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No. 3 Portland Flyer.....3:05 A. M.

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D. TIERNEY, Agent
Arlington, Or.

CONDON

GLOBE.

VOL. XIII.

CONDON, GILLIAM CO., OREGON, THURSDAY, JANUARY 28, 1904.

NO. 47.

Second Cousin Sarah

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

(CHAPTER IV.—Continued.)

He was looking at the leaden clouds
which were deepening overhead, when
Sarah Eastbell stole to his side and
twisted his arm.

"You need not trouble yourself to think
of anything for me," she said, ungraciously;
"you wouldn't have done so, I dare say,
if it were as well to tell you I don't
want any help from you; and as for leav-
ing her before she dies—well, I'd rather
die myself, much!" she added, with a
sudden passion exhibiting itself.

"You are attached to her?" said Reu-
ben Culwick, quickly.

"She's the only friend I ever had,"
was the girl's answer, as she relapsed
into her old moodiness of manner.

"Will you tell me one thing before I
go?" he said; "come now, Sarah East-
bell—second-cousin Sarah—in whom I
am interested." Reuben Culwick spoke
with tenderness; he possessed a won-
derfully sympathetic voice, and the girl
looked at him till the sunken expression
of her face softened and then died away.

"Second-cousin Sarah?" she asked, and
a faint smile flickered round her
mouth for an instant. "Well, go on."

"You will answer straightforwardly,"
she said, "and make her miserable, then?" she said, as
though by way of compromise.

"I will answer straightforwardly,"
she said, "and make her miserable, then?" she said, as
though by way of compromise.

"Go on, then, second-cousin Reuben,"
she added, half-scoffingly, half-lightly.

"You are the girl who helped me with
my trunk last night? And you thought
that I had come to tell your grandmother
about it?"

"Why were you so anxious to earn
money, and in so strange a fashion? Was
it for yourself?"

"No."

"To make good something that Tom
had taken from his grandmother?" said
Reuben.

"Ah! you know then," cried Sarah
Eastbell, wrenching herself from her
second-cousin's clutch and running with
great swiftness into the house, the door
of which she closed with a noise that
shook the place and startled Mrs. East-
bell from dreamland. Her quick dark
eyes detected the corner of a bank note
peeping from the pillow on which Mrs.
Eastbell's head was resting. "Why, this
is the luck you and I have been talking
about so long!"

"I didn't want his money," muttered
the old woman; "I'm not so poor but
what I pay my way. He's a very silly
fellow—he always was."

"Indeed?"

"He never could keep money—he was
always doing something or other that was
foolish. He was a good natured fellow."

"It is a five-pound note."

"Put it in the teapot, girl," said the
old woman; "it will come in handy pre-
sently. I can have a comfortable funeral
now."

Sally Eastbell made a clattering noise
with the lid of an old china teapot, which,
with its spout off, formed the central or-
nament of a high mantelpiece, but she did
not deposit the note there. That was not
safe receipt of money—Tom knew that!

CHAPTER V.

Reuben Culwick occupied the first floor
of Hope Lodge, and the gentleman who
rented Hope Lodge and to whom Reuben
paid the modest sum of three shillings
and sixpence weekly, had not hidden his
light under a bushel, and had exting-
uished Reuben's claim to locality by exten-
sive advertising over his house front.

The name of "Jennings," in large white
white capitals on a crimson ground, was
the sky line of the edifice, and another
line of "Jennings" of somewhat more
moderate proportions, had been
fastened between the windows of the first
and second floors, while "Jennings, Pyro-
technic Artist," in blue and yellow, by
way of variety of coloring, was inscribed
over a dingy shop front. On the door
also had been painted "Jennings, Fire-
work Maker to the Court," and over the
door was a plaster coat-of-arms, signifi-
cant of the royal patronage which the
family legend asserted had been once
vouchsafed to an extinct Jennings who
had been blown to atoms one Guy
Fawkes season.

Mr. Jennings was always waiting for
November, although he drove a little busi-
ness in colored fires for minor theaters
at all times of the year. On the night of
Reuben Culwick's return to London, he
was standing at his door, after his gen-
eral rule. But on that particular evening
he was not waiting for November so
intensely as for his lodger, Reuben Cul-
wick, who had said that he should be
back that evening. Suddenly John Jen-
nings was joined in his watch by a woman
as thin as he was, and as pale. She put
her hands suddenly, and possibly
heavily, on his shoulder, for Mr. Jen-
nings winced and doubled up under the
pressure.

"What you wouldn't, Lucy," Mr. Jen-
nings said, remonstratively.

"What I wouldn't, John?" asked the
newcomer on the scene.

"Take a person off his guard like that,
and scare him."

"Have you grown a more nervous crea-
ture, watching for what will never
come again?" said the woman, with a
strange asperity of tone.

"What will never come again?" re-
peated her brother, in dismay. "Do you mean
that Mr. Culwick will not come back,
then? Bless my soul, how long have you
been thinking of that?" said Mr. Jen-
nings; "you didn't say so before—you
hadn't such a thought an hour ago. What
makes you get so foolish an idea into your
head now?"

He laughed in an odd, hysterical fash-
ion, like a woman, as his greater interest
took him out of his lair and position and
set him upright, staring at his sister.

"Well, I've been thinking it over—
what he is, and what we are—and I'm
sure that he will be glad to be rid of us
altogether. He has only stopped here out
of complaisance all this while; but you
can't see that so well as I can," she
added, fretfully.

"I haven't tried to see it. I'll trust to
Reuben Culwick. He said that if he
didn't write he would be back here on
the second Tuesday in May, and back
he'll come like clockwork; although, mind
you—"

"Go on, John—what am I to mind?"
asked the sister, gravely, as he paused.

"Although, mind you," he continued,
"his coming back don't mean exactly that
good luck to him which stopping away
would, and I wish him good luck—always
anyhow. But then we should have
heard from him; isn't he as truthful as
you?"

"He may have missed a post," she an-
swered, evasively—"have postponed tell-
ing us humble folk of the good fortune
that has come to him. Good news will
keep, you know."

There was a long pause after this,
broken at last by Mr. Jennings saying:
"You don't want him back?" then,
Lucy?

"Not if he will be happier away."

"Well, if he has gone, you're worried
over your best friend away, for you always
would interfere, and preach to him—"

"He isn't our best friend."

"Yes, I know what you're going to
say," said her brother, feebly; "of course,
but I'm not speaking of that. And Reu-
ben—here he is! Hurrah!"

And Mr. Jennings, forgetting his ap-
pointment, ran down his front garden and
went, bareheaded and in his shirt sleeves,
at full speed down Hope street, leaving
his sister in charge of the premises.

Reuben Culwick and John Jennings
came into the parlor together a few
minutes later, and the latter with a
creek of triumph exclaimed: "Then,
Lucy—who is right now?" as the former
advanced to shake hands with her.

Lucy looked up into the face of the
big-cheeked, healthy man, and smiled
faintly in response to the cheery ex-
pression which she saw there.

"You have kept your word, then, Mr.
Reuben," she said, placing her hand in
his; and a very cold hand, with not much
life blood in it, it was that lay in his
brown palms.

"But you didn't think that I should,"
he cried.

"No," was the fearless reply, as the
thin lips closed together.

"Now, what does she deserve, to face
a man and a brother, and a first-floor
lodger of long and honorable standing,
with this cold greeting?" he said, turn-
ing to John Jennings.

Reuben Culwick was in boisterous spirits,
or he would have never committed the
indiscretion of suddenly lifting up the
prim Miss Jennings in his arms and kiss-
ing her. In all his life he had never kiss-
ed her before—before she had encountered
such a liberty with his landlady's sister—
but his high spirits carried him away,
and he lifted Lucy Jennings as high as
the ceiling before he kissed her lightly,
and placed her, as he might have done a
child, in her chair, and then, where she
sat at him in amazement, with her eyes di-
verted and her face not destitute of color
now.

"You have been drinking!" she gasped
forth, indignantly, "or you would have
never done that!"

"No, I haven't been drinking, Lucy,"
said Reuben, quietly; "but this is home,
and I am glad to get back to it."

"Ah! I dare say you are," she added,
with irony.

"Skeptical!" he cried; "John, what
shall I do now?"

"Kiss her again," said John.

"No—I will not have any more of that
foolery," said Miss Jennings, with intense
acidity pervading her plain speaking.

"I wouldn't if she objects," said John;
"if she doesn't see the joke of it. I
don't think anybody has ever kissed her
except Tots. She's not used to that kind
of thing—she really isn't."

Nothing seemed to distress or disturb
the equality of Reuben Culwick. He
was glad to get back, or he was one of
the artificial hypocrites in the County of
Surrey. He understood these two better
than they understood themselves, having
taken the training of this house of New
York. Here he had been, on constant
view, in summer time, a large variety
of aerial craft—airships that actually
fly, just as they do in the story books,
doing strange things that you had sup-
posed could never happen in reality.

"Besides the array of new kinds of
air craft, it is a fact little known that
every American-made hydrogen balloon
in use in the United States—whether
by the government or by private indi-
viduals—is a product of this one firm."

"Most striking among the things to
be seen at the balloon farm is a flying
machine that really flies, not merely a
'working model' of an airship that
'flies' a few feet along a track on the
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machine that soars into the actual
skies as high as any bird—a machine
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readily as an eagle does."

"Many other curious aerial vessels
have been turned out from the Myers
balloon farm, and some greater won-
ders are in course of construction. It
is not only his own inventions that Mr.
Myers constructs on his balloon farm.
He makes all sorts of aerial contriv-
ances—scientific kites, kites balloons,
air vessels—for other inventors."

"The greatest number of the balloon
farm products, however, are big hy-
drogen balloons."

Flights.

"My husband's so erratic—so slightly?"
"Maybe his work has something to
do with it. What is his occupation?"
"He's an aeronaut."

Six-year-old child of three years old.

"Oh, me so glad you have come back,
Reuben!" said the child, half laughing,
to begin with, and then wholly crying
as a wind-up.

"Will I catch her death of cold?" cried
Mr. Jennings. "Tots, how could you come
down like this? Why ain't you asleep?"

"You said—you said," sobbed the child,
"that he was coming home to-night."

"Well, here I am, young one; don't cry
about it," murmured the big man, as his
arms folded the child to his breast, and
his handkerchief brown hand hid her face
from view, and tickled her forehead, for
she struggled into a sitting position away
from it, and rubbed her face and eyes
energetically.

"Elizabeth," said Lucy, severely, "this
is very wrong. Didn't you promise to go
to sleep?"

"I couldn't," answered Elizabeth.

"Come with me—" began her aunt
again, when Tots let forth so tremen-
dous a yell that even Lucy, a woman not
altogether put down, succumbed at once.

"Let her be," said Reuben Culwick
gruffly; then there was a second pause,
after which he whispered in the child's
ear a few words that arrested her at-
tention, and Tots sat up again.

"Where is it?" asked Tots.

"In my portmanteau at the railway
station—coming home to-morrow, if Tots
will go to bed now."

"And as big as dat?" said Tots, open-
ing her arms to their fullest extent.

"Bigger."

"Me go to bed," said Tots with alac-
rity; but she added, "oo must carry me
up stairs."

"Of course I will. Good-night, Uncle
Jennings; good-night, aunt—we're off,
both of us," cried Reuben Culwick, and
he was out of the room and striding up
stairs with the child before there was
time for Tots to change her mind in any
way.

Brother and sister did not attempt to
follow him; the brother sat and listened
until the tramping feet in the room above
announced that Reuben had deposited
his charges in her crib, and retired to his
own apartments; the thin woman with
the worn face turned toward the fire,
fast dying out, and passed a hand across
her eyes, as if by stealth.

"How fond he is of children!" said
John Jennings; "I think big men always
are. Lucy, there was Topping—"

"Don't bother me about Topping,"
said Lucy.

"Ahem—no," he said, with his feeble
little cough prefacing his remarks again;
"not if you wish it, certainly. Still, it's
odd."

"What is odd?"

"That Reuben's coming back should
have put you out in this way."

"I prayed he might never come again."

"Why, we couldn't afford—"

"The man deserved better fortune than
he can find here," she cried, "and so I
didn't want him back. Besides, we don't
speak."

"I'm sorry Reuben has seen you in this
tattered, because I have often fancied
that by and by you and he would get
together. He is a man who wants
something to love—look at him and that
child, for instance—and you're not a
great deal too old, and he's not proud,
and you're—"

He stopped as Lucy Jennings swung
herself round, a perfect virago in her last
and was at the door. He had never seen
Lucy show off in this way before.

"John, you're a fool," she screamed;
"you are the worst of fools to think like
that, to talk like it. I marry him! He
thinks me! I tell you I hate you for
saying this to-night!"

John Jennings gasped for breath.

"My feelings, I'm sorry if I have hurt
your dear. If you don't mind, I'll go
to bed."

She did not answer, and John Jen-
nings, after this hand over his
forehead in a bewildered manner, went
to bed accordingly.

When she was sure that he was gone,
the woman sank of a heap on the shabby
hearth-rug, and buried her face in her
hands, which she leaned upon the chair.
It was a bitter grief, in which strange
words escaped her.

"Why has he come back? Why couldn't
he stop away for good?"

(To be continued.)

A BALLOON FARM.

A Unique Business Carried on in
Western New York.

There is at present a general interest
in airships, for which the late experi-
ments of Santos Dumont are largely
responsible, and in view of this many
will read with more than ordinary in-
terest the clever description of the
great balloon farm of Carl E. Myers,
written by Chauncey McGovern for
Pearson's. "You would be inclined to
think you were dreaming," says Mr.
McGovern, "were you to walk through
the farm of Carl E. Myers, nine miles
from the city of Utica, State of New
York. Here can be seen, on constant
view, in summer time, a large variety
of aerial craft—airships that actually
fly, just as they do in the story books,
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EVENTS OF THE DAY

GATHERED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE
TWO HEMISPHERES.

Comprehensive Review of the Important
Happenings of the Past Week,
Presented in Condensed Form, Most
Likely to Prove Interesting to Our
Many Readers.

Japan has landed troops at Masan-
pho, Corea.

Henry Watterson says Bryan is a tool
in the hands of Republicans.

Coreans are attacking Japanese in
many sections and serious trouble is
feared.

Russia is reported to be growing
nervous over the continued delay in
negotiations.

The house committee has decided
that there will be no river and harbor
bill this session.

Fulton's bill protecting the Colum-
bia against misbranded salmon has
been reported to the senate.

Pleasant Armstrong was hanged at
Baker City last Friday morning for the
murder of Minnie Eslinger.

A thaw in the East is causing great
floods and many cities are greatly
alarmed, particularly Pittsburgh.

The senate has passed the Gorman
resolution calling on Roosevelt for
papers relating to the Panama affair.

The United States has sounded both
Japan and Russia and finds that neither
cares for the good offices of any outside
power to bring them together.

Ice blocks many Eastern streams and
floods are feared.

A Canadian multimillionaire will
build a yacht to compete for the
America's cup.

Senator Hanna is confined to his bed
with a severe cold. His doctor says he
must have rest.

Fire at the Greensboro, N. C., state
normal college destroyed \$100,000
worth of property.

The internal revenue receipts for
December show