

# Hollow Ash... Hall

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

## CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## CHAPTER XIII.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh, I cannot!"

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

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

It was Mr. Vere.

She was proud—too proud to show how frightened she was, though her partner felt her trembling from head to foot. She said that she was tired, and they left the circle and sat down.

Mr. Vere did not come to her. She saw him talking to a lady near the door, as grave and calm as ever, only that he never trusted himself to look that way until the party was breaking up. Then he crossed the room and stood before her.

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

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

(To be continued.)

## HOW HE SCARED THE TIGER.

Bluff Played Successfully by an Unarmed Traveler in India.

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

## A GREAT BENEFIT

The Life-Saving Service of the United States.

The founder of the United States Life-Saving Service, Dr. William A. Newell, is still living at the ripe age of 83 and practicing his profession of medicine at Allentown, N. J. Dr. Newell's thoughts were first directed to the question of life saving by his witnessing the wreck of a vessel at Long Branch, N. J., in which thirteen lives were lost. This was in 1839. In 1846 Dr. Newell entered congress and there began his agitation for some method by which navigation along a certain portion of the New Jersey coast might be rendered less dangerous. Among those whom he interested as supporters of his views were Abraham Lincoln and John Quincy Adams. When the light-house bill of the senate came before the house for consideration, Dr. Newell offered a second resolution, providing for surf-boats, rockets, carronades and other necessary apparatus for the better preservation of life and property from shipwreck along the New Jersey coast. An appropriation of \$10,000 was asked. This resolution in the form of an amendment to the light-house bill was unanimously adopted. In the third session of the thirtieth congress, an extension of the service from Little Egg harbor to Cape May

## FROM A SMALL START.

Majestic Growth of the Krupp Plant at Essen, Germany.

With the profits derived from his forge, Frederick Krupp was enabled, in 1818, to build a small plant, consisting of eight melting furnaces, with one crucible apiece, on the spot where the great world-famed establishment now stands. Although the good quality of his product was recognized, he had not attained complete success at the time of his death in 1826. The cast steel works were carried on by his widow and his eldest son, Alfred. The 14-year-old boy, who was obliged to leave school, labored untiringly at the crucibles, assisted by two workmen. While engaged in this hard toil, often lasting through the night, he lived on potatoes, coffee and bread and butter, without any meat, says the Engineering Magazine. He was master and apprentice, he was founder and smith, packer and errand boy, book-keeper and traveling man. On Sundays he wrote up the books and made out the accounts. The establishment to-day consists of the cast steel works at Essen, the Krupp steel works, formerly F. Asthower & Co., in Annen, Westphalia, where steel castings of all kinds are the principal product; the Gruson works, at Backau, near Magdeburg, where hardened cast armor, armored turrets, crushing machines and so on are made; four blast furnace plants, at Rheinhausen, Duisburg, Neuwied and Engers; four coal mines, namely, the Hanover mines, shafts Nos. 1 and 2; the Salzer and Neusack mine, and the Hannibal mine; part interests in other coal mines; a great number of iron mines in Germany and in Spain, a proving ground at Meppen, 16.8 kilometers (10.5 miles) in length, with provision for extending the firing range to 24 kilometers (15 miles); three ocean steamers; stone quarries; clay and sand pits, etc. Besides all this, the firm of Frederick Krupp operates by contract the Germania Ship and Engine Building company of Berlin and Kiel.

## WAVES ALL OVER THE WORLD.

Some Waves 17 Feet High, Others 436 Feet Long.

Ocean waves do not run "mountain high," although sometimes, to a person tossed about in the tempest, they seem to do so. Lieutenant Paris of the French navy, in observing 4,000 waves under different conditions of sea, found that with a rough sea the average height of the waves was about 25½ feet, and the average length a trifle over 485½ feet. In a smooth, calm sea the average billow was found to be only 5½ feet high and 203 feet long. In a heavy sea he found the average velocity of the waves was nearly 56½ feet a second, while in a calm sea the waves moved with an average speed of 35½ feet a second. Ralph Abercromby, who made observations of waves in various parts of the South Pacific, reported having seen one wave which, he thought from his calculations, must have been 466 feet high, but of this he was not sure. Lieutenant Paris found the height of waves to vary in different seas. In the region of the Atlantic trade winds he places the average height of waves at a little less than 6½ feet and in the region of the west winds in the South Atlantic at an average of a little over 14 feet, while in the Southern Indian ocean the average is a fraction over 17 feet. In the Indian trade winds the height is only a fraction over 9 feet, and in the seas of China and Japan the average height is 10½ feet. On the Western Pacific they average 10 and a fraction feet. The greatest average length is found in the region of the west winds in the South Atlantic, where the waves average 436 feet in length, and the shortest seas are in the region of the Atlantic trade winds, where they average only 213 feet. Next to the region of the west winds in the South Atlantic the longest average waves are found in the South Indian ocean, where they are set down at 374 feet, and in the Pacific, where the average is 334 feet.—New York Press.

## Two Federal Armies.

There are two federal armies. Few persons are aware of the size of the swarm of civil employes resident in the District of Columbia. The following official statement does not include senators and representatives and the hundreds of employes of congress, nor private and retired members of the army and navy resident in Washington, but merely the Washington working force of the departments and the money paid out for salaries:

	Number	Aggregate
	employes,	gate pay.
Treasury dept . . . . .	4,881	\$ 5,030,633 55
Dept. Interior . . . . .	4,440	4,909,733 00
Government print-		
ing office . . . . .	3,150	2,993,284 99
District gov't . . . . .	3,026	2,168,959 00
War department . . . . .	1,787	2,006,547 00
Dept. agriculture . . . . .	804	832,946 00
Postoffice dept . . . . .	697	779,580 00
Navy department . . . . .	324	382,392 18
Dept. of justice . . . . .	141	255,640 00
Dept. of labor . . . . .	101	134,780 00
Dept. of state . . . . .	95	133,940 00

Totals . . . . . 19,446 \$19,628,566 72

A still larger number of civil officials is employed in the postoffice and interior departments and in carrying forward the works of construction authorized by the government.—Philadelphia Record.

## Where Indian Corn Originated.

The earliest specimen of Indian corn grew, it is believed by botanists, on the plateau of Peru, where this plant has been found growing in a condition which indicates that it is indigenous to the soil.



DR. WILLIAM A. NEWELL.

## WHERE THE DAY BEGINS.

The International Date Line, as Recognized by Our Navy.

What is known as the International Date Line, where the day changes, as vessels sail across the Pacific, lies along the meridian 180 degrees west of Greenwich, but does not follow it exactly. It deviates slightly to the east and again to the west at various points in order to include certain islands into the area in which the American date is kept and vice versa, to include other islands in the area in which the Asiatic date is kept. When this line is crossed going west skippers gain a day; when they cross it going east they lose one. The United States navy recognizes the line as beginning at a point north of Siberia, southeast to Bering Strait, through which it passes midway, leaving the St. Lawrence island on the American side, and, turning, passes in a westerly direction, crossing the 180th meridian at about latitude 60 degrees north, to a point just to westward of the Near Islands, so that all of the Aleutian Islands may be on the American side, thence in a southeasterly direction back to the 180th meridian at a latitude of about 48 degrees north, thence along the 180th meridian to a point 5 degrees south latitude, thence in a direction about southeast by south to a point midway between the Fiji and Samoan islands, the Friendly Islands being on the Asiatic side; thence about south by west to the vicinity of Chatham, leaving it on the Asiatic side; thence in a southwesterly direction back to the 180th meridian, where it remains.

## Living Down a Hoodoo.

A New York hotel that is daily overcrowded with patronage of the first class was designed as an apartment house and occupied as such until ghosts drove the tenants away. Every night there were strange noises in each of the 350 or 400 rooms. The occupants lost sleep and nerves. Women were afraid to be left alone in broad daylight. Leases were ruthlessly broken and people moved away in swarms. The news that the place was haunted spread all over the country, enticing scores of bold investigators. The noises continued, but no ghost was seen. The proprietor was in despair. Some advised him to burn the house down, others to wreck it. Finally he sold. Another of New York's seven-day sensations dropped out of mind, and presently new tenants, who had never heard of the "haunts," flocked in to take advantage of the reduced rates. Today we witness the spectacle of a hoodoo lived down in the very heart of our great city.—New York Press.

## Pekin's Remarkable Bells.

Pekin is rich in remarkable bells, the finest specimens being located in the bell tower on the western side of the Tartar City, and the Tachungu, or temple of the great bell, beyond the city wall. The latter contains the great bell of Pekin, cast by order of the Emperor Yong-Lo in 1415 and hung in the present tower by the Emperor Wauich in 1578. This gigantic object is 15 feet in height, is 9 inches thick, and has a circumference of 34 feet at the rim. It weighs 53½ tons, and is covered inside and out with inscriptions from the Buddhist outras in Chinese characters.

## The Parent of a Dreadful Curse.

There is a farm in Wisconsin for the raising of wormwood, from the oil of which that dreadful drink, absinthe, is procured. The oil has a remarkable penetrating power and for this reason is much used in the making of ointments.

Absinthe itself is becoming a powerful curse to mankind. It has secured such a stronghold in Paris that the government is taking steps to stop the sale of the "green terror" in France. It was absinthe in the hands of McAllister, Campbell, Kerr, and Death which caused Jennie Boschbieter's death one lonely night at Paterson, N. J., for which crime the men were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment.

A large dose of the oil will produce insensibility, convulsions, dilated pupils, sluggish pulse, and other serious effects—the after-effect often including trembling hands, arms, and legs, in-