

Hollow Ash... Hall

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

"I rose, pale and weak, and trembling, and gained the shore. Striking inland, the old Hall was just before me. I walked slowly up the long avenue, and ascended the granite steps. As I reached the last step, I stumbled and fell upon my knees. Looking round to see the cause, I found an iron gantlet, rusted and eaten away, and half buried in the moss that grew around it. I took it up with a strange thrill of awe. How many years had it awaited me, since the fiery lover hurled it, like a curse, back in the face of his pursuer? The door before me was of carved oak, but worn eaten and decaying. With a sudden impulse, for which I could not account, I struck upon it furiously with the iron glove. The frail fastenings, already half undone by the hand of time, gave way to my impetuous summons, and, amid a thousand echoes, the door swung slowly on its hinges and the castle was won. When the cloud of dust raised by my sudden entrance had subsided, I passed through the portal and stood upon the floor of the hall. There, where the lovely lady's flying footsteps had rested last; there, where the lover had thrown down the iron glove, in defiance of the wronged and deserted husband; there, where the feeble old man had sunk down in agony, when, hearing their horses' hoofs beyond the outer court, he learned the full extent of his dishonor and despair; there, where his menials had raised him, shrieking and cursing in impetuous madness; there, where they had borne him slowly up the long stone staircase that wound around and around and far above my head to the lonely room that was to be his prison and his tomb. The stone flags were no longer shoulder to shoulder, like firm friends and true. Time had come between them, as between all other things, and the dark, deep crevices on every side were only hidden by the long grass that sought to bridge them over.

"While I stood in the hall I thought I heard a faint, distant noise above my head, and looking up the staircase, I saw—

"Tow!" yelled Mr. Cowley, flinging the book to the other end of the room. "I'll read no more of that. I've got to where the ghost comes in. I looked up and saw—Oh, yes, of course you did. But if you imagine you are going to induce me to read your raw-headed and bloody-bone rubbish, you are grandly mistaken. Strange that everything one takes up in this wretched place turns into a ghost story on your hands. I should not be surprised any morning to find the leading article in the Times turning into a tale of a haunted house right under my eyes. It's unbearable—positively unbearable!"

He finished his grog and looked at his watch.

"Eleven o'clock and the house as still as death! I wonder if they are all asleep. High time for me to go—Oh, Lord! what's that?"

The sound was in the room exactly overhead—a steady, continuous knocking that seemed to summon him to the place without delay.

"What room is that? The turret chamber! Rose said there was something there and that was why she moved her room!"

For a moment or two the worthy banker sat like one paralyzed, a cold moisture on his face and his heart beating a muffled march within his breast. At last his "British pluck" came to his aid.

"By St. George of England! I won't turn coward in my old age!" he exclaimed. "Man, woman or ghost—let it be what it may, I'll go and meet it!"

He took the candle and left the room. All was quiet on the stairs, in the hall, in the gallery above. The knocking ceased.

With trembling hand he opened the door of the turret chamber.

A tall and slender woman stood alone in the center of the room. Her face was hidden by a black mask. A full mantle, or robe of crimson cloth covered her from head to foot. It was fitted at the waist by a cord of variegated silk, and the full sleeves were embroidered with threads of gold. Upon her breast something shone and sparkled in the shape of a star.

In one hand she held the candle, and the iron of hair; in the other, a paper on which the astonished banker saw written in large letters:

"On that day, I, a child of three years, had his speeches and sentences for more than twelve hours. The strange and sudden illness terrified every one around me—they thought me dead, and a veritable resurrection from the tomb could hardly have created more excitement than my recovery. I remembered the recovery perfectly, but all before it was a blank. Now, however, as I stood gazing on that picture, I seemed to remember dimly some other stage of existence, some lost life in which I had loved or suffered in this. It was the old mystery that had puzzled so many minds far stronger than mine—the mystery that we shall all, perhaps, see one day was but the slow working of a veiled and hidden truth."

Mr. Cowley read these words with an air of the utmost perplexity. His heart was gone, for he believed the mysterious old lady to be human and living like himself. But what she meant at this—why she held that pe-

per out so persistently, and what on earth its contents were all about, he could not say.

"Bless me! what a rigmorole it all is, to be sure!" he muttered to himself. "How on earth did she get here? and what can she want? I wonder if she can speak English? I'll try her, at all events. Madam, can I be of any service to you?"

The figure turned. The very movement struck a sudden chill to the worthy banker's heart. What if she was not alive, after all! Gracious powers! what if he had been calling a ghost "Ma'am!"

The figure moved. It made no noise, and yet it came nearer and nearer. He put out his hand to arrest its progress and an ice-cold touch met his own. He turned faint and sick. He would have fled, but his feet seemed rooted to the floor.

"Go—go from the house and bring my husband back!" said a hollow voice; then the veil fell aside, and a white, hideous face glared upon him. He uttered a loud shriek, and fainted.

The next instant, Mrs. Cowley, Rose and Catharine were in the room, and Cousin Charles stole out of the cupboard, where he had witnessed the scene.

"I hope he is not hurt," whispered Mrs. Cowley. "I shall never forgive myself for the trick if he comes to harm."

"Make yourself easy, aunt, he is recovering," said Mr. Cowley; and, snatching his uncle up in his strong arms, he laid him upon his own bed, and vanished before the banker had seen him.

There was not much danger, after that, of Mr. Cowley's remaining in the haunted house a day longer than he could help.

CHAPTER XIII.

It is strange how ultimately scenery becomes connected with some of the strongest emotions and passions of the human mind. We gaze out upon a fair and sunny landscape in midsummer, as we lie beneath the trees, and a vague sadness steals over us, because the eyes whose beauty has sunk into our hearts cannot look upon it too; we look up at the moon as she floats serenely through the deep blue sky and sigh, thinking of the days that are no more. Nay, even the storms that roar loudly over land and sea, set us brooding over the past, and our tears fall with the rain.

So thought Rose Cowley, as she sat alone in her dressing room one gloomy morning. Poor Rose! she had been washed in many a shower of tears, in spite of all her present gaiety.

Her father would as soon have believed that Gog and Magog would come down from their pedestals and fall in love, as that his merry Rose had fallen a victim to the little urchin with the bow. Yet it was true. A year after she left school, she had paid a visit to one of her mother's relatives—a genuine, old-fashioned, hearty English squire. It was at his house that the mischief was done—under his protection that she met the man who was to be at once the blessing and the torment of her future life. She had first seen him at church, where, I am afraid, his blue eyes and regular features and golden hair had attracted more of her attention than she gave to her prayer book. And when, at the end of the service, her host came up to her and introduced the handsome stranger as the son of his oldest and dearest friend there were not wanting those who marked the shy smile, the slight blush, and the bashful drooping of her eyes as she greeted him. Rose was a free, wild Rose no longer. Love, even at first sight, will be lord of all; and there is no time on earth, I think, where he plays so many vagaries as during the visit of a pretty city girl to an old-fashioned English country-house.

Mr. Vere became a constant visitor at the house of his friend, and Rose entered upon a new phase of her life, and that sweetest, happiest and most foolish of times, when a young girl's heart first finds out that it has other work to do besides beating. She would sit for hours, when her lover was absent, recalling every trivial circumstance of their last interview; and then with a blush at the thought of her employment, welcome another idea, touching in its tenderness, to her heart, and weep for joy that she had reserved the first fond love of her young spirit for him.

In such musings—such happy companionship—a month passed rapidly away. No word of love had been spoken between the two; yet enough had been said (though something always seemed to check the avowal upon his lips) to leave her happy in the belief that she was very dear to him.

True, he had never asked her to be his—had never told her definitely that he loved her. But he had kissed her hand; and a lock of that beautiful golden hair rose and fell with every pulsation of her happy heart.

Alas for that first sweet, innocent joy! Ere long that sunny curl was wet with bitter tears, and hidden carefully away—the first of the lost treasures which she, like every other woman, was to gather around her as she went through life.

It was her own folly that first came between them. She was young and

childish; perhaps vain and trifling at times. She loved him dearly, and yet, secure in her possession, she was at times very cruel to him. For when a man loves a woman truly, she has it in her power to hurt and torment him in a thousand different ways.

Rose took the heart that had been given her; and, half carelessly, half maliciously, wounded it very grievously.

Among the guests at Howlet House was one who had been seriously inclined to worship at her shrine before Mr. Vere had made his appearance. That he loved her she could not help believing; that he was unhappy about her, she and every one else around her knew. And yet she allowed him to hang over her chair—to talk to her—to bring her tea—to hold her bouquet when she danced, giving him encouragement (in the countless ways a woman knows so well), without seeming to do so.

Mr. Vere looked on and said nothing. She was not engaged to him, and he had no right to interfere. It may be that he might have asked for such a right; but in his heart he disapproved so strongly of her conduct, that he preferred to watch the drama to its close before he committed himself in any way.

The crisis came at last. They were at a party one evening—this man and Rose. Mr. Vere was absent, but was expected later in the evening—a proceeding on his part which did not please his willful lady-love. But she would not show her displeasure. She listened to the passionate words that were breathed in her ear, and said to herself that she would not "wear the willow." Come what might with that thought, some chain that bound her spirit seemed suddenly unloosened, and she became the gayest of the gay. The band struck up a waltz—couple after couple glided easily away from the ground around them, till she was the only lady left.

"One waltz—only one!" breathed that voice in her ear.

She shrank back at first, well remembering in what terms Mr. Vere had expressed his opinion of the dance a few days before.

"Oh, I cannot!"

"Surely you are not afraid of Mr. Vere? He is not here—he will not know. Will you not grant this favor—perhaps the last I shall ever ask of you?"

The pleading glance of the sad, dark eyes prevailed. She rose from her seat. His arm was around her waist; his breath upon her cheek; his voice breathing passionate words of admiration in her not unwilling ear; and the absent lover seemed almost forgotten. People made a circle around the room to watch them; for both were young, and graceful, and beautiful, and they moved as if they had but one soul between them. Rose's vanity was roused by the flattering exclamations she heard on every side. Flushed and smiling and happy, she floated around; when, as she passed the door, she looked up and saw a gentleman standing there with folded arms, and his eyes fixed intently upon her face.

It was Mr. Vere.

She was proud—too proud to show how frightened she was, though her partner felt her trembling from head to foot. She said that she was tired, and they left the circle and sat down. Mr. Vere did not come to her. She saw him talking to a lady near the door, as grave and calm as ever, only that he never trusted himself to look that way until the party was breaking up. Then he crossed the room and stood before her.

"The carriage waits," he said quietly. "Will you allow me?"

He offered his arm. He did not seem angry. No man could have been more courteous than he. He never spoke as they descended the stairs together; but at the carriage door he stopped a moment and looked at her very gravely.

(To be continued.)

HOW HE SCARED THE TIGER.

Staff Played Successfully by an Unarmed Traveler in India.

If not interfered with the tiger will generally run from, rather than attack, a man. A writer from India tells a story of how, having sent his guns and luncheon on before him, his attention was arrested by a rustle in the jungle, and looking that way, he saw a tiger crouched low, coming rapidly toward him. He says: "My first feeling was one of horror, for it seemed all up with me, the tiger being very close and in a rush. Of course, it was not me, but the pony, that he wanted, but had he knocked out the latter his own fears at finding a man under him would have made him maul me, too. There was but one thing to be done, namely, to put a bold front on it and try to frighten him, and I, therefore, instantly wheeled the pony's head toward him, shouting at the same moment. The tiger stopped short and stared at me, but he did not offer to retreat. I then moved the pony toward him, shouting loudly as I did so, and the tiger then turned his tail to me, and, having retired about thirty yards, he sat bolt upright on his haunches and stared at me. I was naturally desirous of withdrawing from an interview so unpleasant to me in my unarmed condition. I therefore rode straight in at the tiger, waving my arm and sternly ordering him off, and before I reached him he decided to move himself, this time somewhat hastily and in marked contrast to his previous orderliness, not to say dignified, retreat, and, having at last routed him, I lost no time in cantering over the remaining portion of the jungle cart track until it emerged upon the high road.—Chicago Chronicle.

Self Rule Near for Cubans.

With the adoption by the Cuban convention of the conditions imposed by Congress, there remains now, in the opinion of officials at Washington, no serious obstacles to the establishment of the new Cuban republic with-in a comparatively short time as governments go. The United States insisted, it is said, on certain fundamental propositions being made a part of the Cuban constitution, and now that the convention has adopted these propositions without alteration this government will turn its entire attention toward helping the Cubans to establish the new republic. As to the date on which the flag will first be flying, there is, of course, considerable uncertainty, due almost entirely to the natural disposition of the Spanish-Americans to take their time about matters. The first thing to be done is for the convention to agree upon an electoral law. This has already been drafted and the substance of it has been approved by Secretary Root.

Girl Student Is a Thief.

One member of the freshmen class of the University of Nebraska, Lincoln, a girl, bright, attractive, and a good student, was not present at the college commencement. In disgrace she was taken by her father to her home near Columbus, dismissed from the university after being convicted of theft from fellow-students. Physicians gave it as their opinion that the girl is a kleptomaniac and morally irresponsible. University authorities and civil officers took this charitable view of the case, and there will be no prosecution. In a trunk in the girl's room were found a large number of missing articles of wearing apparel and books, which she admitted stealing. She has been a member of the university a year.

Phillips Scores Bears.

At a meeting of the Illinois Grain Dealers' association at Decatur, Ill., a paper written by George H. Phillips was read and also one by S. T. K. Prime, the crop reporter. The latter considered the outlook for wheat good, but for corn and oats bad. Mr. Phillips in his paper denominated bears as calamity howlers, and alleged that they were largely responsible for the panic times. He insisted that corn, even in the worst of times, should never be below 30 cents. He pointed to the immense consumption of corn at home and insisted that there was enough demand here to justify present prices. The association decided to affiliate with the national organization and voted to meet in Decatur again next June.

Break Jail and Shoot Sheriff.

Three men—Harry Stimmington, Stacey, and Givens—held in the county jail at Fort Morgan, Colo., on a charge of burglary, with the aid of confederates on the outside, sawed their way out. Stimmington had secured a revolver and ammunition. As they were leaving the jail they were discovered by Sheriff Calvert, who tried to stop them and was shot through the abdomen by Stimmington. He probably will die. Deputy Sheriff Nelson raised a posse and soon recaptured Stacey and Givens, but Stimmington eluded his pursuers. The authorities have sent to Pueblo for bloodhounds. Lynching is threatened if the man is caught. Stimmington is from Macomb, Ill.

Flagler Asks a Divorce.

Henry M. Flagler, the Standard Oil magnate, has sued, at West Palm Beach, Fla., for a divorce from his wife, and it is expected the decree will be granted about Aug. 1. The ground on which the divorce is asked is insanity. The Florida legislature, which has just adjourned, passed a law making insanity a ground for divorce, and it has been said the measure was enacted through the influence of Mr. Flagler.

Gen. Ceb. Indian Leader Dies.

Gen. Prudencia Ceb, who was in command of the Maya Indians in their revolt against the Mexican government, is dead. It has just been learned that he was wounded in an engagement near Chan, Santa Cruz, several weeks ago, and died from lack of proper medical attendance. The hostile Mayas now number about 15,000. They occupy the towns of Sabeche and Chankike.

May Vaccinate Whole State.

Free vaccination with pure virus for the entire population of Indiana is a proposition of the state board of health. The governor has been consulted, for in order to carry out the scheme the board will have to draw on the contingent fund, which only the executive has power to spend. Secretary Hurty of the state board predicts that smallpox will spread to every corner of Indiana.

No Liquor Given Soldiers.

The secretary of war directs the publication of the following order for the information of the army: "No malt, vinous or spirituous liquors will be purchased by the subsistence department for any purpose. Supplies thereof needed in medical or hospital practice for use in the diet of soldiers too sick to use the army ration will be provided by the medical department."

College Orator a Plagiarist.

Albert Jenkins of Fargo, N. D., who won the interstate collegiate oratorical contest June 3, has been thrown out on the ground of plagiarism. This gives first place to Miss Noble of Mitchell and second to E. D. Schoenberger of Yankton.

Boy Told of a Murder.

Charles Betts, 13 years of age, who is charged with the murder of a farmer near Winfield, Kan., was put upon the stand for cross-examination. His recital of the details of the story had a good effect on the jury.

A BUILDING CEMENT.

A VERY IMPORTANT DISCOVERY BY THOMAS A. EDISON.

He Expects to See His Cement Drive Out Quarried Stone as Building Material—Invention Will Practically Do Away with Carpenters.

Thomas A. Edison has discovered how to make "Portland cement" at an extremely small cost, says a recent New York dispatch to the Chicago Record-Herald. This statement, at first thought, seems to be comparatively unimportant. Yet Edison knows the immense value of his discovery. He expects that his cement will drive out quarried stone and brick as building materials. He foresees as the result of his discovery that it will cost very little to build houses, and that therefore rents will be very low. He also foresees that these same houses will be as nearly fireproof as concrete and steel frames can make them.

With cement so cheap a house will be "poured," not builded. And the "pouring" of the house will occupy but a few days. The house will be habitable when the concrete solidifies. For several years Mr. Edison has been working on the recent problem and the problem of making cheap and practical storage batteries. Both inventions have now been perfected. Insurance Engineering, which will be published tomorrow, will contain an interview of his editor with Mr. Edison. The inventor says cement, combined with steel, will be the building material of the future, and continues: "My impression is that the time will come when each contractor will have standard forms of houses, twenty or thirty varieties. The forms will be made of wood, and a contractor, using one of the standard shapes, will simply go out and 'pour' a house. There will probably be hundreds of designs. The contractors will put up their concrete mixer and have their beams and forms ready. They will pour the form for the first story and so on. To do that all they will require will be common labor—a few men and one boss. That is what I think will be done eventually. And such a house can be made very cheaply. It seems to me there will not be much use for carpenters then. There will be cabinet makers, to be sure. Why, even the floors and stairs will be made of concrete." Mr. Edison was asked if Portland cement would be cheap enough for general use. "Yes, I think so," he said. "When the price of cement gets to be \$1 a barrel or \$5 a ton, and people know they can get it for that there will be enormous quantities of it used."

The inventor said that one part of cement, three parts of sand and five parts of broken stone would be the mixture for concrete, and that broken stone was better than brick. In reply to a question as to the thickness of walls in the ordinary house he said: "The bottom course ought to be of Portland cement, twelve inches up to the first story, and eight inches above the first story. The roofs will be of cement also."

South's Granite Quarries.

"The granite quarries of the south are not only numerous, but are rapidly coming into competition with the quarries of northern states," observed T. H. Binder of Atlanta, at the Riggs in Washington recently. "A contract for 65,000 cubic feet of curbing from Georgia has recently been put down here in the District of Columbia several days in advance of the stipulated time, whereas the contracts from the northern quarries are very often filled considerably after the time limit has expired. The granite of Georgia now goes as far north as Philadelphia and as far west as Chicago. The state contains an inexhaustible supply. Stone mountain, a short distance out of Atlanta, is seven miles in circumference and three miles in diameter, rising 1,600 feet high and forming one of the geological wonders of the world. It is without a flaw and without seams of any kind."

Modern Transportation Devices.

Two modern transportation devices have been invented by a British engineer, who has constructed a trolley automobile line, similar to that exhibited at the Paris exposition, at Eberswalde, a small city near the German capital. In this system the automobile receives its motive power from an overhead wire, by means of a trolley, which is connected with the automobile by a movable cable. This shows the vehicle to turn out at any place on the road. The line has been favorably inspected by experts, and the system is expected to meet with general favor in Germany.

Co-Operative Cooking at School.

In the rural districts of France every pupil, boy or girl, takes to school in the morning a handful of vegetables and puts them in a large pan of water. They are washed by one of the older pupils, who take turns at performing this duty. Then the vegetables are placed in a kettle with water and a piece of pork, and are cooked while the lessons are going on. At 11:30 o'clock each member of the co-operative association, has a bowl of hot soup. To cover the cost of fuel and meat, those pupils who can afford it pay from two to four sous a month.

Economist Retired for Age.

Professor John Bascom, professor of political economy at Williams College, has been retired for age. He was graduated from Williams with the class of '49. He was president of the University of Wisconsin before he joined the faculty of Williams in 1881, and is the author of several religious, philosophical, and economic works.

WOMAN AND BIT OF MUD.

Speech of Dora Light on Jeopardous Personage's Nose.

She was a most gorgeous personage. She rode in a glittering victoria of the latest build, the chains attached to the horses' outfit clanged beautifully, the coachman couldn't have sat up any straighter without having a disaster to his backbone, and not a woman she met could come within a thousand miles of her white tulle hat, with the pink roses under the brim. Her gown was a mass of delicate chiffon frills and lace. Altogether a large pair of gold bonbon tongs should have gone with the outfit to lift her out and into the carriage, because she could not have been touched any other way without spoiling her appearance. Considering all this, she might have bestowed a sweet and gracious smile on lesser atoms of humanity, but instead of that she wore her haughtiest, most disdainful frown. It evidently came straight from Paris, packed in violet sachets, it was so perfect in its way. Women wearing their last year's frocks simply withered up under it and tried to hide behind lampposts and trees till she got by. The queen of Sheba could not have appeared more arrogant, more imperious and disregardful of the rest of the world. Just then a high tandem cart spun by her carriage, the leader kicked his heels in equine playfulness and a large, fat, whole-souled chunk of Fairmount park mud landed squarely on the tip of the untouchable regal lady's nose. After that the women in the last year's gowns felt lots better and more resigned.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

A Pike County Miracle.

Valpen, Ind., June 17.—Wm. O. B. Sullivan, a farmer of this place, and who is a brother of ex-Representative Sullivan of Pike and Dubois counties, has had a remarkable experience recently.

Mr. Sullivan is 49 years of age, and has been a citizen of Pike County for 30 years. For two years, he has suffered much with kidney trouble and rheumatism. His shoulders and side were very sore and stiff, and his back was so bad he could hardly straighten up at all. He had palpitation of the heart, and a smothering which was very distressing. He used three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and is as strong and well as ever he was. He pronounces his cure a miracle. Mr. Sullivan's statement of his case is startling.

"A month ago I was a cripple. Today I can do a hard day's work every day, and have not a single ache or pain." Dodd's Kidney Pills have done some wonderful cures in Indiana, but none more miraculous than that in the case of Mr. Sullivan.

Real Pleasures of the Auto.

To any one having the slightest aptitude for things mechanical, the study of an automobile soon becomes an absorbing passion. There is a beauty, a fascination about a perfectly constructed and smoothly working piece of machinery that is apparent even to the unscientific mind. To take control of this materialized energy, to draw the reins over this monster with its steel muscles and fiery heart—there is something in the idea that appeals to an almost universal sense, the love of power. Add the element of danger, and the fascination inherent in automobiling as a sport is not difficult to understand.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. 1/2 lb. price of coffee, 15c and 25c per package. Sold by all grocers.

American Beating Germany.

The lead pencil industry in Germany is at present suffering from American competition. It is alleged that our success in this branch of industry is mostly due to the perfection of the machinery.

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease?

It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Improving Grant's Tomb.

The grounds around Grant's tomb at Riverside are to be beautified. The trees will be planted, the steel embankment terraced and asphalt walks laid.

"The Crisis" is a book every American should know, for it teaches him anew to reverse the memory of the men to whom this nation owes its continued existence, to bow in gratitude to even the least of them who struggled on the hustings and in daily life, or later shouldered a musket that this nation, under God, should have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, should not perish from the earth.—New York Mail and Express.

"I knew it was going to turn out a particularly cold, rainy and disagreeable day." "How? Because you forgot your umbrella?" "No, I saw the street lines were running more open cars than usual."

Money to loan at low rates on farm property. List your surplus money with me, I pay 4% to 5% per cent. interest on sums of \$100 and up. Northwestern farms and city property bought and sold. Referenced. Elwyn F. Larson, Durand, Wisconsin.

Francis gave 1,228 medals last year to 614 couples who celebrated diamond and golden wedding anniversaries.