

# Second Cousin Sarah

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

CHAPTER XIV.  
Two years after the events recorded in our last chapter, there was a Sunday service of a peculiar character held under a railway arch, in one of the darkest streets of a dark neighborhood lying between the Lower Marsh and the York road, Lambeth. The place of worship, the worshippers, and the one who presided over the service, were all strange together, and there was much for skin-deep piety to protest against, and for irreverence to scoff and jeer at. It was only the down-right earnestness of these fugitive souls scraped together here, that put forth its claims to the respect of those who had time to think of the odd forms in which religion may assert itself. Amongst the myriads who turn their backs on church or chapel orthodox, there are still a few with courage to seek God in some fashion.

Of the tenets of this community it is not our purpose or right to inquire too closely in these pages. The preaching was simple, the earnestness was manifest, the one text seemed forgiveness to sinners, and the one appeal was for their repentance before the hour was too late. That which was most remarkable in the service was the fact of its being conducted by a woman—a sad, low-voiced female—with a touch of fanaticism in her extravagant gestures and her high-pitched voice, and in the sermon which she preached to ragged and unkempt men, women and children, three-fourths of whom were full of a grave, deep interest, and the remaining fraction very noisy, and watching its opportunity to turn a portion of the discourse into ridicule.

These discontents were huddled together near the door, whispering, coughing, and grimacing, or glancing over their heads peered occasionally a policeman's helmet, a sign of peace and order, that was followed by much horse play and ironical comment on the proceedings, after it had dispersed.

It had been a noisy night at Jennings' railway arch, where, as we remember, the story; the preacher had been more than usually powerful and the opposition more than commonly opposed to her; but the service had reached its conclusion. From the background of the congregation there stepped suddenly a tall, well-dressed young woman with her veil down, and a room was made for her into the inner circle of rags and tatters by which Lucy Jennings was surrounded.

"May I speak to you for a few moments in private?" asked the stranger in a low voice.

There was a low breath of astonishment, as Lucy Jennings surveyed her heroine. Sarah Eastbell had certainly changed in two years—for the better, too, being a tall, healthy, handsome young woman now; but she had not altered out of all knowledge of her friends and acquaintances. There was the same steady outlook from the dark eyes; there was something of the same sadness, or depth of thought, expressed upon her face, though the pallor had passed away, and there was faint rose tints on the cheeks, which Lucy had seen last wasted with a fever from which she had helped to save her.

"I know you by your voice," said Miss Jennings, stolidly, "and I have a memory that does not fail me. I am above taking offense with any living soul, or attributing to any human being motives for actions which have not been explained," said Lucy Jennings; "but I cannot, on the Lord's Day—I will not under any circumstances—devote myself to anything but my service."

She crossed her thin hands upon the bosom of her dress, and looked up at the stained roof of the railway arch, over which a heavy Southwestern train was rumbling at the moment.

"I will call on you to-morrow, if you will give me your address," said Sarah Eastbell.

Lucy Jennings hesitated before she answered, as though an insuperable objection to renew their acquaintance asserted itself too strongly to be resisted; then she said:

"I shall be in Hope street to-morrow at eleven. I will wait for you there."

Lucy Jennings moved her head slightly, and Sarah Eastbell left her surrounded by her converts.

As Sarah went out of the place one of the unconverted picked her pocket of a cambric handkerchief, and was disappointed at not finding her purse, which she had left at home.

Sarah Eastbell was disturbed greatly by this meeting with Lucy Jennings. Her reception had not been what she had anticipated; there had been a coldness, almost a repulse, in lieu of that welcome which she had expected at her hands. Still the young lady from Sedge Hill, Worcester, was of a nature not to be easily daunted, and she had come to London in hot haste, and only attended by her maid, on a mission of importance.

The next day at eleven she was in Hope street, where she had been the day before making inquiries, and finding out the new location of Miss Jennings after a great deal of trouble and perseverance. Hope street had changed more than herself in the two years since she had quitted the place. The Saxe-Gotha Gardens were no more, and two rows of small brick houses formed a street on their site. There were railway arches crossing the road, and in place of the house of Jennings, Fireworks maker to the Court, was a black heap of ruins, shored up by beams, and fenced around by a boardwalk.

At eleven to the minute, Lucy Jennings, in the rustiest of black, and with black cotton gloves three sizes too large for her, came along the street, striding like a man. It was with the same inflexible cast of countenance which daunted Sarah Eastbell last night that she advanced, and the outstretched hand of the younger woman was taken almost with reluctance, and afterwards dropped coldly.

"I hope you will not detain me very long, Miss Eastbell," said Lucy; "I have a great many calls to make this morning. We will walk Myatt's Fields way; and now to save time—for time is valuable to me—what is your first question?"

There was no restraint in the reply, though there was a deepening of color in the cheeks, as Sarah Eastbell said eagerly:

"What has become of Reuben Culwick?"

"Is that the first question, next your heart, then?"

"Yes," was the frank answer; "why shouldn't it be? You have seen him—you will let me know where he is?"

"I don't think that I shall," said Lucy gravely, considering the matter; "and we were friends, it was his wish that you should not know—what has become of him?"

"When you were friends? You have quarreled then?"

"It takes two to make a quarrel," said

## Science AND Invention

In the course of some digging operations in a garden at Haslemere, England, a gardener unearthed a number of ancient vessels of peculiar shape, together with a quantity of calcified human bones, at a depth of about two feet below the surface. The British museum authorities, who have examined the discoveries, pronounce the vessels to belong to the late Celtic age, about B. C. 150. Only three or four vessels were found to be in a perfect condition. He computed that twenty-two urns and pots were originally interred at the spot.

Bright colors assumed by naples, sumacs and anemolops during the autumn months are the result of the oxidizing of the color compounds, or color generators, of the leaf cells. Long-continued cool weather is most favorable to the production of autumn tints and slight frosts that are not severe enough to kill the cells hasten the display of beauty by producing an enzyme that brings forth the bright purples, oranges and reds. Leaves containing much tannic acid never give bright autumn tints, while those containing sugar give the very prettiest.

An Italian scientist claims to have established that electric tramways are great mediums in the disinfection of towns. He points out that the electric spark, which is so frequent an occurrence to the overhead trolley, and the emission of light from the car wheel when the rail is used for the return current transform the oxygen of the air into ozone which has a purifying and disinfecting influence. The high discharges, he says, are frequent enough to influence greatly the atmospheric constituents, especially where the line passes through narrow thoroughfares. They become antiseptic agents.

Sailors visiting the island of Laysan, in the Hawaiian group, are greatly amused by the curious antics of the Laysan albatross, or gony. These birds sometimes perform, in pairs, a kind of dance, or, as the sailors call it, "cack-walk." Two albatrosses approach one another, nodding and making profound bows, cross their bills, producing snapping and grunting sounds, rise on their toes, puff out their breasts, and finally part to come together again and repeat the performance. Occasionally three engage at once in this singular amusement. The spectators are always impressed with the extreme "politeness" of the birds.

Shirley Lodge, eminent by his discoveries about electricity, believes that he has found a method of electrifying the atmosphere on a large scale, and that in this manner dangerous fogs over rivers and harbors may be dissipated. In some experiments at Liverpool he was able to clear a space more than 100 yards wide in a dense fog. He also thinks it possible that rain may be produced by the electrification of clouds. At a recent meeting of the Physical Society in London he demonstrated his method. Electricity derived from a high frequency alternator is most effective, but it must first be turned into a straightway current, and Professor Lodge employs for this purpose the Cooper Hewitt mercury vapor-lamp, which possesses the power to rectify an alternating current.

### BOY HAD PLENTY OF NERVE

Was Not Discouraged by the Mad Rush of Inflated Bulls.

There was an accident shortly after the close of a novillada at the Plaza Mexico that came near resulting in the death of a few young hopefuls who took it into their heads that they would like to join in the national sport.

Shortly after the crowd left the ring a half dozen young boys of ages ranging from 12 to 15 years got down into the bull ring to play bull fight. One of the number thought the game was too slow, so while the ring attendants were busy about other work he entered the pen where the bulls were confined and slyly let one of them into the ring.

With a mad rush the big black bull entered the ring. One of the little boys had been using his plush linen cape for a cap in his plays with the other boys and he was near the door when the bull entered. Although one of the opposite gates was open the bull made no effort to get away, but rushed at the boy with the cape.

There was but one thing for the boy to do, and he did it. With all the knowledge which he had gained by watching the matadors in the ring he let the bull charge the cape. But his arms were too short and the bull struck him a hard blow, knocking the little fellow fully fifty feet and tearing his shoulder with his horn. The angry bull then turned his attention to the red cape.

When the other boys saw the bull charging they fled for the fence and climbed to safety, where they watched the bull tearing the cape. Finally it occurred to one of the older boys that by all charging for the bull he might possibly be scared away from the prostrate body of the injured lad. So with clubs and boards they drove the bull from the ring. They gave their attention to the bull nose too quickly, for he had tired of pulling the cape and was muzzling for the boy.

When the doctor got in their work on the little fellow, whose name is Angel Morales, they found that the wound was the only thing of consequence, and that although the boy was senseless from the blow there was nothing of a really dangerous nature to fear from the accident, as the hurt was a flesh wound.—Mexican Herald.

### CAIRO STREET CRIES

Sounds and Voices that Travelers Hear in the Egyptian City.

Take a chair outside a busy cafe near the market place and tram center and watch street life. There are no hungry men, no starving, pinched faces, no finger-worn mothers, for this is the land of plenty, and the people's wants are few and simple. Thus sunshine and laughter spray a

welcome fragrance over the novelty and romance of the gay city's streets. Here is a street melodist twanging a monstrous one-stringed "something," and accompanied by a nose-ringed girl, who taps deftly on a species of tambourine, while bystanders ejaculate "Allah! Allah!"—the Arabic word for applause. If not quite in accord with your prejudices concerning music, well, maistah (never mind), it is not nearly so distracting as a street corner at home, and they will go away if you tell them so. The haboon, the donkey and boy are in evidence, with a score of performing tricks that are very original and certainly funny, and you console yourself with the hope of a minimum of cruelty in the training.

A fruit seller, basket on head, with luscious grapes and figs, saunters by singing in a quaint minor: "O grapes, O sweet grapes, that are larger than doves' eggs and sweeter than new cream! O angels' food, delicious figs, bursting with honey, restorers of health!"

There is a drink seller, bent under the weight of the odd-shaped jar slung over his shoulder, a lump of ice projecting from his mouth, conjuring custom in a similar strain, as he struts up and down, making the air resound with the rhythmic clap-clap of two brass saucers: "O refreshment of the weary! O quencher of parched lips! O blessing of heaven!"

Another street cry which may be heard in the main street of Abbasieh, a suburb, contains the following enticing announcement: "To-morrow, O people, I am going to kill a camel. The doctor says it is young and healthy. Oh, its flesh will be tender as the quail and juicy as lamb. Its price is but 1 1/2 piasters (7 cents) a pound. Do you love the sweet flesh of the camel, then come early and be satisfied."

Not the least picturesque figures in the streets are the city police in their neat white drill and red turbans in summer and blue serge in winter.—London Traveler.

### SKIMMED MILK IN PAINT.

It Must Be Mixed with Cement to Produce the Best Results.

A use to which skim milk, sour milk, buttermilk or even whole sweet milk is not often put is paint-making, yet this product of the dairy makes possibly one of the most enduring, preservative, respectable and inexpensive paints for barns and outbuildings. It costs little more than whitewash, provided no great value is attached to the milk, and it is a question whether for all kinds of rough work it does not serve all the purposes and more of the ready mixed paint or even prime lead and paint mixed in the best linseed oil.

It is made as follows, and no more should be mixed than is to be used that day: Stir into a gallon of milk about three pounds of Portland cement and add sufficient Venetian red paint powder (costing 2 cents per pound) to impart a good color. Any other colored paint powder may be as well used. The milk will hold the paint in suspension, but the cement, being very heavy, will sink to the bottom, so that it becomes necessary to keep the mixture well stirred with a paddle.

This feature of the straining is the only drawback to the paint, and as its efficiency depends upon administering a good coating of cement it is not safe to leave its application to untrusty or careless help. Six hours after painting this paint will be as impenetrable and unaffected by water as month-old paint. I have heard of buildings twenty years old painted in this manner in which the wood was well preserved.

My own experience dates back nine years, when I painted a small barn with this mixture, and the wood to-day—second growth Virginia yellow pine—shows no sign whatever of decay or dry rot. The effect of such coating seems to be to petrify the surface of the wood. Whole milk is better than buttermilk or skim milk, as it contains more oil, and this is the constituent which sets the cement. If mixed with water instead of milk the wash rubs and soaks off readily. This mixture, with a little extra of the cement from the bottom of the bucket daubed on, makes the best possible paint for trees where large limbs have been pruned or sawed off.—Scientific American.

**Housekeeping in France.**

In a talk by Miss Marta Parion on French housekeeping, she said that economy and patience were two strong traits of the French housekeeper. Many inconveniences and conditions unknown to American housewives have to be overcome, but, notwithstanding this, the French home is a model of neatness and comfort outside of, perhaps, the one point of temperature, for in France the question of fuel is an important one. According to Miss Parion, French cooking is not complicated, as is generally supposed, for example, the usual French breakfast consists of a cup of coffee or chocolate without cream and a slice of bread or roll, and high seasonings of food are unknown, herbs and vegetables being used in preference to spices. This statement of the situation is contrary to the general belief, and certainly if we accept it as literally true, the highly-seasoned dishes we obtain in American large cities must be originated by others than Frenchmen.

**Big and Little Purchases.**

"O Rudolph, you must get an automobile."

"I can get the automobile on credit, all right, but how long would your grocer trust us for the gasoline?"—Fliegende Blaetter.

**Giant of the Equine Race.**

The greatest size a horse has been known to grow is 29 1/2 hands high. This is the record of a Clydesdale which was on exhibition in 1889.

**Sacred Concerts.**

Yarmouth, England, corporation forbids smoking on Sundays in its new pier pavilion, as the band plays sacred music.

There are some women who never play the piano in any other way than as if trying a piece for the first time.

When you observe some one's fault, see if you can't find a virtue, too.

It is better to escape through a little hole than not at all.

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