

Hollow Ash... Hall

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

CHAPTER XX.

The stranger ceased to speak, and Mr. Cowley stared at him with much bewilderment.

"How did you know all this?" he asked at last.

"Because I am Stanley Vernon, the only brother of that unhappy man," he said, quietly.

Rose uttered a little cry of astonishment.

"Yes," he added, "this shameful family history made me almost loathe my name. I have borne that name of Vere for many years. Under that name I met and loved your daughter, sir—under my own, I shall soon ask you for her hand! But for the present let it be my task to clear up this mystery."

"I came home from Italy as soon as I heard this house was let. It was a mistake upon the part of the agent; but I should be the last on earth to regret it. But I must take precaution against a similar event. This is no fit habitation for any one."

"Then it is really haunted?" asked Mr. Cowley.

"I fear it is. Rose, will you go to your mother, and gentlemen, will you follow me."

They obeyed him without a word. He went straight to the butler's pantry and took up a spade and pickaxe, already placed there by Mr. Cowley.

My brother's wife died delirious, and no one ever knew where she had buried the child, which I was quite certain she had destroyed. I had my suspicions at the time, but I longed to hush the whole thing up as speedily as possible. Now, however, all must be made clear."

With a few vigorous strokes, he took up the floor of the room. A tiny skeleton, half-buried in the moist ground, met their eyes, and Mr. Cowley turned aside to hide his tears.

"Poor thing!" he said sadly, "Charles, don't tell your aunt, or wife, or cousins, but get them away—take them to the town this very afternoon. Mr. Vernon and I will follow as soon as this poor little creature has been properly buried. There, go, my dear boy, and, above all, not a word to the girls of what we have found today."

So Mrs. Cowley had her way, after all, and spent a happy Christmas Day at Mecklenburgh Square, surrounded by all the members of her family, and waited upon at table by no less a person than Mrs. Macarthy, to whom she clung as a kind of fellow sufferer from the whims of the head of the house.

Christmas and New Year's Day having passed gaily away, there only remained the wedding of Rose, and for that I need not hint that the greatest preparations were made.

The happy day came slowly on. The tidings of the romantic betrothal had awakened much curiosity among those to whom the pair were known, and the church was crowded when the carriage drove to the door.

Rose faltered slightly as she stood on the threshold of the church and gazed upon the concourse of people; but a glance from the dear companion at her side reassured her, and calm and happy she moved onward and took her place before the altar.

Not to the haunted house, however, but to a pleasant villa upon the seacoast, Mr. Vernon took his fair young bride.

And as they sat hand in hand in their new home—the doubts and follies of the past all forgotten and forgiven—the moon rose slowly above the water, and a bright path stretching out over the waves of life's sea, and waiting

but for the footsteps, seemed lying there before them.

He put the fancy into words, and whispered it to Rose.

She looked up in his face with a frank, truth-telling gaze. Those were the very soft, clear eyes, clear and quiet as a mountain lake, yet with a slight shadow in their depth, that seemed to tell of stormier elements below, of which he had dreamed for years, and which he had only seen twice in his life—once in a picture of the Virgin by Murillo—once here!

Here was the only being for whom he had ever really suffered the pangs and pleasures of that mad fever which we call by the name of love. No other could claim her from him, no other could watch that bright young face in all its bewitching changes. No other could rest that pretty head upon his bosom, and play with those silky curls. No other kiss the broad, high forehead, the beautiful eyes, or the full, warm, loving lips! But still he murmured in her ear, as he held her closely to his heart that first evening in their common home, "Are you happy, Rose? Are you sure you are happy?"

There was no need to ask that question. A perfect stranger coming into that pretty cottage by the deep blue sea might well have answered it for him.

It was a pleasant spot; none the less so, that everywhere, were traces of the presence of its pretty mistress. A spaking portrait hung over the piano, a smile lingering archly on its parted lips; her favorite books were on the table; her little dog played about the grounds; her horse neighed in the stable, and a fairy-like boat, bearing her name upon the stern, rocked at anchor upon the pebbly beach below.

Running down the gravelled walk, with the little dog barking and leaping at her side, feeding her horse with snowy bread; presiding with all the grace of a woman, yet with the sweet, shy bashfulness of a child, at her table, or singing and playing, after the evening meal, sweet, low ballads and dear old songs such as she loved best, filling every spot with beauty and grace, and forming the delight of her husband's eyes, as well as the pride of his heart—is she not happy?

I assure you, dear reader, their home is one of the sweetest spots on earth. And full of content with the bliss of the peaceful present, and the promise of a cloudless future, they have quite forgotten the tragic and painful past, and have no wish to go back to their early years, or to visit that scene of a heart rejected and a slighted love avenged.

For Hollow Ash Hall is a ruin! Given up to the bats and the owls, and carefully avoided by everything human, it has fallen gradually into total decay; but the ground has been sold and an enterprising cockney talks of building a soap factory there—so it is within the bounds of possibility that the ghost may yet be exercised by alkalies and noxious gases.

Mr. and Mrs. Cowley still reside in Mecklenburgh Square, with their nephew and niece; and Mrs. Macarthy now reigns supreme over the whole household. But Catharine is no longer with them; she is the wife of a dashing Guardsman, and goes to Court, and is so fine, generally, that so humble a pen as mine shrinks nervously from attempting to record her daily life.

George Vernon died penniless and forsaken in Australia soon after the mystery of Hollow Ash Hall was made clear.

THE END.

through the paths of the grey, lonely sage brush, over the flat and the ridges to the foothills far across the valley. Late in the darkness shone at length the dim red eye of the dark and smoky wigwag; and there at last, on the chilling earth, sat Susie in the night, and watching the greying of the glow to the death, her chin on her breast, her fingers idly toying with a rounded bit of pebble.

There in the morning Wanda, the mother, whined with her wrinkled mouth and bade the silent Susie stand and go to Chlorida Hill, to beg at the rear of the cabins. Together they went, while her father wrapped his blanket about him and strode away, with his dog, in search of others in the mining camp, whose worldly possessions he hoped to win at the subtleties of "Pass the stick."

Winding through the stunted brush the women came to the outlying houses. A door at the back of one of these was standing awide. A man within was clattering dishes, cups of tin and iron knives and forks, to a clumsy pyramid on the table.

"Here," said he, when he found the mahala gazing in, "squaw, heap wash 'um dishes, sabee? Two-bits, plenty grub I give; mahala wash table, dishes, floor—hey?"

At the mention of 25 cents the woman was oddly alive. With many a grunt and with plenty of hybrid whistle-and-mutter, she impressed the girl to the service. The man made ready for departing to the mine that was on the hill.

"Come every day," he presently added, after glancing keenly at Susie, as he piled some food on a stool near by and brought up the money from a pocket. "I pay every week for wash 'um floor and dishes."

The girl, when he went, proceeded deftly to cleaning the table and placing utensils and dishes in order—the order they taught at the school. It gave her a pleasure, but of this and of other emotions there was never a sign.

Day after day she returned, not alone. Her mother went begging at other of the cabins. With hands careful—and rounded hands of dimpled bronze they were—she touched these kitchen possessions fondly and with grateful dreams of the school across the valley.

"See here," said the man one morning, as he watched her at the labor, "you needn't scrub the floor, I guess. I hate to see a woman doing that."

"I thank you," she quietly replied, "but I like to do it. I like to see it clean."

He looked at her astonished. "Where in the world did you learn your English?" he rudely inquired. She blushed beneath the softened bronze of her rounded cheeks, and the lashes drew her eyelids timidly down to curtain the wide-open orbs of dark and lustrous onyx.

"At the Institute," she faintly answered.

"Oh! Well, the dishes I like to have you fix, of course, but not the floor, please."

She reddened again, and shot him a glance that resembled the questioning gaze of a doe, not trained to fear, yet always shy.

"If you care for books—or anything here—you're welcome," he stammered, and walked away. He beat himself a blow on the breast, yet he knew not why, and shook himself in the breeze that blew.

The mine on the hill was a hundred rods from the trail to Greasewood Canon, but the forking path was well defined where his boots had scarred the near-lying rocks, and ground the sand persistently.

PICKING UP GOLD.

Lady Hodgson, in her book on the Gold Coast of Africa, says that at Axim, as the residents told her, gold could be picked up in the streets. She naturally thought of this as a mere figure of speech, but her informant immediately told a woman to go out into the main street, gather a bucketful of road-scrappings, and work it for gold dust. In ten minutes the woman returned with two galvanized iron buckets, one filled with road scrapings and the other with water. She also brought three or four wooden platters, varying in size from a large plate to a saucer. Taking out several handfuls of the road scrapings and placing them in the largest platter, she picked out and threw aside large stones, pebbles and bits of stick, and loosened the remainder by sprinkling it with water from the other bucket. This enabled her to remove further refuse. The residuum was put into the next smaller platter, and the process repeated until there was a quantity of uniform stuff ready for treatment. This she sprinkled freely with water, and by a deft circular movement of the platter brought the small gravel outward where it could be thrust over the edge. When this operation had been repeated three or four times, the stuff, which now looked more like mud than anything else, was ready for treatment in a smaller platter. Here the same circular movements resulted in the discarding of further unpropitious elements. Finally, in the smallest platter the stuff had resolved itself into a small quantity of black sand. This was carefully washed and sifted by the aid of circular movements, and at last a dexterous twist brought the sand into a crescent on the platter, when there appeared on the outmost edge a thin rim. It was unmistakably gold. The whole operation had taken half an hour, and the result was about a shilling's worth of dust.—Youth's Companion.

ABOUT EATING MUCH MEAT.

Devouring Unnecessary Quantities of Food Brings Us Suffering.

It is a frequently discussed fact that Americans, as a rule, eat too much meat. In European countries, even in England, the land of four meals a day, there is not so much meat consumed as in the average American household, whose inhabitants belong to the elastic class of well-to-do. Taking the naturally nervous constitution of most Americans, the national lack of systematic exercise, the general preponderance of sedentary occupations, all of which operate against the digestion and assimilation of such quantities of meat, it is not difficult to trace many of the ills which flesh is heir to back to the quantity of meat consumed per diem. There are many scientists in the world who allege that all of us overeat regularly and systematically, consuming vast quantities of food over and above what the body demands, and suffering consequently. Physicians and dietitians are constantly endeavoring to win the world over to simpler and more abstemious living, and it is almost common now for a physician who has had the advantage of the most modern teaching to advocate absolute fasting during illness.

It is unquestionable that if we could all follow Pope Leo's methods of eating a little fruit for breakfast, a little soup and vegetable for dinner and fruit again, with crusty bread, for supper, we might live to be as old as he is, but such a reformation in our ways is scarcely possible in a single generation. Particularly in summer weather, when every extra ounce put into the stomach robs us of just so much energy, should we make stringent reforms in the butcher's bill. Once a day from June to October for meat is more than sufficient and is the first step toward reform. Three times a week is better; once a week still better, and if we could force ourselves to do without flesh entirely for that period we should be triply the better for it. Vegetables, fresh and crisp, uncooked or simply prepared with a little butter and seasoning; fruit, plenty of it, ripe and sweet; salads at all times and of all varieties, and whole wheat or crusty brown loaves—these would work direct reformation in the summer health for most of us.

BROWN HAIR IS POPULAR.

Auburn and Blonde Tresses Have Gone Out of Fashion.

The woman of today who desires to be fashionable must wear brown tresses, whether she seeks to shine upon the stage or in society. The change is not due to the initiative of the stage, however. The mania for blonde hair some years ago was most evident among the footlight favorites. Then came the more recent rage for all shades and grades of auburn hair, of which Zaza was the spectacular example. The quiet, domesticated brown hair of so many player women today reflects the vogue for it in all classes of society. Miss Mannerling, Miss Marlowe, Miss Anglin, Miss Eleanor Robson, Miss Tyree, Miss Bates and many more have won success in spite of what would once have been considered a tremendous handicap—brown hair. It is the blonde actress—whether actually or artificially so—who is handicapped today. She not only suggests the socially fast and furious, but she is old-fashioned—which is even worse. Most light-haired actresses, such as Miss Adams, are light-haired and nothing more. They are careful not to hint at the word blonde. It is noticeable that the brown-haired actresses are, as a rule, recent recruits to the profession. They represent the new order of things. Among women in private life that one meets on the streets, at the shops and in cafes, brown hair is much more common than it has been for years. It is the fashion, and a good one; it stands for the real rather than the false.—Chicago Chronicle.

In a Jack at All Trades.

Few people can successfully conduct more than one business enterprise, yet Mrs. John Bucher of Gibraltar, Pa., has for several years presided over the destinies of a blacksmith shop, a saw mill and a farm and has besides taken care of her five children and nursed her sick husband. She has thus established the reputation of being the most remarkable woman of her kind in Pennsylvania. When Mr. Bucher was taken ill his wife assumed all of his duties, as well as her own. Last fall Mrs. Bucher cradled and harvested an entire field of rye and cut all corn raised on the farm. She also assisted in the running of the big cider press. During the winter she helped fill the icehouses.

Japan's First Lady and England.

There is no more ardent admirer among foreign royalties of England and all things English than the empress of Japan, who, with her husband, has done so much to develop her country on western lines. The empress, who has been married thirty years, is still as essentially young and vigorous as any of them. Every day she spends an hour in her private gymnasium in the palace at Tokio, and she is said to be one of the most skillful horsewomen in Japan.

The past remains with us to remind us of our perils and our constant need of help, but it ought not to haunt and oppress us. The real life of an aspiring soul is always ahead. We are not fleeing from the devil, but seeking God.

TEN YEARS IN THE PEN

George Coll Enters Upon His Sentence for Killing Thos. Ryan.

TWO TRIALS DID NOT SAVE HIM.

Jacob Huber Killed by a Vicious Bull—A Young Man Jumps From a Bridge to Save His Life—Other Matters Here and There in Nebraska.

CHADRON, Neb., June 12.—So far as the authorities of Dawes county are concerned, the sheriff, Charles F. Dargan, have performed the last act in the case of the state of Nebraska vs. George Coll. In this case the defendant was charged with murdering Thos. Ryan. The trial was a sort of warfare between the cattlemen and sheepmen and resulted, after a hard fought contest on both sides, in the conviction of young Coll. The defendant set up the plea of self-defense. He alleged that he was herding his father's sheep on the range and that Thomas Ryan, the deceased, met him and called him names, and threatened to ride over him and that he thought he was going to kill him, and before the horse reached the defendant he, being on foot, pulled up his Winchester and shot Ryan through the body, killing him almost instantly. The state proved that at the time of the tragedy Ryan was unarmed; that he was a peaceful and law-abiding citizen; that he did not at any time use the language reputed to him. There was also evidence tending to show that older heads had advised defendant to shoot Ryan, and for this reason the jury found defendant guilty of murder only in the second degree, and recommended that the court give him the lightest sentence possible. Their wish was complied with, and Coll was sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary. The case was appealed to the supreme court and at the last sitting was affirmed, and Sheriff Dargan took Coll to the penitentiary.

Music in the Air.

June is the month of roses, but is the month of music as well. From the 1st to the 29th, inclusive, Bellstedt's famous band that gave such delightful music at the two expositions, will hold forth at Omaha, giving two concerts each day. In this aggregation every man is a thorough musician and "when the band begins to play" there is instant recognition of true merit from the enthusiasm that takes hold of the vast audiences. Remember that it is only this month opportunity will prevail for hearing one of the best bands that ever made music west of the Missouri. The railroads will make concessions for those desiring to attend.

Killed by a Bull.

MADISON, Neb., June 12.—A vicious bull killed Jacob Huber at his farm, six miles northwest of town. The animal had been dehorned, but made wounds with his stubby horns that caused death. The deceased was an old settler and leaves a wife and six children in well-to-do circumstances. Mr. Huber was in a lot alone at the time when attacked by the beast. The bull tossed and trampled him and he was dead when found.

Forced to Jump from Bridge.

PLATTSBOUTH, Neb., June 12.—Ernest Terry, a young tourist and a printer by occupation had a remarkably narrow escape from being killed. He was walking over a Missouri Pacific trestle about a mile north of town, and when half way across, he was startled to hear the whistle of a rapidly approaching train. To escape death he jumped to the ground, forty feet below, where he remained unconscious for some time.

Big Crop of Alfalfa.

ELM CREEK, Neb., June 12.—The recent rains have given encouragement to all. The ravages of the chinch bug are checked. The damage from drouth had not become noticeable. The crop of alfalfa is the heaviest in years, averaging three to three and one-half feet in height.

Lieutenants Discharged.

LINCOLN, June 12.—Adjutant General Colby has issued an order which reads as follows: "It appearing that the exigencies of the service do not require the addition of Battery A, light artillery, Nebraska national guard, such increase in said organization is discontinued and all orders giving authority heretofore are hereby revoked to take effect June 17, 1901, the date of the expiration of the term of office of said officers."

A Case of Unrequited Love.

CRESTON, Neb., June 12.—Cecil Moran, 18 years of age, and a son of O. S. Moran, who lives a few miles southeast of this village, attempted to quit this world of trouble and unrequited love by taking morphine. He sent a letter to his sweetheart by messenger and when she did not send a reply he mixed a quantity of the drug with chewing gum and proceeded to chew it down. The doctors were in time to save him.

THE LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Latest Quotations from South Omaha and Kansas City.

CATTLE—There was a good run of cattle, but none too many to meet the requirements of local packers. Buyers started out early and bought up practically everything on the market that was at all desirable at good, strong prices. There were about 50 cars of beef steers included in the receipts and the better grades were in active demand. It has been some time since buyers were as anxious for good cattle as they appeared to be today, and for that reason it did not take them long to clear the yards. The market could safely be quoted 50c higher than yesterday on the better grades, or fully a dime higher than Friday of last week. There were a good many choice cattle on sale. A string of 119 head sold at \$5.75, and a four-load bunch brought \$5.80. The prices paid for cows and heifers did not show much change. Buyers seemed to want the dry lot cows and paid fully steady prices for them. The common kinds and grassers were a little neglected, but still they sold in about the same notices they did yesterday. Bulls could also be quoted steady where the quality was satisfactory.

HOGS—There was a good, liberal run of hogs here today, but as other markets were in good shape trading started out here 50c higher than yesterday. The first of the hogs sold mostly at \$3.90 and \$3.95, with some of the choice loads at \$3.97, and as high as \$6.00 was paid. At these prices the market was fairly active and the bulk was sold in good season. By the time 100 loads had changed hands buyers seemed to have their more urgent orders filled and for time not much was done.

SHEEP—There were fully as many sheep and lambs here today as were expected and as Chicago was reported slow and weak the tendency here was to buy the stuff lower. Lambs did not show much of any change, as a bunch of Colorado lambs sold as high as \$3.60. There were no choice clipped lambs on sale to test the market. Sheep, however, were slow and fully a dime lower and in some cases more. A bunch of commonish wethers sold at \$3.65, and a bunch of pretty good stuff sold at \$3.95. A bunch of ewes brought \$3.10. The market was slow from start to finish, but still practically everything was disposed of in fairly good season.

KANSAS CITY.

CATTLE—Native and western beef steers, 10c higher; best cattle, strong; other grades, steady; choice dressed beef steers, \$3.50; fair to good, \$3.10-3.45; stockers and feeders, \$3.00-3.40; western fed steers, \$4.50-5.70; Texas and Indian, \$4.50-5.40; Texas grass steers, \$3.00-3.45; hogs, \$3.80-5.40; canners, \$2.50-3.25; bulls, \$3.25-5.00; calves, \$3.50-5.50.

HOGS—Market 5c higher; top, \$6.05; bulk of sales, \$5.80-6.00; heavy, \$5.50-6.00; mixed, packers, \$5.80-6.00; light, \$5.70-5.87; pigs, \$5.00-5.65.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Western lambs were strong; other sheep, steady to 10c lower; western lambs, \$4.75-5.25; western wethers, \$4.00-4.60; western yearlings, \$4.50-5.85; ewes, \$3.50-4.00; culls, \$2.25-3.25; Texas grass sheep, \$3.50-3.75; Texas lambs, \$4.25-4.50; spring lambs, \$4.00-5.25.

DEPEW HASN'T MET WIFE.

Says His Reported Engagement Is a Pleasant Thing in the Abstract.

NEW YORK, June 13.—Senator Chauncey M. Depew says he is not engaged to be married. And as for his intending to marry some widow now abroad, as the rumor went today, he says that he knows a dozen widows who are abroad and that he'd like to marry any one of them.

"I haven't met the lady yet," said Doctor Depew when seen today. "Nice newspaper story, but I am sorry to say we have not been introduced."

"Then it's not true?" was asked. "Only in the abstract. My old friend and classmate, Brewer, has just gone and done it, and that sort of set me thinking. But that's as far as I have got yet."

"But you deny absolutely that you are going to do any such thing?" "I'm afraid I'll have to," said Doctor Depew.

COMMERCE NOT FOR WOMEN.

Minneapolis Chamber Declines to Let Mrs. R. H. Passmore Join.

MINNEAPOLIS, June 13.—Women will not be admitted to membership in the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce. For some days past the directors have been confronted with the application of Mrs. R. H. Passmore. She is engaged in the grain business in this city and has been successful. She desired to enlarge the scope of her interests. Her application was passed upon favorably by the membership committee, but was rejected by a majority vote of the directors. She resents such action because it was taken because she is a woman. Mrs. Passmore for the past seven years has been accounted a strong factor in the mercantile interests of the city.

Foster Is Killed by a Negro.

SHREVEPORT, La., June 13.—John Gray Foster, brother of the wife of Governor McMillin of Tennessee, was fatally shot by a negro on his plantation near Shreveport today and died this afternoon. The negro who shot him has escaped, but posess are hunting for him. Intense excitement prevails at Shreveport and the negro probably will be lynched if caught.

Launching of a Ship.

KIEL, June 13.—Emperor William, accompanied by the headquarters staff, Prince Henry of Prussia and the chiefs of his majesty, have arrived here to witness the launching of the battleship Saeheringer at the Germania yard. The emperor boarded the imperial yacht Hohenzollern amid salutes from the war vessels present. Owing to the unfavorable weather the launching was postponed until the afternoon.

Susie: A Character Sketch

By Philip Verrill Nichols

CHAPTER I.

Down through the grey of the sagebrush, on a hill that was jeweled with patches of the melting snow of winter all but gone, shambling alone as lazily as the bear-eyed dog at his heels, a Washoe Indian of Western Nevada arrived at the edge of a hurrying brook. Removing a hat, all battered and fuzzy, that once had been of silk and proudly high, he gruntingly descended to lie on his stomach at the selvedge green of the water's brink and thrust in his lips for a short, eager drink. The dog lapped above him. Both resumed the march again, for the Indian school was near at hand and the way all a carpet of stubble.

To the kitchen door the Washoe slouched, and eyed the young mahalas, who, with red in their faces from the glowing range, were up to their elbows in the arts of civilized cooking.

"Injun Jim, he's wants my Injun girl!" he announced.

"Lordee!" cried the teacher, jumping nervously, "you frightful object! You startled me dreadful. Now, what in the name of goodness do you want?"

The Indian maidens stood in attitudes of stolid amazement—one excepted. She, the brightest and the tallest, merely gazed at the visitor in dumb appeal, her hands going slowly, reluctantly back to the strings of the apron that hung about her waist.

"Want what?" screamed the teacher. "Want Susie? Nonsense, you dirty old thing! You're supposed to be dead; we have all believed you dead and buried for two long years. You go back to the sage brush. Here, I give you plenty biscuit-lah-poo. Your Susie go to school—she very smart girl."

"No biscuit-lah-poo. Heap ketchum girl, you sabbee? What's Injun goin' do at white man's school? He's don't learn nuthin' goot for us. He's heap Injun all same. Injuns can't vote; Injuns can't make no laws. Heap no goot, you sabbee?"

The woman was speechless. She started abruptly to run to the agent, but suddenly halted, remembering sharply that against the wishes of an Indian parent the government was powerless to hold a pupil.

A silence fell on the Indian maidens and the baffled teacher. A few quick words in the Washoe tongue delivered by the father to his child and Susie laid her apron on the table. Then silently she walked to her teacher, kissed her lightly on the hair and turned to follow where the man already shambled slowly toward the brush. Her head bowed submissively forward, her hands hanging listless at her side, she trod in his trail, and the dog shuffled patiently behind.

The sun was casting long, slender filaments of shadows. Into its ruddy glory passed the silent procession, out