

Second Cousin Sarah

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

CHAPTER VI.
Long before Reuben Culwick had made up his mind to rise the next morning, tiny knuckles had rapped significantly and persistently at his bedroom door. Reuben did not answer, although he smiled in his half-sleep, and knew that Tot's was not, anxious to see him, to hear his voice, to know all about the big deal that had told her last night was coming home with his luggage. At the fifth or sixth summons Reuben, who was in a daze, went to inform the young lady on the other side of the door that he should be in his room in ten minutes, and that he requested the favor of Tot's company to breakfast.

Tot's, a ragged, unkempt, fair-haired, blue-eyed child, had been found on the steps of the Prince Regent public house after twelve o'clock had struck, and the drinkers had been turned into the roadway. No one knew anything about her, and she knew very little concerning herself. She said something about mother and father in an inarticulate fashion common to her eighteen months of existence, and she cried for mother for five minutes after the policeman had shaken her from sleep. It was a commonplace incident of poor neighborhoods. The only novelty about this affair was the interest of the man with the beard, who lodged at the freework shop. He took her under his protection and said that she should stay at the house in Hope street and be cared for till the morning.

No inquiries were ever made concerning Tot's, though Reuben advertised and the police stations put up a bill on their blackboard along with their "Found Dead," "Burglaries," and "Murders." Tot's was never passed over to the parish. When Tot's was scrubbed and combed by Lucy Jennings she was a bright-eyed specimen of babyhood, and in twenty-four hours she had forgotten father and mother and taken so desperately to Reuben Culwick that the strong man never found it in his heart to set her from his charity again. It was a wild idea, the business thought, but they came to terms with the lodger for the extra trouble involved by the care of the child while he thought it was best to be done, until thinking over it became less of a habit and love became a stronger element in Tot's favor and pleaded for her until the day of which we speak.

For eighteen months had Reuben Culwick been the protector of Tot's, and Tot's had lived in a world of imaginary uncles and aunts, and there was never now a talk of her going away. Reuben had accepted an immense responsibility, and the weight of it had not oppressed him much. He had been a harder and sterner man before the child's affection for him had changed his character a little.

Sitting at the table watching her that day, with his life far clearer before him than it had been, he thought, "Tot's would be like a daughter to him if he lived—and if she lived. He should never marry, and would be able to take care of Tot's until some respectable young fellow gave her a home and a name, and he was left alone to fight out the rest of his battle. What that battle was to be like, Reuben Culwick was hardly certain. Once he had thought that he was cut out for an author, that publishers would be running after him, and the critical press singing his praise and glory; but he was almost certain—not quite—that he had found his level on the Penny Trumpet, and that a few pounds a week would be the maximum sum which his abilities, such as they were, might be able to procure him.

yesterday since he had called at St. Oswald's.
"Who's there?" said Sarah Eastbell, sharply, as he entered.
"Your nephew," he answered, walking to the bedside. "You received my letter about Sarah?"
"Yes. It was kind of you to think of her."
"Where is she?" said Reuben.
"Well," replied Mrs. Eastbell; "she has gone away for a little change. She will be back soon."
"Is she in London?"
"Yes."
"What made Sarah leave you?"
"Why, Tom came back from sea. Her brother—a fine strapping young fellow, who has got on in the world. He came here to see me at once," the old lady continued, "and insisted upon giving Sally a bit of a change before he went away on board ship again, and the child wanted change, and they said I'd, and so I persuaded her to go."
"Has she written to you since?"
"To be sure. There's a letter of hers on the mantelpiece, and I'm glad to see it." Reuben Culwick walked across and took down a letter therefrom. To his surprise it was addressed to two persons, the second one being communicated with a lead pencil at the top of the paper.
"Don't read this to grandmother," was written in lead pencil, and in quite a lady's hand. "Keep her as cheerful as you can without me. Let her think that I am coming back soon—that I am happy with Tom, and that he is very kind. I can't think of breaking the truth to her yet, that I can never, never come back any more."
"Who reads the letters to you, aunt?" he asked curiously.
"Mrs. Muggersidge or her niece, generally, because the old lady stammers dreadfully."
"Now, why are all these people hounding this poor woman?" he muttered, in consideration with himself. While he meditated, a very slow face, cheeched deeply with ridges, peered round the room door, and two greenish eyes blinked at him through spectacles with white horn rims.
"One moment, Mrs. Muggersidge," Reuben hastened to say. "I want you or your niece to tell me about Mrs. Eastbell's granddaughter—where she has gone, and why she has gone."
"My niece," said Mrs. Muggersidge, shaking her head again. "Ah! that's a little trick that poor old soul goes a little bit till we take her off to the convent, which can't be very long now. The young lady thought it would be the better plan not to tell her anything."
"What young lady?"
"She who comes once or twice a day now, just to see her. Why, here she is, to be sure."
(To be continued.)

PLACER MINING FOR SHOT.
Two Men in Nebraska Are Making Money in a Novel Way.

Probably the most unique mine in the world is located within two miles of Omaha, Neb. Others have dug and washed for gold, silver, copper, iron, etc., but the owners of the mine in question, which is a placer, are mining for shot, and the finished product is turned out in quantities to earn a neat income for the workers.

Across the Mississippi is located the Omaha Gun Club grounds, where frequent "shoots" have been held for the last twelve years. Some time ago A. H. Cooley, formerly superintendent of the Barton-Nash Stone Company, and Thomas Britton, formerly vice-president of the Britton Engine Company, were walking over these grounds and noticed that at a certain place the earth was covered with a layer of shot. At once they saw that if they could secure the right to work it, and keeping their discovery secret, they called upon the officers of the club and proposed to lease that particular spot for mining purposes.

They were laughed at, but secured the lease. It included a tract of ground extending from the shooting box a distance of 300 feet, with about 300 feet on either side. It is over this tract that the shot intended for clay and live pigeons fly. How much of it is a question still to be determined. One thing, however, is certain, there is a great quantity of it, and the owners of the unique mine are taking out on an average of 300 pounds a day in working a space not exceeding twelve by fifteen feet.

As soon as Cooley and Britton secured their lease they purchased a gasoline engine of two-horse power, with pump combination. Then they drove a well, striking an abundant flow of water at a depth of twenty feet. This done, they constructed their slide boxes and were ready for work.

As the shot is imbedded in the ground to a depth of two feet, all this earth has to be washed over. To do this it is shoveled into a sluice box 6 feet long, 12 inches deep and 15 inches wide, standing upon four legs about three feet above the ground. Water from the pump is turned on and the dirt is loosened, allowing the shot to drop to the bottom while the dirt is washed out at the end of the box.

When the greater part of the earth has been washed away the deposit in the bottom of the sluice, consisting of shot, stones and other foreign substances, is placed in a second box with a wire netting bottom. Here a second washing is given, after which the stones are picked out and the shot spread upon boards to dry. The shot is then placed in bags holding fifty pounds each and is taken to the foundry. There it is recast into perfect shot or into lead balls.

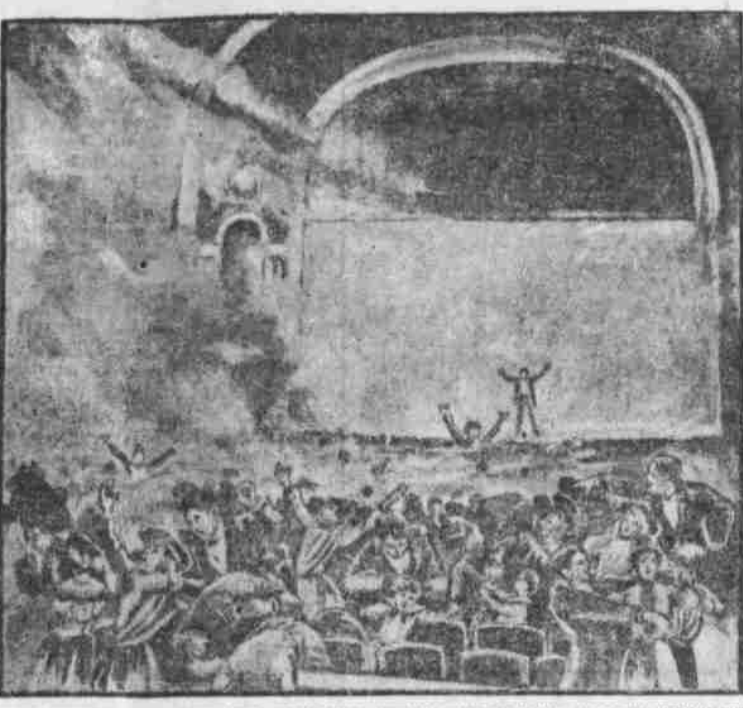
Resurrected shot sells for \$3.50 a 100 pounds, a price a very little less than virgin lead. This difference of price is due to the presence of antimony, which must be removed before casting. Selling at this price, the two men are clearing \$10 a day, and some days, by working extra hard, they net as much as \$15.

So successful have Cooley and Britton been, says the New York Times, that they are now looking over the country for the location of other lead mines of a similar nature. All over the country there are abandoned shooting grounds, and on several of these they have secured leases.

At Long Branch.
Impeuce—Which of old Moneybags's daughters are you going to propose to?
Foreign Count—Oh, the youngest one first—Judge.

Large Estates in England.
The thirty-four largest estates in Britain average 183,000 acres apiece.

THE IROQUOIS THEATER FIRE.



SCENE WITHIN THE BURNING BUILDING WHEN THE FLAMES LEAPED FROM THE STAGE AND MADNESS SEIZED THE AUDIENCE.

The fire at the Iroquois Theater in Chicago was the most appalling of Chicago's disasters. In loss of life and in horrible details it stands first in the list of calamitous events in the history of the city. More lives were lost in the theater fire than in the Port Dearborn massacre, in the Lady Elgin disaster, in the burning of Crosby's Opera House, or in the great fire of 1871. More lives were lost in that half-hour's panic than in any other hotel or theater fire in recent times.

In the holiday week of 1903, in the most enterprising city of the most progressive of nations, in the newest theater of a city that has given more attention to the building and equipment of amusement halls than any other in the West, occurred one of the most appalling tragedies of the age. The death list is larger than that of a bloody battle, and the horrors of the death struggle of the hundreds who lost their lives were more terrible than any battle.

The disaster was one of the worst of its kind in the history of the world. A holiday audience, composed mainly of women and children, in attendance upon a showy extravaganza, suddenly found itself trapped and in imminent peril of death in a hideous form. With an advancing wave of flame and smoke beating upon them, the terrified people began a desperate rush to escape. The theater is the newest in the city and was supposed to be as nearly fireproof as a theater can be made.

The fire at the Iroquois Theater in Chicago was the most appalling of Chicago's disasters. In loss of life and in horrible details it stands first in the list of calamitous events in the history of the city. More lives were lost in the theater fire than in the Port Dearborn massacre, in the Lady Elgin disaster, in the burning of Crosby's Opera House, or in the great fire of 1871.

FIRST PICTURE OF BOSTON.



BOSTON IN ABOUT THE YEAR 1725.

This view of Boston, made about 100 years after the town was first settled, is the earliest picture of any place, building or landmark of any kind in New England, known to be in existence. Any existing picture of the kind purporting to be of an earlier date than this one, and there are a few, is spurious.

This earliest pictorial representation, of any scene in New England, but three copies of which are now preserved, one of them in the Bostonian Society's collection, in the Old State House, was engraved on copper, in London, by J. Carwitham, from whom it derived its name of "The Carwitham View," probably between the years 1724 and 1734.

It was probably sketched by some local amateur artist in 1723, at which time the Boston newspapers were soliciting subscriptions for the engraving of a view answering this description. The engraving was offered for sale here in 1725, and if this is the one, slight additions must have been made by some engraver about ten years later, since this view contains the spire of the present Old South Church, not built until 1729, as well as the Hollis street church, erected in 1731.

Although the so-called Price's view of Boston was published a few years after this one, yet the Carwitham view remained the popular one as late as 1800. In fact, the specimens now preserved belong to an edition printed from the plate as late as 1870, in response to a desire among the people of England to know something in regard to the appearance of the place that gave birth to the revolution. It is inscribed, "A Southeast View of the City of Boston, in North America," though Boston was not entitled to be designated as a city until forty years later.

With a population of perhaps 12,000 at that time, Boston had twelve churches, although but eleven show in the picture.

WHY THERE IS A WISHBONE.

Scientific Explanation of Its Existence in Our Edible Fowls.
Charles J. Maynard, a well-known man of science, told the members of the Boston Scientific society at a recent meeting the reasons for the existence of what is known as the wishbone in fowls. To begin with, the speaker deplored the lack of knowledge that exists regarding the structure of the birds internally. "For example," said he, "it is doubtful if five men in the United States know much about the anatomy of the common robin. The ornithologists know all about external characteristics, the color, arrangement and number of the feathers, methods of flight, habits and the like, but exceedingly little about the interiors of the birds they study." Classifications have been made largely by externals, when study of the anatomy must be a very important part of the subject. He had himself begun with the anatomy, and more than twenty years ago, in some of his publications, he dared to separate the ovils from the hawks. They had been placed in the same order, and have so remained till very recently. Now others have separated them even more widely than Mr. Maynard did so long ago. His deductions were from a knowledge of the anatomy.

The wishbone is called by scientists the furcula and is in reality the union of what are in man the two separate collar bones. In the birds receding the brunt of the strokes of the wing that turn the creature in its flight. Few realize the strength of stroke of the bird's wing. It is said that a swan has been known to break a man's leg by a blow of its wing, and in a like manner the wing-beatings of the larger birds are dangerous if they strike the head or face. If, therefore, a large bird is in the habit of making sudden turns to right or left in its flight it must be fitted with a wishbone competent to withstand the great strain

INTERESTING BALLOON TRIP.

French Artist Tells of His Experiences on the Journey.
Sem, the black and white French artist, who is a favorite in fashionable circles, has given a short account of his balloon ascent with the Duke and Duchess d'Uzes the other day. The artist merely went to the aerostatic park at St. Cloud for the purpose of seeing the start of the aerial expedition, in which the Archduke Leopold Salvator, of Austria, took part, says the London Telegraph.

As the Duke and Duchess d'Uzes were settling themselves down in the car of the balloon Aero-Club the artist approached and wished them "bon voyage." The duchess, with the sweetest of smiles, said: "Can't you come, too?" and Sem felt that he could not refuse the invitation. So away he went in the clouds, and soon found himself over Chantilly. He was told to look down, and at first it made him dizzy to do so. By degrees he overcame the dizziness and was able to see the earth under him. It looked like a large paper-mache plan of places in the Louvre museum. The trains seemed to be caterpillars and the houses small spots. In fact, the whole thing looked painted and artificial. Coming closer to the earth the balloonists shouted to little specks of humanity below them and asked where they were. They heard a voice answering that they were near Arras. That was the last indication they had before the descent. Rising again, they found themselves speeding at a tremendous rate through the darkened sky. Night had come on and they had no electric lights with them. They sat talking as in a salon, regardless of the heavy rain, which could not touch them. They were quiet all the time. Suddenly under north them they saw long trains of light. These were from the R-bian towns and furnaces. They even saw from their height five or six towns at the same time, and the aspect was magical.

The captain, Jacques Faure, now said that it was time to descend, or else they might be carried over the sea. They threw out the guide rope and it touched water. A few minutes after it was on land, and the captain sung out: "Cling on well, we are going down." They did as they were told and the balloon touched the earth and then bounded along by some trees. At last the envelope was torn and all got out. They danced for joy on the ground and did not care at the time where they were. The duke and duchess sat down on the car of the balloon, and so, too, did the artist, while the captain went to explore. M. Faure, after a search of nearly an hour, discovered a native who could not speak French, English or German who addressed by the captain in these languages. The native had a gun in his hand and looked dangerous. He was finally made to understand by signs that a vehicle and lodging for the night were wanted. He took the sky travelers to his house and then to the chateau of the mayor, where they learned that they were in Holland.

CHANGES IN THE PEERAGE.
British Aristocracy is Undergoing a Considerable Revolution Lately.
"Progress is revolution in disguise and by degrees," a well-known writer has recently said. It is destined to make the peers powerless and the poor prosperous." The description will remind many of the phrase uttered by Cromwell: "There will never be a good time in England till we have done with the lords."

What is the value of our peerage of today? Lord Beaconsfield answered the question in "Coningsby" many years ago:
"Ancient lineage," said Mr. Milbank. "I never heard of a peer with an ancient lineage. The real old families of this country are to be found among the peasantry; the gentry, too, may lay claim to the old blood. I can point you out Saxon families in this country who can trace their pedigrees beyond the conquest. I know of some Norman gentlemen whose fathers undoubtedly came over with the conqueror. But a peer with an ancient lineage is to me quite a novelty. No, no; the thirty years' war of the roses freed us from those gentlemen. I take it, after the battle of Tewkesbury, a Norman baron was almost as rare a being in England as a wolf is now."
"I have always understood," said Coningsby, "that our peerage was the finest in Europe."
"From themselves," said Milbank, "and the heralds they pay to paint their carriages. But I go to facts, when Henry VII called his first parliament there were only twenty-nine temporal peers to be found and even some of them took their seats illegally, for they had been attainted. Of those twenty-nine not five remain, and they, as the Howards, for instance, are not Norman nobility. We owe the English peerage to three sources—the spoliation of the church, the open and flagrant sale of honors by the elder Stuarts and the borough-mongering of our own times. Those are the three main sources of the existing peerage of England, and in my opinion disgraceful ones."
—London Truth.

These Birds Are Ingenious.
The crows of the orient are said to be far advanced in the art of stealing beyond the crows of this country. The story is told of a pair of crows at Bombay that robbed an opium dealer of a spectacle frame, entering his room stealthily for that purpose. These birds carried off eighty-four spectacle frames of gold, silver and steel, which were so ingeniously woven together in their nest that it was a veritable work of art.

In the Swiss Museum of Natural History at Soleure is a wagtail's nest built entirely of clock springs. Several clockmakers' shops were near, where the waste lay scattered about the doors. The birds had woven with much ingenuity into a nest more than four inches across and entirely comfortable for the little family.

Cheap but Unreliable Labor.
Farm laborers in Mexico may be employed at from 15 to 20 cents a day, though in many parts of the country they are scarce and unreliable.

Don't owe your neighbor a grudge; cancel the debt at once.

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.

DEPART	TIME SCHEDULES	ARRIVE	
Chicago Portland Special	6:30 a. m. via Huntington.	St. Paul, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	4:30 p. m.
Alvanto Express	8:15 p. m. via Huntington.	St. Paul Fast Mail.	10:30 a. m.
St. Paul Fast Mail	6:30 p. m. Spokane	Atlantic Express.	7:30 a. m.

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

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

DEPART	TIME SCHEDULES	ARRIVE	
Chicago Portland Special	6:30 a. m. via Huntington.	St. Paul, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	4:30 p. m.
Alvanto Express	8:15 p. m. via Huntington.	St. Paul Fast Mail.	10:30 a. m.
St. Paul Fast Mail	6:30 p. m. Spokane	Atlantic Express.	7:30 a. m.

A. L. CRAIG,

General Passenger Agent, Portland, Or.
A. N. ROAR, Agent, Hood River.