

Second Cousin Sarah

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

CHAPTER III.—(Continued).

"A queer young woman," muttered Reuben, as he walked to the front door and let himself out of the house...

"Has she?" said Reuben. "Yes, sir. And he said that she thought half a crown a precious little, considering how he had spoiled his things with your trunk..."

"What kind of a man was he?" asked Reuben. "A womanish kind of fellow—with big eyes and a black eye..."

CHAPTER IV.

Reuben Culwick had an earlier dinner at Muddleton's. After dinner he spent some time poring over a time table, and finally rang the bell...

"Why shouldn't I?" Reuben Culwick said to himself. "I shall not have another chance—she's one of the family—I may never see Worcester again..."

He beckoned the waiter to him. "The St. Oswald Almshouses are at the top of Foregate street, are they not?"

"Can you tell me where—" Reuben Culwick paused in his inquiry for the white, pinched face, and the big black eyes were fixed on the stranger girl who had volunteered to carry his luggage last night...

"Why should I help you?" she said at last. "Can't you help yourself?" "You faint away; you were weak, and gave up. Why deny this?"

I don't know what you are talking about," was the sullen answer.

"The girl was turning away, as if with the intention of passing into the house, when Reuben remembered the object of his quest..."

"I want to see an older lady than yourself, of the same name, and residing, I believe, in one of these almshouses..."

"The statement concerning Mrs. Eastbell's disappearance was destined never to be completed, for a short, sharp 'Sarah!' in an exultingly high key, came from an inner room on the left-hand side of the doorway..."

It was a crisp and not wholly shrill voice, now that it had dropped an octave or two. The visitor walked to the bedside, sat down in a rush-bottomed chair that was there, and looked hard at her...

"Now to think of that, after these years, and here!" said Mrs. Eastbell. "That's kind of you, Reu; I'm very glad, and the old lady fought hard with the sheets, and got a thin, yellow hand above the bedclothes, and extended it in the direction of her nephew, laughing in an odd chuckling way that portended hysteria..."

"Ah! he will presently," said Mrs. Eastbell, with an engaging confidence; "there are many good points about my brother Simon, and it is only a question of time. All things come round in time, Reu—good luck. That's what I often tell you, Sally..."

"I don't want any help. Eight shillings a week keeps more life in me than I know what to do with. I'm very happy, though it's an awful place for dies. Sally does a little work when she can get it, and I, well, as you see, who never tires of me. She'll read the Bible half the day to me, when I'm too ill to run about much—a good girl, Sally..."

"Does Sarah sleep here—live with you altogether?" asked Reuben. "Yes," answered the old woman; "it's very selfish of me to keep her to myself, but, please the Lord, it will last a great while longer. She's young—she's industrious, and will be always able to get her living, anywhere; and if you bear...

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Old, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

Mrs. De Flat—Have you anything new in folding beds?

Dealer—Only this, madam, and it really is quite a success. On arising in the morning you touch a spring, and it turns into a washstand and bathtub. After your bath you touch another spring, and it becomes a dressing case, with a French plate mirror. If you breakfast in your room, a slight pressure will transform it into an extension table. After breakfast, you press these three buttons at once, and you have an upright piano. That's all it will do, except that when you die it can be changed into a rosewood coffin."—Exchange.

Sam's Old Grid. Gyer—Gotrox used to make hay and water stock on a New England farm when he was a boy.

Myer—What's he doing now? Gyer—The same thing in Wall street.

To Be Sure.



WOLVES EAT A RAILROAD.

The Hungry Beasts Devoured the Rawhide Track.

About 1872 one of the first railroads of the Northwest was built in the Territory of Washington, along the banks of the Walla Walla River...

The road was a primitive affair, and was built, owned and operated by Dr. Baker, of Walla Walla. It had no Pullman cars, chair cars or buffet cars, and the day coaches were mostly platform or flat cars. Instead of having a right of way the road had permission to go through the fields of the farmers, consequently the road was not a rapid transit one...

The winter succeeding the laying of the rawhide track was a severe one for that part of the country. The snow lay on the ground for several weeks. The wolves were driven from the mountains by the deep snow and skinned for a living as best they could in the valleys...

A Youthful Estimate. "Now," said the Sunday school teacher, in her most winning tones, "which little boy can tell me about the still small voice that is within us?"

Best of Reasons. The Summer Girl (to her companion)—What do you suppose it is, dearest, that makes the sea murmur so?

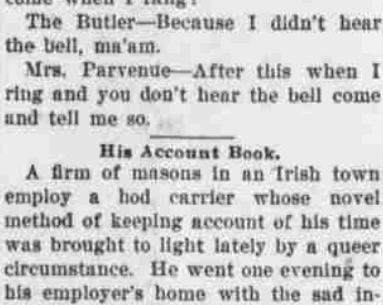
Everlasting. Mrs. Nevred—I find my lessons in breadmaking have saved us a lot of money.

Enough Said. "She ain't at home nor," said the new maid, returning from the floor above.

Not a Good Farm. "If I ran against \$10,000 it would turn my head."

Flowers speeches do not always indicate budding goodness.

He Called Him Down.



Mr. Kousty—So you want to be my son-in-law, eh?

Preparation for Winter. "I want half a dozen coal scuttles," said the lady who lets furnished rooms.

Parental Objections. Pretty Daughter—So you don't like Tom?

There Was Enough to Lick. Daniel Le Roy Dresser, the former president of the Trust Company of the Republic...

Know His Man Too Well. Bunker—Old man, can you lend me a hundred until next Thursday?

QUEER STORIES

Four-fifths of the Irish immigrants arriving in New York are young women between the ages of 17 and 20.

Poor Man. "Here is a nice article for carrying bundles," said the clerk, displaying the shopping bags.

Horrorless Variety. Ernie—Why does Edna look so blue to-day?

Little Little. "Romeo was ideal," said the maiden who loved romance.

Ready Excuse. "What are you doing with your hand in my pockets?" demanded the man who had been gazing in the shop-window.

Summing Them Up. Osted—The teacher said I may some day be President of the United States.

About the Size of It. He—A woman would rather talk than listen.

Asked and Answered. "Is there any way to make a woman stop talking?" asked the newly married man.

Plausible Theory. Tom—In England the bride's dowry is called a dot. I wonder why?

QUEER STORIES

Four-fifths of the Irish immigrants arriving in New York are young women between the ages of 17 and 20.

Poor Man. "Here is a nice article for carrying bundles," said the clerk, displaying the shopping bags.

Horrorless Variety. Ernie—Why does Edna look so blue to-day?

Little Little. "Romeo was ideal," said the maiden who loved romance.

Ready Excuse. "What are you doing with your hand in my pockets?" demanded the man who had been gazing in the shop-window.

Summing Them Up. Osted—The teacher said I may some day be President of the United States.

About the Size of It. He—A woman would rather talk than listen.

Asked and Answered. "Is there any way to make a woman stop talking?" asked the newly married man.

Plausible Theory. Tom—In England the bride's dowry is called a dot. I wonder why?

There Was Enough to Lick. Daniel Le Roy Dresser, the former president of the Trust Company of the Republic...

Know His Man Too Well. Bunker—Old man, can you lend me a hundred until next Thursday?

GEO. P. CROWELL

(Successor to E. L. Smith, Oldest Established House in the Valley.) 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.

Table with columns: DEPART, TIME SCHEDULES, ARRIVE. Lists routes to Chicago, St. Paul, etc.

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

Table with columns: DEPART, TIME SCHEDULES, ARRIVE. Lists routes to Chicago, St. Paul, etc.

70 HOURS PORTLAND TO CHICAGO

No Change of Cars. Lowest Rates. Quickest Time.

OCEAN AND RIVER SCHEDULE FROM PORTLAND.

Table with columns: DEPART, TIME SCHEDULES, ARRIVE. Lists routes to Chicago, St. Paul, etc.