Hollow Ash ... Je Hall Je

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CHAPTER XIII.-(Continued.) "Words cannot express the pain you have given me tonight," he said; "but let it pass. You are free, and I have no right to repreach you. Good-bye, and God bless you, Rose!"

He kissed her hand, but she snatched it away and sprang into the carriage. She felt saneyed and out of temper. When she reached home, she went up into her own room and stood before the glass. It was a very fair face that she gazed at-he had often praised it, and she knew her power well.

"And he thinks I am going to beg and pray for forgiveness, does he?" she said, tessing her head wilfully. "We shall see, after all, what crime I have committed, that I need to tremble and shrink from his eye. Tomornew i will not-tomorrow I will show him that if he chooses to play the part of a tyrant, I do not intend to take that of a serf. He had better fetter me at ence."

In that mood she went to bed. But ah! we should be very careful how we part with those we love, even though they only leave us for a few hours. Do they always come back? Of if they do come, do we always know how we shall meet them? It may be as utter strangers, for aught we can say. I have known those who have loved each other dearly as they said good-bye, and yet within three months they stood face to face as coldly as if they had never met.

But the case of poor Rose was even worse than this, for Mr. Vere never came again.

She had preserved a discreet silence as to this episode in her history on her return home. No one had ever heard her mention Mr. Vere's namenot one of her own family ever knew that such a person was in existence. Her woman's pride came to her aid. She learned to live without him-to plaxed. to happy without him; yet he was not forgotten.

And on this morning, when she sat in her own room, thinking of the past, she had a letter in her hand from him. It had been forwarded with others from Mecklenburgh Square. The simgie words set her heart beating, so that she could scarcely see:

"Rose-I was too hasty and harsh with you long ago. Time has taught me that there is nothing so precious as your love. If I have lost it, I am coming home to try and gain it again. God grant I may not be too late.

"Stanley Vere." Coming home, and to win here? But how, and when, and where?

"Ever yours,

CHAPTER XIV.

When and where, indeed? She could not hope for a meeting so romantic as that of her two cousins had been; and yet, in what other way could her lover mack her presence?

For you must bear in mind that the parent birds had no idea that their scarcely fledged nestling had tried her wings in so bold a flight. Rose in love! Rose, who had scarcely given up playing with her doil! The thing means to stay where he can't see any was simply abourd!

So the young lady sat alone in her room, and stared at the letter, and wondered what on earth she should do, and wished she had a confidence who would give her some advice as to the best way of extricating herself from the dilemma. It would not do to speak to her mother, and Catharine would only laugh at her. At last she thought of Marjoria, who had a romance of her own, and thereby would know how to sympathize with another.

She found the lady alone in the turret-chamber. Charles was smoking a dear, in fear and trembling, in one of the empty atties, and at the same time getting a breath of fresh air. So Rose had her sousin all to herself, and told her tale without much loss of time. Marjorie listened silently.

"Well," she said, when Rose had saished, "the old fairy tale is true. The Princess Perfect may be shut up in the highest and most impregnable of towers, and guarded by the flercest of dragons, yet in one way and another Prince Imperfect will continue to get up the stairs, and fall at her feet all he same. It is courlous, and, at the same time, very edifying."

"But I am not Princess Perfect." said Rose True."

"Nor was I shut up in a tower." "If you had been it would not have nattered. But never mind that-do on want to see the Prince?"

"That is frank and to the purpose Thy did you let him go?" "He thought I flirted, my dear," said

"Oh, indeed," replied Marjorie, with little cough. "Men do take queer s into their heads now and then."

lowever, I will do all I can to help lay.

suppose that we are not wanted any longer here."

"Poor papa!" "Yes! but it will do him good in the

end. Is he up yet?" "No ; he has had some gruel in bed." "May it make him penitent and more inclined to obey the orders of his superior officer, your good mamma. Where would you like us to pitch our

tent in town, Rose?" "Oh, somewhere near Mecklenburgh Square."

"In it, if you like. Charley is rich, and can live where he pleases, thank goodness. Then that is settled?"

"Yes." "And you will come to us?" "With pleasure."

"When?" "As soon as we can get him back to

town." "And the preux chevalier? By the way, what is his name?"

"Vere." "Of what county. Rose colored.

"Really I don't know."

"But where do his family reside?" "I cannot tell you." Marjorie elevated her eyebrows.

"Do you know nothing of him,

"Very little. But General Grantham, with whom I was staying at the time, introduced him as the son of one of his oldest friends. And he moved in the best society."

"Well, time will show. At all events, we can soon find out all about him if we set to work the right way."

"Yes," said Rose; and leaning her chin upon her hand, she fixed her eyes upon the glaring coals, and fell to musing about the lover of whom she knew so little.

entered, looking worried and per-"I don't know what to do!" she ex-

claimed.

"I wish we hadn't played that fool's trick last night.

"Why?" Is paps worse?" asked Rose, looking up.

"No; I can't say that he is really ill; but he seems so nervous and frightened. If the door creaks, he jumps; and I know what that feeling is so well. I had it all the time when we first came to this horrible house." "Oh, he will get over that!"

"Yes; but, after all, I begin to think it was not right to frighten him so. A great, strong man does not faint for aothing. I can't think how I came to let you do it."

"But as it is done, let us try to repair the mischief, if any there be. Get him up, and send him down to the village, shopping. He will come home as blithe as a lark."

"That is the worst of it!"

"What?" "I can't get him up."

"What do you mean?" 'He won't move. He says the whole house is full of ghosts, and that be more; and oddly enough, I heard him just now muttering to himself that he

wished Charles was here." "My husband?"

"Yes."

"Then what can be easier than to tell him that his wish is granted." "And that Charles is here?" "Yea."

"My dear child, that would do very well with some men, but not with Mr. Cowley. He is as sharp as a needle; and if he found out that Charles had been in the house all night, he would guess at once where the ghost of the cabinet come from. And if he once found that out, I'm sure I should have separate maintenance offered tonay, forced upon me tomorrow."

the cheerful reply. "I will manage it followers of Zoraster, formed what is so that he need never know we have been here before. Rose, you have already lent me half your wardrobe! give me the other half-your out-door portion. He will not recognize your hat and cloak, I suppose?"

"Then bring them, and send Charles

Half an hour later, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cowley left the house on foot, and walked away toward Banley. And as Mr. Cowley, senior, was partaking of tea and toast at six p. m. in the seclusion of his own chamber, a fly drove up to the door and a knock was given that nearly shook the house

Mr. Cowley dropped the cup and saucer, and spilt the ten all over the

"Good gracious! what can it be?" "I will go and see, my dear. Lie down and compose yourself."

Mrs. Cowley went, and returned with a well-got-up face of astonishment, "Well, what is it?" cried Mr. Cow-

wonderful thing." "Out with It!"

"The most extraordinary-" But what?"

"In fact, I think the strangest cirimstance I ever heard of in my life." "Confound it, ma'am!" bawled out er husband. "Can't you say what it and not keep me lying here in a "Well, Mr. Cowley, you were eaying you wished your nephew Charles

was here." "So I do. I'd dig the whole place up if I had him to back me, and never think of feeling frightened."

"Well, Charles is here."

"Nonsense!" "I assure you he is. He has just returned from Australia, and he came to the door in the Banley fly. He has been to our town house, and Mrs. Gray directed him here. And his wife is with him."

"Married?"

"Yes-to an English girl, though." "If he had married a New Zealander, tatooed from head to foot, I should not care. Zounds! give me my clothes, Mrs. C.! This news is worth ten pounds, at the least. We'll rout the ghosts out now, or my name is not Cowley." "Yes, dear," replied his better half,

meekly, as she helped him to dress. They went down to the drawingroom together. No more ghosts now -no suggestion of ghosts even. A bright fire blazed upon the hearthfour candles lit the table, which was laid for tea. Rose and Catharine, in pretty evening dresses, ran forward to meet their father as innocently as if they had never dreamed of scaring him half out of his senses. But he pushed by them unceremoniously, and rushed up to the hearth, where Charles Cowley was standing, like a true Briton, with his back to the fire.

"My dear fellow!" said the banker, shaking him by both hands. "You are as welcome as the flowers in May!"

"Why, so I hear," replied nephew demurely. "You have been I imagine, and want me to help you out. Oh, you naughty old boy! But let me introduce you to my wife."

CHAPTER XV.

jorie-decided, after his first glance at downfall of the dynasty this property her, that she was a nice sort of a girl, was confiscated. In 1814 laws were and then dismissed her from his mind passed providing for its restoration to entirely. He was burning for an un- the original owners. This was imposinterrupted ten minutes' conversation sible in a majority of cases, as the govwith his nephew, alone, that he might ernment had disposed of the property. relate the wonderful things that had Subsequently the law provided that the befallen him. Few men could boast The door opened, and Mrs. Cowley of having seen three real ghosts, one after another! And Marjorie, like the other women, was sadly in the way just then.

However, there was no help for it. "What is the matter, aunt?" asked Tea was waiting, and Mr. Cowley, junior, fell to work upon the muffins, and ham, and tongue, like a man who had fasted all the way from Australia. When the cloth was taken away, his uncle breathed freely again. The ladies sat gossipping together before the fire. The worthy banker rose, nudged Charles in the side, and whispered, "Come with me a moment." Charles followed him from the room, merely pausing at the door to give a nod and a wink, expressive of great enjoyment. to the group he left behind.

Mr. Cowley seized his nephew by the arm when they stood in the hall, and dragged him up the stairs. A lamp was burning in the turret-chamber-a fire blazing on the hearth, Seeing this, as he opened the door, Mr. Cowley started back with a look of extreme surprise.

"Why, those born fools cannot think of putting you here to sleep!" he ejaculated.

"Why not?" asked Charles, looking extremely innocent.

"Why not? The jades! I'll have no tricks played off on people under my roof. I know it is the fashion to put the guests in the haunted room, to see if there really is a ghost there; but, by George! we want no such tests here! They shall give you another apartment-it is like their impudence to get this one ready.

(To be continued.)

HARD TO WRITE TURKISH.

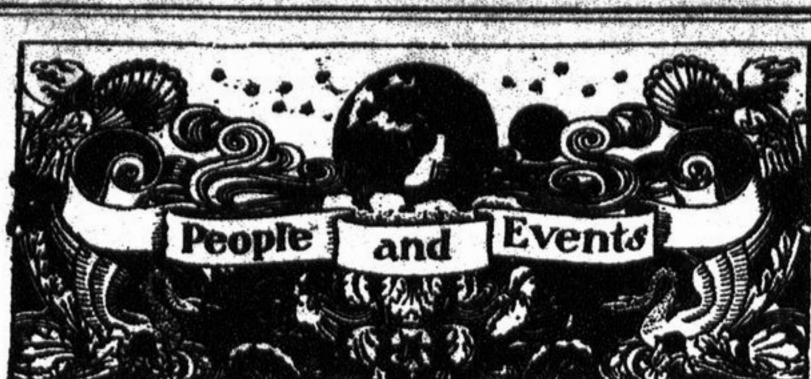
Few Foreigners Are Able to Pince Its

Words on Pager, Arabic words, phrases and expressions, as in the case of the Persians, were freely employed by the Turkish writers. So the original Tartaric, or Turkish, dislect of the Ottomans, blended with the refined, melodious tongue of the Arabs and the sweet and "Oh, no; not so bad as that," was harmonious language of the former today the literary language of the Turks. Hence the variety in the expressions and the richness of the words of the Turkish literature. While in the European languages Latin and Greek words are merely used as a foundation stone upon which the respective national words are built, the Turks, on the contrary, employ almost to an unlimited extent Persian and Arabic phrases in their original shape. Hence, again, the difficulty of mastering the literary Turkish, which necessitates also the study of the other two oriental tongues.

This variety of languages, coupled with the difficulty of the union of sentences into the one so-caffed "chain," which is unknown to any European language, renders Turkish one of the most difficult of the living tongues of the world. To be able to write well in Turkish, or, to use their own expression, to be a good "klatib" (writer)not in the sense of an author-is held in that country as one of the highest accomplishments that a person can possess.-Chicago Chronicle.

Railroad bridge builders are adopting the fir timber of the North Pacific coast for bridge building because of its remarkable strength. Good counsels observed are chains of the most

to grace, which, neglected prove hal- ; thusiastic of the ters to strange undutiful children. There are seasons when to be still femands immeasurably strength than to act. Composure is often the highest result of power.



Pretender to Be Editor.

with an organ, the Duke of Orleans, tion with each creamery at his home who is the pretender to the throne of town of Almond with a view to trying France, has purchased the Parisian the plan. Mr. Frost hopes to be newspaper Soleil, and will conduct the known to posterity as the emancipator

head. It is undero 001 throne,

spectacle of royalty, in the person of school and is 43 years old. a claimant to a who by blood and marriage is related to many

of the crowned heads of the continent, turning editor will be interesting to contemplate. Orleans can well afford to essay the task of financing a newspaper. His private fortune is ample. Recently it was reinforced by a decision of the French court which condemned the French government to turn over to getting yourself into a bit of a scrape, the Duke and his family property and funds worth many millions of dollars. The property consists largely of canal shares which were the property of the house of Orleans at the time of the great revolution in the latter part of Mr. Cowley shook hands with Mar- the eighteenth century. After the restoration should be made in cases where the new owners died without heirs, which would place the government in actual possession of it, Restitution has been made under the decision rendered lately by the courts.

> Emancipate Farmer's Wife. F. J. Frost, of Almond, Wis., who represents the Second District in the Wisconsin legislature, wants a steam laundry established at every crossroads in the state, where farmers' wives may bring their weekly washings and save themselves one of the hardest duties of their work. Mr Frost has not fully developed his idea as yet, and has no definite plan for the establishment and maintenance of the laundries, but be declares his plan is feasible.

He is engaged in visiting the resi dents of his district, fixing his politi-



F. J. FROST.

cal fences, and incidentally getting their views on his pet scheme. He contrasts the comparatively little labor done by the housewife in the city, where laundries are available, with the drudgery of the country farmhouse, where each week's washing and Ironing must be done on the premises and commonly by the housekeeper herself.

be imagined, is one

To provide the French Royalists dry could easily be operated in connecjournal in the interests of the cause of of the country housewife. The reward he hopes for in life is a return to the legislature. Mr. Frost is serving his second term in the assembly. He is the Almond agent of several insurance personal charge of companies and of an agricultural mathe editorial de- chinery manufacturer, and owns partment of the pa- large farm, which he manages in ad-The novel dition to his other business. He is graduate from the Oshkosh Normal

Mary Sackville to Wed.

Lady Mary Sackville of England, well known to the 400 of New York and to the elite of Washington, and who was at one time reported to have been engaged to Frank Gould, will soon rid herself of the name for fickleness which society has placed upon her.



LADY SACKVILLE.

paring for her marriage to Hamilton Dent. London is looking forward to the event as one of considerable social significance. The announcement of the engagement was made May 21.

nell university has made an unbiased study of the effects of trusts on prices, which appears in the current number of the North American Review. From the facts gathered by the United States Industrial commission he deduces the conclusion that prices are made higher by the trusts than they would be otherwise. The fact that prices of manufactured commodities are now lower than they were before the era of combinations proves nothing either way. The crucial question is whether or not the margin between the cost of raw materials and the market price of the finished product has increased since the coming of the trusts. Even this is not an infallible test as regards prices, for the trust may use its power to force down the cost of the raw material it needs, but in general the size of this margin between raw material and finished product is the most reliable test available.

Paul Revere, the revolutionary hero, was an inventor, though not many people are aware of the fact. He was the first man to refine and roll copper. In 1801 he founded the Revere Copper company, and the company is still running, under the same name, in Canton, Mass.

The King of Portugal is clever with the brush and has been awarded several medals for his pictures at exhibitions. As a rule, however, he works in pastel, and thus spends many a leisure day sketching favorite spots along the

Head of Mystic Shriners.

Phillip C. Shaffer, he new imperial potentate of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, is a native of Philadelphia, and one of the best known business men in town. He has just entered upon his fifty-first year and for more than one-half of his life has been a Mason. Upwards of seventeen y e a r s ago he joined the Shriners, and for twelve years he officiated in the post of Oriental Guide of Lu Lu Temple Philadelphia, For three years he was the potentate of the temple, and he was elected to the office of the deputy imperial potentate at the last meeting of the Shriners. Mr. Shaffer, as may

IMPERIAL POTENTATE SHAFFER.

country. He is was believed from the beginning that devoted to spirit and purpose he would be promoted from the second of this order, and few men have more highest to the highest office in the ormystic friends than he in his home der. Mr. Shaffer is prominent in the alty and throughout the country. It furniture trade.

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is not real wealth. Last year the total

value of the products of the colonies

forming the Australian commonwealth

amounted to fully \$550,000,000, of

which their pastoral industries repre-

sented \$150,000,000, their agricultural

\$140,000,000, their mineral products

fully \$100,000,000 and their manufac-

turing and other industries the remain-

the 120,000,000 sheep raised in 1900

was worth \$100,000,000. The mineral

resources of Australia cannot even be

years the country has produced gold

last twenty silver to the value of \$150,-

000,000. Diamonds are found in one

district, rubles in another. There is at

least one emerald mine in New South

Wales, and opals equal to any in the

world are found in Queensland, while

the pearl fisheries of the northwestern

coast produce a considerable portion

of the most valuable pearls of com-

Ambross McKay's Case.

neighborhood and particularly the

members of Rockbridge Lodge, No.

435, A. F. & A. M., are feeling very

much pleased over the recovery of Mr.

Ambrose McKay, a prominent citizen

and an honored member of the Mason-

Mr. McKay had been suffering for

years with Diabetes and Rheumatism.

which recently threatened to end his

days. His limbs were so filled with

pain that he could not sleep. He was

Just then, someone suggested a new

remedy-Dodds Kidney Pills-which

has been much advertised recently, as

Dropsy, Rheumatism and Kidney

After Mr. McKay had used a few

doses he commenced to improve. His

pain all left him, and he is almost as

well as ever. He says Dodd's Kidney

Pills are worth much more than they

cost. They are certainly getting a great

reputation in Missouri, and many very

Rural Women Read and Dabate.

in Iowa comprised of women who live

on farms, but who have the prevailing

"jining" instinct. Some of the wives

and daughters of the farmers are said

to drive over twelve miles to attend

the meetings, which are held semi-

monthly. A system of traveling libra-

ries among the various branches has

been founded, and debates on social

an economic questions, with their es-

pecial relation to a rural population

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place of coffee. The more Grain-O you give

the children the more health you distribute

through their systems. Grain-O is made of

pure grains, and when properly prepared

tastes like the choice grades of coffee, but

costs about 14 as much. All grocers sell is

Sir Arthur Power Palmer, K. C. B.,

the new commander-in-chief in India,

is one of the big men of the British

are frequently held.

15c and 25c.

The Daughters of Cares is a society

startling cures are being reported.

ic Fraternity.

very bad.

Trouble.

Rockbridge, Mo., June 24th:-The

SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER, 25c

ing \$160,000,000. The worl alone from guessed at. In the last forty-eight to the value of \$1,800,000,000, in the The titled English woman is now pre-



a cure for Bright's Disease, Diabetes. Trusts Affect Prices. Professor Jeremiah W. Jenks of Cor-

army. He is six foot four in hight, and is nicknamed "Long P." Plac's Cure is the best medicine we ever used fer all affections of the throat and lungs .-- WM.

O. EMDELSY, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

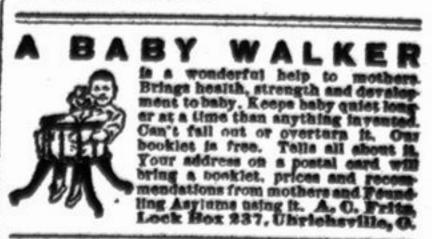
Of the 196,500,000 Mohammedans in the world, only 18,000,000 live in Tur-

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He who knows, and knows not that he knows, is asleep; wake him.

first day's n-n of Dr. Kitne's Great Nerve Restore Song for F.K.E. 82.00 trial bottle and treation. R. R. E.Lus, Ltd., 631 Arch St., Philadelphia, P.

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