

Hollow Ash... Hall

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)
Mr. Cowley's jaw dropped. His face would have been a study for a painter as he gazed at his unearthly visitants, with his hands resting upon his knees.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He was horribly frightened. He hated that house with shivering hatred; he told himself that if he saw another actual apparition there something dreadful would happen to him; he would have a fit—an apoplectic one, very possibly—or perhaps, a stroke of palsy, which would leave him with his face awry! It was a horrible thought; but he kept it manfully to himself. He would have suffered those slow tortures of agonized fear a hundred times over rather than own to the wife of his bosom that he had erred in selecting such a place for his residence. He might have said as much to some gentleman friend, if one had chanced to come in his way; but his wife—never! That was a concession too great by far for the worthy Englishman to make. No, the husband, like the king, could do no wrong, and he was determined to uphold that doctrine to the last gasp in his own family circle!

Do you think that same circle, meanwhile, was unaware of the struggle—unconscious of his fear? Not a bit of it! Mrs. Cowley, as she awoke each morning from a refreshing sleep and saw him lying pale and uneasy upon his pillow, smiled grimly to herself and wondered how long he would take to come to his senses again. His daughters, too, were rejoicing in the pangs their own mischievous arts had caused, even when they asked after "poor papa's headache." In such melodious tones each morning at the breakfast table, and Mrs. MacCarthy—deceitful old sinner that she was—laughed till she cried sometimes over the broths and jellies which she made each day and which she pressed upon his acceptance with a face as long as an undertaker's.

The whole house was in league against him, and the poor wretch knew it not. Yet he stood it out manfully; and there seemed some danger that between his uneasiness and his obstinacy he would grow seriously ill. Besides, Christmas was fast approaching, and the girls wanted to dance the New Year in and the Old Year out, at their

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

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

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

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

"I climbed the hills and descended the valleys—I waded through the morass, not without a sickening fear when I saw the brown and black water snakes glide lovingly in pairs around me.

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

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

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

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

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

(To be continued.)

SNAKE SAVES MISSIONARY.
Crawls Over His Feet, and Hostile Indians Run Away

Among the earlier colonists in New England was one, a most devout man, a preacher, whose zeal soon led him to go as a missionary among the red men of the forest. Although the Indians lived all about the little settlements of the whites, this man decided to go far into the wilderness and to live entirely among the rude people, to whom he wished to preach the gospel. So he took his tent and set it up at a place many miles from the nearest white man's town. He learned the Indian language and every day preached to the unlettered sons of the forest. At length the Indians became alarmed at the encroachments of the whites and decided to rise and massacre them. The lone missionary could hardly hope to escape. One night several Indians, with their tomahawks, started forth to kill him. They crept silently up to the tent and peeped in. There sat the good man, pouring over his Bible by the light of a flaming pine knot. The Indians raised their tomahawks to strike him, when their arms fell helpless to their sides. A huge snake, feeling the warmth of the fire that glowed near the missionary, glided out of his hole, crawled harmlessly over the missionary's feet and disappeared. The Indians turned and fled, feeling sure that they had witnessed a miracle. The Great Spirit, they said, was the friend of the good man and had preserved his life from the fury of the poisonous reptile. In the bloody war that followed the uprising of the red men the good missionary was left unharmed, no Indian daring to touch him. This story, said to be true, was told for many years afterward by the colonists of New England.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Fish and onions, or strongly flavored foods, must be kept separate.

Brush the bottom crust of a fruit pie with white of egg and it will not be soggy.

THE LAST OF THE MODOCS

Modocs retaliated later and then took to the lava beds, where the First Cavalry was sent to dislodge them. Through Eastern efforts a peace commission was appointed. Its members were General Canby, A. B. Meacham and a clergyman named Thomas. These men were lured to a conference with Jack and several of his warriors. The white men were killed. For months

It's a pitiful tale of a vanishing race that comes from the pen of the artist Burbank, who had been paying a visit to the remnant of the Modoc tribe in the Indian Territory. There are left only fifty of this once-energetic and warlike people. Princess Mary, a sister of the Modoc chief, Captain Jack, who was hanged thirty years ago for a bit of treachery to the whites, told the story to the artist of her tribe's woes, but she told it only in part. Time must have softened the animosities in the heart of this Indian maid and have dulled the keenness of resentment for imposed injuries which would make a black chapter for another "Century of Dishonor." Captain Jack was treacherous, and he suffered therefor. He was taught his lesson in treachery, however, by the whites, and the revenge he took was light when compared to the white man's crimes which it was intended to offset.

Thirty years ago Brigadier General E. R. S. Canby and some companions "sought the society" of some Modoc Indians who had promised to be good. The result was bullets through the head of General Canby and Peace Commissioners Thomas and A. B. Meacham. An Indian war followed, and there were some hangings by the government, which, however, in other years had made no attempt to punish white men who through treachery had slain 300, while the Indians slew but three.

Years ago there were many Modocs. They lived in southern Oregon along the banks of the Lost River. The whites invaded the country without an attempt at treaty. A frontiersman named Ben Wright lost a friend or two in a battle with the Indians. He plotted revenge. At first he formed a wagon train and into each covered vehicle he loaded armed men. The train had the appearance of a peaceful settlers' caravan. The wagons were driven into the Modocs' country. The warriors came to the hills, looked at the train and did not attack. The ruse failed. Then Ben Wright put on the garb of a peaceful trader, and sending out some runners induced men, women and children of the Modoc tribe to meet him at the base of some foothills, there to exchange pelts for coveted gewgaws. The Modocs came unarmed. They squatted in a great group in front of the supposed trader. Suddenly the hillside was aflame. The rifles of more than a hundred concealed men opened on the defenseless Modocs. They broke and fled, but left scores of dead and wounded behind. The whites saw it that the wounded speedily joined the ranks of the dead. Captain Jack as a boy was present at this massacre. Years afterward, when standing in the shadow of the gallows upon which he was to be hanged for murdering a white man, he ironically asked the hangman for a list of the palefaces

THEY TOOK UP THE MARCH.
The Indians fought the whites from the stronghold of the lava beds. Finally they were overcome, and Captain Jack, Sconchin and Black Jim were hanged. As a lesson to the tribe that treachery was a white man's prerogative.

In her log hut in the Indian Territory the Princess Mary still wears the mourning emblems of her tribe in memory of her chieftain brother. A few more seasons and there will be none left of these manful Modocs to mourn the warrior dead.—Edward B. Clark.

HIDE HIM FROM ENEMIES.
The Stripes on the Zebra Serve to Conceal Him.

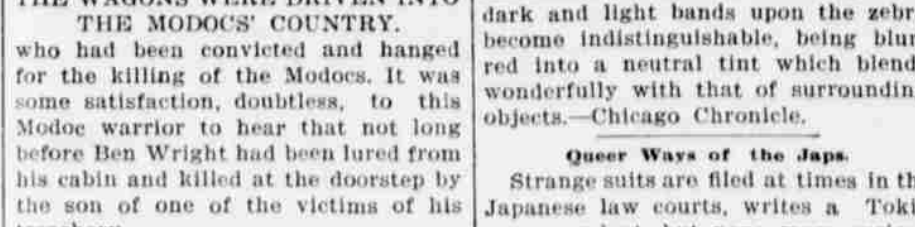
The usefulness of the stripes upon the tiger is easily explained, since they enable him to hide among the coarse grass of the jungle. But how are we to account for the markings of the zebra, who is the pre-eminent specialist in stripes? A full answer would require a whole article, for it involves one of the most complex and interesting paradoxes in natural history. To put the matter as briefly as possible one must make two statements, which at first sight appear to be flatly contradictory. Firstly, the zebra is striped because it is to his interest to be conspicuous; secondly, he is striped because it is to his interest to be invisible. Strange enough, not only are both these statements strictly true, but one may further say that no other kind of coloration would protect the zebra so well. During the daytime zebras usually graze in small herds among the stunted trees and bushes of the African uplands. They do not place sentinels to watch against their foes, like the wild sheep and the chamois, because usually there is no commanding spot available where a sentinel could overlook the surrounding country. Their method consists in each member of the band keeping an eye upon the movements of his fellows as well as keeping a sharp lookout for himself. If a prowling leopard approaches the herd one or other of the zebras is pretty sure to perceive the danger and the others take warning by observing his start of alarm. Hence it will be seen that the more conspicuous each member of the band is the more readily do his warning movements catch the eyes of his fellows—who at once take the hint and save themselves from being eaten by a good use of their legs. It is at night that the zebra specially desires to be invisible. Most African beasts have to travel far for water and are obliged to make their thirst during the darkness at spots where lions and other enemies are in the habit of lying in ambush. Now, it has been found that in the twilight the dark and light bands upon the zebra become indistinguishable, being blurred into a neutral tint which blends wonderfully with that of surrounding objects.—Chicago Chronicle.

Queer Ways of the Japs.
Strange suits are filed at times in the Japanese law courts, writes a Tokio correspondent, but none more curious than one which is now before the local court of Usuki-Machi, in the Oita prefecture. In this case a cultivator brings an action in which he seeks to have the court compel a Japanese girl to reciprocate the affection which he has demonstrated toward her, with her consent, for several years. He has wooed the lady, he declares, since 1897, and she has recently looked with favor upon him and accepted "baked sweetmeats" at his hands. She invited him to her house a few days ago, and after partaking of various delicacies at his expense slipped away and left him to be unceremoniously kicked out by her friends. On these grounds he prays for the intervention of the court to compel her to return his love. The judge is taking time to consider the matter.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Our past lives build the present which must mould the lives to be.—Sir E. Arnold.
The boiler pressure has been increased and the boilers have been greatly improved.

THE WAGONS WERE DRIVEN INTO THE MODOCS' COUNTRY.
who had been convicted and hanged for the killing of the Modocs. It was some satisfaction, doubtless, to this Modoc warrior to hear that not long before Ben Wright had been lured from his cabin and killed at the doorstep by the son of one of the victims of his treachery.

There are only fifty of the Modocs left. The wonder grows in view of their persecution that they muster even a half-hundred strong. Once the government asked the Modocs to leave their ancestral home and take residence on the Klamath reservation. Through the influence of Superintendent A. B. Meacham they were induced to move. No sooner were the Modocs settled on the new land than the Klamath Indians began to molest them. They were moved to another part of the reservation. There the Klamaths attacked them again and the local agent refused to issue food. The Modocs were starving, and without notice, between suns, they took up the march back to the fertile Lost River country. There Meacham sought them out again. He was authorized, he thought, as a last resort to give them permission to stay where they were. The Indians accepted this permission gladly and promised peace with undoubted sincerity. Within a month the government ordered their forcible removal. Soldiers surprised them and killed five of the band. The



WORK BEGINS IN MANILA.
Philippine Commission Inaugurates Civil Government Procedure There.

MANILA, May 4.—Civil government in Manila was established today as a preliminary to the inauguration of a general civil government. The United States Philippine commission is unwilling at present to permit the experiment of elections here, although they have been authorized in all other municipalities. Judge Taft says a municipal structure for Manila will shortly be erected. The officers will probably be appointive. Lepanto and possibly all the other uncivilized provinces will be organized specially on a plan similar to that adopted in the province of Bengali.

The board of health has completed the census of Manila. The population numbers 244,732.

The trial of Lieutenant Boyer, charged with commissary irregularities, has been completed. The verdict has not been announced. The trial of Captain Barrows, also charged with commissary irregularities, begins Monday.

PRESIDENT BURT EXPLORES.
He and Clark to Inspect the Proposed Extension to the Coast.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, May 4.—President Horace G. Burt of the Union Pacific and General Manager D. O. Clark of the Union Pacific Co. company arrived here this morning in Mr. Burt's private car. They left this evening for Nevada, where they will meet General Manager Bancroft and General Superintendent Calvin of the Short Line. After inspecting the line and investigating the work that has been done in track laying on the recently contested grade, the party will proceed in all probability by wagon over the route to be taken by the Short Line in its extension to the coast. A visit to the coal fields in the vicinity of Cedar City also is to be made.

Joseph A. Glensing of Chicago committed suicide by throwing himself underneath a freight train in the Lake Shore yards at Collinwood, O. Glensing was between 60 and 70 years old and a veteran of the civil war.

Shoots at Her Four Times.
NEBRASKA CITY, Neb., May 4.—A man who gave his name as H. A. Simmons of Shenandoah, Ia., was arrested upon the charge of shooting with intent to kill. Mrs. Sidney Botts states that Simmons accosted her while she was standing in front of her house and upon her refusal to answer his question, he drew a revolver and fired at her four times, but the shots were wild and none of the bullets took effect.

THE LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Latest Quotations from South Omaha and Kansas City.
SOUTH OMAHA.
Cattle—There was a fairly liberal run of cattle, and owing to unfavorable reports from other points trade started out a little slow and packers in some cases tried to buy their supplies a little lower, but the market soon braced up and packers paid just about steady prices. There were about 60 cars of beef steers included in the receipts and except for the first round the market was steady and active. The more desirable kinds sold readily at yesterday's quotations, and even the commoner grades sold without much trouble at what looked to be steady prices. As has been the case for some time past, there were not many cows and heifers on sale. Buyers seemed to want the cattle and although the trade was a little slow in starting, it ruled fairly active and just about steady later on. Bulls also sold in just about yesterday's notches, and the same could be said of veal calves and stags. Stockers and feeders eased off a little. The high prices of the last few days have rather shut off the demand from the country and as a result speculators did not care for any more cattle at the fancy prices paid yesterday and the day before. In some cases sales were made that looked as much as 10-15c lower than the same kind sold for yesterday and the day before. The common cattle were neglected and also sold lower.

Hogs—Today's hog market was a big nickel higher than yesterday. The quality of the offerings was better than yesterday, which makes the market show up on paper 507½c higher. The supply was liberal, but the demand was fully equal to the occasion and trade was active at the advance. Practically everything offered was out of first hands by 9 o'clock. The bulk of the mixed hogs sold at \$5.30 and \$5.75. The heavier and better grades sold largely at \$5.75, while the light and common stuff sold from \$5.75 down.

Sheep—There were not many sheep on the market. Following are quotations: Choice wethers, \$4.25; fair to good wethers, \$4.00; clipped wethers, \$3.75; fair to good clipped wethers, \$3.50; choice light-weight yearlings, \$4.00; fair to good yearlings, \$3.75; choice light-weight ewes, \$3.50; fair to good ewes, \$3.25; clipped ewes, \$2.90; fair to good lambs, \$4.50; clipped lambs \$4.20; spring lambs, \$3.50; feeder wethers, \$2.50; feeder lambs, \$4.00.

KANSAS CITY.
Cattle—Market active, but generally steady to 10c lower; choice native steers, \$5.15; fair to good, \$4.50; stockers and feeders, \$3.50; western-fed steers, \$4.00; Texana and Indiana, \$4.25; cows, \$3.25; heifers, \$3.00; bulls, \$3.40; calves, \$4.00.

Hogs—Market 507½c higher; top, \$5.75; bulk of sales, \$5.50; heavy, \$5.00; mixed packers, \$3.75; light, \$3.25; pigs, \$2.50.

Sheep and Lambs—Choice lambs, steady; sheep, slow; common grades, 10c lower; western lambs, \$4.50; common to good, \$4.00; clipped Texas sheep, \$3.75; western ewes, \$3.50; culls, \$2.75; spring lambs, \$5.00.

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