

# Second Cousin Sarah

BY THE AUTHOR OF  
"ANNE JUDGE, SPINSTER,"  
ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER I.

It was a 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 hail, 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. Weatherwise 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 local 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 dabbly horse coughing like a man. There was a wet old gentleman, glittering like a beetle in his waterproof, and he was leaning 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-driver had just passed through the mists of the night; and there was a short, thin, haggard 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 hived his wife, and only one besotted wretch 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, clean-shaven, 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 whirr, and toiled on with its burden; the youth in corduroys sat up on the bench 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, he coughed horse viciously under the chin with his whip and drove off at full speed.

The traveler, after a hasty glance at the sky, called 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's, of Sedgwick 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 doing away time on the narrow obtruded 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 reiteration of his powers, the contrast which his words presented to his white cheeks, and eager, dark eyes, attracted anew the attention of the gentlemen 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 slight 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 covered his face with his hands, 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 perseverence, 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."

"That's not true. He waded 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 unobservant of the falling 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 sudden reply it was than usual, despite its jerkiness.

"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 sudden reply it was than usual, despite its jerkiness. "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,

"Yes, sir—perfectly. Anybody who comes, man or woman. Yes, sir," he said with great briskness. "Stop a moment," said Mr. Culwick, as the man flitted toward the door; "I shall want a trap to take me to Sedgwick Hill, and bring me back to Worcester, at ten in the morning," and the water 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 unbecoming, as it were, of something which was scarcely ironic, 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 Sedgwick Hill. Will there be 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 Sedgwick 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 show?" 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.

## DAIRY SCHOOL ON WHEELS.

Woman Makes a Success of a Unique Butter-Making Enterprise. A traveling dairy school, conducted by a woman, was one of the rural features during last summer in Nova Scotia, that ancient land of Evangeline. Miss Laura Rose, a graduate of an agricultural college, is in charge of the school, and great success, it is reported, has attended her efforts to teach farmers' wives how to improve the quality of their butter. Every farmer's wife who can possibly do so attends it when it stops in her neighborhood, and an officer of a local agricultural society said that Miss Rose did more in two days' visit to his part of the country than could have been effected by years of incessant writing in agricultural papers and public lectures.

Miss Rose travels with her dairy in a big covered wagon, taking with her from town to town a couple of churns, a separator, a butter worker, a milk tester, tinware, salt, butter color and, in fact, everything which is necessary for the manufacture of first-class butter except the cream, which is supplied by the agricultural societies. She did the same work for the province of Cape Breton last summer, and her dairy school is unique in Canada. There have been other traveling dairies before, but it is true, but the instruction has heretofore been given by means of demonstrators, which are never so satisfactory, it is said, as work actually done by the pupils themselves.

New Rice-Growing Territory. There is a marked increase in the growth of rice in Texas and Louisiana, so marked that the industry is spoken of as being transferred from the South Atlantic States to this new territory. Patience is the king of content.—Mabomet.

# FORTUNE HUNTERS WHO BRAVE DIREST PERILS

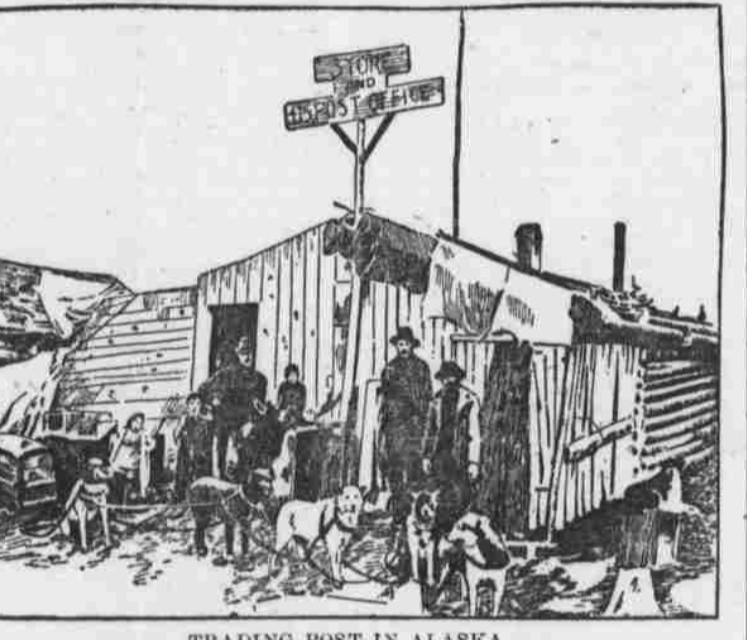
Life in the Gold Fields of Alaska, Where the Rough Element Is Honest, and Always Insists Upon Fair Play for All

Ketchikan, Alaska, Correspondence: Frontier life lost none of its flavor when the trail of the American pioneer swerved from the West to the North. The fortune hunter lost none of the perils of his calling when he abandoned the trail of the setting sun to go in pursuit of the north star. But he pays no more heed to the menace of the arctic than he did to the vicissitudes of the desert. He follows each stream as long as its sands will show color of gold, and the coals of his camp fire are hardly dead before there is a town site where he pitched his tent. The way is hard on account of nature's resistance to his encroachments upon her domain, but the result is always the same—He triumphs and goes boldy onward. Everything in this world has its price and the gold-hunting men of the North must pay in some coin for the privilege of the trail.

The loose way in which fortune flings her favors is unaccountable. One night some bunko men of the gold fields sold a tenderfoot an old claim that was supposed to be worthless. The knowing ones said they would not have it as a gift. When the raw Easterner took possession of his property he was the butt of many jokes. However, the swindlers and the jokers soon laughed out of the other corner of their mouths, for their dupe began taking such quantities of dust out of the abandoned claim that it soon turned out to be a bonanza. Up to this time it has paid him nearly \$300,000.

As soon as they were seated a waitress came forward and said: "Mush, geuts!" They took their hats and left the place, muttering as they went. They wondered why she had ordered them out, and she, in turn, wondered what possessed them. "If they didn't want mush, they might have said so," she growled; "guess we're not good enough things to eat to satisfy anybody."

The extreme Northerners have manerisms which are as odd as their forms of speech are peculiar. One day I was in a jewelry shop in Dawson when a miner came in to get a watch that had been left for repair. He put it in his pocket and without a word about the price handed over his sack of gold dust to the jeweler, who proceeded to weigh out the amount of the charge. The miner not only failed to ask the price, but turned around to talk to some one standing near, and did not even look to see how much was being taken out. Gold dust is worth \$16 an ounce, and it would have been an easy matter for the jeweler to have poured out half as much again as the watch was worth without his action being seen or the overcharge known. After the miner went out I asked the dealer if many of his customers were so reckless with their dust. He replied: "A man has to be honest up here, whether he is naturally so or not. When men place absolute confidence in each other there are few who will abuse it. Unless a man has a mean



TRADING POST IN ALASKA.

Teh scapgoat son of a down East preacher drifted into the Klondike to make a new try at life. He had some enough wild oats where he came from to make a bonifant crop of reform, and it would seem that one who had played so hard and fast with good opportunities would hardly be entitled to hit upon the best claim in a thousand. But he did: He took the precious stuff out at a rate that was astonishing and broke the record for riotous living. His good resolves could not stand prosperity.

Many who are well schooled in the craft of hunting gold may stumble over it, while the uninitiated often run right into it. The man who was responsible for the discovery of the richest fields in the North tramped over them for years, vainly seeking his fortune, and finally came out with hardly enough money to pay his way home. Before the ship reached Seattle he was robbed of the last dollar he had in the world. On the same boat was a young Californian who had tackled the frozen North with less than \$100 and had no experience, who had \$140,000 worth of nuggets to show what his luck had done for him. All signs fall in a dry time, and no man can tell much about the hiding place of gold.

In 1880 a French Canadian named Joe Juneau wandered up Silver Bow basin, the beautiful canyon back of the town which bears his name. He panned the first gold from a field that has enriched the world by many millions, and which will continue to contribute to its wealth for many years to come. Juneau was one of those fearless characters who helped to conquer the wilderness. He was a pathfinder in the full sense of the word, yet he died penniless. When the news came to Juneau that the old man was dead in Dawson and it became known that his last wish was to be buried on the mountain overlooking the town that was named for him the money was quickly subscribed to bring his body to the spot where he said he wanted to wait for the judgment.

## Idioms of the North.

The people of New England, as well as those of Dixie, have a distinction in their language, and so do the residents of the far North. Many words are in use here that are not known elsewhere. When a person arrives he is not known as a newcomer, but is mentioned as a "chee-chowker." A pioneer is not known by that name, but is called a "sour dough." Anyone who has braved the hardships of one winter in the gloomy arctic can then take to himself the honor of being a "sour dough." The word for "move on" is "mush." This odd word of command originated with the dog drivers. The word "mush" is to the Alaskan sledge dog what "amen" is to the trained canine that says its prayers in the circus—a signal which he understands and acts upon, and one for which he will not accept a substitute. Although "mush" had its origin as a word for dogs, it grew in popularity until it became the generally accepted order for anything or anybody to move on or get out.

The vernacular of the cold country has a strong hold upon its people, as shown in the incident when a couple of returned prospectors went into a restaurant in Seattle to get their breakfast.

Everybody has credit. And most everybody will pay some time. One cannot well run away. The impossible distances can be well understood from the treatment of the prisoners in the federal jail at Sitka. When there are no ships to port the inmates of the jail are let out to haul water and chop wood. No guards are necessary, because they would surely starve if they ran away. It is altogether too far from civilization for a man to think of making his way without provisions or means of transportation. Several men have tried it and were glad to come back. But the situation is not without its agreeable features for the prisoners, for, although it is against the rules, the fishermen among them sometimes manage to watch over a pole and line near where they are working, and it is even said that the ball players do not allow themselves to get out of practice.

The one thing above all others which is characteristic of the North is the native dog. The horse, automobile, ships, trains, nothing can turn its face to the wind with the assurance of that child of the arctic, the malamut. When he chokes the rivers and snow blocks the way of the trains he is put in harness and goes where none can follow. Half brother to the wolf, no living thing knows better the way of the wild or how to survive its rigors. He turns his keen nostrils to the wind and scents with unerring instinct the approach of the storm while it is yet afar; he knows how to break through the ice for water when he is thirsty, as well as the trick of making his bed in the snow. Although he has been made the slave of man, the wolf in him does not wear out with work, and he has the cunning and endurance to take his food alive as it runs.

The Saltiest of Salt Lakes. Probably the most remarkable lake in the world is one with a coating of salt that completely conceals the water. It may be seen at any time during the year, fully exposed, being out at its best when the sun is shining directly upon it. This wonderful body of water is one of the saltiest of the salt lakes, and is situated near Obedsk, Siberia. The lake is nine miles wide and seventeen long, and within the memory of man was not entirely roofed over by the salt deposit. Originally evaporation played the most important part in coating the lake over with salt, but at the present time the salt springs which surround it are adding fast to the thickness of the crust.

In 1878 the lake found an underground outlet into the River Obi, which lowered its surface about three feet. The salt crust was so thick, however, that it retained its own level, and now presents the curious spectacle of a salt-roofed lake.

Cellulose to Russia. In 1889 10,593 metric tons of German cellulose were exported to Russia, and in 1902 only 2,076 metric tons.

## POPULAR MEDICAL DELUSIONS.

An Old Family Physician Tells of Some of His Experiences. Tradition and superstition, it is said, die hard, and even in this twentieth century, the age of education and progress, it is surprising what erroneous and delusive ideas prevail regarding medical matters, says a doctor in the London Tit-Bits.

In some of the more common ailments of children a doctor hears at times peculiar views expressed. Many patients are quite under the impression that it is for their children's welfare that they should contract while young such diseases as measles, whooping cough and chicken pox, or glasspox, and they will even go so far as to expose them to infection, so as to, as they express it, "get it over and done with."

As a matter of fact there is no reason or necessity why any child should suffer from any one of these diseases. Happy is the family that escapes them, for then there is a chance of the youngsters growing up healthy men and women and useful members of society.

Most erroneous ideas prevail as to the effect of these complaints of childhood. I have often heard it said, "Oh, it's only measles;" or chicken pox, as the case may be, quite oblivious to after effects. Any one who would take the trouble to read health statistics would soon be convinced that measles especially is not to be trifled with. And yet medical men as a rule find a reckless disregard for isolation, and in many cases not even the precaution of calling in the family doctor, the result being naturally that the disease spreads at its own sweet will and often works havoc.

In the treatment of this complaint, again, delusions and erroneous ideas exist among a large number of the community. Tradition, so it appears to me, is more prevalent with regard to measles than almost any other children's disease.

A remedy that has been handed down from mother to daughter for I don't know how many generations is saffron. Now, what effect saffron has upon this particular fever no doctor knows. Certainly there is no peculiar element in its composition that makes it a necessity. When one remembers that saffron is merely a dye—principally used commercially in that role—and that it possesses no medicinal value, one fails to understand why it is so universally used. The only thing to be said in its favor is that, while being useless, it is harmless.

A favorite addition to saffron is brandy; but as saffron is harmless, brandy, on the other hand, especially with babies and young children, is positively injurious, and should never be given except under medical advice.

Children are always thirsty in their feverish ailments. Yet how seldom the mother thinks of giving her child water to drink. It is nearly always milk—another popular delusion. Milk is an excellent food, but it does not quench thirst; in fact, it increases it. Give the child cold boiled water and it will become quiet and less fretful.

A very popular error is that spirits keep the cold out. As a matter of fact they do just the opposite. Alcohol increases the action of the skin, opens the pores and makes the individual more liable to contract chills and colds, often with serious results. A glass of hot milk is far better and much cheaper and purer.

Cost of Food in Manila. Many travelers in the Philippines, as well as many who have had to live there on duty, have reported that the cost of living is high, but the particulars have not often been set forth, says the Boston Herald. An advertisement in the Manila Freedom of prices of provisions at the Philippine cold stores affords some specific knowledge on the subject.

For beef the price per pound is (in cents): Sirloin, 55; rump, 55; topside, 50; round steak, 45; rib roast, 45; blade chuck, 40. For mutton the pound price is: Leg, 45; shoulder, 30; loin chops, 35 to 45; stew pieces, 15. For pork: Leg, 60; loins, 60; corned pork, 45 to 50. Rabbits are 90 cents each; hares, 75 cents; calf's liver, 40 cents a pound; sausage, 40; smoked cod, 45; salmon, 35 to 40; honey, 40, and butter, 81.05. Most of the meats are imported, of course, but they are rather necessary to the diet of an American. It must be taken into account, also, that the currency is silver. Doubtless there are native diets—fish and rice, for example—that are cheaper. But the supply of rice is now rather limited, and the local government is procuring and distributing it to the famishing.

West Indian "Life Plant." There is a creeping moss found in Jamaica, in Barbadoes, and other islands of the West Indies, which is called the "life tree," or more properly the "life plant." Its powers of vitality are said to be beyond those of any other plant. It is absolutely indestructible by any means except immersion in boiling water or application of a red-hot iron. It may be cut up and divided in any manner, and the smallest shreds will throw out roots, grow, and form buds. The leaves of this extraordinary plant have been placed in a closed air-tight, dark box, without moisture of any sort, and still they grew.

Worth the Trouble. "Don't you find it tiresome," said Marc Antony, "to devote so much time to literature in addition to your various wars?" "Yes," replied Caesar, "but it pays. There is nothing like being your own military critic."—Washington Star.

Entitled to Another Dividend. Beggar—Please, boss, won't you gimme a dime for— Jenkins—See here! I gave you a dime yesterday. Beggar—Well, have 't yer earned any more money since den?—Philadelphia Ledger.

Oldest Ship in the World. The oldest ship in the world, the mail schooner Vigilant, running into St. Croix, F. W. I., although now under the French flag, was built of Essex oak, at Essex, Mass., in 1802.

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