

Second Cousin Sarah

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AGNE JUDGE, SPINSTER," "LITTLE KATY KIRBY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)
Sedge Hill was a stately edifice of considerable proportions, with an aspect of newness about it that fourteen years had not done much to soften. It had been built to the order of the present proprietor, who had made much money by cotton stockings, and had risen from twenty shillings a week at the loom to the splendor of his present life. It was a new house to suit the new man who had been lucky enough to get rich. There were spacious grounds beyond, and there was a big room at the side, that was new to Reuben Culwick since he had last stood in his father's house, and it was this that he pulled up his horse to inspect before turning into the carriage drive.

Then he went rapidly along the drive, drew up in front of the house, and stepped lightly and briskly from the trap, giving the reins to a rosy-faced young man in livery, who emerged from some stabling in the rear, to be of service to the newcomer.
"Old Jones has gone, then?" he said to the servant.
"Yes, sir. He's with Squire Black of Holston."
"And you reign in his stead. Well, we cannot all reign."
He knocked and rang, looking steadily through the glass doors the white, another new face—a smart young housemaid, whom he had never seen before, to replace Mrs. Perkins, who was stout and sallow, came to the door and admitted him.
"Is Mr. Culwick in?"
"Yes, sir, but he's engaged just now."
"You will be kind enough to give him my card?"
The maid servant took the card and departed, and Reuben Culwick, like the merest stranger, and feeling like a stranger, very doubtful of his reception, walked up and down the spacious hall with his hands behind him, and his hat in his hands.

Presently the servant reappeared.
"Will you step this way, if you please, sir?"
Reuben followed the servant along a corridor to a door at the extremity—the door of the new room, he was certain.

From his old remembrance of the house. The door was opened and his name announced, and he felt that he was passing into a spacious apartment, the walls of which were bright and rich with many pictures, and the ceiling paneled and massive, with ground glass in the panels, for the proper transmutation of light on Mr. Simon Culwick's collection. When Simon Culwick had lost his son Reuben, he had taken to the "managers," ancient and modern, and given them all the love that was in his heart.
But it was not at the paintings which enriched the walls that Reuben Culwick gazed with so much of curious earnestness, but at the big broad-faced man sitting before the fire in a capacious leather chair, and who was looking curiously and steadily at him. There was a pretty, fair-haired young woman, in gray silk, sitting at the table in the recess of a bay window, reading, and Reuben was conscious of her presence—that was all. She rose not at his entrance, only looked toward him with a certain degree of curiosity as he advanced, and then turned to the pages of her book as he held his hand out to her.

"So you have thought of me at last, have you?" he rolled out in a gruff bass, as a large, white gony-looking hand was placed in that of his son.
"Yes, I have come back at last," answered Reuben Culwick.
"You can sit down," said the father.
"Thank you," said the son.
This was the meeting after five years' absence—the calm after the great storm which had happened in that house five years ago. This was the home that the son had never liked, and that he felt he did not like now, although he had come to it of his own free will. There was a pause, during which each man took stock of the other without any particular reserve.
"I got your letter," said the father, "and I might have sent the carriage for you if it had not been so late."
"The horses might have caught cold instead of me," said the son dryly; "but I didn't want the carriage. It was glad that I had not further to go last night than Worcester."
He looked toward the lady in the bay window at this juncture, and his father noticed the wandering gaze, and paid no attention to the hint which it conveyed.
"Well, what have you been doing?"
"That do you propose doing now that you are here? I suppose, after all that has passed, you have no intention of sitting down in the house and waiting complacently for my death and my money?" the father inquired.
"You told me that I should never have a penny of your money, if you remember, sir. I have never expected it after that day," said Reuben Culwick.
"Why should you?" said Mr. Culwick in a loud tone of voice, and yet without betraying any passion. "Have I been known in all my life to break my word? Has not sticking to my word, through thick and thin, in evil report and good report, made me what I am? I would rather break my own heart than break my word. You know it," said the father boastfully.
"Fifty hearts as well as your own—yes, I know it," answered the other, with an unflinching gaze at his father. "and hence I come to you—not for assistance, I don't want it; not for affection, I don't expect it—but with the simple motive, which I hope that my letter conveyed to you last week, to see you, to express sorrow for a long alienation, to feel glad that you are well, to tell you that I am not unhappy, and to go away again."

The son's tones seemed to impress the father, who subsided into his easy chair, from which he had leaped forward, as if

old Sarah. "Reuben," she was one of the few friends I had when I was a boy, and when you were not rich. But I'm detaining you, and I am obliged to reach London to-night. Good by again."
When he had reached the door, Simon Culwick called out his name, and Reuben paused and turned.
"I am not deceiving," said the father, "and I may as well tell you that I have made my will, and that you will never be a penny the better for it. It is all left to—ah," he added, "away from an undutiful son."

There was a moment's pause, and then Reuben Culwick quitted his father's presence and closed the door after him. He went from the room into the corridor, and thence along its entire length to the dining room, where he threw himself into a chair with so thoughtful a mien that he was not for the moment aware that the young lady in gray silk whom he had seen in the bay window was stepping back from the big egress mat at the door, to allow of his egress. When he saw her, she put her finger to her lips, and he repressed an exclamation of surprise.
"Go back," she said, with an excitement that astonished him; "don't give up—don't leave him like that—it's your last chance."
"You have been listening," said Reuben, coldly.
"To every word," was the honest confession; "and you have not said a word to please him, and in no better spirit than this? Go back to him. Tell him how sorry you are for everything—do something before you go that will leave behind a better impression," she urged again.
"No, I can't go back."
"You are as hard as he is," she cried; "as if it mattered what you said to him—as if he were not worth a struggle to retain your position here!"

Grasping her wrists, while her hands covered her face to hide it from his fierce gaze, Reuben exclaimed in a wondering tone, "Who are you?"
"Only the housekeeper, sir," she said, quietly, "keeping house for Simon Culwick—and in your place. You should hate me as a usurper already," she added, mockingly, "if you had any spirit in you."
"The housekeeper—yes—but—," he said wonderingly, and with regard to her strange taunts, "I was not aware."

"Why should you be aware of anything about me, you who are as quarrelsome and strange as your father, and have kept away so long? There, go home and think of the best way to bring that old man to his senses."
"And interfere with your chance," said Reuben, lightly. He was in better spirits already, and the odd manner of this young lady interested him.
"I have no chance," she answered, "or I should not be very anxious for you to get back. I should be too selfish—I should try and keep you away, being as fond of money as your father is."
"I hardly believe this."
"Mr. Reuben Culwick can believe exactly what he pleases," said the young lady, spreading out her skirts and making him a very low obeisance, which he felt bound to return, after which he would have continued the conversation had she not darted out of the door and disappeared.
(To be continued.)

NOME VERY RICH IN GOLD.

Value of the Deposits in That Region Is Now Fully Established.
It is not at all surprising to be told by those familiar with the facts that the gold output of Nome this year will probably equal that of the last two seasons put together. This is what everybody believed, who knew anything about the conditions. It has pleased the sensational newspapers to represent the Nome incident as a mere feverish excitement, which disappeared with the vanishing of the supposed fabled city that Seattle has outstripped to take the cue and to speak of the gold product of the north as wanting. At these things we can afford to smile. The record of the Klondike, about which exactly the same things were said, is there. The record of Alaska's gold output is there. The record of Nome will take care of itself.

This is the first season that there has been any opportunity whatever to measure rationally the possibilities of Nome as a gold producer. The first summer was one of a mad rush by inexperienced people to get into the country, believing that all they had to do was to shovel up well or looked after carefully, and they tumbled over one another, beached or excluded the real miners, and brought back the stories of disappointment and disillusion inseparable from such an enterprise.

Both the first and the second season's work was done under inconceivable difficulties. There was, worst of all, the judicial wrangle, the endless appeal to the courts, the tying up of some of the best properties and the check upon prospecting and development by the certainty that the first move made was a lawsuit. There was the worst kind of weather, late spring and early fall, too much ice and too little water. The country was bare of those necessary accessories to mining on a generous scale—water and fuel. A more unfavorable condition for producing gold in large quantities it would be hard to imagine.

Now for the first time Nome is in a position to show what she can do as a gold-producer. A strict administration of justice has held down the unruly elements and given certainty to titles. The worthless and the inexperienced element has largely disappeared from the country. Capital has gone there in large quantities. Fuel and water are to be had in abundance and claims can now be worked there with the advantages available elsewhere. The first result is the announcement that the year's output will probably equal the entire product of the past—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Mildly Rebuked.
"Didn't you say that it was going to rain to-day?"
"I did," answered the weather prophet.



secret passages. Some run the gauntlet through the assaulting ranks. All who can carry a part of the family treasures—eggs, larvae and pupae. Like their brooding-gate brothers of the human race, when disaster befalls, their first care is for their offspring. The fugitive mount into nearby clumps of low wood plants, whence they look down upon the devastation of their homes—with what feelings? For one must suppose that the midge does feel, though sometimes he would fain hope otherwise.

"Meanwhile the invaders issue from the gates, bearing in their jaws the Fuscan virus and occasionally an adult. They take the home trail, but not in ordered ranks. It is go-as-you-please now. They are welcomed back by their black confederates, who receive the captives and take them into the domestic quarters. The soldiers hurry back to the scene of action, for their work is not yet finished."—Harper's Magazine.

QUEER STORIES

General Andrew Jackson's statue in Lafayette square, Washington, is the oldest equestrian statue now standing in the United States.
The first equestrian statue erected in the New World, which still stands, is a colossal statue of Charles IV. of Spain, in the city of Mexico.
The sixteen thousand monastic establishments of France have about four hundred thousand inmates, or one to every one hundred of the population.

The Washington Elm at Cambridge is now old and feeble. A plain tablet near the trunk bears the following inscription by Longfellow: "Under this tree Washington first took command of the American Army, July 3, 1775."
In central England there is a broad region among the mining and manufacturing districts which lies more or less continuously under a pall of smoke, and where an area of land, estimated to cover fourteen thousand acres, is buried with ash heaps and refuse, on which a little grass grows. This is significantly called the "Black Country."

M. Tessloff, a Russian naval surgeon attached to the Baltic Sea fleet, has been experimenting with an apparatus for taking photographs of the sea floor at any depth; and it is reported, with such success that reliable records of submarine life may now be reckoned among our available sources of biological knowledge.
South American cities have many equestrian statues, but the most notable is that of Bolivar, the Venezuelan liberator, which has a prominent place in one of the parks of Caracas. It is estimated that there are almost four hundred equestrian statues in the world. At present Washington has eight, or one-fifth of the entire number scattered among the cities of all countries.

A most interesting memorial of the Roman occupation of England has just been sold under the auctioneer's hammer. This is the Roman station of Amboglanna, the largest on the famous wall which marked the limit of the Roman province. After an existence of 1800 years the walls are reported, five feet thick, are in a wonderful state of preservation. The gateways are noble specimens of Roman work. Some of the wedge-shaped stones in the arches are still to be seen on the ground. The interior of the camp is marked with lines of streets and the ruins of buildings.

ANTS KIDNAP THEIR FOES.
Balds Neighboring Villages and Carry Off Many Prisoners.
Dr. H. C. McCook tells of a species of kidnappers ants which make organized attacks on other ant villages for the purpose of capturing slaves. Here is an account of the attack:
"At last the muster is complete. Mysteriously but effectively the signal 'Forward!' is given and the column moves from the hill. There is no regular alignment, but a show of solidarity, a holding of the ranks within close compass and touch—a 'front step'—is maintained. It is a bare show of defensive as the freebooters hurl themselves upon the hill and plunge into the open gates. The villagers see at the first onset through unassailed or

secret passages. Some run the gauntlet through the assaulting ranks. All who can carry a part of the family treasures—eggs, larvae and pupae. Like their brooding-gate brothers of the human race, when disaster befalls, their first care is for their offspring. The fugitive mount into nearby clumps of low wood plants, whence they look down upon the devastation of their homes—with what feelings? For one must suppose that the midge does feel, though sometimes he would fain hope otherwise.

"Meanwhile the invaders issue from the gates, bearing in their jaws the Fuscan virus and occasionally an adult. They take the home trail, but not in ordered ranks. It is go-as-you-please now. They are welcomed back by their black confederates, who receive the captives and take them into the domestic quarters. The soldiers hurry back to the scene of action, for their work is not yet finished."—Harper's Magazine.

FOE OF THE BATH-TUB.
Dr. Robertson, Who Says Body-Washing Is Not Healthful.
"Don't!" says Dr. John Bill Robertson, of Chicago, when you speak of bathing. "It may kill you."
"I have not had a bath in two years," said he in confirmation of the theory advanced by him at a recent meeting of a Chicago society and which has been made the subject of not a little ridicule. "In fact, I have not more than four or five baths in the last 10 years, which about covers the period of my medical career. My skin is just as clean as when I used to bathe. I weigh 172 pounds, and I have better health than I ever enjoyed before, whereas, formerly, when I tried baths of various kinds—hot, cold and tepid—I was scarcely ever free from a cold in the head. To be clean is not to be moist, but to be dry; not to bathe, but to keep clean clothes by changing garments often. It is a milder dirt just because he is covered with carbon? Is the diamond dirt because it is carbon? For what do you bathe—to be clean or to look white? The bath causes a useless waste of fat, which must be replaced with tissues of the body. Soap and water loosens and destroys this fat, and nature is kept busy manufacturing more. Boys in the swimming season lose flesh and get poor. To bathe much is debilitating. Many people are bathed out of the world. Bathing, especially in winter, is frequently the cause of pneumonia and other dangerous diseases.
"Nature warns us against bathing in winter by freezing all her bath tubs. Few animals bathe in winter. Alcohol drinks and bathing are responsible for nearly all our pneumonias; both send the blood to the skin, causing it to glow; both predispose to cold; by dilating the blood vessels, and both are dangerous. A skin that is bathed frequently also has a greater growth of bacteria than one which is not subjected to soap and water. In a word, he who bathes much must necessarily be filthy, because, first, by rough friction he scars his skin and makes it so that loose particles of dirt will cling to it, and, secondly, he makes the skin do part of the work of the kidneys, and anything that carries sewage can never be clean. To be clean, then, is not to bathe, but to keep clean clothes."

ONE OF DOWIE'S STORIES.
An Old Scotchman Who Went Thro' a Bankruptcy.
John Alexander Dowie is opposed to the bankruptcy laws, which he regards as dishonest. Mr. Dowie holds that if a man owes a debt he owes it till it is paid, and no law on earth can absolve him from it. In his hotel one afternoon, during his New York campaign, Mr. Dowie told a reporter a bankruptcy story.
"The old man was a chandler. He got into difficulties, failed, went through the bankruptcy court, and was left off at the rate of 5 shillings to the pound. Permission was given him, that is to say, to liquidate each just debt of £1 by the payment of only 5 shillings.
"Well, Ferguson was a happy man when the order of the court was announced to him. He paid all he owed at once. He said he saw his way clear to growing rich. And next morning he started out to do a little shopping for his wife.
"He went to the grocer's and bought potatoes, tea, oatmeal, sugar, eggs, and so forth, to the extent of £2. At the end, taking up his parcels, he laid down 10 shillings in payment.
"Ferguson, man, this is not right," said the grocer. "Your bill is £2, not 10 shillings."
"Oh, yes, that's all right," said Ferguson. "I have permission from the judge to pay 5 shillings in the pound."
"Ferguson, you see, thought that the judge's order was to hold good for the rest of his natural life, and it was a hard business to convince him to the contrary. What I say is, why shouldn't the order have held good? Why isn't it as right to pay future debts at the rate of 5 shillings to the pound as to pay past ones?"

Never Touched Him.
"Hello, old chap!" said the chronic borrower as he met an acquaintance, "you're looking well."
"Yes, and I'm feeling well," replied the other, "since I gave up my worst habit."
"What was that?" asked the c. b.
"I gave up giving up," was the brief but significant reply.

Not Much of an Improvement.
"Do you think that man descended from monkeys?"
"Some descended," answered Miss Cayenne, "and some merely dress differently."—Washington Star.

A Mistake.
"If you only knew it," said the patron to the cigar man, "that wooden Indian is a mistake."
"How so?"
"Why, it indicates that you enter to the Indian trade, and any old plug tobacco will satisfy an Indian. Why don't you put on a sign that will catch the discriminating smoker?"
"I've thought of that," replied the cigar man. "I thought of putting the figure of a real swell out there, but the fashions change so fast that he wouldn't be a swell more than two weeks. That's where the Indian has an advantage as a sign."—Chicago Post.

Method in His Madness.
Peckem—I say, old man, why in the world do you wear such a disreputable-looking hat?
Peep—Because my wife has emphatically declared that she will not be seen on the street with me unless I get a new one. See?

ARTIC LITERARY PILGRIMS.

Danish Expedition in Greenland Meets with Important Success.
An expedition left Copenhagen for Greenland in July, 1902. Its purpose was not especially exploration, the intention being rather to collect good material of all kinds for a general description of the island and its people. It was called in Denmark the Danish Literary Greenland expedition.
Perhaps the word "literary" has not been applied before to a company of geographic travelers. The Germans have not quite made out the name, and so have dubbed the party the so-called literary Greenland expedition.
In spite of its name, the party has done very creditable work and already carried out the greater part of its program. Arriving at Godthaab near the end of the summer of 1902, it went by boat to Jakobshavn, on the neighboring mainland, and established winter quarters there.
In February the expedition started, just as the sun appeared above the northern hills, for Upernivik, the most northern village of the Danes in Greenland. Then a genuine piece of exploration was mostly successfully carried out.

March 24 Erichsen, Knud, Rasmussen, an educated Dane who was born in Greenland and is a perfect master of the Eskimo language, and Harold Moltke, the artist, started along the coast to follow it to Cape York, the southern limit of the habitat of the Smith Sound Highlanders. The news that the party skirted the whole coast from Upernivik to Cape York shows that it accomplished a piece of exploration which has several times been attempted, but has never before been achieved.
One of the Peary expeditions succeeded in surveying the northern half of the wide indentation of Melville Bay south of Cape York, but the entire coastline of this famous bay had never been revealed. So mapmakers have not been able to place on their maps of Greenland the outline of this part of the western coast. In completing this survey the literary fellows from Denmark have made a distinct contribution to the mapping of arctic regions.

The physician, Dr. Bertelson, who was with the party to study the diseases of Greenland and the influence of the dark period of the year upon the quality of the blood corpuscles, completed his investigations, and then desired to reach the east coast and to make similar studies among the 500 Eskimos on that side of the island. The doctor was only about 250 miles from them, but he was compelled to take a very circuitous route to reach them, and he will not arrive at Angmagssalik colony until next summer. In August last he returned to Copenhagen on the steamer Godthaab, and next spring he will go on the steamer to Angmagssalik.

This party is not a government expedition, but was sent out at the expense of various societies and private individuals. The last result of the expedition will be a book which, it is expected, will be both good reading and scientifically accurate. It will include researches in several departments of science and also the first complete map of the west coast of Greenland.—New York Sun.

MAYOR HAS LARGE SALARY.
London's Executive Spends More Than He Receives in Entertainment.
One of the best paid officials in England is the lord mayor of London. Nevertheless a poor man cannot afford to accept this office even if he could get it, for large as the compensation it does not suffice to meet the outlay required of this official. At one time the election of London's lord mayor took place on the feast of St. Stephen and St. Jude (Oct. 28). Then it was changed to the feast of the Translation of Edward the Confessor (Oct. 13), but since the year 1546 it has invariably taken place on Michaelmas day, says the London Chronicle. The lord mayor receives out of the city's cash £10,000, more than twice as much as was received by Lord Mayor Wilkes in 1774. But his expenses are usually much in excess of his allowance. Wilkes' account showed a balance of expenditure over receipts of £3,337. Among other curious items of revenue was £702 from the "cocket" office, an annual present of plate from the Jews, worth £50; alienation of a young man's place, £40, and sale of a young man's place, £1,000.

Many lord mayors besides Whittington have risen from low estate. Sir William Staines, who was lord mayor in 1801, has been a common bricklayer. An old lady foretold Sir William's fortune. She said he would be lord mayor during a period of turbulence and scarcity; that we should be at war with France, but that during his mayoralty peace and plenty would be restored. The prophecy was fulfilled to the letter. At the beginning of his mayoralty we were at war with our French neighbors, and Nelson was presented at the Guildhall with the sword publicly voted after the battle of the Nile. There was also great scarcity, bread being 12 $\frac{1}{4}$ d the quarter loaf. Bread riots were the order of the day. Before Sir William Staines' term of office had expired peace was decided, and it was hoped that bread would fall to 9d the quarter loaf.

Method in His Madness.
Peckem—I say, old man, why in the world do you wear such a disreputable-looking hat?
Peep—Because my wife has emphatically declared that she will not be seen on the street with me unless I get a new one. See?

Method in His Madness.
Peckem—I say, old man, why in the world do you wear such a disreputable-looking hat?
Peep—Because my wife has emphatically declared that she will not be seen on the street with me unless I get a new one. See?

GEO. P. CROWELL,

DEALER IN
Dry Goods, Groceries,
Boots and Shoes,
Hardware,
Flour and Feed, etc.

This old-established house will continue to pay cash for all its goods; it pays no rent; it employs a clerk, but does not have to divide with a partner. All dividends are made with customers in the way of reasonable prices.

Lumber

Wood, Posts, Etc.

Davenport Bros. Lumber Co.
Have opened an office in Hood River. Call and get prices and leave orders, which will be promptly filled.

THE GLACIER

Published Every Thursday
\$1.50 A YEAR.
Advertising, 50 cents per inch, single column, per month; one-half inch or less, 25 cents. Reading notices, 5 cents a line each insertion.
THE GLACIER prints all the local news fit to print.
When you see it in THE GLACIER you may know that others see it.

REGULATOR LINE

PORTLAND AND THE DALLES ROUTE
All Way Landings.
STEAMERS
"BAILEY GAZZERT" "DALLES CITY"
"REGULATOR" "METLAKO"
Connecting at Lyle, Wash., with
Columbia River & Northern Railway Co.
FOR
Wahkiacus, Dalles, Centerville, Goldendale and all Klondike Valley points.
Steamers leave Portland daily (except Sunday) 7 a. m., connecting with C. R. N. tra. n. s. Lyle 8:15 p. m. for Goldendale, arrives The Dalles 6:30 p. m.
Steamer leaves The Dalles daily (except Sunday) 7:30 a. m.
C. R. & N. trains leaving Goldendale 6:15 a. m. connects with this steamer for Portland, arriving Portland 6 p. m.
Excellent meals served on all steamers. Fine accommodations for teams and wagons.
For detailed information of rates, berth reservations, connections, etc., write or call on nearest agent.
Gen. Office, Portland, Or. H. C. Campbell, Manager.
Beale & Morse Agents, Hood River, Or.

O. R. & N. OREGON SHORT LINE AND UNION PACIFIC

DEPART	TIME SCHEDULES	ARRIVE
Chicago, Portland, Special, 8:00 a. m. via Huntington.	St. Paul, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	4:30 p. m.
Atlanta 8:35 p. m. via Huntington.	St. Paul East Mall.	10:30 a. m.
St. Paul East Mall 6:30 p. m. Spokane.	Atlantic Express.	7:35 a. m.

70 HOURS
PORTLAND TO CHICAGO
No Change of Cars.
Lowest Rates. Quickest Time.
OCEAN AND RIVER SCHEDULE FROM PORTLAND.

DEPART	TIME SCHEDULES	ARRIVE
6:00 p. m. Mon., Wed. and Sat.	All sailing dates subject to change. For San Francisco— Sail every 5 days.	8:00 p. m.
Daily Ex. Sunday 5:30 p. m. Saturday 6:00 p. m.	Columbia River Steamers.	8:00 p. m. Ex. Sunday
6:45 a. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.	To Astoria and Way Landings.	8:30 p. m. Tues., Thu., Sat.
7:00 a. m. Tues., Thurs. and Sat.	Willamette River, Salem, Independence, Corvallis and way landings.	8:30 p. m.
7:00 a. m. Tues., Thurs. and Sat.	Yamhill River, Oregon City, Dayton and way landings.	8:30 p. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.
7:00 a. m. Tues., Thurs. and Sat.	Snake River, Riparia to Lewiston.	8:30 a. m. Daily except Friday.

A. L. CRAIG,
General Passenger Agent, Portland, Or.
A. N. HOAR, Agent, Hood River, Or.