Hollow Ash...

at their neighbors and shook their

or Hanwell, he could not, for a mo-

But the news was confirmed in the

afternoon by no less a person than the

fandlord of the "Vernon Arms," who

recited to a group of eager and thirsty

listeners his wondrous tale. The fam-

ily from London were, at that moment,

beneath his roof. So far from being

denizens of a lunatic asylum, they

were most respectable people a city

banker, his wife and two daughters,

who came down for a change of air,

and seeing a fine house standing

empty, naturally enough concluded

that it was to let. So, at the "Vernon

Arms," in an after-dinner chat with

their host, they managed to ask nu-

mercus questions about the mansion

fully; but he added, with a shake of

the head, as expressive as Lord Bur-

come of it," for they laughed at the

idea of ghosts, and one of the young

breath, and solaced himself with a

was seen descending the stairs; the

landlord, hurrying from behind the

polite invitation, beckened him out

into the pasage, and closed the door

upon the gaping and disappointed

"I want to speak to you a moment

"To be sure-to be sure, sir," replied

mind the bar a little while. We want

Becky, who was the meck-faced mis-

tress of the establishment, being thus

addressed, took up the stocking she

was mending and went out without a

murmur. The landlord closed the

door behind her, and the agent nodded

"Capital training you have her in,

Well, sir, one's obliged to keep the

whiphand or there's no end of kicking

should never dream of telling her so.

The house would not hold the two of

as a general rule, I think. But now

let us go to business. I'm very much

I want some advice."

umphant self-satisfaction.

within the depths of another.

particular conference.

you know the old Hall?"

tell about the place?"

The host nodded his head,

"I should think I did, sir!"

bothered in my own mind, Grimes, and

Grimes, who had been busy over the

fire with some mysterious preparation,

which the agent affected not to see,

now returned to the table, bearing two

steaming tumblers of rum-punch,

which he put down with an air of tri-

"I do believe, the very best I ever

made yet, Mr. Grant," he observed, as

he placed one cosy arm-chair before

his own plump person comfortably

"Good it must be, then, to a dead

certainty," replied the agent, taking

a long, delicious draught. "Enough to

make a man forget one-half his trou-

"I hope it will make you forget

yours, then, sir," replied the landlord.

who was dying with curiosity to know

why he had been summoned to this

trouble tonight is not exactly a trou-

bothered. I want to do a thing, and

"And you know what stories people

gardener, has made my flesh creep

and the secret room where the priests

"Ah, no such luck as that! The

bles and snap his finger at the rest."

the fire for his visitor, and ensconced

us together ten minutes afterwards."

the parlor to ourselves just now."

Grimes," he said, impatiently, "Is

there no private place in this house?"

ually sent for the agent.

rustics.

approvingly.

Mr. Grimes."

great draught of his own ale.

ment, be thinking of such a thing.

CHAPTER 1.

It was a wild, raw November after- heads. It could not be; unless the noon. The sky was dark and lowering; newcomers hailed from Colney Hatch the wind swept down from the hills with a mournful, wailing sound, and beneath the tall trees, that bent before the gale, lay heaps of faded yellow leaves, trodden out of all shape and beauty by the feet that were continually traversing the narrow village paths.

Upon the hills, and out on the broad highway, the scene was dreary enough. But the little village of Banley, with its red-tiled roofs and latticed windows, all aglow with the blaze of firelight, were a look of cheerful comfort, which the wintry aspect of the day rather heightened than diminished.

Banley, lying far inland, was one of those primitive little places where the sound of the railway whistle had never come. There was a branch line, it is on the hill. He answered them truthtrue, some twelve miles away, but few of its passengers ever found their way across the hills, and few of the inhab- leigh's, "He wished no barm might itants of Banley had seen the station, or tested the capabilities of the wondrous iron horse. Those who had done so, having returned in safety, became oracles among their neighbors, as people of deep experience, and one word of theirs outweighed a score from others, who had not seen the world.

The village, like most of the kind, consisted of a straggling street of cottages, with gay flower gardens in front bar, threw the door wide open, with a and an enclosure or gitchen, vegeta- low bow. But Mr. Grant declined the bles and a few fruit trees, at the back. There was a church and a parsonage, it is true, but the vicar was non-resident, being more deeply interested in the conversion of Irish Catholics than in the religious state of English Protestants, albeit they were of his own flock. Consequently the vicarage was shut up, and a consumptive curate the host. "Step this way, if you with a sickly wife and a family of seven please. Becky, my love, pray go and children, living in a cottage at the upper end of the village, keeping up appearances-by means known only to curates and their wives on the pitiful salary of one hundred pounds a year.

Anxious and careworn enough the pair often looked, but they loved each other dearly, and were beloved by every one around, so it may be that their fate was not a hard one, after all.

The curate and his wife, poor though they might be, were the only people in the village who could properely be designated "gentlefolks." The Lord of the Manor was non-resident. the Manor House itself being anything but a desirable home. If all was true that was told of the sights and sounds tuat nad been seen and heard there at different times by different people the poor man was very wise in not coming to look after his property in person.

Hollow house It stood at some distance from the village, upon a green and fertile eminence, shut out from the common approach, though not from common view. by a high stone wall and a lofty pair of iron gates. There were a porter's lodge, untenanted, of course, and a

small cottage within the grounds, which had once been occupied by some humble dependent of the family, in the day when that family was numerous and happy, and strongly united by the thousand sweet ties that bind a

loving heart to home. Seen from the public road, the Hall was simply a square, brick-fronted English mansion, of the ordinary type, comfortably and conveniently built, with stables, green houses, gardens and conservatories, enough to satisfy all the requirements of modern polite coclety. The yew trees at the back, and the long, bare lawn in front, gave it a melancholy appearance; but no one would have dreamed of calling it a haunted house had they not been told that it had an undoubted right to the ble, after all. I am bewildered and name. There was not even a hollow ash tree in view, to account for its up-

usable title. But the villagers, when questioned upon the subject, would look wise, and lead you to the top of a narrow, damp lane, where grew a solitary tree, that had been touched by the scathing finger of the lightning on its mission of destruction and death. That was "Hollow Ash," and that was the "Burnt Ash Lane;" down which lane, as a sort of "short cut" to the scene of their uncanny revels, it may be, strange figures were said to

to the persons who owned the manor

non a question. They were a silent,

haughty, reserved race, by no means

addicted to the foolish practice of

"wearing their hearts upon their

sleeves." And if there was one sub-

ject upon which they were more silent

and reserved than another, it was that

of the haunted manor. They left it;

they could not bear to talk of it; and

so the mystery grew by feeding upon

itself, till stories were told of the

place that would have made the hair

of the bravest and wisest listeners

It may easily be imagined what a

commotion Banley was in, one day,

when the tidings spread abroad that

a gentleman direct from London was

stand upon end with horror.

ago. flit as soon as the clock from the neigh-"John Jones is an idiot!" said the boring church had tolled the hour of agent, impatiently. "Upon my word, twelve. believe the house is as quiet and Not only one ghost haunted the place peaceable as this old inn of yours." -there were at least three or four; Mr. Grimes took a sip of rum-punch, and their names were more familiar

and said nothing. "I have been through the place a than to any curious stranger who hundred times-I dare say more-and sought to pry into its secrets. But it I never saw anything there, nor heard must have been a bold man or woman anything either, for the matter of who would have dared to ask a Verthat.

"Did you ever go there at night, sir?" asked Mr. Grimes, with a signifi-

cant smile. "No. I can't say that I ever did." And the agent smiled, too. "But you don't mean to say that you-a sensible, clear-headed man-really believe the rubbish they tell about the placenow, do you?"

"Do you, sir?"

"Of course not." "Well, I should be sorry to have to sleep there myself, that is all I know about it."

"Now, Grimes, tell me plainly what you think you should see?" "Well, there's a lot of ghosts to choose from up there," said the land-

money and you takes your choice. you can have a Jesuit priest, reading his mass-book; or old Vernon, counting his money-bags; or a young man seated by a table in a room fixed up in gmnd style, with a woman old enough to be his mother, sitting on a sofa with an ugly look upon her face, and another woman peering through a ti possible, than she; or you can have good Queen Bess looking after the farthing she dropped---

"Pshaw! When was Queen Bess at Banley, I should like to know? Why, it was not built till she had been dead more than fifty years. What do they want with her ghosts there?"

"Can't say, sir. But most old houses have a story about her and that blessed farthing. I wonder that she didn't take better care of it when she was alive. It has given her trouble enough since."

Well, let her be where she may, I don't believe she is at Hollow Ash Hall."

"No more do I sir."

"I knew it! You are a sensible man, Mr. Grimes.'

"I don't believe in Queen Bess, nor in old Vernon, nor yet in the priest. There is one thing there I do believe in, though," "And what is that?"

"The last ghost. It's not yet more than twenty-five years old, you know, The ghost of the butler's pantry. You know what I mean, sir?'

"Pshaw!" said the guest, turning

ladies begged so hard to live in a real "From things which came to my haunted house that her papa had actknowledge when I was a younger man than I am now, I shouldn't wonder The landlord laughed, drew a long if there was something in that. No wonder that Vernon could not live there." At that moment the agent himself

"Hush, Grimes!" said the agent, looking nervously towards the door. There are some things in this work that are not to be spoken of."

"Exactly. And I never have spoken of that to any one before for many years. But it's my opinion the gentleman from London will pretty soon get sick of his bargain."

"That is what I wanted to see you

about, Grimes." "The bargain?"

"Yes." "What ails It, sir?"

"Nothing at alt." "is the gentleman willing to make

"Perfectly."

"Liberal in his notions?"

"Very. He told me that he would pay just as much for the use of the place as if there had never been any story about it."

"Very handsome of him. People generally expect to get a haunted house for nothing per year."

"Ah, but he laughs at the idea, and pays the actual rent of the place just over traces, you know. Now Becky, to prove that he has no faith in there, is the best woman in England, ghosts." though I say it as shouldn't. But I

"Well, I wish him joy of his new home, that is all." "And so do I. However, if he has

fancy it is no business of mine. But "Quite right, Grimes. The less you here comes the rub." praise a woman the better she behaves.

"I don't see it."

Mr. Grimes started "Why, you are agent:"

"Yea."

"Then who has a better right?" "No one. But, you see, I don't kno what Mr. Vernon would say."

"Of course he would be pleased." "Do you think so?"

"I am sure of it."

"I wish I was. Mr. Vernon is very strange man."

(To be continued.)

Robberies of English Relics. Of all curious robberies the stealing of wax figures of kings and heroes from Westminster Abbey would seem as remarkable as any. These august effigies are kept in a certain part of the abbey and were once much more numerous than they are now. At least a dozen have disappeared mysteriously and who stole them and how they got away with them are still mysteries. Among the effigies purloined was that of Nelson, which disappeared about half a century ago. There was such a popular outery over this that a new one was made and set up, and it is yet I cannot tell if I ought. Grimes, this new one which is now shown to visitors. Another tantalizing robbery has made poorer the Sloane Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields, London. At the death of Sir John Sloane he left his money to the museum, which he "That I do. Old John Jones, the had founded. Two cupboards were found carefully locked and in Sir many a time with his tales of the tur- John's will it was directed that one ret-chamber, and the butler's pantry, should be opened in 1887 and the other in 1912. There money was to be found used to hide away many, many years for the enlargement of the museum. When the first cupboard was opened it was found empty and bore every evidence of having been robbed. Will the second cupboard be found also to have

Improvements in Butchering.

been tampered with?

Butchering has been improved along with other things. Today not a single part of the animal is wasted. Horns and hoofs are made into tortoise shell combs, buttons and various ornaments. From the bones of the feet neatsfoot oil is extracted. Hair and the finer bristles are worked into upholstering materials, and the different kinds of felting. Cartilaginous substances are made into gelatine, and the bones are steamed to extract the glue.

Pive Sons in British Navy. Recently Sir Fleetwood Edwards, keeper of his majesty's privy purse. sent to the mayor of Lyme Regis a postoffice order for £3 to be handed to Mr. J. Warren, a naval pensioner of that town, who has at present five sons in the royal navy, "as a mark of the king's appreciation of this interabout to rent the Hall. People stared lord, meditatively. "You pays your self the son of a naval pensioner.

****************** **Current Topics**

····· Daniel Coit Gilman. Daniel Coit Gilman, who has just

publicly resigned the presidency of window back of her, looking uglier, Johns Hopkins University, has been the head of that great school since its foundation in 1875. He has seen the university grow from its first beginnings into the great institution it now is, and his work as its director has won for him a reputation in Europe as well as in his own country. Dr. Gilman has never been idle a day in the powers. the forty-seven years he has devoted himself to the profession of education. He has written important papers on the subject of education and has given much of his time to work connected earnest effort to put ourselves in their with offices he has had at the head of literary and scientific associations of view. They are not so inhuman, after many kinds. Among other activities



DANIEL C. GILMAN. of his has been his devotion to the reform of the civil service. Dr. Gilman is now 70 years old.

To Do and to Overdo.

One thing at least is made clear by recent discussions about sleep producers. It is that insomnia and nervousness, words so unfamiliar to the lips of our ancestors, are physical facts that in this age must be reckoned with. Though gymnasiums are happily becoming more numerous, it cannot be said that sanitoriums are less so, and though the building up of the body is a factor in modern education, the breaking down of the nerves is quite as much of a commonplace. "Don't overdo" is the bit of advice that everybody gives and nobody takes, and the individual who knows and respects his strength limits is a rarity.

"You can't think," writes Huxley in one of his recently published letters, "how well I am so long as I walk eight or ten miles a day and don't work too much." But his blographer relates how the great scientist would lecture to the point of nervous exhaustion and how he would be compelled afterwards to lie wearily on a sofa while his wife "matched him on another." If sofas were gifted with speech they could relate many tragic tales and reveal many seemingly healthy individuals occupied in burning the candle at both ends. Only those who are used to this double illumination know how difficult it is to extinguish either light, and perhaps only these know how near the two flames are to meeting. As long as spirit is stronger than flesh and mind more potent than matter man will continue to pay the penalties that nature exacts from the lawbreaker, but it is well to remind him frequently that his overdoing is his undoing.

Ricciotti Garibaldi to Come.

Ricciotti Garibaldi, who will attend the unveiling of the Garibaldi monument in Chicago on Sept. 20, is a lieutenant in the Italian navy and a modern hero who shows by his conduct that he has the blood of his father in his veins. When he went to help the Greeks in their struggle against Islam, he announced himself in these words: "Wherever the cause of human liberty needs a leader, there is the place for



LIEUT. GARIBALDI. Garibaldi." In 1866, when his father was conducting the Roman campaign, Ricciotti had a minor commission. He marched against Rome with the soldlers who won the battle of Monterotonde, took part in the battle of Mentona, and was captured. He fought with France against Germany in 1870, and after that war made his home in Rome, where he has been a member of the Italian parliament. The hero is comparatively poor.-Chicago Record.

The Matinee Habit.

Dr. Dewey of Milwaukee asserts that the matinee habit is exceedingly injurious to most young women. In his opinion the nervous strain which a young woman endures while witnessing the ordinary dramatic performance is so severe that if often repeated it esting record." Mr. Warren is him- is likely to do great and lasting injury. Some other physicians agree with him.

manne Sir Robert Hart's Warning.

When Sir Robert Hart speaks on the Chinese question the world does well to listen. In the Fortnightly Review for last November he directed attention to the fact that China in Arms would be a great power some day. In a second article, which appeared in the January number, he urged care in settling the present question so that the China of the future might have something to thank us for and not to avenge. In his article in the February number, on "China and Non-China," he gives a most serious warning to Many white men say that it is im-

possible to understand the Chinese or the motives most likely to control them. Sir Robert believes that a little place would show us the error of this all. The Boxers and the special advisers of the empress were plainly enough unreasonable in presuming to settle that very capable politician, Richard their troubles with the foreigners with gun and sword. But how much more reasonable is it for the powers to go on overriding, robbing, insulting, trifling with the four hundred million Chinese, discriminating against them in all international ways, regarding with contempt the historic Chinese aversion to war, presuming upon their everlasting meekness, sowing the seeds of vengeance and treasuring up wrath against some day of wrath when the Celestials may be forced to learn as much about fighting as the white men knows.-Ex.

Abduction of Child Actress.

Because of the abduction of a pretty Italian actress. Miss Colomba Quintana, 16 years old, one of the stars of the Companie Infantil, a riot was started in Chichihuahu, Mexico, the other night. When the time came for her to go on the stage her absence was announced to the audience. Police searched the city for the missing actress. She was found in a house where she had been kept prisoner by the proprietress, Juana Tapia,

The woman refused to release the girl, and a mob smashed the house, rescued the young actress and beat Senora Tapia severely. The actress says she was invited into a restaurant



COLOMBA QUINTANA.

and made drunk on wine by a man who was introduced to her as a government official. When she came to her senses she was a prisoner,

Public-School Extension.

The general idea of the universityextension scheme has met with general approbation. In more ways than is commonly supposed our colleges and universities reach out in special lines of popular education beyond their own cloistered walls. The popularizing of the best educational advantages is a growing feature of the times. There is nothing within reach that is too good for all the people.

Was at Chepultepee.

Dr. Thomas W. Forshee of Madison. Ind., one of General Winfield Scott's bodyguards in his triumphant entrance into the City of Mexico, attended the Mexican veterans' reunion at Indianapolis recently. Dr. Forshee also served as a surgeon in the war of the rebellion, being attached to the Eightyeightn Ulinois infantry.

A Unique Character Dies. Anthony Berdanien of Frackville, Pa., who served as wreckmaster of the Philadelphia and Reading railroad for thirty-nine years, died on last Tuesday, aged 73 years. It is stated that as a wreckmaster Mr. Berdanien had replaced on the track after accidents about 2,000 locomotives and 15,000 cars.

The Age of Irrigation. Professor Elwood Mead, the irriga tion expert who is

now in charge of irrigation investigations being made by the United States Department of Agriculture, has been called to the faculty of the university of California to take charge Prof. Mead. of the newly estab-

lished department of irrigation. Professor Mead will take up his new work about Mirch 1.

AS THE WORLD REVOLVES

Chauncey Filley Bobs Up. Chauncey I. Filiey, who has been nominated by the independent republicans for world's fair mayor of St. Louis, has been for many years one of the conspicuous national characters in republican politics. Twenty years ago he was known as "Boss Filley." and he earned the oitter enmity of republicans of wealth in this city, whom his followers dubbed "silk stockings." In return the slik stockings called Mr. Filley's friends the "hoodlums." But the native wit of the leader turned this title of opprobrium into profit by making it appear that his opponents regarded all who were not in the smart set as "hoodlums." The result was a large increase of his power. He is a political leader of rare ability and several times outgeneraled



CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY. C. Kerens. The independent candidate was mayor of St. Louis in 1864 and was afterward postmaster,

Mr. Ross' Indiscretion.

In the interest of Anglo-Saxon solidarity it is greatly to be regretted that Mr. Ross, the English cashier of the Hongkong branch bank at Manila, should have written to a friend in Australia giving his opinion of the American officials in the Philippines. Still more is it to be regretted that Mr. Ross' friend should have given the letter to the South Australian Register for publication. In what he imagined to be the confidence of a private letter Mr. Ross gave his opinion of General MacArthur, Judge Taft, Admiral Remey and other Americans of high official position in Manila. Mr. Ross intimates that all the Englishmen in Manila are in a constant state of anguish at being forced to associate with the American functionaries, civil and military, of the islands. He declares that the Americans are "impossible" socially. He feels very keenly the disagreeable necessity which compels refined and intellectual subjects of the British crown to associate with vulgar "Yankees."-Chicago Chronicle.

Old Fashioned Scholar. The Rev. William Sampson, who re-

tired as superintendent of the Cleveland Industrial Home and School last fall after serving for twenty-five years, celebrated his eighty-seventh birthday on the 20th. A reception was held at the school in honor of the venerable guest, and about 125 friends called to congratulate him. Regrets were received from Secretary of State John Hay, Myron T. Herrick, and other prominent friends of Mr. Sampson.

Gen. Atherton's Wife. Mrs. Mabel Louise Atherton, the English beauty who has been sued by her husband, is the sister of Sir Aubrey Paul of Gloucester, and was married to the petitioner, Major T. J. Atherton, in 1892. She is a very pretty and fashionable woman of 35, and has been long a favorite in the smart set of London. Her name has been assoclated with that of the Duke of West-

minster for a long time. The duke is



MRS. ATHERTON.

now but 22, and succeeded his father in 1899. Mrs. Atherton was a recent guest at the house of the Countess Grosvenor, the duke's mother,

Opportunity in the Army. Civilians usually assume that in the regular army West Point graduates virtually monopolize the commissions. The common belief is that the private or non-commissioned officer has no opportunity to rise to the rank of lieutenant, captain, or colonel. The truth is that the majority of our army officers of the higher ranks are not West Pointers and that many of them have been promoted from we make of the regu-

