

Hollow Ash... Hall

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It was a beautiful morning—almost as mild as if it had been autumn, rather than a December day. The sun had advanced just high enough in the heavens to pour down his mildest and warmest beams, and the near village and the distant hills were bathed in the golden light, as, of old, the fair Eden spread its beauty forth for Adam's admiring eyes.

It was a blessed day. The most careless heart could not drink in its beauty in a thankful mood; the fresh, sweet air brought a color to the most pallid cheek. It was hard to look out upon the glorious scene and realize that a world so lovely and so fair should be the home and haunt of all that was contemptible and base—that the serpent Slander and the gaunt fiend Care, and the demon of Murder, with his red right hand, could fling a shadow over all this beauty and cause each heart that had loved it once, almost to curse its memory in after years.

And yet, even the singing of the blithe birds on that lovely winter's day seemed to say that this might be so—seemed to say that the little children sporting joyously in the village street might live to feel that blighting scorn which worldly spirits only understand; that those pleasant rustic homes, scattered like visible blessings here and there, might be the haunts of fiends in human form, and the burial place of the heart's best affections.

For the singing of the birds, in some strange way, seemed to speak that morning of one sorely tried and tempted in her earthly pilgrimage, but now at rest where no earthly malice could disturb her—of one whose sweet eyes would have gazed in calm contemplation on that lovely scene, had no false words ever kindled the flame of love within her breast, and then left it to go out in darkness, in bitterness, in tears and death!

Yet, on that lovely day, a deed apparently unsuited to the sylvan loveliness of the scene, was about to be done. On that day, the record of the past was to be rudely searched—the grave made to give up its secrets and its dead.

Having undertaken the task, Mr. Cowley was determined to accomplish it; and yet, he would have given worlds, as the hour drew nigh, that he had never meddled with the matter—never come to Hollow Ash Hall.

His nephew also seemed nervous and ill at ease. As for the ladies, they scarcely spoke, but sat huddled together over the drawing-room fire—all except Rose, and she was wandering over the house like an uneasy spirit, till at last they missed her entirely.

The morning was rapidly waning away, and at last Mr. Cowley rose from his easy-chair with the air of a man who had made up his mind beyond the power of a change.

"Come, Charles, let us get it over," he said, gravely.

They went out into the hall. Rose met them there, and by her side stood a tall and handsome gentleman, with a foreign air and appearance.

"Father," said the girl eagerly, come back into the library for a moment. This gentleman knows the secret of the haunted house, and is about to tell it to you."

Mr. Cowley started, as well he might. "And who may this gentleman be?" he asked, somewhat stiffly.

"A friend of the Vernons," was the quick reply. "Let him tell you the story of the haunted house."

They went back into the library together, and this was the substance of the story which he told them of the dead girl, the ruined family, and the deserted house:

Marion Escourt had been a favored child from the very hour of her birth. True, her young mother died that she might live, but a sister of that mother, good and pure as she, took the infant to her heart, and cherished it for the sake of the dead. Marion's aunt was one of earth's saints, and, under her loving care the child grew mild, and good and gentle—beloved by every one who knew her. Her father was an old man, and, being the possessor of great wealth, he chose to indulge his only and darling child in every wish she expressed. He seemed to live that he might please her; yet, strange to say, in spite of all this injudicious fondness, she was quite unspoiled.

A slight touch of haughtiness there might have been in her manner, but she was no more to blame for that than that her eyes were so large and dark, or her form so reed-like and graceful. With the beauty of her mother, she had inherited the stately manner of her father, and though she moved among her friends with the stately dignity of a young princess, no one seemed disposed to quarrel with what became her so well, and was so sweetly tempered with modesty and gentleness, and all good gifts.

Years passed on and added the arch fascinations of girlhood to her other charms. Her playmates were forced to select their cavaliers from the list of her rejected lovers, and yet her heart seemed all untouched.

At last she made her choice. It sur-

their tenants, Mr. Vernon had little or no intimacy. People did not quite understand him or his position. There were rumors afloat that touched his character closely; and even Marion was supposed to be—not a lady, a relative and his wife—but a person of inferior birth; some even thought her a servant, who had consented to reside with him without troubling herself about the formal ceremony of marriage. He must have known that this was the general impression, and yet he never contradicted it in any way. So no one ever came to the Hall, and Marion wondered a little at the unsocial neighborhood and heard nothing for a long time of the dangerous intimacy her indifferent husband had formed.

At last the tale leaked out through the good offices of her own maid. She was shocked and indignant, but something impelled her to seek Mr. Vernon at once and know the truth. She went down into the study, where he was lounging in an easy chair, smoking a cigar, and thinking, probably, much less of Mrs. Vernon than of Mrs. Moore. He laid aside the cigar and she sat down beside him and began her hopeless task.

Hopeless—how hopeless every woman must know. For all men, even the best and bravest, and gentlest, are cowardly in their dealings with women, and will evade a downright inquiry if it is in their power to do so. It happened, therefore, as a mere matter of course, that Mr. Vernon told his wife an absolute falsehood, and made her believe at last that she had been slandered, by the reports she had heard—highly colored ones, let us own. She believed him.

But the next day both he and Mrs. Moore were missing.

The had fled to Australia together. The shock drove Marion mad for the time. And in her frenzy she destroyed the life of her infant, which was born before she recovered.

(To be continued.)

TRAMP STEAMER'S CHANCE.

Big Trade Awaiting Development from America's Island Ports.

In Leslie's appears a most interesting article upon the possibilities of Chicago as a seaport. The author, W. D. Hulbert, sums up his argument by remarking that, when all is said and done, the facts remain that transportation by water is almost invariably cheaper than by land, and that at least a portion of a cargo—say from 1,500 to 2,000 tons—can be carried through the Welland and St. Lawrence canals without breaking bulk. The latter point is of vital importance, especially in shipments of fragile goods which will not bear much handling. The delays in passing the canals will be counterbalanced to some extent by the delays which now take place in New York custom house. It is even claimed that, because of the length of time required to get merchandise through the crowded warehouses of New York, goods from Europe can be delivered at the lake ports more promptly by way of the St. Lawrence than by the present routes. As to the comparatively small size of the steamers, that may prove to be in some cases a positive advantage, for it will enable them, like the Vergeland, to visit lesser European ports which now have no direct communication with America—cities too small to absorb the cargo of a larger steamship, or to furnish her with a load for her return trip. Even if the traffic should not be as satisfactory as desired in 1901, it may succeed the following year. Just now marine freight rates are very high, and there is a great demand for steamers, especially on the ocean, but this condition of things cannot last always. Sooner or later a change must come, and the cargo no longer will be seeking a ship, but the ship a cargo. And then the owners and masters of medium-sized steamers will turn their attention to this fresh water route, stretching from Montreal 1600 miles into the very heart of the North American continent.

Discovered a Useful Secret.

Like many other useful inventions, the art of bottling beer was discovered by mere accident. It is attributed to Alexander Nowell, head master of Woodbridge school, England, who was noted for his erudition, his piety and his penchant for angling. His portrait in the hall of Brasenose college, Oxford, represents him with his bible before him and his fishing rods on either side, and bears the inscription, Piscator Hominum. It appears that once while fishing, as his habit was at Hadham, he mislaid his bottle of ale in the long grass on the banks of the river Ash. Stumbling upon it some time afterward he found it, in the quaint words of Fuller, "not a bottle, but a gun, such the sound of it when opened, and this, as causality is the mother of more inventions than industry, is believed the original of bottled ale in England." Nowell was presented to the living of Great Hadham in 1562, and the date of his discovery must be about 1530.

Tom Johnson Keeps His Word.

Mayor Tom L. Johnson of Cleveland recently redeemed a promise to his schoolgirl daughter by buying for her a \$1,000 automobile. Miss Johnson some time ago asked her father for one of the horseless vehicles and he agreed to get her one as soon as she could operate it. He forgot all about the matter until one afternoon recently, when, as he was walking home, his daughter came along in an auto at high speed. She stopped in front of her father and looked at him inquiringly. He nodded and next morning the young lady owned a handsome horseless vehicle.

SOME QUEER GOODS

Odd Lines Carried by Commercial Travelers.

Queer as some kinds of business are, the work of the drummers who travel in those lines seem queerer yet. It might not seem odd to know that big houses deal exclusively in glass eyes or in telescopic adjustable coffins, but when a commercial traveler goes out on the road to work up these lines there appears something weird about his occupation. The fascination of a glass eye in a person's face is remarkable. As a rule it looks as if it stared at you, whether it does or not, there is an unconquerable desire to stare at it. But there is something still more uncanny about the one-eyed drummer who opens his sample case, takes out scores of eyes and fits them into the slightest orifice in his face to show you just how natural they look. The drummer scarcely can carry glass eyes representing all kinds, because no doubt his home house has a sample stock of 10,000 eyes, and no two alike. This, of course, is because the eyes of no two human beings are exactly alike, and this is sometimes the case with the eyes of one person. So the drummer can give only a hint of the great variety the trade affords. The finest quality of glass eyes come from France and German, principally the latter country. America has learned everything in the art except how to glaze properly. We get the shape and the color, but our glaze is soft and worn through easily. Possibly most persons with natural eyes couldn't tell the difference, but an expert can, and so can a person whom fate has decreed shall go henceforth through the world with one glass eye. How the German and the French do it is a trade secret that is guarded jealously. The glass eye isn't solid, but a thin shell of porcelain with the iris blown in the center. Some of the most expensive have the white about the iris hand-painted daintily, with even the delicate blood vessels showing. The drummer has the most difficulty in fitting gray eyes, for the markings are so varied. Sometimes a house has to send abroad for the correct thing, which is made especially to order. A drummer in glass eyes keeps at work pretty actively, for the life of an artificial eye is only two or three years at the most, and sometimes only as many months. As a burnt child dreads the fire, so does a person, with a glass eye, if he has had experi-

ence. Coming from the cold outdoor air into a heated house and stepping up to the fire to warm is likely to result in the eye cracking and dropping out of the head. False eyes, like false teeth, are taken out at night, thereby increasing the chance of breakage or loss. So, altogether, the business of a drummer in glass eyes is likely to be brisk all the year round. Then there's the man who sells telescopic coffins, which will fit a corpse of any height and width. His certainly is a ghastly calling, but not much more so than of the fellow who travels with skeletons and bones for students, hospitals and museums. Flea powder and flea traps are out of the ordinary lines of commercial traveling, yet there are men who make a good living by supplying smaller houses with such things and the same may be said of "pushers" for rat and mouse poisons. Down among the farmers of Long Island are men who go about with samples of fish, which, because of the phosphorus they contain, are guaranteed to be the finest kind of fertilizer for worn-out land. In Africa American drummers of certain lines have the whole continent for their field exclusively. If they get an order once in six months they are well repaid for their labor. These few men deal in iron bridges, like that which an American firm recently built over the Athbara River, taking the contract for rapid work when Englishmen would not touch it. There's a man in England who has traveled through the British Isles with mummies to dispose of to museums at from \$150 to \$300 each. He strayed into this line accidentally, for at the time he was doing nothing, and a friend, a civil engineer in Egypt, had a chance to buy a job lot of Ptolemies, which he forwarded to England with instructions how and where to sell them. Then there are drummers in battlefield relics—swords and guns, bullets and cannon balls dug up on the field of Waterloo. Possibly they were dug up there, but if so, it was because they were planted a few weeks before. Still it's far more likely that they acquired their rusty look in soil far from the blood-soaked field. These particular relics find a ready sale to the tourists in Belgium who want to take something home with them.—New York Press.

Money Without ...Owners... Uncle Sam Holds \$2,500,000 of Unclaimed Postal Orders.

The number of money orders issued in the United States and which are never presented for payment is very great, says an official of the Washington postoffice department. These orders disappear in various ways. Some are burned or torn up instead of the receipts. Some are sent in letters which are not addressed at all or are incorrectly addressed, and these, together with thousands of other orders, find their way to the dead letter office. Ultimately most of these letters find their way back to the remitters or duplicates are applied for.

There is today an accumulation of over \$2,500,000 in the Treasury of these unclaimed money orders which has been gradually piling up year after year during the 35 years the government has been conducting a money order business. With each individual order the government has made a special effort to effect payment to the payee or restore the amount to the remitter, and, failing, can do naught but keep the amount. The fact that 50,000 duplicate orders are annually issued would appear to indicate that the American people are extremely careless in the handling of these money vouchers. Where the originals go or how they are disposed of would fill a volume.

The government has issued \$4,300,000,000 in money orders, and has paid every cent of this great sum except the \$2,500,000 I have mentioned. A single order may be issued up to \$100 in amount, and the average is about \$7.50, the smaller offices issuing the great bulk of orders and the larger offices cashing 95 per cent of them.

Traveling men, circus men, railroad employes and others, whose business requires them to move from place to place, are very fond of buying orders payable to themselves. They cannot spend an order as a bill and as no one

but themselves or the indorsees may secure the amount of the orders they are just as much ahead when they get into the next town, making themselves their own bankers with the government as a depository. Sometimes an actor or circus man will present a dozen orders at the close of the season which he has bought from time to time, and their amount represents savings which otherwise would have been spent.

Humorous Entries for Census.

The usual humorous incidents were not lacking in the recently taken British census. An immigrant in New Zealand stated to the authorities that his mother was a Kaffir, his father an Irishman who had become a naturalized American, but afterward served in the French army, and that he was born on the passage between Yokohama and Colombo in a Spanish vessel. "Put him down a Scotchman!" was the official decision. A man brought up at Bow street was accosted by eight linguists and a professor in seventy-five languages without a response. But a test case for the census officials is that of a man in Wales who asserts that he was found on a derelict vessel (date unknown) and knows nothing about his father or mother. A householder could not tell how many children he had, while still another entered two pigs and a sheep dog as "members of his family." A West Indian entered himself as a duck stealer. A high-church clergyman, who had a very low-church son (also a clergyman) staying with him, is alleged to have registered him as a "lunatic" in the proper column.

Elbow sleeves are increasing in popularity for evening wear, and in any cases deep frills are added with graceful effect.

HOW A ROBBER ROSE TO WEALTH.

The Duchess of Cleveland, mother of Lord Roseberry, tells a good story of her father, the Earl of Stanhope. One night when the earl was walking alone in the Kentish lanes a man jumped out of the hedge, leveled a pistol, and demanded his purse.

"My good man, I have no money with me," said Lord Stanhope in his remarkably slow tones. The robber laid hands on his watch.

"No," Lord Stanhope went on, "that watch you must not have; it was given me by one I love; it is worth £100. If you will trust me I will go back to Chevening and bring you a £100 note and place it in the hollow of that tree. I cannot lose my watch."

The man did trust him. The earl did bring the note. Years after Lord

Stanhope was at a city dinner and next to him sat a London alderman of great wealth, a man highly respected. He and the earl talked of many things and found each other mutually entertaining. Next day Lord Stanhope received a letter, out of which dropped a £100 note. "It was your lordship's kind loan of this sum," said the note, "that started me in life and enabled me to have the honor of sitting next to your lordship at dinner."

The United States is now ahead of Germany in naval strength by about 3,000 tons, and thus is entitled to fourth place among naval powers.

Nearly all the organizations for debate in Kentucky bear the name of the "Henry Clay Debating Club."

THE LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Latest Quotations from South Omaha and Kansas City.

SOUTH OMAHA.

Cattle—There was a good liberal supply of cattle, but the demand was in a shape, and as a result the market was active and fully steady on all grades. There was the usual large proportion of beef steers included in the receipts and the quality of the offerings as a rule was very good. Packers all wanted the cattle showing weight and quality and on such kinds the market was active and steady to strong. As high as \$5.75 was paid for a prime load, which is the highest price of the year on this market. There was a good demand for cow stuff this morning and the better grades moved freely at good, steady prices. In fact, there was very little change noticeable in the prices paid for any of the cows and heifers on the market. Practically everything was out of first hands early in the morning. Bulls were also good sellers where the quality was satisfactory, and the market could be quoted just about steady. Stags and calves also sold in yesterday's notches. There were only a few stockers and feeders in the yards this morning and anything good sold at what looked to be steady prices.

Hogs—The receipts of hogs were very nearly as heavy as they were a week ago, but as other markets were in good shape the tendency of values was upward. On the start the market was very slow, as packers did not like to pay more than steady prices, while sellers were holding for an advance. The first hogs sold mostly strong to 2½c higher, the bulk going at \$5.70 and \$5.75. Trading was rather slow on that basis, however, and not much was done for some little time.

Sheep—There was a fair run, the following quotations being given: Choice clipped wethers, \$4.20; fair to good clipped wethers, \$3.90; choice clipped ewes, \$3.65; fair to good clipped ewes, \$3.30; fair to good lambs, \$3.10; choice clipped lambs, \$2.75; fair to good clipped lambs, \$2.50; spring lambs, \$3.00; feeder wethers, \$3.50; feeder lambs, \$4.00.

KANSAS CITY.

Cattle—Beef steers, strong; cows and heifers, steady to the lower; stockers and feeders, 100 to 200 higher; choice beef steers, \$5.45; fair to good, \$5.00; stockers and feeders, \$3.75; western fed steers, \$4.75; Texas and Indians, \$4.35; Texas grass steers, \$3.00; cows, \$3.50; heifers, \$3.00; calves, \$2.50; bulls, \$3.00.

Hogs—Market opened strong, but closed ¼c lower; top, \$5.95; bulk of sales, \$5.70; heavy, \$5.50; mixed packers, \$5.00; light, \$5.00; pigs, \$5.00.

Sheep and Lambs—Market strong; western lambs, \$4.75; western wethers, \$4.00; western yearlings, \$4.50; ewes, \$3.75; culls, \$2.75; Texas grass sheep, \$3.00; Texas lambs, \$4.25; spring lambs, \$5.00.

DIETRICH CHANGES HIS PLANS

Will Not Go Around the World, but Instead Stops at Philippines.

WASHINGTON, June 6.—Senator Dietrich will not junket around the world with the congressional party, as it was announced from Washington last week. Instead he will go to the Philippines this summer, accompanied by his daughter, who has just finished the school year at Bryn Mawr college. Senator Dietrich said today that he had determined to sail for the Philippines June 25 from San Francisco by the transport Hancock.

"The Philippines have long been my objective," said the senator, "for congress will have to take action looking to their government at its next session, and desiring to legislate intelligently for them I have decided to go to the islands direct instead of stopping there en route on the swing around the globe. Then again, my daughter desires to see the far east and as we have been separated for year I thought it but right I should include her in my tour instead of going with the stag party. I told Mr. McCarver of my change in program, although I imagine it will be great fun for those who are booked to embark from New York on a trip around the world."

Senator Dietrich and daughter will go to the Philippines in distinguished military company, with Adjutant General Corbin, Surgeon General Sternberg, Chief of Ordnance A. R. Buffington and others of the army who go out to inspect the several branches of the military and civil establishments in the islands. It is Senator Dietrich's intention to leave Washington early next week for Nebraska, where he will remain until June 20, when he will leave for San Francisco.

Chaffee Arrives at Manila.

MANILA, June 6.—General Chaffee and staff and two companies of the Ninth Infantry arrived here today on the United States transport Sumner from Taku. The general was received with a major general's salute. General Chaffee will be General MacArthur's guest at the Malacanang palace.

Call For State Warrants.

LINCOLN, June 6.—Treasurer Stuefer has issued a call for state warrants registered from 67,245 to 69,610, amounting to \$100,000, and payable on June 10.

Fire in Chinese Capital.

BERLIN, June 6.—A special dispatch from Peking, dated June 4, says a great conflagration has occurred in the Forbidden City. The Americans and Japanese are barring all access to the quarter involved, and details, therefore, are not obtainable.

Buying Short Term Bonds.

WASHINGTON, June 6.—The secretary of the treasury today bought \$35,000 4 per cent short term bonds at 113.1952.