

# Second Cousin Sarah

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

## CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

Thomas Eastbell was not prepared for his sister's firmness. She was right; she was changed. This was not the woman of two years ago, who had some hopes of him, and whom he had talked over more than once—who had been afraid of him, and had not been altogether wanting in affection for him; this was some one whom he had scarcely expected to find at Sedge Hill.

"You would ruin me if you could, then," he said, "you would stand between me and my share of the good luck which has come to the old woman. You would live on rich as a Jew, and leave me to starve, or steal—to go to the workhouse, or the prison."

"I think that possibly I am in the way," said the gentleman by the fireplace, intruding upon the conversation for the first time; "you and your brother can arrange this little matter so much better without me, Miss Eastbell."

"I was anxious about Reuben Culwick," said Mrs. Eastbell fretfully, "and yet you have sown yourself off for three days, and without rhyme or reason."

"I could not rest longer without seeing him. He is very poor, grandmother," said Sarah, "he has been very unlucky in Drury Lane—a half-starved, haggard-looking man, borne down by the disappointments of his life. This was Reuben Culwick—in whose house we were who was once our friend when we were poor and low—who saved me when I had not power to help myself. This is the man forever foremost in my thoughts. Why should I hide it from myself or you?"

"You should not have left your mistress while I was away," Sarah said reproachfully; "she is too old to be left. Watch this room till I return, and see that no one disturbs my grandmother by passing singly along the corridor."

Sarah left Miss Hartley to marvel a little at the instructions which she had received, and went thoughtfully downstairs, pausing now and then to consider the new position of affairs. She passed into the garden. She was hot and feverish, and the night was close. In the cool fresh air she might be able to shape out a better, clearer course, if the current of events should turn against her and her project for Tom's departure from Sedge Hill. She had grown very much afraid of him. At last days, she had lost every atom of confidence; and the man whom he had brought into the house had been a well-known character in Potter's Court, for whom the police had made inquiries during her short stay there.

She had left the house some hundred yards, when footsteps on the gravel path arrested her attention, and checked her further progress. They were coming slowly toward her—and she shrank at once into the shadow of the trees, with the instinct to be unperceived and watchful. Trouble had come thickly in her way, and she must fight against it as best she might.

There were two persons advancing in her direction—who could they be, at that hour of the night, but Thomas Eastbell and Peterson, plotting together against the peace of Sedge Hill? They were soon close upon her; they could have heard her faint breathing had they listened; but they were deep in conversation, and unmindful of a watcher. The path was broad and white, and their figures were easily distinguishable, striking at Sarah Eastbell's heart with a new surprise and an awful sense of treachery. They were those of Captain Peterson and Mary Holland—the former talking in a low and energetic manner; the other listening with her gaze directed to the ground, and with her hands clasped on the bosom of her dress. There was a light gasp of surprise when Mary Holland's hand and the ends fluttered in the night breeze as she passed. There was not a word which Sarah could catch at—it was a new phase of mystery for which she was not prepared, which seemed to place her very much alone in the world after the discovery.

When they were in advance of her, Sarah stole from her hiding place and proceeded in their direction, keeping to the shadow of the trees. She paused before entering upon the broad and open space of ground in front of the house where they were standing, and when Captain Peterson was still debating with the silent woman still looking on the ground. She watched them separate without a glance toward each other, the man entering the picture gallery through the bay-window, and Mary Holland proceeding to the French window of the drawing room.

Sarah followed her, still clinging to the shadow. She reached the drawing room to find the blinds drawn before the window, and the window closed. As she paused to consider her next step, the shadow of Mary Holland was thrown upon the blind—a strange appealing phantom, with its hands upraised as if in supplication.

Sarah's hand shook the window frame. There was another pause, and then the blind was snatched hastily aside, and Mary's face was pressed against the inner side of the glass.

"Who's there?"  
"Let me in. It is I—Sarah," replied our heroine.

Mary Holland unfastened the window and admitted her. Both women looked keenly at each other—and both were very pale.

Mary Holland walked slowly from the window, which she had unlocked to admit Sarah Eastbell, and sat down in the armchair by the fire. There was a painful silence, each young woman waiting for the other to speak, and each on guard.

It was Mary Holland who began at last. "I had no idea that you were in the garden, Sarah," she said slowly; "were you not afraid of catching cold, at this late hour of the night?"

"Were't you?" was the quick rejoinder.

"I wanted fresh air," said Mary, speaking slowly; "I had been in attendance upon your grandmother all day, and she has been more than ordinarily exacting. But you have been traveling, and were fatigued."

"I was fatigued," said Sarah Eastbell, "until I reached this house and found it full of change—and you changed with all the rest."

"Rest in this house, Sally," cried the old lady ironically, "there isn't much chance of that, with people tearing up

and down stairs at all hours, and the servants banging shutters and locking doors as if we were in a prison. Somebody came into my room last night, blundering, but I could not find out who it was."

"Into your room?" asked Sarah, very anxiously now, "where was Hartley?"

"I packed her off two days ago. She snored in her sleep like a horse. I want rest, child, not the noise of a steam engine in my ears."

"You are too old to rest alone—you cannot lock your door even," said Sarah. "It must come back as in the old days, grandmother, if you send Hartley away. Why shouldn't I have my little crib in one corner of this great room, as when you and I were sharing life together in St. Oswald's?"

"You're mighty anxious about me," said Mrs. Eastbell fretfully, "and yet you have sown yourself off for three days, and without rhyme or reason."

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"Rest in this house, Sally," cried the old lady ironically, "there isn't much chance of that, with people tearing up

hands suddenly together; "I am the same woman that I have ever been."  
"My friend—and here?" said Sarah meaningly.  
"Yes," answered Mary, and she met again the steady gaze of her inquirer. It was a pale, pensive face, with a clear outlook from the full gray eyes, and one could scarcely doubt the truth upon it even then.  
"But—" began Sarah, hesitatingly, when the other interrupted her.  
"But I am a young woman with more secrets than one upon my mind, and they have come more closely to me of late days. And now I am more helpless than I thought I was," she said.  
Sarah Eastbell drew a chair toward her, and sat down by the side of Mary Holland.  
"Mary," she said softly, "I hate people with secrets, and there is enough mystery about this life without your adding to it. Will you trust me, or will you not?"  
"My child, I am five or six years older than you. Why, I have scarcely learned to trust myself yet. When I have full confidence in Mary Holland, I may put faith—implicit faith—in Sarah Eastbell," she said, in those clear tones of voice that had given character to her before this; "but loving and respecting her genuine nature as I do, still I must keep my troubles to myself."  
"You have nothing to tell me, then?"  
"Not yet. Only this," said Mary, looking up again; "I will ask for the old confidence, which appears to be sinking away without any power of mine to stop it. These are strange times, and I must be strange with them. Bear with me, Sarah Eastbell."  
"I am alone in this house, where there are many enemies now," said Sarah; "why should I trust you any longer? You know what my brother-in-law can do with his companion he is likely to be. And yet you and that man were whispering together in the garden for half an hour to-night. You two are soon friends. Has Captain Peterson fallen in love with you?"  
"On the contrary, I think Captain Peterson detests me very cordially."  
"You know that he is a villain then—that two years ago he is in league with your father's rascality, with which you should have been acquainted long since."  
"I could not see this day. I wanted to keep her heart light to the last," murmured Sarah; "and now my falsehood turns upon myself, and puts that poor weak life in danger too. For they would be glad of her death," she said in an excited whisper. "I read it in their faces. I cannot trust them—or you. I am alone now—awfully alone!"  
(To be continued.)

AVOCADO PEAR IS QUEER.  
This Tropic Fruit Growing in Favor with Northern Public.

The Spanish name for this is aguacate (corrupted, like our word from the Aztec, ahhuacatl). The name "alligator" is a rough corruption from the above and ought to be frowned out of use.

It has much the shape of a large-sized bell or pound pear and weighs from a pound to two pounds. In the center is a large husklike core, inclosing the seed. Between this core and the skin is a rich, creamy yellow and tastes as much like beef marrow as one can be compared to another. It is sometimes eaten with a dressing of salt, pepper and oil, but is generally used as a basis of a salad.

When cut open the core drops out and it is seen that there is a double lining, resembling a thin, brown leaf or skin, between the meat and the interior core. One of the linings clings to the meat and the other to the core. The lining being removed from the meat and the outer skin of the pear cut off, the fruit is treated the same as the meat of chicken or lobster designed for salad. A ripe avocado pear costing 40 cents will make as much salad as a good-sized lobster or a chicken and is much cheaper.

The use of this fruit is not confined to the natives of the West Indies and South American countries, but is growing in favor with Americans who have an opportunity to taste it. Twenty years ago there were not more than 100 of them consumed in New York City during the season, while at present the sales of one firm alone average from 300 to 500 every week of the season, which lasts from about June 1 to November 1.

There is one curious feature about the avocado pear, says the Jacksonville Times-Union, with which probably few of those who have eaten it are familiar. The seeds, mixed in a jelly-like substance, are contained within the core. If the core is split open and a pen or sharp-pointed stick dipped into this jelly-like mass, using the half of the core as a cup and stirring the seeds and jelly together, the compound can be used as an indelible ink. The mark made by it is at first of a dirty cream color, but becomes darker with time, finally assuming a deep salmon hue, and there is no known acid which will remove it.

Feminine Financier.  
Greener-Well, little what can I do for you this morning?

Little Girl—Mother sent me to get change for a dollar and said to tell you she would give you the dollar to-morrow.

Obliging.  
Mistress (to her cook)—And remember, Jane, breakfast every morning at 7 o'clock.

Jane—All right, ma'am. An' if I'm not down in time you needn't wait on me.

As Suggested.  
Riggs—It strikes me that the fool-killer is neglecting his business.

Diggs—He's kept pretty busy, I suppose, but you might send him your address.

Self-laudation abounds among the unpolished; but nothing can stamp a man more sharply as ill-bred.—Burton.

Common sense is instinct, and enough of it is genius.—H. H. Shaw.

# PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

## FEAR IN THE PRESENT DAY.

To-day we are far removed from fear of heat, of cold, or of wild animals. We have caps, coats, houses and firearms. The most poverty stricken among us is infinitely better protected from all danger than was the most powerful ruler of ancient days. Nevertheless we possibly are become only the more fearful. How often in a train we hear a corpulent man shout: "Close that door. Don't you feel the draft?" The tone is that of a person terrified by the sight of some great danger. Our own epoch is not content, however, with fearing illness alone; it fears life also. How many despairing individuals we find in every class! How many tragedies and their origin solely in the disgust felt for life itself! How many suicides are due to the dread of a struggle! And how many unfortunates there are who, feeling repugnance at this brutal manner of solving the problem, seek in another way to forget their sad fate. And forgetfulness in the majority of cases is found in the laboring classes in inebriety. It is not to wine or alcohol, however, that the wealthy classes have recourse in order to forget their troubles. Generally subject to heart weakness, the members of our high society are sentenced by their physicians to a regime of water. They are the victims of their parents and of their ancestors, who have left them bodies charred by too abundant feeding, and blood burnt out by too long continued diet of truffles. Thus it happens that they generally demand of the druggist poison which will stupefy them or enable them to avoid pain. Monsieur fears a touch of toothache—quick, bring cocaine. Madame fears a suggestion of headache—get some cerebri- or antipyrine.

Only the roar of a cannon or the declaration of a war is needed to cause the fear of living to give place to the fear of dying. Then, as of old, the fear of death takes possession of humanity. Brothers, relatives and friends are being killed. Mankind, for a few weeks or a few months trembles as did the man of ancient times. The crisis of moderns, and civilization takes up its work. Then the weakening processes begin again, the races continue to grow old, and man, pursued by fear of suffering, takes recourse to theory and to science, and yet in spite of all he does or thinks, fear lives on undestroyed, hidden and inaccessible.

JAPAN WILL TRIUMPH THROUGH HER LOYALTY.

Although no value could possibly attach to any opinion of mine upon technical military problems, at the present juncture I venture to recall the incidents and pictures of a memorable day which I passed in the company of His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Japan, with his military staff, and some 35,000 troops detailed for the annual maneuvers. Never can I forget the glory of that early dawn, along the ridge of the southern hills, which sweep through all the length of coast, from Kamakura and lovely Enoshima, over the foot of splendid and stately Fuji Yama to Gotemba, Oiso and Nara itself. We were advancing up the steep path, many thousand strong—horse, foot and artillery—but chiefly foot, to hold the long ridge against some detested enemy deploying in the vast flats to the eastward and southward. Right ahead of us, in the center of the position, not far away, was a breakfast table roughly improvised out of four ammunition boxes, and over these thrown a richly embroidered tablecloth of silk purple in color, with golden kiku—the imperial chrysanthemum—worked by hand upon it, the only touch of anything like luxury visible throughout the vast martial display. Though the sun was yet hardly high enough to touch the snow upon Fuji Yama with saffron and rose, his Imperial Majesty was there drinking tea from a small silver cup.

The young sovereign was held, as one might easily see, in supreme reverence by all around, but a reverence which had in it passionate and unchanging affection as well as custom. In Japan national loyalty has not as yet divided itself from the actual worship given to the dynasty whose origin loses itself, in the thoughts of forty-five millions of homogeneous people, amid the mysteries of the invisible. Time was, of course—and only a few years ago—when such a proximity as ours to that divinely descended personage would have been impossible, incredible, madly presumptuous. Three times afterwards even I myself had the privilege of respectfully watching from near at hand the dark, serious, unchanging, introspective countenance of him upon whom is focused the absolute devotion of the Japanese people, in a manner not only unparalleled elsewhere, but hardly even comprehended. It is this traditional sentiment of the wonderful nation which is the mightiest of all her forces, and which will bring her in honor and triumph out of all dangers.

I shall not attempt to dwell upon what I have seen and heard personally of his imperial majesty. Other pens may dare to make him into paragraphs. Whenever I saw that silent potentate I was set thinking of the ancient legends, and of the sun goddess, and of Avalokitesvara. Now that I can only recollect, it is still with something like awe, as well as with profound respect and sympathy, that I recall the steadfast brows and the stern, sad lips of his imperial Majesty Mutsuhito—whose Order of the Rising Sun I have the honor to bear, and of whom I am the humble servant and well-wisher—believing, as I do, that in his august hands Providence has placed the duty and the glory of linking forever together the East and the West in a union which once appeared impossible.

VANITY IS MODERN WOMAN'S HANDMAID.

There never was an age when woman's vanity was so impressed upon the public mind and so absolutely paramount in her own. She seems to rule the press by her unqualified defects and her need of curing them. She is apparently wrongly made to begin with. That is a good send-off for the corset manufacturer and an advertisement for senseless idiots who write of sixteen inch waists as a desirable possession. Has she a good skin? It must be creamed and massaged and electrified in order to keep it in condition. Has she a bad one? Then she is more to be pitied, for every journal she takes up offers her a remedy. Is she too slender? Lo! there appeals to her the inventor of anatomical development. Is she stout? Are there not delectable tablets and wondrous unguents for reducing inartistic measurements to due proportion? Has she no color, or too much? Remedies for both defects flare before her sight in the columns of any feminine or un-feminine weekly that covers the boules of the globe. Does the shape of her nose, or the color of her hair, or the mole upon her chin offend her? She need no longer fear to "cast out," or remove, or have removed, any such personal unlightness. The handmaids of Vanity stand on every side. Is not this the age of the worship of the beautiful?

It is an appalling thought, when one looks at the modern woman, how much is real and how much art? What will waah, what will take off, and what sort of face will pay its debts to Morpheus? It is only to be expected that it will differ materially from that of the beautifully gowned, coiffured, tinted, massaged and artificial beauty who takes (or thinks she does) twenty years off her age by daily and nightly service at the temple of the beauty specialist, whose cult she has built up and whose comfortable income she supplies.

There is but one efficient method of preserving the skin, preventing wrinkles, and defying gray hairs. The woman who would defy the ravages of time must never shed a tear, never worry over anything in life, and never love or consider any human creature but—herself! Thus will she achieve perennial youth and be able to smile defiance at beauty doctors and their nostrums. For, however excellent a cure may be, prevention is a million times better.

ROCKING THE BABY.

I hear her rocking the baby—  
Slower and slower now,  
And I know she is leaving her good-night kiss.

On his eyes and cheeks and brow,  
From her rocking, rocking, rocking,  
I wonder would she start,  
Could she know, through the wall between us,

While my empty arms are aching  
For a form they may not press,  
And my emptier heart is breaking  
In its desolate loneliness.

I list to the rocking, rocking,  
In the room just next to mine,  
And breathe a tear in silence  
At a mother's broken shrine,  
For the woman who rocks the baby  
In the room just next to mine.  
—Philadelphia Telegraph.

REJECTING A CAREER.

TOM knew little about the theatrical section of the great city, but, latterly, he had been reading a good deal of it, and felt that he was not wholly unversed in its geography, inhabitants and customs.

Ever since Edith Blythe had left Stauntonville to go on the stage, Tom had been a subscriber to and a devoted reader of all the dramatic and semi-dramatic newspapers on which he could lay a hand.

Once in a while, far down the street, he would spy some one, who by the poise of her head or the manner in which she walked, made him think for a moment that she was Edith, but each time he was disappointed.

But at last she came, caught in the eddy of the crowd, and was almost past him before he could reach her side.

They had lunch together; not at one of the big restaurants full of people as though they were all—men and women—accustomed to eating and drinking too much, but at a quiet place on the avenue, which Tom had discovered during previous visits.

And at the luncheon they talked—talked of Stauntonville, where nothing seemed to occur.

## GABRIEL DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

Our own epoch is not content, however, with fearing illness alone; it fears life also. How many despairing individuals we find in every class! How many tragedies and their origin solely in the disgust felt for life itself! How many suicides are due to the dread of a struggle! And how many unfortunates there are who, feeling repugnance at this brutal manner of solving the problem, seek in another way to forget their sad fate. And forgetfulness in the majority of cases is found in the laboring classes in inebriety. It is not to wine or alcohol, however, that the wealthy classes have recourse in order to forget their troubles. Generally subject to heart weakness, the members of our high society are sentenced by their physicians to a regime of water. They are the victims of their parents and of their ancestors, who have left them bodies charred by too abundant feeding, and blood burnt out by too long continued diet of truffles. Thus it happens that they generally demand of the druggist poison which will stupefy them or enable them to avoid pain. Monsieur fears a touch of toothache—quick, bring cocaine. Madame fears a suggestion of headache—get some cerebri- or antipyrine.

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I wonder would she start,  
Could she know, through the wall between us,

While my empty arms are aching  
For a form they may not press,  
And my emptier heart is breaking  
In its desolate loneliness.

I list to the rocking, rocking,  
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—Philadelphia Telegraph.

REJECTING A CAREER.

TOM knew little about the theatrical section of the great city, but, latterly, he had been reading a good deal of it, and felt that he was not wholly unversed in its geography, inhabitants and customs.

Ever since Edith Blythe had left Stauntonville to go on the stage, Tom had been a subscriber to and a devoted reader of all the dramatic and semi-dramatic newspapers on which he could lay a hand.

Once in a while, far down the street, he would spy some one, who by the poise of her head or the manner in which she walked, made him think for a moment that she was Edith, but each time he was disappointed.

But at last she came, caught in the eddy of the crowd, and was almost past him before he could reach her side.

They had lunch together; not at one of the big restaurants full of people as though they were all—men and women—accustomed to eating and drinking too much, but at a quiet place on the avenue, which Tom had discovered during previous visits.

And at the luncheon they talked—talked of Stauntonville, where nothing seemed to occur.

## IN SUPREME REVERENCE BY ALL AROUND, BUT A REVERENCE WHICH HAD IN IT PASSIONATE AND UNCHANGING AFFECTION AS WELL AS CUSTOM.

In Japan national loyalty has not as yet divided itself from the actual worship given to the dynasty whose origin loses itself, in the thoughts of forty-five millions of homogeneous people, amid the mysteries of the invisible. Time was, of course—and only a few years ago—when such a proximity as ours to that divinely descended personage would have been impossible, incredible, madly presumptuous. Three times afterwards even I myself had the privilege of respectfully watching from near at hand the dark, serious, unchanging, introspective countenance of him upon whom is focused the absolute devotion of the Japanese people, in a manner not only unparalleled elsewhere, but hardly even comprehended. It is this traditional sentiment of the wonderful nation which is the mightiest of all her forces, and which will bring her in honor and triumph out of all dangers.

I shall not attempt to dwell upon what I have seen and heard personally of his imperial majesty. Other pens may dare to make him into paragraphs. Whenever I saw that silent potentate I was set thinking of the ancient legends, and of the sun goddess, and of Avalokitesvara. Now that I can only recollect, it is still with something like awe, as well as with profound respect and sympathy, that I recall the steadfast brows and the stern, sad lips of his imperial Majesty Mutsuhito—whose Order of the Rising Sun I have the honor to bear, and of whom I am the humble servant and well-wisher—believing, as I do, that in his august hands Providence has placed the duty and the glory of linking forever together the East and the West in a union which once appeared impossible.

VANITY IS MODERN WOMAN'S HANDMAID.

There never was an age when woman's vanity was so impressed upon the public mind and so absolutely paramount in her own. She seems to rule the press by her unqualified defects and her need of curing them. She is apparently wrongly made to begin with. That is a good send-off for the corset manufacturer and an advertisement for senseless idiots who write of sixteen inch waists as a desirable possession. Has she a good skin? It must be creamed and massaged and electrified in order to keep it in condition. Has she a bad one? Then she is more to be pitied, for every journal she takes up offers her a remedy. Is she too slender? Lo! there appeals to her the inventor of anatomical development. Is she stout? Are there not delectable tablets and wondrous unguents for reducing inartistic measurements to due proportion? Has she no color, or too much? Remedies for both defects flare before her sight in the columns of any feminine or un-feminine weekly that covers the boules of the globe. Does the shape of her nose, or the color of her hair, or the mole upon her chin offend her? She need no longer fear to "cast out," or remove, or have removed, any such personal unlightness. The handmaids of Vanity stand on every side. Is not this the age of the worship of the beautiful?

It is an appalling thought, when one looks at the modern woman, how much is real and how much art? What will waah, what will take off, and what sort of face will pay its debts to Morpheus? It is only to be expected that it will differ materially from that of the beautifully gowned, coiffured, tinted, massaged and artificial beauty who takes (or thinks she does) twenty years off her age by daily and nightly service at the temple of the beauty specialist, whose cult she has built up and whose comfortable income she supplies.

There is but one efficient method of preserving the skin, preventing wrinkles, and defying gray hairs. The woman who would