

Hollow Ash... Hall

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

"Prejudiced! By Jove! I go a great deal further than that. I should like to see her well shaken—I should like to shake her myself, in fact. First, for believing such nonsense herself, and then for writing a pack of stories, enough to turn a whole nursery of children into dangerous lunatics. I wonder if she lets her own children read that wretched book."

"I can't say. But if you would only let me read you one story, papa—"

"Read to me!—a ghost story to me! Rose, I begin to think you must be going mad!"

"I'm not, papa; and this particular story is vouched for by your beau ideal Mr. Howitt."

"I don't believe it."

"But it is, indeed! There is his name and he had the accounts of the haunted house from credible witnesses!"

"Oh, yes—of course!" sneered Mr. Cowley. "However, I don't care if I hear this one tale. I should like to see what kind of a case he can make out of such outrageous rubbish."

"I won't bother you with a long story; but just hear what Mr. Drury says he saw at the haunted house in Wilmington, where Mr. Howitt went afterwards."

She began to read:

"About ten minutes to twelve we heard a noise, as if a number of people were pattering with their bare feet upon the floor; and yet, so singular was the noise that I could not minutely determine from whence it proceeded. A few minutes afterwards we heard a noise, and as if some one was knocking with his knuckles among our feet; this was followed by a hollow cough from the very room from which the apparition proceeded. The only noise after this was as if a person were rustling against the wall in coming up stairs. At a quarter to one I told my friend that, feeling a little cold, I would like to go to bed, as we might hear the noise equally well there; he replied that he might not go to bed till daylight. I took up a note which I had accidentally dropped, and began to read it, after which I took out my watch to ascertain the time, and found that it wanted ten minutes to one. In taking my eyes from the watch they became riveted upon a closet door which I distinctly saw open, and saw also the figure of a female attired in greyish garments, with the head inclining downwards, and the one hand pressed upon the chest, as if in pain, and the other, viz., the right hand, extended towards the floor, with the index finger pointing downwards. It advanced with an apparent cautious step across the floor towards me; immediately as it approached my friend, who was slumbering, its right hand was extended towards him. I then rushed at it, giving, as Mr. Proctor states, a most awful yell; but, instead of grasping it, I fell upon my friend, and I recollected nothing distinctly for nearly three hours afterwards. I have since learned that I was carried down stairs in an agony of fear and terror."

"I hereby certify that the above account is strictly true and correct in every respect."

"EDWARD DRURY."

"North Shields."

"What stuff!" exclaimed Mr. Cowley. "Is there any more, Rose?"

"A little, papa. An account of a ghost seen in the same house by two young ladies."

"The first night, as they were sleeping in the same bed, they felt the bed lifted up beneath them. Of course, they were much alarmed. They feared lest some one had concealed himself there for the purpose of robbery. They gave an alarm, search was made, but nothing was found. On another night their bed was violently shaken, and the curtains suddenly hoisted up all around to the very tester, as if pulled by cords, and as rapidly let down again, several times. Search again produced no evidence of the cause. The next day they had the curtains totally removed from the bed, resolving to sleep without them, as they felt as though evil eyes were lurking behind them. The consequences of this, however, were still more striking and terrific. The following night, as they happened to wake, and the chamber was light enough (for it was summer) to see everything in it, for they both saw a female figure, of a misty substance, and a blueish-grey hue, come out of the wall at the bed's head, and through the head-board, in a horizontal position, and lean over them. They saw it most distinctly. They saw it as a female figure come out of, and again pass into, the wall. Their terror became intense; and one of the sisters, from that night, refused to sleep any more in the house but took refuge in the house of the foreman during her stay; the other shifted her quarters to another part of the house. It was the young lady who slept at the foreman's who saw as above related the singular apparition of the luminous figure in the window, along with the foreman and his wife."

"It would be too long to relate all the forms in which this nocturnal disturbance is said by the family to present itself. When a figure appears, it is sometimes that of a man, as already described, which is often very luminous, and passes through the walls as though they were nothing. This male creature is well known to the neighbors"

by the name of 'Old Jeffrey!' At other times it is the figure of a lady also in grey costume, and is described by Mr. Drury. She is sometimes seen sitting wrapped in a sort of mantle, with her head depressed, and her hands crossed on her lap. The most terrible fact is that she is without eyes.

"To hear such sober and superior people gravely relate to you such things gives you a very odd feeling. They say that the noise made is often like that of a pavior with his hammer thumping on the floor. At other times it is coming down stairs, making a similar loud sound. At others, it coughs, sighs and groans, like a person in distress; and again, there is the sound of a number of little feet pattering on the floor of the upper chamber, where the apparition has more particularly exhibited itself, and which for that reason is solely used as a lumber room. Here these foot steps may be often heard, as if careering a child's carriage about, which in bad weather is kept up there. Sometimes again, it makes the most horrible laughs. Nor does it always confine itself to the night. On one occasion a young lady, as she assured me herself, opened the door in answer to a knock, the housemaid being absent, and a lady in fawn colored silk entered, and proceeded up stairs. As the young lady, of course, supposed it a neighbor come to make a morning call on Mrs. Proctor, she followed her up to the drawing room, where, however, to her astonishment, she did not find her, nor was anything more seen of her."

CHAPTER V.

At this stage of the reading Mrs. Cowley, who had been listening in perfect agony of fear, suddenly found strength to rebel.

"Rose, shut that book instantly!" she exclaimed. "No, Mr. Cowley, I will not sit and hear such things! I've got a creeping down my back already, and my arms are all goose flesh; and I wouldn't hear the rest of it if you gave me five thousand pounds—there!"

Rose closed the book. Her father did not object, and drew his chair closer to the fire, and glanced nervously over his shoulder as he did so. Catharine looked very pale, though she made no remark, and Rose was satisfied. It was a pleasure, if a malicious one, to think that not one of them all would dare go up stairs in the dark at that moment, any more than she would. And she felt quite sure that if the lady in grey "without eyes" came to her bedside that night, Catharine's couch would by no means remain unvisited.

There was a short silence, broken by the sound of a rapid scuffling step in the hall. They looked at each other somewhat timidly, and Mrs. Cowley gave a little yelp of terror when the parlor door was flung violently open. But nothing worse than Mrs. Macarthy stood there; Mrs. Macarthy no longer ruddy and laughing, but pale and frightened, as she had once vowed she never could be.

"I wish you would stop this way, sir," she said, addressing Mr. Cowley, eagerly. "Something queer has happened out there."

"Oh gracious, the ghost, the ghost!" screamed Mrs. Cowley.

"No, ma'am, at least, nothing that you can see. But it isn't exactly improving to the spirits to sit and hear it all by one's self. Do come out, sir, and listen."

Mr. Cowley went. The rest, seized with a sudden panic, ran after him.

Mrs. Macarthy led the way to the kitchen, where she had been sitting reading "Love and Revenge, or The Bandit's Vengeance and the Maiden's Choice," by the light of two tallow candles and a blazing fire large enough to roast an ox. Mr. Cowley looked round curiously, so did the girls, clinging very close to their mother all the while.

"Hark!" said Mrs. Macarthy, holding up her finger: "there it is again!" They listened with bated breath.

From behind a closed door on the right hand side of the kitchen came a strange, continuous sound.

"The rocking of a cradle, by Jove!" said Mr. Cowley. And Mrs. Macarthy nodded assent.

"Some confounded tricks! Have you opened the door?"

"I tried, sir."

"Well!"

"It would not come open."

"Why not?"

"It is nailed up, sir."

"Didn't I tell you so?" exclaimed Mr. Cowley, gaining fresh courage from this circumstance. "Some rascal has got in there to frighten us out of the place, so he can carry on his usual games with impunity. Give me the hammer, Mrs. Macarthy, and I'll break the door open. I'll cradle the fellow with a vengeance. I wonder if one of you would have pluck enough to go for my pistol?"

"I'll go," said Rose, growing very brave in the belief that a trick was being played upon them. She was not afraid of anything human, even though it came in the shape of a masked burglar at midnight, and she ran and brought the pistol, without giving a thought as to anything that might still be lurking on the stairs.

When she got back her father had finished his task, and was just about to open the door. Still the cradle rocked unceasingly. He bade Mrs. Ma-

carthy bring a light and took that in one hand and the pistol in the other. Mrs. Cowley and Catharine shivered in the background but Mrs. Macarthy and Rose stood stoutly on the other side of the door, eager to get the first peep at the mysterious room.

"Now, you fellow, who ever you may be, I give you fair warning!" called out Mr. Cowley in a loud voice. Still the cradle rocked.

"I have got a loaded pistol in my hand and the moment I catch sight of you I shall fire."

Still the cradle rocked.

"Do you hear me, you scamp? I'll teach you to cut these capers here."

Still the cradle rocked.

"I shall count three!" roared Mr. Cowley, getting into a rage, "and then I shall fire."

Still the cradle rocked.

"One."

Still the cradle rocked.

"Two."

Still the cradle rocked.

"Three."

Still the cradle rocked; and, for the first time they heard distinctly a sweet female voice, as if singing to a child within.

"Oh, gracious!" screamed Mrs. Cowley.

Mr. Cowley looked aghast, but quickly recovered himself.

"Another trick; but you shan't frighten me with your confounded nonsense. Stand back, all of you. Here goes!"

He gave the door a tremendous kick, which sent it flying from the hinges. At the same instant he fired.

And still, when the echo of the shot had died away, they heard the self-same noise, the self-same cradle song.

Mr. Cowley entered the room, and held the light high above his head. It was a small closet, like a butler's pantry, with no window, no other mode of ingress or egress than the door. It was impossible for anyone to escape, nor was there a single living thing in the place except himself. Yet the cradle rocked, and the song was sung while he stood there, almost at his very feet.

He stepped back into the kitchen, looking very pale, feeling very sick and faint.

Rose caught him by the arm.

"Oh, papa!" she whispered, with white lips, "the place is haunted, and we were very wrong to come. What shall we do? Loot at mamma?"

It was, indeed, time to do so, for Mrs. Cowley lay in strong hysterics upon the kitchen floor. Catharine had fainted, and Mrs. Macarthy was bending over them both, alternately administering restoratives. Mr. Cowley raised his wife in his arms; Rose and Mrs. Macarthy supported Catharine between them.

And as they left the haunted room the cradle was still rocking, the low nursery song still sounding in their ears!

(To be Continued.)

Old Trinity Genealogies.

Nowhere is the increasing interest in genealogy and genealogical societies more felt than in the parish of Old Trinity, in this city, says the New York Times. The city is so old, and the church dates back so far in its history, and so many people have lived in New York state that every other woman who can trace her relatives' ancestors into New York state is pretty sure that they must have been registered for birth, marriage or death in the Trinity records. They write to inquire without hesitation, and one clerk is kept busy most of the time looking up possible ancestors and lost links in ancestral chains. Where something like a clew is given, an effort is made to obtain the information, but when there is only a supposition it is not possible to hunt through all the records. It would keep an office full of clerks constantly at the records to answer all the requests that are made.

Women's Amusing Mistake.

An American woman tells an amusing story against herself, resulting from her blissful ignorance of any language but her own. She was one of three American girls traveling in Italy. They had come to Europe with the laudable determination to see famous people as well as all famous places; and in pursuance of this plan, while in Milan, they paid a visit to Sig. Verdi. Verdi received his unexpected visitors graciously, but as they were taking leave, he raised his voice slightly saying, "Roberto!" She, imagining this must be the Italian equivalent for "farewell," raised her voice also, and looking him full in the face, exclaimed in her turn "Roberto!" then turned to discover, to her dire confusion, that Sig. Verdi had merely been calling his man servant to show them the door. After that she took lessons in Italian.

Lady's Privilege on Second Meeting.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

ANTAGONISM TO THE GOSPEL HAS DISAPPEARED.

There is none like that, give it me.—(1) Samuel xxi, 9.—Temptations of the Travels—Freedmen Are More Resourceful than in Former Days.

(Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y.) Washington, May 5.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage calls the roll of influences once antagonistic but now friendly to the gospel and encourages Christian workers; text, 1. Samuel xxi, 9, "There is none like that; give it me."

David fled from his pursuers. The world runs very fast when it is chasing a good man. The country is trying to catch David and to slay him. David goes into the house of a priest and asks him for a sword or spear with which to defend himself. The priest, not being accustomed to use deadly weapons, tells David that he cannot supply him, but suddenly the priest thinks of an old sword that had been carefully wrapped up and laid away—the very sword that Goliath formerly used—and he takes down that sword, and while he is unwrapping the sharp, glittering, memorable blade it flashed upon David's mind that this is the very sword that was used against himself when he was in the fight with Goliath, and David can hardly keep his hands off it until the priest has unwound it. David stretches out his hand toward that old sword and says: "There is none like that; give it me."

In other words, "I want in my own hand the sword which has been used against me and against the cause of God." So it was given him. Well, my friends, that is not the first or the last sword once used by giant and Philistine iniquity which is to come into the possession of Jesus Christ and his glorious church. I want, as well as God may help me, to show you that many a weapon which has been used against the armies of God is yet to be captured and used on our side, and I only imitate David when I stretch out my hand toward that blade of the Philistine and cry, "There is none like that; give it me!"

I remark first that this is true in regard to all scientific exploration. You know that the first discoveries in astronomy and geology and chronology were used to battle Christianity. Worldly philosophy came out of its laboratory and out of its observatory and said, "Now, we will prove by the very structure of the earth and by the movement of the heavenly bodies that the Bible is a lie and that Christianity as we have it among men is a positive imposition." Good men trembled. The telescope, the Leyden jar, the electric batteries, all in the hands of the Philistines. But one day Christianity, looking about for some weapon with which to defend itself, happened to see the very old sword that was used against the truth and cried out, "There is none like that; give it me!"

And Copernicus and Galileo and Kepler and Isaac Newton and Herschel and O. M. Mitchell came forth and told the world that in their ransacking of the earth and heavens they had found overwhelming presence of the God whom we worship, and this old Bible began to shake itself from the Koran and Shaster and Zendaavesta with which it had been covered up and lay on the desk of the scholar and in the laboratory of the chemist and in the lap of the Christian unharmed and unanswered, while the tower of the midnight heavens struck a silvery chime in its praise.

The Eternal Note.

Worldly philosophy said: "Matter is eternal. The world always was. God did not make it." Christian philosophy plunges its crowbar into rocks and finds that the world was gradually made, and if gradually made there must have been some point at which the process started. Then who started it? And so that objection was overthrown, and in the first three words of the Bible we find that Moses stated a magnificent truth when he said, "In the beginning."

Worldly philosophy said: "Your Bible is a most inaccurate book. All that story in the Old Testament, again and again told, about the army of the locusts—it is preposterous. There is nothing in the coming of the locusts like an army. An army marches; locusts fly. An army goes in order and procession; locusts without order."

"Wait," said Christian philosophy, and in 1868 in the southwestern part of this country Christian men went out to examine the march of the locusts. There are men right before me who must have noticed in that very part of the country the coming up of the locusts like an army, and it was found that all the newspaper unwittingly spoke of them as an army. Why? They seem to have a commander. They march like a host. They halt like a host. No arrow ever went in straighter flight than the locusts come, not even turning aside for the wind. If the wind rises, the locusts drop, and then rise again after it has gone down, taking the same line of march, not varying a foot. The old Bible is right every time when it speaks of locusts coming like an army; worldly philosophy wrong.

Worldly philosophy said, "All that story about the light 'turned as clay to the seal' is simply an absurdity." Old time worldly philosophy said, "The light comes straight." Christian philosophy says, "Wait a little while," and it goes on and makes discoveries and finds that the atmosphere curves and bends the rays of light around the earth. Hence, "as the clay to the seal." The Bible right

again; worldly philosophy wrong again. "Ah," says worldly philosophy, "all that allusion in Job about the foundations of the earth is simply an absurdity. 'Where wast thou,' says God, 'when I set the foundations of the earth?' The earth has no foundation." Christian philosophy comes and finds that the word as translated "foundations" may be better translated "sockets." So now see how it will read if it is translated right, "Where wast thou when I set the sockets of the earth?" Where is the socket? It is the hollow of God's hand—a socket large enough for any world to turn in.

Worldly philosophy said: "What an absurd story about Joshua making the sun and moon stand still! If the world had stopped an instant, the whole universe would have been out of gear."

"Stop," said Christian philosophy; "not quite so quick." The world has two motions—one on its own axis and the other around the sun. It was not necessary in making them stand still that both motions should be stopped—only the one turning the world on its own axis. There was no reason why the halting of the earth should have jarred and disarranged the whole universe. Joshua right and God right; infidelity wrong every time. I knew it would be wrong. I thank God that the time has come when Christians need not be scared at any scientific exploration. The fact is that religion and science have struck hands in eternal friendship, and the deeper down geology can dig and the higher up astronomy can soar all the better for us. The armies of the Lord Jesus Christ have stormed the observatories of the world's science and from the highest towers have flung out the banner of the cross, and Christianity now from the observatories at Albany and Washington stretches out its hand toward the opposing scientific weapon, crying, "There is none like that; give it me." I was reading of Herschel, who was looking at a meteor through a telescope, and when it came over the face of the telescope it was so powerful he had to avert his eyes. And it has been just so that many an astronomer has gone into an observatory and looked up into the midnight heavens and the Lord God has through some swinging world flamed upon his vision, and the learned man cried out: "Who am I? Undone! Unclean! Have mercy, Lord God!"

Temptations of the Traveller.

Again, I remark that the traveling disposition of the world, which was adverse to morals and religion, is to be brought on our side. The man that went down to Jericho and fell amid thieves was a type of a great many travelers. There is many a man who is very honest at home who when he is abroad has his honor sashed and his good habits stolen. There are but very few men who can stand the stress of an expedition. Six weeks at a watering place have ruined many a man. In the olden times God forbade the traveling of men for the purposes of trade because of the corrupting influences attending it. A good many men now cannot stand the transition from one place to another. Some men who seem to be very consistent here in the way of keeping the Sabbath when they get into Spain on the Lord's day always go out to see the bull fights. Plato said that no city ought to be built nearer to the sea than ten miles lest it be tempted to commerce. But this traveling disposition of the world which was adverse to that which is good is to be brought on our side. These mail trains, why, they take our Bibles; these steamships, they transport our missionaries; these sailors, rushing from city to city all around the world are to be converted into Christian heralds and go out and preach Christ among the heathen nations. The gospels are infinitely multiplied in beauty and power since Robinson and Thompson and Burckhardt have come back and talked to us about Sileam and Capernaum and Jerusalem, pointing out to us the hills about which Jesus preached, the beach upon which Paul was shipwrecked, the fords at which Jordan was passed, the Red Sea bank on which were tossed the carcasses of the drowned Egyptians. A man said: "I went to the Holy Land an infidel. I came back a Christian. I could not help it."

University of Religion.

So it has also been with the learning and eloquence of the world. People say, "Religion is very good for aged women, it is very good for children, but not for men." But we have in the roll of Christ's host Mozart and Handel in music, Canova and Angelo in sculpture, Raphael and Reynolds in painting, Harvey and Boerhaave in medicine, Cowper and Scott in poetry, Grotius and Burke in statesman ship, Boyle and Leibnitz in philosophy, Thomas Chalmers and John Mason in theology. The most brilliant writings of a worldly nature are all aglow with Scriptural allusions.

Samuel L. Southard was mighty in the court room and in the senate chamber, but he reserved his strongest eloquence for that day when he stood before the literary societies at Princeton commencement and pleaded for the grandeur of our Bible. Daniel Webster won not his chief garlands while responding to Hayne nor when he opened the batteries of his eloquence on Bunker Hill, that rocking signal of the American Revolution, but on that day when in the famous Grand case he showed his affection for the Christian religion and elucidated the Bible. The eloquence and the learning that have been on the other side come over to our side. Captured for God!

"There is none like that; give it me."

So also has it been with the picture making of the world. We are very anxious on this day to have the pris-

ing press and the platform on the one of Christianity; but we overlook the engraver's knife and the painter's pencil. The antiquarian goes and looks at pictured ruins or examines the chiseled pillars of Thebes and Nineveh and Pompeii and then comes back to tell us of the basaltine of ancient art, and it is a fact now that many of the finest specimens—sculpture artistically considered—of sculpture and painting that are to be found amid those ruins are not fit to be looked at, and they are locked up. How Paul must have felt when, standing amid those impurities that stared on him from the walls and pavements and basars of Corinth, he preached of the pure and holy Jesus. The art of the world on the side of obscenity and crime and death.

Much of the art of the world has been in the possession of the victors. What to unclean Henry VIII, was a beautiful picture of the Madonna? What to Lord Jeffrey's, the unjust judge, the picture of the "Last Judgment"? What to Nero, the unwashed, a picture of the baptism in the Jordan? The art of the world on the wrong side. But that is being changed now. The Christian artist goes over to Rome, looks at the pictures and brings back to his American studio much of the power of these old masters. The Christian minister goes over to Venice, looks at the "Crucifixion of Christ" and comes back to the American pulpit to talk as never before of the sufferings of the Savior. The private tourist goes to Rome and looks at Raphael's picture of the "Last Judgment." The tears start, and he goes back to his room in the hotel and prays God for preparation for that day when

Shriving like a parched scroll, The flaming heavens together roll.

Christ's Social Position.

So I remark it is with business acumen and tact. When Christ was upon earth, the people that followed him for the most part had no social position. There was but one man naturally brilliant in all the apostleship. Joseph of Arimathea, the rich man, risked nothing when he offered a hole in the rock for the dead Christ. How many of the merchants in Asia Minor befriended Jesus? I think of only one—Lydia. How many of the castles on the beach at Galilee entertained Christ? Not one. When Peter came to Joppa, he stopped with one Simon, a tanner. What power had Christ's name on the Roman exchange or in the bazaars of Corinth? None. The prominent men of the day did not want to risk their reputation for sanity by pretending to be one of his followers. Now that is all changed. Among the mightiest men in our great cities today are the Christian merchants and the Christian bankers, and if tomorrow at the board of trade any man should get up and malign the name of Jesus he would be quickly silenced or put out. In the front rank of all our Christian workers today are the Christian merchants, and the enterprises of the world are coming on the right side. There was a farm willed away some years ago, all the proceeds of that farm to go for spreading infidel books. Somehow matters have changed, and now all the proceeds of that farm go toward the missionary cause. One of the finest printing presses ever built was built for the express purpose of publishing infidel tracts and books. Now it does nothing but print Holy Bibles. I believe that the time will come when in commercial circles the voice of Christ will be the mightiest of all voices and the ships of Tarshish will bring presents and the queen of Sheba her glory and the wise men of the east their myrrh and frankincense. I look off upon the business men of this land and rejoice at the prospect that their tact and ingenuity and talent are being brought into the service of Christ. It is one of the mightiest of weapons. "There is none like that; give it me."

TRAIN FOOLED THEM.

Few Trailing Moments and Then Fine Faint Laughter.

The Fulton street line of the Brooklyn elevated road branches just before it gets to the Franklin avenue station, one division continuing out Fulton street to East New York and the city line, the other going out to Flatbush and Brighton Beach, says the New York Sun. As a train from the bridge was approaching the station late yesterday afternoon a stout, elderly man among the crowd waiting for it fell off of the platform on the tracks. The train was about forty yards away, and coming at a slipping gait. Half of the crowd screamed to the old man to get out of the way, but he seemed somewhat dazed by his fall, and made two attempts to get up from the tracks without success. By this time the train was barely fifty feet away, and coming with a rush. A half-dozen women began to scream, four or five men rushed down the platform signaling the train to stop, and a young fellow in overalls jumped down on the track, ran across it and laid hold of the old man's shoulders. But the old man was a load, and his struggles didn't help matters. Most of the women on the platform looked away and covered their eyes. The young fellow in overalls made a last desperate, unsuccessful pull, and the train tumbled off twenty feet from where the old man lay and rattled on to the Flatbush station. Then, after a moment or two, the crowd laughed, but not merrily. The young fellow in overalls and several others helped the elderly man on the platform, and he went down stairs limping. A stout woman went down into the waiting room and returned.

Train Robbers of South Have Not Yet Been Found and Better Luck.