Hollow Ash ... Je Hall Je

CHAPTER X .-- (Continued.) would have been a study for a painter as he gazed at his unearthy visitants, with his hands resting upon his knees.

He had threatened such visitors with the tongs, it is true; but pinching their noses was the thing furtherest from his thoughts at that moment.

With his heart beating almost to suffication, he watched their movements. He longed to speak, but the words died upon his lips, and his throat felt parched and hot.

Slowly they advanced towards his chair-the nun's sad eyes fixed silently on his face—the outstretched hand of the black man pointing towards his heart.

He bore it manfully for a moment; but nearer, still nearer, they camethe hand almost touched his shoulder! It was too much for poor flesh and blood to bear.

He gave a sort of stifled cry-threw himself back in his chair—evaded the thadowy grasp, and dashed headlong from the room.

Up the dark stairs he flew, and finding his own door, rather by instinct than by sight, he blundered in, upsetting two chairs, and startling Mrs. Cowley from what was apparently her arst and sweetest nap.

"What is the matter, my dear?" she wald, sitting up in bed and rubbing her myes. "Have you hurt yourself?"

"Oh, don't talk to me!" groaned Mr. Cowley. "Not one ghost have I seen, but two; and we'll get out of this infernal place tomorrow!"

Rose and Catharine hearing this in their own bedroom, had a hearty laugh and then went after the two ghosts. who were putting out the candles down below, and making themselves in many ways extremely useful.

Before the clock struck one, all the house was still-each inmate wrapped in a sound and peaceful sleep, including Mr. Cowley, who had recovered a little from his fright, and was troubled by no black man or murdered qua in his dreams.

CHAPTER XI.

From that fatal evening a new life began for Mr. Cowley. He was no longer "monarch of all he surveyed," for in every darkened room, in every obscure corner of the haunted house. lurked something unseen and unheard by others, but full of mysterious life and motion for him. If a mouse aqueaked behind the wainscot, it would send him scurrying slong the passage at the rate of ten miles an hour; if a door shut suddenly it made him tremble and turn pale; if a light shone in window, if a board creaked unexpectedly beneath his feet, he was apt to start, and exclaim, "Lord, bless me?" in a tone that did Mrs. Cowley's very heart good. In one word, the worthy banker, from a snug, goodtempered denizen of Mecklenburgh Square, had become transformed into that strangest of animals, a haunted | keep himself awake. It was a volume man! His sleep was no longer peaceful, for he was perpetually dreading a shoetly visit; while Mrs. Cowley snored slacidly and provokingly at his side. His coffee lost its relish; his tea its flavor, and his nightly glass of Holland and water was taken more to screw his courage up to the sticking point rather than for an actual pleasure it gave to him in the peculiar and unwonted state of his mind.

He was horrfbly frightened. He nted that house with shivering hatred; he told himself that if he saw anther actual apparition there something dreadful would happen to him; he would have a fit-an apoplectic one, very possibly—or perhaps, a stroke of nalay, which would leave him with his face awry! It was a horrible thought: mt he kept it manfully to himself. He could have suffered those slow torares of agonised fear a hundred times war rather than own to the wife of his bosom that he had erred in selecting such a place for his residence. He might have said as much to some gentieman friend, if one had chanced to ome in his way; but his wife-never! That was a concession too great by far or the worthy Englishman to make. No. the husband, like the king, could Swiftly as they sailed across the bright no wrong, and he was determined in uphold that doctrine to the last track, and Reginald, the deserted lovnam in his own family circle!

Do you think that same circle, meanhile, was unaware of the strugglesions of his fear? Not a hit of Mrs. Cowley, as she awoke each orning from a refreshing sleep and aw him lying pale and uneasy upon nillow, smiled arimly to herself. ed how long he would take to his senses again. His too, were rejoicing in the in arts bad undertaker's.

of brighter days.

This, or something akin to it, was foods, must be kept separate.

This, or something akin to it, was foods, must be kept separate.

This is take i heard, and in all my feveris the tale i heard, and in all my feveris the tale i heard, and in all my feverish visions after that night, the English Lady hors, a conspicuous part.

Fish and onlons, or strongly flavore?

Foods, must be kept separate.

Brush the bottom crust of a fruit plant wanted to dance the New lish Lady hors, a conspicuous part.

own house in Mecklenburgh Square. Mr. Cowley's faw dropped. His face | What was to be done with the banker to make him strike his colors, desert his ship and own himself soundly beaten?

It was Rose who formed a fresh plan, which she thought might be success ful. She proposed it that evening when the conspirators met, as usual in the turret chamber, to hatch new plots against the peace of the master of the house. But at first, Mrs. Cowley had somewhat to say.

"I'm afraid we shall have to give i up as a bad job," she remarked, shaking her head dolefully.

"Why, mamma?" asked Catharine. "Your father will never own he is afraid, my dear; and I can see that we are killing him by inches. He is getting so thin; and, really he does not eat enough to keep a sparrow alive. If we should worry him into a fever or a consumption, I should never forgive myself."

"No fear of that, aunt, while his obstinacy lasts," replied her nephew, cheerfully. "But I wish to goodness he would get frightened and give us a chance of seeing a little more of this round world than we can expect to see while we are cooped up here. For my part, I feel as if I was a kind of iron mask. You ought to make me a handsome present for undergoing this imprisonment, aunt." "So I will, my dear, if it ever comes

to an end." "There's the worst of it."

"I wonder if he suspects," said Mar-

"My love, how should he?" "True! If he was a woman, now,

should feel sure that he had discovered our secret. Being a man, I suppose there is not much fear." "Well," said Rose, complacently, "

think I can set you all free." "How?"

"By inventing a new ghost, which i shall patent."

They all laughed.

"You see he cares little for the cradle now. In fact, I think we are all getting used to it. But if you will only do as I tell you-we will bring this old room into use-and take the letter and the lock of hair we found here, and scare him so he will be ready and willing to go out of the house the very next day."

Rose then entered into all the details of her plan, which was pronounced an excellent one by every body present. In obedience to her instructions, Catharine had a toothache and Mrs. Cowley a headache the next evening, which forbade them sitting up later than nine o'clock. Mrs. Macarthy and Rose also retired at that early hour, to wait upon the invalids, and Mr. Cowley was left alone in his glory, without even a cat to bear him company. He did not object to the solitude however. He mixed himself some more grog, smoked one or two cheroots, and finally took up a book to of American tales, and this was the story which, by ill-luck, he happened

"While I lay one night in the first distempered visions of my illness. heard those who watched beside me telling an old tale of a family long since extinct in our settlement.

"An old and wealthy man had won a fair young girl for his bride, and brought her from her native England to this distant country that he might separate her forever from an early love a cousin to whom her hand had once been pledged and-so' said the gossips-her heart always given.

"Gold is no less powerful in the mother country than this; and for its sake the father of the lovely Ginerva took back his pledged word, and gave his daughter to a stern and moody man who little knew how to value the prize he had gained.

a stately home for his pale bride, on the very place where our quiet little village now stands.

Nothing was spared that taste could dictate or lavish wealth supply. But luxury was not what the Lady Ginerva desired while love was offered to her. blue sea, one followed close upon their er, soon found his lady's fair retreat.

CHAPTER XIL she fled from her beautiful home, and injured husband discovered her treachery too late, for their horses' hoofs were spurning the pavements of the outer court before he left his room; and when he hurried down the stairs years went by, and the old hall began The whole house was in league to decay some enterprising settlers. gainst him, and the poor wretch knew | tore it down, and from its ruins, Phosnot. Tet he stood it out manfully; nix-like, sprang up our pretty village

in and the Old Year out, at their They tell me that I called for her in- be soggy.

cessantly; that I fancled myself, now the successful lover, now the forsaken husband; and could only be pacified by the assurance of her speedy return.

"Be this as it may, I can remember well how often I saw her standing by my bed, an airy, impaipable shape, of which I could not possibly discover a single feature; but all seemed a glittering array of misty loveliness. And when, in a voice that I could understand (though on the duller ears of my attendants it fell like the whispers of the evening wind) she bade me seek her at the Hall, how could I disobey? I only watched my opportunity and counterfeiting sleep one hot summer afternoon saw them all leave the rooms with noiseless steps, and I knew that was free.

"The glass door at the lower end of my apartment led into the garden. From that, the lonely road led over the hill, and to the site of the Hall was easily gained. I drew my dressing gown around me, thrust my feet into a pair of embroidered slippers and passed out.

"Oh, the glad thrill that shot through my veins at the first free breath of the summer air! Oh, the delight with which my parched lips quaffed the clear water in the fountain by the arbor! I spilled it over me in my feverish haste! I threw it over my hot face. and over my closely shorn head! Then unfastening the little wooden gate I ran swiftly, longing, but not daring, to shout aloud in my joy, till the hill road was gained.

"I climbed the hills and descended the valleys-I waded through the morass, not without a sickening fear when I saw the brown and black water snakes glide lovingly in pairs around and fail. Then they try politics or

"At length I stood upon the brow of the last hill and saw what I had not before discovered—that a precipice lay at my feet, jagged and rough enough. it is true to admit of a careful descent, but still a fearful thing to look at and attempt. Other way, however, there was none; and holding my breath and uttering an inward prayer to God, I began to descend. Slowly ten feet of the bottom. I looked back at the height I had descended, and with a gay laugh grasped at a bough which grew near, and swung myself from the rock on which I stood.

"But I was prematurely excited. The shrub to which I had entrusted my life and safety, though seemingly strong, was in reality decayed, and but slightly rooted. I felt it grinding up from the ground, and knew that in another moment I should fall below. I clutched frantically with my free hand. I shricked aloud in my frenzy and despair when I found I could not held my precarious footing. I looked beneath me at the rocky bed of the brook and thought how soon I should lie upon it, stunned and motionless; it might be dead! The shrub broke in my hand-I was gone!

"But at that moment of my fall, terror gave me strength, and with a tremendous muscular effort I threw my body out from the bank in a frantic leap for life.

"My presence of mind probably saved me; for in the place of falling directly below and upon the rocks, the impetus of my leap sent me far out into the stream, where a bed of soft sand received me, and the cool water, too shallow to engulf, rippled around me in separate streams.

"How long I lay there I cannot tell; but when at last I unclosed my eyes and looked up at the calm, blue sky, that seemed to bend close above me, the hot sun, though veiled behind a pavilion of fleecy clouds, dazzled m eyes and burned my cheek.

(To be continued.)

SNAKE SAVES MISSIONARY. His Fest, and Hostile

Indians Ran Away

Among the earlier colonists in New England was one, a most devout man, a preacher, whose zeal soon led him to go as a missionary among the red men of the forest. Although the Indians lived all about the little settlements of the whites, this man decided to go far into the wilderness and to live entirely among the rude people, to whom he wished to preach the gospel. So he took his tent and set it "So for America he sailed and built up at a place many miles from the nearest white man's town. He learned the Indian language and every day preached to the unjettered sons of the forest. At length the Indians became alarmed at the encroachments of the whites and decided to rise and massacre them. The lone missionary could hardly hope to escape. One night several Indians, with their tomahawks, started forth to kill him. They crept silently up to the tent and peeped in. There sat the good man, pouring over his Bible by the light of "Beautiful she was, but frail. And a flaming pine knot. The Indians forgeting all womanly honor and duty raised their tomahawks to strike him. when their arms fell helpless to their from him who had given it to her. The sides. A huge snake, feeling tha warmth of the fire that glowed near the missionary, glided out of his hole, crawled harmlessly over the missionary's feet and disappeared. The Indians turned and fied, feeling sure that even when they asked after and to the hall door, an iron glove lay, they had witnessed a miracle. The papa's headache" in such mel- there, defying him to the last. At this Great Spirit, they said, was the friend somes each morning at the sight his strong heart gave way and of the good man and had preserved the polying servants bore him back his life from the fury of the polyonous old sinner that she was to his room a raving maniae. For reptile, in the bloody war that folthe she cried sometimes over three long years they watched him- lowed the uprising of the red men the oths and jellies which she made in the fourth he needed not their care, good missionary was left unbarmed, ch day and which she pressed upon but was at rest. Of the lost lady, no no Indian daring to touch him. This many years afterward by the colonists of New England,-Chicago Record-Herald.

CANDLER IS ANGRY.

GEORGIA'S GOVERNOR SAYS SOUTH IS LIED ABOUT.

ton and the Work He Is Doing for the Negro-Says the Slanderers Are Mistaken Zealots.

Cone of the most talked-about figures in the south just now is Hon. Allan D. Candler, governor of Georgia. The governor looks like a clergyman. He has a mild, benevolent face with an abundance of snow-white beard, cut according to the orthodox clerical pattern. Recently a party of northern philanthropists, including Rev. C. H. Parkhurst and accompanied by Booker T. Washington, has been touring the south, to study the educational needs of the negro. Gov. Candler met the party and was prompted to make some comments on negro education and aorthern people which have visited upon his head the wrath of many southern and northern friends of the black man.

Uncless Education. "From the dome of the Capitol at Atlanta," he says, "you can see five colleges for the higher education of the negro, which represents more money than all the colleges for the education of the white boys in the entire state of Georgia. But the negroes that are educated here in these colleges at Atlanta founded and supported by northern philanthropists will not work. They first try the professions preaching or both, hoping to get a government appointment and not only become loafers but exert a bad influence upon their associates and the people

generally Booker Washington and R. R. Wright teach their students to keep out of politics and earn an honest living. They teach them the dignity of manual labor. All negro colleges sup ported by northern money were founded with good intentions but mistaker ideas. Suppose this money were de voted to schools like that Booker



HON. ALLAN D. CANDLER. Washington is running. It would soon furnish a solution of the negro question. It would do incalculable good. It would teach the negroes useful trades instead of making preachers, lawyers and politicians of them.

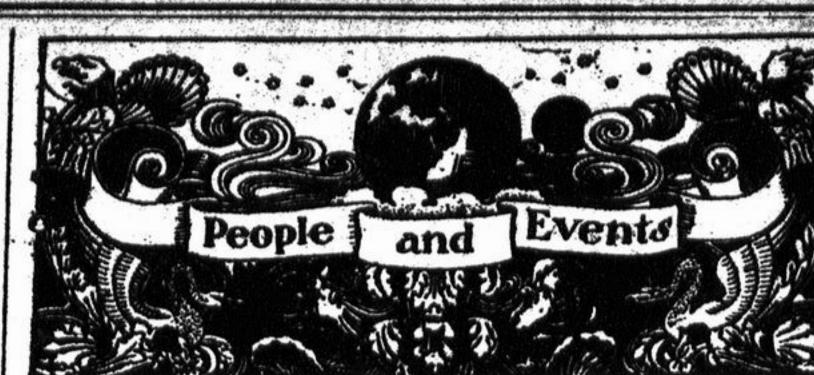
Negroes Fare the Best.

"The colored people of the state of Georgia do not need more schools. The state legislature appropriates \$1,540,900 from the public treasury every year, and the counties about \$500,000 more. Every time a dollar is spent to educate a white child another dollar is apent for a negro child. The appropriation is equally divided according to the school population, of which about 47 per cent is black, and thus the colored children get 47 per cent of the money, although the white people pay 95 per cent of the taxes.

"Thomas Jefferson was an abolitionist, and said that it was impossible for the two races to live together. He believed that deportation of the colored race was absolutely necessary, and I believe that it may come to that unless the plan of Booker Washington is extended over the entire south. But we are getting along pretty well here in Georgia. We are not having any trouble with our negroes. Our laboring element gets along better than anywhere else in the world. We have no strikes and no disturbances. We have some lynchings, but they are always for the nameless crime, and are grow ing less and less. I have never falled to order out troops to prevent lynchings. I have myself rescued men from mobs, and yet a northern paper charges that I have 'given my tacit consent to lynchings and sat supinely in my omce while a human being was burned alive by a mob, and that I received from the lynchers a piece of the charred flesh as a souvenir.' The father of lies could not have invented a baser or more malicious falsehood.

Roaste Northern Cities. Without stopping to inquire for fact or truth some of these northern people fabricate or assume as true slanders fabricated by others and denounced | tory. In 1782, when the British evacthe southern people as savages and brutes. Most of the race friction that has existed in the south is chargeable fered for sale in London were purto them and their intermeddling. The southern white people and the southern negroes understand each other and do not hate each other when let alone. If they would emulate the example of | lumbia to keep them out of the hands Booker Washington and the southern negroes of that type who teach and preach the doctrine of truth and honesty and peace and good will, instead of the gospel of hate, they would be respected by the southern people as much as Washington."

The city of Vineland, N. J., boasts of having the only millionairs mayor in the world who is working for \$1



Passing of Daniel Emmett. Daniel Emmett, the founder of negro minstrelsy and the composer of the music of "Dixie," is dying of old age at his hermit's home near Mount Vernon, Ohio. Mr. Emmett is 86, and for years has lived in a suburban



DAN EMMETT.

home, avoiding men and their ways and seeking companionship only in the wife of his old age and a few dogs. The circumstances which led to his writing "Dixie" are related by a resident of Mount Vernon. Emmett was playing in New York with the celebrated Bryant Minstrels, Mr. Bryant one day requested him to compose a new "walk 'round" of a heroic kind. "One," he said, "Which the bands will want to play and which the boys will whistle in the streets." The next morning Emmett appeared with the music of "Dixie" as it is now played. There was little enough in the wordsmere clatter, really-but the music took at once in the north and was seized by the South for its own when the northern soldiers took it thither early in the war. The original words have long since been changed to suit southern sentiment.

A Venerable Structure.

One of the most interesting institutions in the south is St. Michael's Church, Charleston, S. C., which is claimed to be the oldest Protestant house of worship now in use, with the exception of Burton Parish Church, at Williamsburg, Va. It dates back to 1678. The present structure was opened for divine worship in 1761 and has since passed through many memorable experiences. The walls contain shot as the first. Delarey is of Irish orfired by the British during the revolu- | igin. tionary war and by the Union army during the civil war; it was seriously



ST MICHAEL'S CHURCH. injured by a cyclone in 1885, and a most totally destroyed by the earthquake of 1886. But, as the inscription upon a tablet in the vestibule says, "I has been restored by the generosity of American churchmen and friends."

The windows contain some fine glass. The organ is the oldest in America, and was brought from England in 1768. The chimes in the steeple date from 1764 and are eight in number. They have had a remarkable hisuated the city, the bells were carried away as public property, and being ofchased by a Charleston merchant named Ryhiner and shipped home. In 1838 they were sent to England and recast. In 1862 they were sent to Coof the federal soldiers and were burned, but the fragments were gathered together and sent to Mears & Steinbank of London, successors of the original founders, and recast in the same molds. The clock in the steeple dates also from 1764, and is of the same pattern as that of the Royal Exchange in

Gen. Delarey. Boer Hero. most efficient and most popular chiefe

ant who is making another De Wet of himself in the war in South Africa, is probably the most modern and up-todate of the Afrikander fighters. Ht is said to be a perfect gentleman in his manners and to be somewhat in advance of his fellow burghers in the matter of dress. He affects none of the negligence of attire so dear to the eye of the real Boers, yet at heart he is as sturdy, as stolid and as pastoral as De Wet or Cronje. Delarey is the officer who engineered the clever capture of the Scots Fusiliers. He is now the main pillar of the Boer army, and unless stopped by a bullet he will probably be the last to leave the field. For eleven years he sat in the volksraad, but he was known as the slient

He has his own private griefs as well as public ones. His first born was killed at Modder River. The incident was Romanesque. The son, a boy of 15, was struck by a bullet while at his father's side.

"Are you hit, my boy?" asked the

general, "Yes, father."

They went to the ambulance.

"Does it pain, my boy?" "Yes, father."

"Are you going to die?" "Yes, father."

Half an hour later the lad was dead. But Delarey fights on, and at his side is another son, younger but as brave



GEN. DELAREY.

President of Police Chiefs. Major Richard Sylvester, the newly elected president of the National Association of Police Chiefs, has an interesting career with no lack of variety in incident and locality. Long before he became engaged in directing he police force of Washington, D. C., he had had an insight into the life and work of policemen from the viewpoint of a newspaper reporter. No vantage ground outside the force itself is better than that of the reporter for acquiring a knowledge of the strength and weaknesses of men in their character as guardians of the peace. Chief Sylvester knows just how to deal with his men because he has never forgotten his early association with the police in his capacity as a searcher for news. In addition to all of this he has executive ability of a high order and very fine conceptions of citizenship and the duties of the police officer to the civilian. For sixteen years Major Sylvester has wisely ruled the city police of the national capital. He was born forty-four years ago in lowa City. Iowa, went to Memphis as a lad with his parents, and thence to St. Louis, where he took a clerkship in a wholesale house. Then he entered Washington University, studied law, abandoned that profession for journalism, worked as a reporter on the St. Louis press, started a newspaper in Nebraska, became editor of the Farmington, Mo. Times, and finally drifted to Washing ton as a correspondent. He was no sooner installed as chief of police that he began to make changes in the serva



CHIEF SYLVESTER. ice which showed at once that he had struck his line. Under his administration the force has improved vastly and Mr. Sylvester is now one of the