am in the way," said the gentleman by the fireplace, intruding upon the conversation for the first time; "you and your brother can arrange this little matter so much better without me, Miss Eastbell."

Tom's friend rose and went softly out of the room, and through the open bay-window, into the night air, where he was lost to view.

"Will you tell me who that is?" said Sarah, pointing to the window through which Captain Peterson had disappeared.

"A naval officer—merchant service," Tom explained; "an intimate friend of mine—a regular swell."

"The last time I saw him, it was in Potter's Court," said Sarah Eastbell decisively; "he came in and out of No. 2 at uncertain hours of the night, and gave directions to men who were his brothers, and who seemed of a lower position than himself. He took away with him, I remember also, packages of bad money. He was a captain then, but it was of a gang of coiners!"

Thomas Eastbell sat back in his chair, and glared at his sister. Sarah looked up.

"You want money, I suppose?" she said.

"Who doesn't?" he added, with a short, sharp laugh.

"How much will satisfy you, and take you from this house?"

"Grandmother does not want to part with me," he said; "but if you and I are not likely to agree, and matters can be arranged, a good round sum—annual—payable in advance, and my name down in the will for a fair share."

"That cannot be."

"Then give me a lump sum now, and have done with me. I'll go abroad—I'll take another name—I'll do anything."

"I have money of my own. I must arrange with you, and spare that poor old woman. Ah, Tom!" she said, sadly, "let her think the best of you till the last. I set for grandmother in my own name, and for everything. So it is in my power to help you a little, but you must not be too extortionate. I hold the money—grandmother holds the money—in trust for others."

"You don't mean—"

"Never mind what I mean," said Sarah; "all my meanings belong to the future, when I may be no richer than I am—when I shall have nothing to do with this house."

"But grandmother—"

"Leaves all to me—trusts to my judgment in everything. By making me your enemy, Tom, you make yourself a beggar."

She could not impress this fact too strongly upon a gentleman of Mr. Thomas Eastbell's turn of mind, and he sat with his hands clutching his knees, perplexed at last by the problem which she had set him to solve. He did not know that she had risen till her hand fell lightly on his shoulder and then he started, as at the touch of a police officer.

"Make up your mind to go away, and go away soon—before grandmother has time to guess what you are, and when your life has been here. To-morrow—the next day at the farthest."

"It's hard. It's beastly unfair," he muttered as Sarah left him with another warning of the evils of delay. He reflected on the matter after she had gone; if Sarah were perplexed what to do, equally was he perplexed now as to the right course to pursue. A false step might ruin every chance that he had. He had come for money, but he did not know what to ask, or how much money was at his sister's disposal.

Captain Peterson came back into the room, and stood and fastened the bay-window carefully after him, as though he were nervous about thieves. Having secured the bolts to his satisfaction, he advanced softly toward his friend.

"How have you got on with her, Tom?" he asked in a low tone, as he dropped into his old place by the mantelpiece.

"She remembers you at No. 2 Potter's Court, old fellow. She can swear to you in any court of justice in the world."

"It's awkward," said Captain Peterson thoughtfully. "What did you tell me that this girl was weak and nervous for, and that she and her grandmother were only living together? Didn't Mary Holland count for anything?"

"I thought that you would be glad to see her again," said his companion with a short laugh.

"I am not afraid of her," said the other, "but I don't make out your sister exactly. She's dangerous. She would not stand nice about blowing up the whole thing, I can see. How long does she give you to clear out?"

"Till to-morrow night—or the day after that."

"What we make up our minds to do, Tom, must be done quickly," he said. "You had better leave all this in my hands. If you don't leave it to me—I shall cut the whole business to-morrow."

Tom Eastbell left the whole management of his affairs to Captain Peterson forthwith.

CHAPTER XVII.

Sarah Eastbell spent the next hour with her grandmother, who had been led to her room during the conference in the great picture gallery. The old lady had left word that she wished to see Sarah directly that she was disengaged, and her heroine had proceeded upstairs upon receiving the message, and found Mrs. Eastbell in bed, lying there rigid and sallow, as in the old almshouse days. The maid in attendance upon Mrs. East-

bell quitted the room as Sarah entered softly, but not so softly as to escape the quick ears of the grandmother.

"Sally—what a dreadful time you have been!" said Mrs. Eastbell.

"I have been talking to Tom."

"You will have years to talk to him—I may be only with you a few more days. It's awfully tiring, this up and down-stairs business. Not half as comfortable as at St. Oswald's after all. I wish that I had never left the place."

"You are tired to-night, and despondent, that's all. Will you try and rest now?"

"Rest in this house, Sally!" cried the old lady ironically, "there isn't much chance of that, with people tearing up and down stairs at all hours, and the servants banging shutters and locking doors as if we were in a prison. Somebody came into my room last night, blundering, but I could not find out who it was."

"Into your room?" asked Sarah, very anxiously now, "where was Hartley?"

"I packed her off two days ago. She snorted in her sleep like a horse. I want rest, child, not the noise of a steam engine in my ears."

"You are too old to rest alone—you cannot lock your door even," said Sarah.

"I must come back as in the old days, grandmamma, if you send Hartley away. Why shouldn't I have my little crib in one corner of this great room, as when you and I were sharing life together in St. Oswald's?"

"You're mighty anxious about me," said Mrs. Eastbell fretfully, "and yet you have flounced yourself off for three days, and without rhyme or reason."

"I was anxious about Reuben Culwick—I could not rest longer without seeing him. He is very poor, grandmother."

Sarah; "he has been very unlucky in life. I found him in a back room in Drury Lane—a half-starved, haggard-looking man, borne down by the disappointments of his life. This was Reuben Culwick—in whose house we are—poor and low—who saved me when I had not power to help myself. This is the man forever foremost in my thoughts. Why should I hide it from myself or you?"

She buried her head in the bedclothes, and the shriveled hand stole forth and rested on the flowing mass of raven hair there.

"Don't go on so, Sally—I won't forget him. I promised long ago that I would never forget Reuben Culwick, didn't I? I'll keep my word. As soon as ever I am strong enough the will we talked about shall be prepared."

Sarah passed from the room, and stood reflecting on the sheep's-skin mat outside the door. A woman passing in the distance attracted her attention, and seemed to shape her motives, for she beckoned to her cautiously, and even went a few steps toward her.

"You should not have left your mistress whilst I was away," Sarah said reproachfully; "she is too old to be left. Watch this room till I return, and see that no one disturbs my grandmother by passing noisily along the corridor."

Sarah left Miss Hartley to marvel a little at the instructions which she had received, and went thoughtfully downstairs, pausing now and then to consider the new position of affairs. She passed into the garden. She was hot and feverish, and the night was close. In the cool fresh air she might be able to shape out a better, clearer course, if the current of events should turn against her and her project for Tom's departure from Sedge Hill. She had grown very much afraid of him, of late days; she had lost every atom of confidence; and the man whom he had brought into the house had been a well-known character in Potter's Court, for whom the police had made inquiries during her short stay there.

She had left the house some hundred yards when footsteps on the gravel path arrested her attention, and checked her further progress. They were coming slowly toward her—and she shrank at once into the shadow of the trees, with the instinct to be unperceived and watchful. Trouble had come thickly in her way, and she must fight against it as best she might.

There were two persons advancing in her direction—who could they be, at that hour of the night, but Thomas Eastbell and Peterson, plotting together against the peace of Sedge Hill? They were soon close upon her; they could have heard her loud breathing had they listened; but they were deep in conversation, and un-mindful of a watcher. The path was broad and white, and their figures were easily distinguishable, striking at Sarah Eastbell's heart with a new surprise and an awful sense of treachery. They were those of Captain Peterson and Mary Holland—the former talking in a low and energetic manner; the other listening with her gaze directed to the ground, and with her hands clasped on the bosom of her dress. There was a light gauze scarf on Mary Holland's head, and the ends fluttered in the night breeze as she passed by. There was not a word which Sarah could catch at—it was a new phase of mystery for which she was not prepared, which seemed to place her very much alone in the world after the discovery.

When they were in advance of her, Sarah stole from her hiding place and proceeded in their direction, keeping to the shadow of the trees. She paused before entering upon the broad and open space of ground in front of the house where they were standing, and where Captain Peterson was still debating with the silent woman still looking on the ground. She watched them separate without a glance toward each other, the man entering the picture gallery through the bay-window, and Mary Holland proceeding to the French window of the drawing room.

Sarah followed her, still clinging to the shadow. She reached the drawing room to find the blinds drawn before the windows, and the windows closed. As she paused to consider her next step, the shadow of Mary Holland was thrown upon the blind—a strange appealing phantom, with its hands upraised as if in supplication.

Sarah's hand shook the window frame. There was another pause, and then the

blind was snatched hastily aside, and

Mary's face was pressed against the inner side of the glass.

"Who's there?"

"Let me in. It is I—Sarah," replied our heroine.

Mary Holland unfastened the window and admitted her. Both women looked keenly at each other—and both were very pale.

Mary Holland walked slowly from the window, which she had unlocked to admit Sarah Eastbell, and sat down in the armchair by the fire. There was a painful silence, each young woman waiting for the other to speak, and each on guard.

It was Mary Holland who began at last.

"I had no idea that you were in the garden, Sarah," she said slowly; "were you not afraid of catching cold, at this late hour of the night?"

"Weren't you?" was the quick rejoinder.

"I wanted fresh air," said Mary, speaking slowly; "I had been in attendance upon your grandmother all day, and she has been more than ordinarily exacting. But you have been traveling, and were fatigued."

"I was fatigued," said Sarah Eastbell, "until I reached this house and found it full of change—and you changed with all the rest."

"I have not changed in any one degree," said Mary Holland, clasping her hands suddenly together; "I am the same woman that I have ever been."

"My friend—and hers?" said Sarah meaningly.

"Yes," answered Mary, and she met again the steady gaze of her inquirer. It was a pale, pensive face, with a clear outlook from the full gray eyes, and one could scarcely doubt the truth upon it even then.

"But—" began Sarah, hesitatingly, when the other interrupted her.

"But I am a young woman with more secrets than one upon my mind, and they have come more closely to me of late days. And now I am more helpless than I thought I was," she said.

Sarah Eastbell drew a chair toward her, and sat down by the side of Mary Holland.

"Mary," she said tetchily, "I hate people with secrets, and there is enough mystery about this life without your adding to it. Will you trust me, or will you not?"

"My child, I am five or six years older than you. Why, I have scarcely learned to trust myself yet! When I have full confidence in Mary Holland, I may put faith—implicit faith—in Sarah Eastbell," she said, in those old crisp tones of voice that had given character to her before this; "but loving and respecting her genuine nature as I do, still I must keep my troubles to myself."

"You have nothing to tell me, then?"

"Not yet. Only this," said Mary, looking up again; "I will ask for the old confidence, which appears to be sinking away without any power of mine to stop it. These are strange times, and I must be strange with them. Bear with me, Sarah Eastbell."

"I am alone in this house, where there are many enemies now," said Sarah; "why should I trust you any longer? You know what my brother is—you can guess what his companion is likely to be. And yet you and that man were whispering together in the garden for half an hour to-night. You two are soon friends. Has Captain Peterson fallen in love with you?"

"On the contrary, I think Captain Peterson detests me very cordially."

"You know that he is a villain then!—that two years ago he was in league with coiners—that I knew him by sight in Potter's Court—that his presence here means danger to honest people?"

"Honest people can surely take care of themselves against such petty knavery as his, and his friend's," said Mary, almost contemptuously; "I have warned him that we are on our guard in this house."

"Will they defy me and remain?" was the rejoinder.

"For a while, perhaps—until they are weary of a life that is unsuited to them, or until your grandmother knows the truth of your brother's rascality, with which she should have been acquainted long since."

"I could not see this day. I wanted to keep her heart light to the last," murmured Sarah; "and now my falsehood turns upon myself, and puts that poor weak life in danger too. For they would be glad of her death," she said in an excited whisper. "I read it in their faces. I cannot trust them—or you. I am alone now—awfully alone!"

(To be continued.)

Story on "Uncle Joe" Cannon.

A young Washingtonian walked into one of the principal banks the other day and informed the teller that he desired to borrow \$250. He tendered his promissory note, indorsed by Representative Cannon of Illinois, chairman of the committee on appropriations.

"Very sorry, sir," said the teller, coming back to the window after having disappeared for a moment, with the note in his hand, "but we can't let you have this."

"Why," asked the applicant, "isn't that indorsement good? It's Uncle Joe Cannon, chairman of the committee on appropriations, you know."

"Yes, I know that; the trouble is that it is too good. But we don't know you so well. Suppose you should fail to pay this note. We would hardly like to ask Mr. Cannon to pay it. We have to go before the committee on appropriations two or three times each year to request favorable action on certain legislation. We would hardly want to call upon him to pay this note if you should fail to do so."

"Oh, that's it, is it," replied the young man. "But suppose I tell Representative Cannon that you have refused to accept his indorsement?"

The sum of \$250 was instantly forthcoming.—St. Louis Republic.

As Suggested.

Biggs—It strikes me that the fool-killer is neglecting his business.

Diggs—He's kept pretty busy, I suppose, but you might send him your address.

Self-laudation abounds among the unpolished; but nothing can stamp a man more sharply as ill-bred.—Buxton.



Dolly Varden's First Party.

Her mother called her "Doll;" her grandpa called her "Dolly Varden;" and she was a little girl 4 years old.

One day her father brought her a letter from the postoffice. It was small and pink, and looked good enough to eat. Dolly Varden could not read, so her father read it for her. It said:

"Miss Jenny Barry requests the pleasure of Miss Dolly Varden's company next Wednesday afternoon from 3 till 5 o'clock."

Jenny Barry was another little girl, a very dear friend of Dolly Varden's, who lived just a little way round the corner.

When Dolly Varden heard what was in the letter she was so pleased that she danced round the house all day, singing:

"I'm going to a party—a really, truly party—to Jenny Barry's party—yes, I am!"

Wednesday came at last, and as soon as dinner was over Dolly Varden begged to be dressed at once, for fear she would be late at the party.

So mamma brushed the nice long curls over her fingers, put on the little red shoes and a white dress with a little red sash, and said:

"You may go now, if you do not like to wait."

But Dolly Varden went into the parlor and sat down in a big arm chair near the window. She did not want to be the first one there, and so she waited, thinking some other little girls would come along soon, and she could go with them.

But no little girls came that way, and so she watched and waited and grew very tired, for you see she had to sit very still so as not to muss the white dress.

After a long time mamma came into the parlor. "Why, Doll," she said, "what are you waiting for? You must hurry, now; it is half past 3."

"There haven't any little girls gone yet, mamma, and I don't want to get there the first one."

Pretty soon mamma came in again, and said, "Come, Doll, if you are going at all you must start now. It is 4 o'clock."

But Doll said, "Oh, I'm afraid if I go now I'll be the last one there, and I'd hate to be."

So Dolly Varden still sat in the big arm chair and watched; and no little girls went by, because they had all gone round another corner long before, and she grew very unhappy indeed.

She wanted to go to the party, but she was afraid to, and the more she thought of it the worse she felt. And there was the party just round the corner!

Pretty soon the big tears began to roll down over the pink cheeks, and after a little the nice long curls were all in a

Little Stories and Incidents that Will Interest and Entertain Young Readers

little heap on the arm of the big chair.

Then, all of a sudden, the front door opened, and a little girl came in. She looked round and saw Dolly Varden all dressed up, crying in the big arm chair. The little girl ran over to her, and put her arms about her, and said, "Why, Dolly Varden! Why couldn't you come to my party?"

Then Dolly Varden sobbed while she said, "I—I could. But I didn't want to be the first one there, and then I—I was afraid I'd be the—last one, and—and so I didn't come at all! Oh-h-h-h!"

Then Jenny took her arms away from round Dolly Varden, and folded them, and stood up straight and said, "Well, you are a baby, and I'll never invite you to another party as long as I live!" and she went home.

She kept her word, for she never had another party. But Dolly Varden was invited to many others, and she always went early, for she had decided that it was better to be the first one than the last one, and better to be the last one than not to go at all!—Youth's Companion.

The Icicles.

Six little friends were clinging with all the strength they had to the edge of your roof the other day. Why did you not rescue them?

They were shedding bitter tears that dropped to the earth, making little ice patches where they fell on the cold stone sidewalk. Even the larger ones cried in sympathy for their smaller friends, who would soon be gone. How they all wished that help would come from the north and destroy the power of the sun!

For these dying things were icicles, dears, melting in the heat of that masterful light.

Stepping to Conquer.

Over the stile
How can she crawl—
Cakes in her apron,
And she so small?

Up on the stile,
Fearing to fall,
Down comes the lassie,
The cakes and all.

Under the Stile.
That is the way!
Stepping to conquer,
She wins the day!

Why They Want a Curl.

Do you wish to know why sister's friends ask you for a curl? why Uncle Will tosses you up to the ceiling? why all the grown-up people talk with you and ask you questions? If you really want to know, dears, lean right close and you will hear that it is because they love you so and care so much for your good opinion. It is well for you to know how much you are loved. You will wish to be loving to others always, will you not?

Some Freak Inventions.

A Few of the Things that Seekers After Perpetual Motion Have Done.
While no man has yet been so fortunate as to secure a patent on a device for perpetual motion, many inventors have succeeded in obtaining this protective measure for things no less visionary so far as practical results are concerned. One of these freak patents is for a gallows so constructed that the weight of the victim on the trap automatically sets in motion devices which spring the trap after a suitable interval, thus causing the culprit to execute himself.

Some other enterprising genius applied for and received a patent on an elaborate arrangement designed to raise and tip the hat of the wearer whenever he bowed. Oh, ye gentlemen! Fancy meeting a gentleman friend whose hat should go through the conventional movements to tell of clicking of steel springs, leaving a "deah boy's" hands free to grasp monocle and stick?

Another freak device is a mechanical appliance for putting on overcoats but it is not known whether or not the inventor provided the machine with a suitable slot for the insertion of the coat. This is a thing the Tip-takers' Union should look after, and if the machine is found incomplete in that essential particular they should promptly boycott the inventor.

Something for which there might be a better demand, among city people, those in sizable towns, is an automatic appliance for letting down a latch from an upper story at a time morning previously agreed upon enable the milkman to place the indoors, the key being automatically raised when the milkman departs. Whether or not the machine would fuse to work or deliver the key there was more than the usual quantity of water in the milkman's pail has not been ascertained.

TO AVOID TYPHOID.

Lemon Juice Said to Prevent Infection Entering the Blood.

It has become a settled fact that typhoid is a water-borne disease. Many people have neither the facilities nor the inclination to purify their drinking water—hence trouble. In England a school of tropical medicine has been experimenting a long time to discover a means of protecting the health of troops on the march against the impurities of the stagnant water of the tropics. They have at last produced a tablet of citric acid which best answers the purpose.

Lemon juice is one form of citric acid, and if not too greatly diluted will so injure typhoid bacteria as to make them practically harmless.

The typhoid germ has filaments at either end something like the fins of a fish, by which it propels itself. The effect of lemon juice or any other citric acid is to shrivel up those filaments, which prevents the germ from penetrating the tissues or entering the blood.

While Dr. Jaques, a well-known Chicago physician, advocates the liberal use of lemon juice as a preventive of typhoid for those who lack facilities for boiling impure water, he further says that neither citric acid nor lemon juice has any curative properties after typhoid fever has developed.

"Typhoid fever," he says, "is caused by the germs penetrating the tissue and entering the blood. They do not remain in the intestines, as was formerly supposed. Once the tissues have been penetrated and the blood becomes infected the germs are beyond the reach of citric acid. They are affected by it only when they are fully exposed. Even then they will not be destroyed, but simply deprived of their power to penetrate the tissue and infect the blood."

The discovery of the European bacteriologists in this respect is not altogether new, according to the same authority, as many attempts were made during the Civil War to induce the Northern troops in the South to use lemon juice freely in drinking water as a preventive of typhoid, and many of the oldest practitioners have prescribed lemon juice for years for the same purpose.

"A word to the wise," etc.

Wireless Table-telegraphy.

The father of a large and expensive family had brought a guest home to

dinner. He helped the guest liberally to everything that was on the table, but, before serving the members of the family, he glanced at his wife, who made a slight and almost imperceptible signal to him, in accordance with some preconcerted code, and it worked in practice as herein set forth.

"Caroline," he said to his eldest daughter, "shall I help you to some more of the chicken—n. m. k.?"

"Just a little please, papa."

"Some of the mashed potato—a. y. w.?"

"If you please."

"With gravy—n. m. k.?"

"No thanks. No gravy."

"Johnny, will you have some more stewed tomatoes—n. m. k.?"

"No, thanks."

"Some of the mashed turnips—a. y. w.?"

"If you please."

Though the host had repeated these letters hurriedly and in a lower tone, they had not escaped the attention of the guest.

"Pardon me, Mr. Trogson," he said, "but you have excited my curiosity. May I ask what 'a. y. w.' and 'n. m. k.' mean?"

"Huh!" spoke up Johnny. "I thought everybody knew that. Those letters mean 'all you want' and 'no more in the kitchen.'"

Living Easy.
No one can do justice to the soil or scenery of Fiji, unless he has seen both the natural beauties and the golden harvests. The climate is equable; not oppressively hot in summer and delightful in winter. It is both healthy and pleasant, and the sky is always bright and the air remarkably pure. Never was there such a lazy, happy climate as this. From the slow sailing clouds to the easy swing of the palms Nature moves languidly. There is no need for hurry.

Food may be had for the picking, and clothes are unnecessary. Vegetation runs riot in the rich soil and sunshine. Fringed coconut sprays, with nut clusters at their base, broad banana leaves sheltering great bunches of fruit; tangles of peaceful ferns impenetrably thick, clumps of supple bamboo, lance-leaved mango trees heavy with purple and gold deliciousness—these and a thousand more delight the eye and charm the artist.

—Four-Track News.

A politician seldom drops politics until the public drops him.



FIBROID TUMORS CURED.

Mrs. Hayes' First Letter Appealing to Mrs. Pinkham for Help.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have been under Boston doctors' treatment for long time without any relief. They tell me I have a fibroid tumor. I can not sit down without great pain, and the soreness extends up my spine. I have bearing-down pains both back and front. My abdomen is swollen and I have had flowing spells for three years. My appetite is not good. I can not walk or be on my feet for any length of time."

"The symptoms of Fibroid Tumors given in your little book accurately describe my case, so I write to you for advice."—(Signed) Mrs. E. F. HAYES, 252 Dudley St. (Roxbury), Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Hayes' Second Letter:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Something ago I wrote to you describing my symptoms and asked your advice. You replied, and I followed all your directions carefully, and to-day I am a well woman."

"The use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound entirely expelled the tumor and strengthened my whole system. I can walk miles now."

—(Signed) Mrs. E. F. HAYES, 252 Dudley St. (Roxbury), Boston, Mass. —\$5000 forfeit if original of above letters produced. —Genuine cannot be produced.

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