

# Hollow Ash... Hall

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

"Queer as Dick's hat-band, no doubt. But I don't see how he could be offended if you let the house. There it is, lying idle—no good to him nor any one else. This gentleman has a fancy for seeing ghosts, and pays Mr. Vernon handsomely for it. What more can a man ask for?"

"I do not know," replied the agent, looking thoughtfully into the fire. "And there is no time to write—that is the worst of it. Mr. Vernon is in the Holy Land, and I don't know how long it would take a letter to reach him. Now, this gentleman wants to go in at once. In fact, I am to give him an answer tomorrow. I'm terribly perplexed about it."

"I don't see why. Say yes, of course, and thank your stars for the chance."

"But if Mr. Vernon should be angry?"

"I don't see how he could be. Even if he was, he would have time to get cool again before he met you. I should take the offer, most decidedly."

"Well, I think I will. But I was quite undecided when I came in here, I assure you. But you are a clever man, Grimes, and one can't go far wrong in taking your advice."

"Thank you, sir. And now that business is well off your mind, let's drink the health of the new-comers, and wish them a happy home at Hollow Ash Hall."

Both laughed as they drank the toast. Then the agent rose, buttoned his coat and turned to the door. The landlord saw him out; and after bidding him good night, stood looking out beyond the town, at the hill, where the lonely house was standing, dark, silent and grim.

"Hollow Ash Hall let!" he murmured as he went back to the bar once more. "Well, that is a go, and no mistake! I wonder how soon it will be empty?"

CHAPTER II.

So the thing was accomplished. The haunted house was let.

The next day all Banley knew the tale by heart. The banker's name was Cowley, and the young lady who wished to see the ghost was Miss Rose Cowley, a pretty, fair, little creature, who looked as if she would shriek and run away if a mouse crossed her path. Her elder sister, Catherine (Miss Cowley) was a tall, dark-haired girl, with a high color and flashing black eyes—by far the most proper person, one would say, to encounter a denizen of the other world. But she did not approve of the project, and shuddered at the very name of the Hall. Mrs. Cowley, fat, fair and forty, took the matter easily, though in her heart she considered it a tempting of Providence. But she said nothing. She was devotedly attached to her stout, good-tempered husband, and had he chosen to walk into the crater of Vesuvius, I think she would have given one sigh to old England, and followed meekly in his wake.

Mr. Cowley, having made himself master of the Hall, was not long in paying it a visit. He took his family with him, and though they went in broad daylight, their carriage was escorted to the very lodge gates by a select troop of rosy-cheeked children, who stared at Rose as if she had been the Dragon of Wantley in person.

Only to the gates, however, did this youthful bodyguard venture. When the driver got down and lifted the rusty bolt from its socket the first creak dispersed the rabble like magic. A dire vision of Queen Bess in ruff and farthingale, coming down the avenue to meet those who sought to enter, affrighted them; and with one accord they set off at full speed toward the village, never daring to look behind them, or to slacken their pace until they were safe once more at their own mothers' sides.

Rose Cowley watched this exodus with laughing eyes; but her mother and sister looked as if they would gladly have followed the example of the children, and taken to their heels as well.

"Mercy preserve us!" said Mrs. Cowley, looking up at the Hall. "Who would have believed it was such a dismal place? Why, yesterday from the road it seemed pleasant!"

"Dismal, mamma!" said Rose, "I think it is anything but that! Romantic, solitary, lonely, if you will, but surely not dismal!"

"It is only fit for rats and owls to live in," said Catharine, with a look of intense disgust. "What could papa be thinking of when he took it without even paying a visit to the place? However, there is one comfort—he likes snug, warm rooms as well as any of us; and the first glance at the interior of the old shell will be sure to disenchant him. We shall never live here, mamma; so you need not distress yourself at all about it."

"Don't be too certain," remarked Rose. "I was talking with papa this morning about it, and I asked what was to be done if the place should turn out damp and cold. What do you think his answer was?"

"Why, that in such a case we couldn't stop, of course."

"Not a bit of it," replied the mischievous girl. "Papa said that he thought we were all apt to pamper ourselves too much and that it would do us good to miss a few luxuries and comforts for a time."

away. But no one came. All was still and quiet. They stood within a small, square hall, very dusty and dirty and lighted only by the faint light over the door. A worn mat covered the floor, there was a small iron stove in the center of the hall, and, leaning against it a curiously carved walking stick, resembling the wand of a magician rather than the ordinary cane of a gentleman in the nineteenth century. Rose took this in her hand, but quickly laid it down. It did not seem "canny" to hold it, though why she could not say.

Mr. Cowley rubbed his head, felt his nose carefully all over, and pronounced himself quite sound.

"What made me fall, I cannot tell," he remarked. "It really seemed as if the door was jerked from my hand by some person inside. Do you know, my dear, I incline to the opinion that some evil-disposed person has harbored here at some time or another and taken advantage of the popular belief in ghosts to carry out all manner of iniquity in perfect safety. For aught we know, such a person may be within hearing now."

Mrs. Cowley gave a little shriek.

"Then we are all safe to be robbed and murdered! Dear George, do let us leave this place and get home as soon as possible!"

"Nonsense, my dear; don't interrupt me, if you please! Robbed and murdered, indeed! Is that likely while you have me to protect you? I merely made that remark as a warning in case such a person should be concealed here. I recommend that person not to come too near, whoever he may be; and I add, for his further information, that I shall sleep here with a revolver loaded and capped, by my side, and if he begins any of his tricks upon travelers, I'll give him pepper, by Jove! Now, Mrs. C., come along and look at the rooms."

Trembling and disgusted, the good lady followed her truculent spouse, as he opened door after door within the mansion. The rooms were all dark and dingy, it is true, but they had high ceilings and plenty of windows with pleasant aspects. Soap and water, and afterwards pretty curtains and bright furniture, a piano, and a few pictures would make quite another place of it, as Mr. Cowley said.

CHAPTER III.

Nevertheless, as the party progressed from room to room, a silence fell over them all—a nameless weight seemed to rest upon every heart. Mrs. Cowley looked really ill, Catharine was very pale, Rose ceased to laugh and jest, and even Mr. Cowley pursued his investigations in a nervous, fidgety way, as if he was ill at ease.

Did you ever visit an empty house, dear reader, by yourself? A lonely country cottage, for instance, with no evil tale hanging over it like a dark cloud—nothing to mar its beauty—nothing to take from its aspect of home and peaceful repose? Passing from room to room, with the bunch of keys dangling from your hand, did you not begin to feel that something unseen, but not unfelt, was bearing you company—something that opened the doors and looked out of the windows and pointed at the corners of the apartments as if to illustrate a story which you also felt, but did not hear? Did not that unseen companion become almost too real—almost visible at the last, and actually drive you from the place—not frightened—not nervous—oh, no!—only with pale lips and hurried steps and a hand that shook a little as it gave the keys back in the agent's office, and wrote down the direction to which the agent might apply.

All this, and more than this, did the party at the Hall experience. Something—nay, more than one something was beside them. No one spoke of the presence, yet all were conscious of it, though they tried to laugh it off, even in the recesses of their own minds.

(To be continued.)

BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

A Public Dance Gave Material Aid in Completing It.

Few people are aware that it was a public dancer who gave material aid in completing the Bunker Hill monument. This aid came from the noted Fanny Ellsler, who, as Dr. Holmes puts it, "danced the capstone onto Bunker Hill monument, as Orpheus moved the rocks by music." She danced at a great benefit performance, which realized enough to warrant the managers going on with the obelisk on Breed's Hill, which is the proper name for the historic battlefield of the Revolution, in Charlestown. The monument's corner stone was laid in 1825 by General Lafayette, and on this occasion and at the grand dedication, June 17, 1842, Daniel Webster made two of his greatest orations. The Ellsler sisters were two famous dancers, born in Vienna in 1808 and 1811, respectively, of whom the younger, Fanny, became the most celebrated. From 1830 to 1851 the career of Miss Ellsler was one continuous ovation. While at Paris she is said to have eclipsed even Taglioni by her wonderful dancing of "La Cachucha." After visiting London in 1838, she came to the United States, where her triumphant progress was marked by many advantageous offers of marriage, all of whom she declined. She retired to a villa near Hamburg, Germany, 1851, having amassed an enormous fortune, and died in 1884. Her sister contracted a morganatic marriage in 1851, with Prince Adalbert of Prussia, and was subsequently enabled.

Who does the best his circumstances allow, does well, acts nobly; angels could do no more.—Young.

## Maude Adams in Gold.

The gold statue of Miss Maude Adams, modeled by Miss Bessie Potter, of Chicago, out of pure gold, attracted the attention of representatives from the whole world at the Paris Exposition last summer. Now that the work of art has, through the enterprise of Lit Brothers, been brought to Philadelphia, many hundreds are daily, yes, hourly, attesting by their inspection, their interest and enjoyment of Miss Potter's work.

Miss Adams posed for this statue for six months in Miss Potter's studio. She wore a modern gown, made up in one of the simplest of the season's styles, modest in the extreme, and yet void of any eccentricities of style which could, even years from now, render it ridiculous.

The same good sense was shown in the arrangement of the hair, and in the pose taken. Just a simple girlish figure, typical of, at least, one type of American womanhood. The statue has been classified as "The Type of American Womanhood;" with this nomenclature there is good reason to take exception; American womanhood is far too diversified to be represented by any one statue. But the type taken and of which Miss Adams is very charmingly typical, is a very sweet one; winning in personality, delicate and dainty in face and figure is this popular young actress, and to those who have seen her only on the stage, where she so successfully hides her own identity in many and varying guises, it is a great pleasure to see her as her own natural

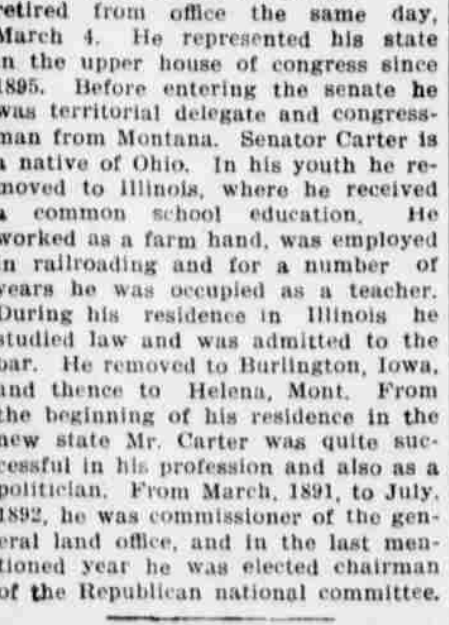


self; a figure full of much that is best in modern womanhood.

The statue is made of California gold, 14 karats; it weighs 600 pounds, and was cast in the foundry of the Henry Bonnard Bronze Company, New York city. So much for statistics. The sculptress, Miss Bessie Potter, is a Chicago girl, who now has a studio in New York. She has made a name for herself along an entirely new line of sculpture modeling the modern woman in the gowns of the present day. These statuettes are clever in conception and execution, and dainty and artistic to the highest degree.

## Carter of Montana.

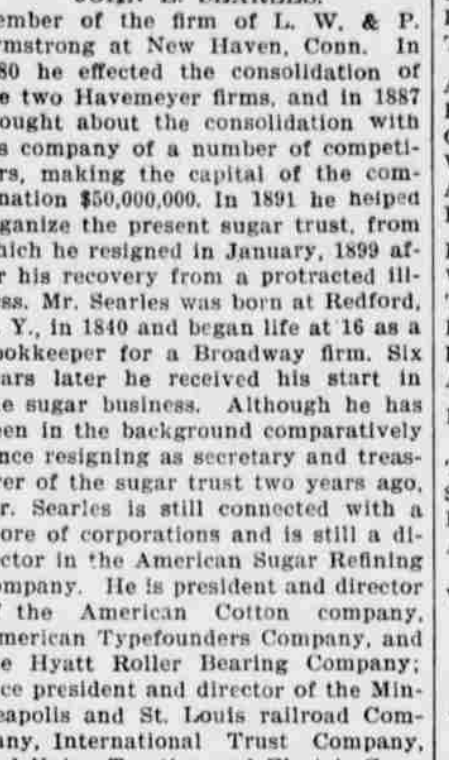
Senator Thomas H. Carter talked the river and harbor bill to death and



retired from office the same day, March 4. He represented his state in the upper house of congress since 1895. Before entering the senate he was territorial delegate and congressman from Montana. Senator Carter is a native of Ohio. In his youth he removed to Illinois, where he received a common school education. He worked as a farm hand, was employed in railroad and for a number of years he was occupied as a teacher. During his residence in Illinois he studied law and was admitted to the bar. He removed to Burlington, Iowa, and thence to Helena, Mont. From the beginning of his residence in the new state Mr. Carter was quite successful in his profession and also as a politician. From March, 1891, to July, 1892, he was commissioner of the general land office, and in the last mentioned year he was elected chairman of the Republican national committee.

## Fall of a Sugar King.

John E. Searles, who made an assignment in New York the other day, was, up to a few years ago, known as one of the "sugar kings of America." He organized, in 1880, the first sugar trust, and was one of the principal organizers of the greater trust in 1891, when he became secretary-treasurer and chief executive officer of the American Sugar Refining company. He entered the sugar trade in 1862 as a



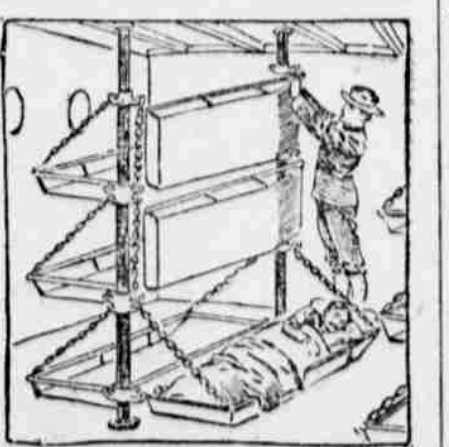
member of the firm of L. W. & P. Armstrong at New Haven, Conn. In 1880 he effected the consolidation of the two Havemeyer firms, and in 1887 brought about the consolidation with his company of a number of competitors, making the capital of the combination \$50,000,000. In 1891 he helped organize the present sugar trust, from which he resigned in January, 1899 after his recovery from a protracted illness. Mr. Searles was born at Redford, N. Y., in 1840 and began life at 16 as a bookkeeper for a Broadway firm. Six years later he received his start in the sugar business. Although he has been in the background comparatively since resigning as secretary and treasurer of the sugar trust two years ago, Mr. Searles is still connected with a score of corporations and is still a director in the American Sugar Refining company. He is president and director of the American Cotton company, American Typefounders Company, and the Hyatt Roller Bearing Company; vice president and director of the Minneapolis and St. Louis railroad Company, International Trust Company, and Union Traction and Electric Company; chairman and director of the Baltimore, Chesapeake and Atlantic railway; secretary and director of the Brooklyn Cooperage Company; director of the American Coffee Company, Preferred Accident Insurance Company, Western National Bank, Sprague Electric Company, Terminal Warehouse Company, and Universal Lasting Company; trustee American Deposit and Loan Company, American Surety Company, Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, People's Trust Company of Brooklyn, Terminal Improvement Company, and Mercantile Trust Company. He is a member of the Lawyers' club and the Down-Town Association.

## Rebuff for Carnegie.

Certain persons in New Brunswick, N. J., attracted by Mr. Carnegie's generosity in providing the means for the foundation of libraries, recently agitated the propriety of asking him for a contribution for that purpose. The city authorities, however, backed by many of the leading citizens, promptly squelched the movement and announced that if a library were needed they were amply able to build it themselves. One of the aldermen said: "Who knows but that the library would be loaded down with literature detrimental to American institutions. If we are to have a library let it be a home institution, and for Americans, young and old."

## Bank for Ships and Cars.

In many places, such as emigrant ships, cars, etc., it is often desirable to erect a large number of separate bunks, so arranged that they may be easily closed for removal, so that the space taken up by the bunks may be utilized for the storage of freight, etc., when the bunks are not in use. Such conditions often arise, for instance, in the transport service, where a ship will carry troops on one voyage and commissary stores on another. To meet this purpose a New York inventor has devised the bunk arrangement shown in the accompanying picture. It comprises two upright posts for each double series of beds, with clamping brackets adjusted at intervals on the posts for the reception of the chains and inner edge of the bunks. The uprights may be either fastened with screws or inserted in slots cut in the



BED TO REPLACE THE HAMMOCK. Then, too, the bunk makes a more comfortable bed for the landsman than the hammocks ordinarily provided.



His voice is hoarse with misty years,  
For never was he young;  
Hatched with the rust upon his wing,  
And on his forked tongue  
A speech that rang through Nile-lands  
green  
Before the pyramids were seen.

The last sweet kernel has he gleaned  
Throughout the grain-fields bleak;  
A famine-threatened pirate he,  
Whose good name none will speak;  
He has no shelter but the wood,  
No comrade in the solitude.

But, still, though autumn's torn red  
flag  
Floats through the fog-wreaths blind,  
And soldier reeds hold broken swords  
Against the sharp north wind,  
His dauntless heart is in his croak,  
Hurled proudly from the tallest oak.

Scorn of the frowning skies it rings,  
Of empty husks, of chill;  
The world is his, however it goes,  
He owns it good or ill.  
For him alone the day is good,  
The night is black within the wood.

And somehow, in our wintry ears  
His music, clear and shrill,  
Conjures a rare, ripe summer day  
With blue smoke on the hill,  
A corn-field swept by shadows long,  
Red poppies, and a reaper's song.

He greets the hunter's breezy horn  
With a derisive laugh;  
The robin's plaintive last good-by  
He raves back as chaff;  
He warms his old breast in the sun,  
And calls across the twilight damp.

But when the moon her round lamp  
takes  
To search the pine woods dim,  
She finds the owl with wings a-flap,  
But never trace of him!  
A black blotch on the night's black  
breast,  
Within the hush he takes his rest.

—Youths' Companion.



## Comes from Hawaii.

Professor William De Witt Alexander, who for thirty years has been at the head of the survey department of Hawaii and for many years past surveyor general, has resigned to accept a position in the coast and geodetic survey bureau of the United States. He will have charge of that branch of the department which has to deal with Hawaii and Samoa. Prof. Alexander was born in Honolulu April 2, 1839. His father was one of the early missionaries and was a native of Kentucky. Prof. Alexander received his early education at Oahu college, then a school for children of the missionaries, and in 1849 went around Cape Horn to Harrisburg, Pa., where he finished his preparatory course, and then entered Yale, graduating in 1855. After leaving Yale he was an instructor in Beloit college, Beloit, Wis. In 1857 he returned to Honolulu to accept the chair of Greek in Oahu



college, and six years later became president, continuing as such until 1876, when he retired to organize and carry on the bureau of government survey. He was a member of the privy council under Kalkaau and Liliuokalani, and since 1887 has been a member of the board of education. In 1884 he represented Hawaii at the International Meridian conference at Washington. He is a man of high scientific attainments. He is an authority on almost anything Hawaiian, and has written much along historical lines. In 1891 he published "A Brief History of the Hawaiian People," which has been a text book in the schools of Hawaii ever since.

## An Altruistic Collapse.

The Association of Altruists, which began its unselfish operations at the Conrow Farm, near Moorestown, N. J., some time ago and from which such excellent results were anticipated, has collapsed, the last member of the colony having abandoned the farm a few days ago. One by one the members had been given good positions by those opposed to the success of altruistic ideas. The promoters of the association set forth in their prospectus such glowing advantages and attractions that quite a number of persons in Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore and other cities were induced to join the association.