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CHAPTER IX .- (Continued.) "You will find her the greatest coward of us all," she observed. "But if you really want to hear the herrible sound, open the door."

He did so. Every one was silent: and through the hall came plainly enough the rocking of the cradle and the low sound of the mother's song.

Mr. Crowley stood for a moment at the door; then he shut it, and came back to the fireside looking just a little pale.

"I wonder if it is a hoax," he observed, after a short pause.

"That can hardly be. For we all www the room the first night we came. and there was no one there, though the cradle rocked all the time. Is i not horrible to have to live in the house with it?"

"Indeed it is; and I question if it is right for you to do so. You must make my uncle go as soon as you can." "I am sure that it is easier said than

done," sighed Mrs. Cowley. "I know what I would do," observed Marjorie.

"What, my love?"

"Frighten him."

"But the cradle has failed to do that."

"Then I would give him something worse than a cradle. If hearing things would not scare him, I should be inclined to try what seeing things would

Rose clasped her hands delightedly. "I have it, Cousin Charles. If you and Marjorie will help me, we can manage it easily."

"How?" "You must be ghosts."

"What nonsense you do talk, Rose!" said Catharine.

"It is not nonsense. If you or ! undertake to play the part, papa would see through it at once, because ne would miss us. But he knows nothing of Charles' return, and he has never seen Marjorie. They would both make capital ghosts."

"There is something in it." observed Mr. Cowley. "And if you will leave if to us we will make my uncle very willing to go. But you must stow us out of sight before he comes."

"The turret-chamber is ready, and a fire is lit there," said Mrs. Cowley. "But that is the room said to be haunted."

"Oh, never mind! But what knock in that?"

"Good gracious! It is Mr. Cowley. Run, Rose! get your cousins up into the room before we let him in. Here take the cloak or he will be sure to see it. We will send you up some supper, Charles. Rose shall come; but for mercy's sake, be quick now!"

With much suppressed merriment and laughter, the two ghosts were got out of the way, and were safe in the turret-room long before Mrs. Macarthy had let in her master, and was fuming over what he termed her "stupid Irish delay."

CHAPTER X.

Mrs. Cowley looked exceedingly guilty when her lerd and master en tered; but he, being full of his own business, did not observe it. He laid aside his wrappings, called for hot water and the spirit case, and sat down by the fire with an air of a man who had earned his repose and meant thoroughly to enjoy it.

"Have you been alarmed in any way mince I went, Mrs. C.?" he asked when his toddy was thoroughly mixed.

"No, my dear," she replied briskly; which was a gross fib, as we know, because the unexpected arrival of her nephew and his wife had nearly sent her into a fit of hysterics. But that was only one of the white lies that are perfectly allowable, and praiseworthy, when the head of the household is in question. If British matrons hesitated long over a "tara diddle," there would be little peace, fear, in many a British home

"Not alarmed, eh!" said Mr. Cowley. sipping at his glass. "Well, I'm glad you are getting so brave. I have been to see the agent, and there is no reason why we should not rent the house for another year. Mr. Vernon will not want it, and the agent evidently looks upon it as one of the best speculations he ever made."

"Another year! Mercy preserve us!" said Mrs. Cowley, holding up her hands in horror.

"And why not, pray?" was the sharp reply. "If we go sooner we shall have done no good. People will think we are frightened away, after all; whereas if we stay for fifteen or sixteen months they cannot have the face to hint at such a thing." Mrs. Cowley grouned.

"Besides, I have been talking with the agent about the drains, and he has given me leave to have them set to ights. A capital dodge that isn't it. my dear?"

Mrs. Cowley only sighed. "Don't you see? While the men are

work, I'll make them take up the r of that pantry. Depend on it, is nothing there but rate." "Can rate rock a cradie, Mr Cow-I'm asked his better half, severely. are may they could if they tried."

ers are plenty of singing mice world; perhaps ours belongs to alone over his toddy in a haunted my dear. However, what say is this: That the house in the pantry, they con-Who dressed you like th

I'll have the floor up, and we'll put a stop to their fun at once."

"It was a human voice!" said Mrs Cowley, indignantly. "The idea trying to explain it in that way! never heard of anything so absurd in all my life! Did the agent offer you any refreshment, my dear?" Mr. Cowley wagged his bead good

humoredly.

"I see what you are driving at; but I was never more sober in my life, Mrs. C. And we'll have the floor up tomorrow, and you shall see if, during the rest of the year, we hear anything more of the cradle."

Mrs. Cowley held her peace. Experience had taught her that argument in a case like this would be of no use. But if in her heart she had harbored any little sweet scruple as to the propriety of the plan by which the young people intended to dislodge her lord and master from the strange home he had chosen, it vanished from that hour and she stood as deeply committed to the ghost scheme as any one among them all.

"Where is Rose?" asked Mr. Cowley, looking up suddenly. Mrs. Cowley blushed up to the eyes. "She-she is upstairs, I think. Do

you want her?" "Yes; I have brought her a book. As she is so very fond of ghost stories I bought her the most horrible thing I could find in that way. It will serve

to pass away her evenings very pleasantly this winter." At that moment Rose entered, looking peculiarly well satisfied with her

self, and everything in general. "A book for me, papa? Now that is

Mr. Cowley grinned to himself over bis toddy. "You'll be charmed with it. There

is a picture on the first page, enough to turn any one's hair white."

"I'll look at it directly," said Rose. laying it down upon the table. "But papa, how could you leave us so long alone this evening? That cradle has been rocking so dreadfully all the

"Rats, my dear. Nothing in the world but rats."

"I wonder what you would do if you saw a ghost, papa-a real ghost!" "What I told you once beforewould pinch his nose with the tongs." "I should like to see you tried!"

"Pab! It is all nonsense, my dear. Ghosts are an exploded theory. For my part, I have so little faith in them that I would not in the least mind staying here in the old house by myself all night long."

As he spoke the hall clock struck twelve, and Rose gave her mother peculiar glance.

"Oh, how dreadful! This is just the time when ghosts go their rounds. Do let us all go to bed or we shall be sure to see one."

"Yes, let us go to bed at once," sald Mrs. Cowley, rising from her chair. As a matter of course, their end was gained, for Mr. Cowley was seized with

a fit of obstinacy upon the apot. They knew well that nothing would induce him to stir from the spot till he had finished his gin and water and smoked

"Go to bed, all of you," he said henignantly. "I'm not afraid to stop here by myself, and I shall come up before you are fairly asleep."

Mrs. Cowley and her two daughters left the room. The bright face of Rose was sparkling with mischlef and laughter; and the instant the door shut behind her she caught her mother's hand and whispered joyously, "Mamma, you need be under no concern. He will not want to stop here long after tonight. You never saw two such horrible objects as Charles and Marjorie have made of themsleves with my belp and Mrs. Macarthy's. Come and see them before you go into

hour own room to wait for him. Mrs. Cowley and Catharine followed her into the turret chamber. Though they had been warned to expect a ghastly sight, neither of them could help staring and well-nigh crying out when they saw the figures that stood

in the center of the room. One was a nun dressed in the flowing black robes of a Sister of Mercy. with her hands bound tightly together, and clasped above her breast. Her face was white as death-and from the right temple a deep crimson strain ran down toward the chin. The contrast between the pallor of her face and the bright blood stain were ghastly in the extreme. On her left hand stood a stalwart black man, clad in flowing robes of the purest white. Mrs. Cowley's best dressing gown had been pressed into this service, and about his swarthy brow was folded a turban, consisting of several yards of India muslin, on which she set great store In his hands he held a rusted dagger, which Rose had hunted up in her exploring tours through the house. His height seemed almost terrific, a circumstance soon explained when she showed the false soles and heels he had managed to affix to his boots. His air stern and menacing; and, altogether the pair were by no means the most pleasant visitants that could be imagined to the gentleman sitting

"Shall we do, aunt?" exclaimed Mr. Dot You are pe

警察秦秦秦秦秦秦秦梁梁梁张张张张张张张张张张张张 pass muster as a human voice. So

use to us, unless we can apply it to real life. I hope he will be pleased with my application tonight." "You are a saucy girl, Rose," said tions with some apprehension, ")

her mother, still eyeing the appariwonder, now, what he will say to you? If it was me, I should go into a fit the moment you opened the door."

got such dreadful ideas from? You

"No, mamma; but I have read about

them often enough; and papa says

book knowledge is not of the slighest

never saw a ghost, child?"

"My uncle is made of sterner stuff. Still, I hope we shall give him a start. One don't want to take all this trouble in dressing for nothing."

"Shall you go down to him, or let him meet you on the stairs?" asked Catharine. "Oh, we will go down; we shall be

seen to much more advantage in a room." "Besides, he has threatened to pinch your nose with the tongs, and he can-

he sees you," added Rose. "That is a consideration," replied Mr. Cowley. "Now, will you ladies betake yourselves to bed? It is nearly half-past twelve-the very hour when two orthodox ghosts would be most likely to set out upon their travels. Good-night, aunt; we will send him up to you in a very short space of

time." The ladies retreated. Mrs. Cowley. in order that she might not be suspected of any complicity, in the plot, if by any means it should be discovered, undressed and retired to bed as usual. But Rose and Catharine sat down beside their chamber door and waited the result of their operations with great impatience.

Meanwhile, Mr. Cowley, sitting over his cigar below, little dreamed how his nearest and dearest were conspiring ruthlessly against his peace of mind. The ghostly cradle was silent at last; his cigar was a fine one, and his toddy was grateful to the taste. Sitting here, monarch of all he surveyed, he thought over the events of his visit to the agent, and the promise which he had drawn from him about the drains.

"A clever dodge that!" he mused approvingly to himself. "Nothing can be easier than to set the men at work among the pipes in the cellar, and to take them on till they are under the pantry, and be hanged to it! I'll stop that noise or my name isn't Cowley! People shall not have it to say that after laughing at every one else for the belief in ghosts. I went to get frightened at one myself! Ghosts, indeed! Suppose there actually is one about the premises; of course, the poor thing cannot rest in his grave till something he's got or omitted to do on earth, has been done for him. Very well! What could be easier than to say to the troubled spirt, 'Make yourself quite easy; I will attend to it at once! Don't stay out of your grave a moment longer, for fear that you should take cold, my dear sir." Of course, any sensible ghost, being addressed in such a sensible manner. would immediately return to his grave and stay there. That is what I call common sense kind of dealing with the citizens of another world. They would appreciate it-I am sure they would-Oh, Lord, what's that?"

He might as well ask the question: for his flow of self-congratulation was suddenly checked by a low, hollow groan outside the door. He listened intently. The groan came again, but louder than before,

"There is a noise!--I'm not dreaming!" he mused, while has hair stood or four people help themselves from is said to be barely holding its own at on his head "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," "What on earth can it be? Mrs. Macarthy walking in her sleep, I suppose!" he said, with trembling lips, and a face white with the fear he was ashamed of, which he could not control.

The door swung open-a gigantic black man entered, leading by the hand a bleeding nun.

(To be continued.)

Randall's Island Slang. The boys in the Randall's Island In-

stitution for the reformation of juvenile delinquents have a slang of their own. A "scorf" is a boy who is a big eater of all kinds of food as distinguished from a "chuck scorf," which means a boy who eats quantities of bread. "Snitch" is a telltale, a boy who breaks the unwritten law of all schools not to split on a schoolmate under any circumstances. If one boy refers to another as an "Up" it means that he is a captain or a lieutenant, for the school is military in its training. By the same token a "kid" is captain or lieutenant who is of small stature. "Hard guy" means a partieularly tough boy and is a title commanding more or less secret respect As distinguished from "kid" a "Spud Up" means a captain or lieutenant who is of large size, "spud" meaning either a big boy or a potato as the case may be. Shoes that are made outside of the institution are called "cftles," and "whiffing," and a match is a "striker." When it is said of a boy that he has got a goat," it means that he is angry. If he has "a fierce goat," it means that he is very angry, in a towering rage, in fact. A "girk" is a secondhand dried chew of tobacco, and is in the list of juvenile delinquent treasures. A "rakes" is a boy's chum or closest friend.

Boor Colonies in Russ in the Grodno and Volin district of Russia there are about ten small boer farm colonies, numbering from 400 to 500 inhabitants all told. They were founded in 1820 by emigrant from Holland, and the method of Heing is exactly the same as that of that tives in South Africa.

The amateur violinist is cents

terring and scraping



rimmed white hats and gray sunbonshare in politics, and are entirely opgreat national conference. They are the delegates of the church of the not do it if he is on the staircase when Dunkards all over the country, and they represent one of the most picturesque and remarkable of religious movements.

These Dunkards are inclined to live together in communities, though this is less pronounced than formerly. They are cut off from the rest of the world not only by their peculiar dress, but by many of the religious beliefs and observances. Altogether they now number more than 100,000 members, though there is not much, if any growth in their numbers of recent years. The young people who grow up in the denomination seem to be more and more inclined to leave it in recent years for some faith which will give them more freedom of thought and action.

Every congregation of the Dunkards is entirely independent of the rest and elects its own deacons, ministers and bishops. None of the clergy is paid a regular salary, but if he is poor the church members will contribute to his support. When there are questions which involve more than one congregation district and general conferences are held, and the Dunkards meet by the thousands in the open air to settle them.

At every conference, as well as at the love-feasts which are held in every



twice a year. the first ceremony is that of the the faithful washing of men of the congregation side of meetinghouse and the other

congregation

Dunkard Costumes. side. Then as the candles are lit, the members on the front benches remove their shoes and stockings. Men and women come in, carrying tubs of lukewarm water, and a man on the man's side and a woman on the woman's side then wash the feet, one by one, shaking the right hand of each individual as the washing is completed and giving the kiss of peace.

In the meeting-houses the back of every third bench is so arranged that it can be turned on a pivot and transformed into a table, about which the ple," But it is the disinclination of faithful gather for the sacrament of the young people of their church to the Lord's supper. The pew back is cut themselves off from others of their covered with a white cloth, upon which own age that has proved to be the are placed large bowls of soup. Three | greatest weakness of the church. each of these bowls. After this the communion itself is administered, and the services conclude with the singing of hymns and preaching.

In case of sickness among the members of the church the orthodox mem bers cling to the ancient ceremonies of anointing the patient with oil and praying over him. Word of each case of illness is sent to the elders of the church, and at an appointed time they appear, pour oil upon the head of the sick man, lay their hands upon his head, and offer prayers in his behalf. Baptism is administered in running

water and by threefold immersion. The Dunkards originated in Germany, out of which country they were

eenth

tury.

came

Penn, and in

that state



they throve n um e r ous Until recently Pennsylvania has been the head center of the Dunkards, but so many of them have emigrated to the farm lands of the far west that the center has now shifted.

It was from one of the Pennsylvania communities that sprang an even more curious and interesting developmentthat of the monastic Town of Ephreta, Pa., once a manufacturing and commercial metropolis, now a mere vil-

Nearly 200 years ago Conrad Beissel, of Dunkard parentage, was baptized into the German Baptist church. He was a man of great study and pious zeal, and he became convinced that the seventh, instead of the first, day of the week should be observed as the Sabbath day.' He wrote tracts in support of this view and urged it so strongly that, to avoid trouble, he was finally compelled to withdraw from membership in the society. He retired into what was then a wilderness and made his home in an old cave on the bank would suffice to build at least half a

Lincoln, Neb., is filled with about a hermit. Gradually some of his 10,000 men and women in broad- friends and others who were convinced that he had the right way of thinking nets, who never go to law, take no gathered about his cavern, and in 1732 a communistic life was entered upon posed to war. They are attending a by those who followed him. The men

> fannel gowns and cowls. with shirts, trousers and vests of the same material. The women were attired in the same exception

Kiss of Peace. required, though idea was taught by Beissel. The great estate of the old community has practically passed out of the hands of the few surviving members of the society. and the last of the brothers in white gowns has long since passed away.

The old cloisters, where the brothers and sisters lived until a few years ago, are now leased to a number of families and are fast crumbling into decay. Within their walls one will be struck with the strange fact that all the doors are extremely small and of the same size, measuring exactly five feet in height and twenty inches in width. This, it is explained by the old Dunkards who still live about Ephreta, was intended

to be a constant reminder 85 they feet. All the stooped and twisted through get doors, that way which leadeth



is narrow and steep. Almost all of the Dunkards are engaged in farming. They will suffer a wrong rather than go to law about it, and are not accustomed to take any part in politics, though more and more of the young men of the church are to be found among those who vote regularly and take an intelligent interest in matters of public policy. The old-fashioned Dunkards pride themselves on the peculiarities which separate them from other people, and are accustomed to refer to the members of their church as "God's peculiar peo-

the present time.

A Living Light.

Scientists are much interested in a amp which has been constructed by Prof. Raph Dubois which has been alight for the last few weeks in his laborat or y. The wonder-

ful feature about it is that the light is actually furnished by living p e reecution ereat.ures. since it is from Pennsyl vania on the invitation of William

The Dubois Lamp. luminous marine mi crobes in preparing this liquid, or culture. Prof. Dubois has spent many months, and those who have seen the light which it furnishes claim that he has good reason to be satisfied with his achievement

The lamp consists merely of a metallic support, to which is attached large glass globe with a flat bottom. With the globe are connected two tubes, one above it and another at the side, and these are closed with cotton. but in such a manner as to permit of a limited circulation of air. The base of the globe is covered with a sheet of tinfoil, which serves as a reflector, When the light becomes dull or un usual brilliancy is required, all that is necessary is to inject a little air through the tubes into the luminous

A lamp of this kind, once filled, will furnish light continuously for several

Schwab's New Palace Car. Mr. Schwab, president of the steel trust, has ordered for himself the finest private car than can be built by the Pullman Company. The walls and floors will consist largely of onyx, the observation room will be made entirely of plate glass. The cost of the car of a river, where he lived the life of dozen extremely comfortable houses.

very proud of this swallow-tail suit. Soon after returning from his honeymoon a very intimate friend of his bachelor days called and asked for the loan of the suit, saying that he wanted to attend a reception, and would be sure to return the clothes promptly. The merchant found it impossible to refuse and granted his friend's request. Three weeks elapsed and the clothes had not been returned. The merchant called at his friend's house to inquire the cause. His surprise may

> A Blacksmith's Strange Experience. Goodland, Kan., June 3.-N. E. Albertson, our leading blacksmith has been a great sufferer from rheumatism. He was so bad that he could not sleep for the great pain in his arms and shoulders. He had been afflicted for years, but lately he was so much worse, that he thought he would have to give up his shop altogether.

Lost His Suit

North Front street merchant, says the

Philadelphia Record. Prior to get-

ting married about two months ago.

he had his tailor make him a very fine

suit for evening dress. The material

was of the best imported broadcloth

and the suit was lined throughout with

the best silk The fit was an excel-

lent one, and the young benedict was

be imagined when he was told that his

friend had been dead for almost a

week. After expressing his sorrow he

gently broached the subject of his

dress suit. "Why, we found the suit in

his closet and buried him in it," was

the reply. Now Mr. Merchant is

mourning a dear friend and an expen-

sive suit of clothes.

Here is the strange experience of a

Then a strange thing happened. A friend of his recommended a new medicine called Dodd's Kidney Pills, said to be a cure for Rheumatism. He commenced to use them, and at once began to recover. His pain has all left him, and he is a well man today, and entirely free from any symptom of Rheumatism.

To say that he is thankful, is putting it very mildly. He is delighted.

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From recent reports, there does not seem to be anything that they will not cure, as very bad cases of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, kheumatism, and Heart Trouble, have been cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills, even after having been given up by our best doctors.

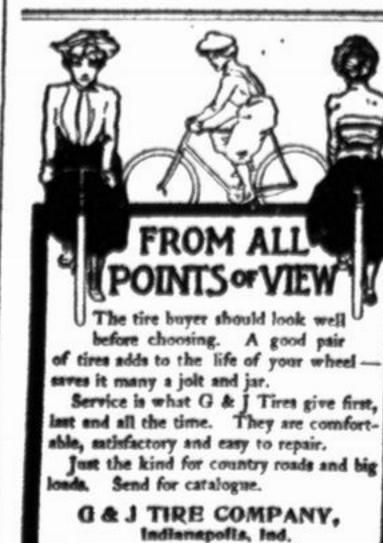
May Root Out Superstition, God forbid that the search after truth should be discouraged for fear of the consequences! The consequences of truth may be subversive of systems of superstition, but they never can be injurious to the rights or wellfounded expectations of the human race.-Bishop Watson.

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