

Hollow Ash... Hall

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)
"Rats, Mr. Magnum! Do you pretend to be wiser than the whole country side?"

"By no means, my love."
"Well, every one says the place is full of ghosts!"
"Yes, my dear."
"What every one says must be true."

Mr. Magnum did not dare to say no.

"And so the place is haunted," replied his better half, triumphantly.
"Ugh! I would not live in that old house for the whole world," said Kitty, shrugging her shoulders.
"Does Mr. Cowley like it?" asked Mrs. Magnum.

"No—I think not."
"Then why does she stay?"
Mr. Magnum coughed and looked embarrassed.

"My dear, Mr. Cowley is a very peculiar man—very. I am afraid he generally does what he likes, without consulting his wife."

"And she lets him?" exclaimed Mrs. Magnum, shutting her lips, viciously.
"I am afraid she does."

"Well, if women will be fools, they must. But I only wish I was Mrs. Cowley! Do you feel tired, Miss Marjorie? You don't look quite well."

"I am rather tired," replied the governess, very quietly.
"Then pray don't sit up longer than you like."

Miss Marjorie took the hint, put away her work, said good-night, and left the room. Two pairs of eyes followed her with anything but loving looks.

"Nasty, proud thing! I hate her!" said Kitty, in a low tone.
"And so do I!" replied her mother, with emphasis. "But she will be going next month, so we need not trouble ourselves about her."

CHAPTER VIII.

Miss Marjorie did not, however, go to her own room. She took a cloak from its peg in the hall, threw it over her head, opened the front door softly, and went out. Mrs. Magnum would have been shocked out of all her propriety if she had seen her pacing up and down the garden walks alone, but just at that moment Miss Marjorie cared little for Mrs. Magnum, or anything she could say.

The night was dark and starless, the air chill and raw. But after that heated room it was a positive luxury to feel the fresh, damp wind coming from the hills. After those sharp, unnerving voices it was soothing to listen to the leafless trees breathing and whispering of the coming of the rain. Storm and cold and darkness—they were all preferable to that snug parlor and its disagreeable inmates; and so Miss Marjorie paced up and down, up and down, and thought.

Thought of another time which had been far happier than this! A time when she was also a companion, but not Miss Magnum's companion! A time when there was one voice that always softened when it spoke her name; when there were eyes that brightened at her coming—lips that welcomed her as only privileged lips might do! She thought of long, pleasant evenings, spent with books and work and music, around a cottage fire. Of quiet walks and talks by summer moonlight. Alas! where had those blissful moments fled? Why had the dearest, the sweetest of ties failed her? Why, from that wealth of love and tenderness had she been cast out into the cold world alone?

She had been foully slandered; she had been cruelly distrusted; she had been heartlessly deserted! Over and over again she said this to herself. Yet on that night, as she walked up and down the gravel path, the sense of injury and of wrong seemed to die away and in their place came a wild yearning for the olden time—but for one moment of the happiness of yore!

"Oh, that it were possible
In this dull life of pain,
To find the arm of my true love
Around me once again!"
she murmured, as she clasped her hands above her aching heart. Where was he? What was he doing now? Beautiful and bright, he had risen like a star above her lonely path; had won her heart, and worn it for a time; had bound her to him by the most sacred ties; then left her for years, perhaps forever! Where was he—where was he? And she stretched out her arms to the sullen night sky in her vain and passionate appeal to him who would come no more.

The sky grew darker. A drop of rain touched her cheek. She turned to go in, yet, with a strange, uneasy feeling, she lingered a moment beside the gate looking out upon the dark road that led into the village. Then her eyes wandered away beyond Banley, and out towards the hill where the haunted house stood. How strange the unseen and unacknowledged link that bound her to the people there! What would they say when she went to them and told her tale? Would they think her mad or would they take compassion upon her for the sorrow she had undergone, and admit her to their family circle as a welcome and honored guest? Was it likely? Had they ever heard her name? Yet how well she knew theirs; and how much she could tell of their daily life and

habits, from the stern banker down to his favorite daughter, Rose! "Cousin Rose! Cousin Rose!" She said it aloud twice, and then started and flushed guiltily, lest any one should have heard her.

Some one had heard! Not Mr. Magnum—not even Kitty, but a tall, handsome young man, who had been walking along the public road, with his hands in his pockets and his head bent down. He had passed the garden gate without even looking that way, but the low voice made him start and turn round. In an instant he had leaped the iron fence, and stood by Miss Marjorie's side.

"Have I found you at last?" he exclaimed. "I have looked for you all over England, and in vain. Now, Marjorie—"

But Miss Marjorie looked in his face, gave a low cry, and fainted. He caught her in his arms and kissed her passionately.

"Marjorie, my love, my darling, look up and speak to me!"
Slowly she revived. Slowly she came to the knowledge that life was no longer a blank—that he had returned, and that he loved her still.

"Oh," she sighed, "is this a dream?"
"No dream, but truth, my darling."
"Are you sure? I have dreamed so many times."

"But you are awake now. Awake, to hear me say that I wronged you—that I was a jealous, suspicious fool to listen to a word against you; awake to see me kneel at your feet and ask your pardon! Look, Marjorie! I won't rise till you say you have entirely forgiven me!"

"My love—my love!" answered Miss Marjorie, bending over him with a radiant smile. And then the long misery of the past was wiped away and forgotten.

"But where have you been?" she asked, when the first surprise was over. "Where have you been, and how did you know I was here?"

"I have been in Australia, my love. I would not come back till I could lay a fortune at your feet, as some amends for all I have made you suffer; and I can do it now. Thanks to a spade and pickaxe, I am a rich man, and you shall have a new silk dress every day, and eat off gold and silver plate, if you like, Marjorie!"

"As if I cared for that!" she said, kissing him.

"No, I know you are not mercenary; but still, money is one of the best things you can have, my child. Money and love—love and money; any one who can get those two things may think himself remarkably well off in this vale of tears, Miss Marjorie! And you have both; and if you don't feel obliged to me for getting them, you are a very ungrateful young woman. I must say."

"Oh, I do, I do, but how in the world did you know I was here?"

"I did not. This is the strangest part of the story. I came home to England lonely and sad enough. For three years in Australia I have been trying to find you out, through agents and advertisements, in vain. Where have you been?"

"I taught in a school at Brixton for two years after I lost you; and then one of the pupils, daughter of this Mr. Magnum—"

"The gentleman who owns this house?"

"Yes; his daughter was educated at that school, and she thought I would make a suitable companion for her mother, who is ill, or who fancies herself so, at least. I have been here a year. I shall leave the place in a month's time."

"In a week—in a day!" was the impatient reply. "Do you suppose I am going to have you slaving here now I am home again? You will pick up your traps to-night and be ready to go with me when I call for you to-morrow, which will be as soon after breakfast as I can get over from Banley. Do you hear?"

"Yes, but I must give some notice."
"Not a bit of it. Are they kind to you?"

"Not very."
"Do you like them?"
"Not at all."
"You don't mean to say that they have ill-used you?"

"Oh, no."
"But, in fact, you hate them?"
"Exactly."
"Poor darling! And you have had a year of this drudgery?"

"Never mind, it is all over now."
"That it is."
"But finish your story. Tell me how you happened to find me here."
"Do you know that my uncle Cowley is here?"

"Yes."
"Shut up with all his family in a house full of ghosts?"
"I have heard of it."
"I went straight to his house in Mecklenburg square, only to find it empty. The housekeeper gave me the present address, and, on reaching Banley, I found his name in everybody's mouth. If he had seen half the sights and heard half the sounds villagers relate he must be a lunatic by this time. In the place of waiting till to-morrow to pay my visit, I thought I would go to-night, and see if there was any truth in these marvelous tales. And while I was walking along, thinking of ghosts and hobgoblins, I heard a little

voice plainly say in the darkness, 'Cousin Rose!—Cousin Rose!' It was the voice I had been hungering and thirsting to hear for three long and weary years. Now you know the whole. Were you thinking about Rose?"

"Yes."
"You will like her dearly. She is a good little thing, and will make a sister of yours the moment I tell her your story. Will you go there with me to-morrow?"

"Will they welcome me?"
"Of course they will, you goose! Oh, Marjorie! My own Marjorie! they will love you for my sake, even as I love you for your own, you wicked, fascinating, cruel little monster!"

"He! he! he! That's prime!" exclaimed a boyish voice in the shrubbery; and Marjorie started from her lover's arms.

"Julius, is that you?" she cried.
"I should rather think it was!" the promising youth replied, standing out upon the gravel path. "I've been watching you for ten minutes at the least, and haven't you been going on kissing and hugging! Oh, my! won't mother go into a tantrum when she hears of it! I shan't have to learn any more Latin lessons! You'll have to pack, Miss Marjorie, as sure as eggs is eggs! Heigho, Jeminy, and a rig-dum!"

His exulting dance was speedily brought to an end. Mr. Cowley, who had kept silent so far from sheer astonishment, now grasped him firmly by the collar.

"You young scoundrel!" he exclaimed, "how dare you speak in that manner to Miss Marjorie?"

"She's my governess; I'll say what I like to her!" was the impertinent reply.

"And she is my wife! And if you dare to say a word about her—to look at her insolently—to insult her in the smallest way—I'll give you such a flogging that you will never want to utter a lady's name as long as you live! Do you hear, sir?" and he shook him in the air as a terrier shakes a rat.

"Oh, my! let me go! I'll call my father!" said the frightened boy.

"Hold your tongue, you whelp! Where is the key to the garden gate?"
"In the hall, sir."
"Go and get it—and don't let anyone see you! Be quick!"

Julius, thoroughly subdued, ran up the steps, and in a moment reappeared with the key.

"What are you going to do, Charles?" inquired Miss Marjorie, wondering, as he opened the gate and held out his hand to her.

"I am going to take you away with me."
"Impossible."
"I don't know what that word means!"
"But I have not even got on my bonnet."
"Never mind, your cloak will protect you, and we have not far to go. Into that house you shall never step again, after the specimen of your treatment I have just seen!"

He drew her out upon the footpath, and turned to the boy, who stood with open mouth at the gate.

"Lock it, and go in," he said.
"But what am I to say to mother?"
"Tell her that Miss Marjorie has gone away with her husband," was the laughing reply. "Come, my love, draw your cloak well round you. I never ran away with a lady before; but, upon my word, this eloping with one's wife is a very pleasant business!"

And so, while Julius ran in with his wonderful news, and sent Mrs. Magnum into a fit of screaming hysterics, the strangely re-united pair walked on arm in arm right through the darkness towards the haunted house.

(To be continued.)

NO TIME FOR CHARITY.

Mrs. Russell Sage Says Fashionable Women Are Too Busy.

Mrs. Russell Sage, wife of the New York capitalist, says that fashionable women have no time to devote to charitable work, and provided they give of their means to worthy objects, they should be excused from the active duties of distributing benefactions. She resents the assertion, however, that society women are lacking in sympathy for the distress of others and says that as a rule they are not extravagant. She asserts that there are not twenty families in New York who spend more than \$200,000 a year and not fifty families in the United States whose yearly expenditure equals that amount. There are a few who may exceed that amount.

"Do you think, Mrs. Sage, that a New York society woman has much time for anything but her social duties?" was asked. "Is it your opinion that she can give part of her time to charity?"

"I think her social duties take up every minute of her time. She would be the last woman I would approach for assistance in active charitable work. I have lived in New York thirty-eight years and in that time I have never received assistance from the source you mention. I do not mean to say that they do not give generously to many worthy causes. They simply have not the time to do charitable work and keep up their social obligations."

She spoke most beautifully of Helen Gould and mentioned their joint interest in several charitable institutions. She also spoke of a prominent leader of society who is known to all New Yorkers who inherited an income of \$200,000. Out of that she kept up her position as one of the first leaders of society and established a very worthy mission school.

He that would have fine guests, let him have a fine wife.—Ben Johnson.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

SOME GOOD JOKES AND WITICISMS, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

Colored Gentleman Explains How He 'Ran'—Little Brother Once More Distinguishes Himself—Spring Notes from Billville—A Better Plan.

Spring Notes from Billville.
Old man Jenkins was lost in a snowstorm at the picnic Tuesday.

The town marshal, with a strong force of hands, is busy digging out of a snowbank the guests who attended the strawberry festival Wednesday.

The colonels found their whiskey hard frozen Thursday morning, but finally procured a few sledge hammers and went to cracking ice.

The town has been running wild this winter. Some of these gray-headed sinners seem to have an idea that hell's froze over.—All's a Constitution.

Wanted Company.
A small girl told a falsehood. Her mother with great dignity led the youthful offender to the library, and, sitting down beside her, said:

"You know, Katharine, grandma has gone to heaven and papa has gone to heaven. But if you tell untruths you cannot go to heaven with them. You will have to go to the other place."

The little maiden looked very grave for a moment and then said: "Say a swear word, mamma, and come to the other place, too."

A Great Success.
The Medical Expert—I'm sure your baby shows what our modern methods will do. Did you follow my directions?

Mother—Oh, yes. First I skimmed the milk, and added two parts of hygienic water and two parts of your celebrated modifier. Then I carefully sterilized the whole.

"And then?"
"I threw it out of the window and gave the baby the cream."—Life.

A Matter of Color.
"What do you want of the mistress of the house?" demanded Norah, beligerently blocking the door.

"I want to get her subscription for the blue book," replied the solicitor.

"An' what is a bluebook?"
"It's a book containing the names of people who move in society."

"I'll take your mess!" said Norah, after a moment's reflection, "if you'll have it bound in granite."

Job's Preference.
"You are not sick, Job," said one of the friends. "You only think you are."
"Only think I am, eh?"
"Yes. It is merely a delusion."
"Well, then, all I've got to say is, I'd rather be sick than have this delusion."

And then poor old Job went exploring for a new bolt that had just made its debut on the back of his neck.

Willie's Case.
"I think," she said, "that Willie gave me more trouble when he was little than all of my other children together."

"And what about him now?"
"Oh, I never worry about him now. Sometimes I get to fretting for fear some of the others may be working themselves to death, but Willie's all right. He has a political job."

Love Laughs at Dogs Also.
The Damsel—Oh, Harold! I've been so frightened for you. Papa has bought a great big savage bulldog, and

The Swain—That's all right, darling. I've bought a dog, too. He will endeavor to keep your father's dog busy while you and I saunter down to the parsonage.—Judge.

All the Same to Him.
Clerk—You can't get a room for him here. He's drunk.

Wythe (supporting his "weary" friend)—I know he is. What of that? Clerk (scornfully)—This is a temperance hotel.

Wythe—Well, he's too drunk to know the difference.

A Better Plan.
When you get angry with your husband, do you threaten to go to your mother?

"No, indeed; to bring her here."

Just What She Needed.
Midge—The one thing that seems to please her most about her marriage is that it enables her to keep a carriage.

Marjorie—No wonder she's pleased. That girl never could get a seat in a street car.

Nothing Fast About That.
"I am afraid that young man Featherly, who calls on you so often, is rather a fast young man," said a father to his daughter.

"O, no, he isn't, father," replied the little brother, who was present.

"What do you know about Mr. Featherly?" demanded the old man.

"I only know," the little man replied, "that I heard him ask sister for a kiss last night, and she told him he could have one if he would be quick about it; but it was the slowest kiss that I ever saw."

Spiteful Creatures.
Mrs. Noah stood by the lee rail and wept bitter tears.

"Why these weeps?" inquired Noah. "Are you alarmed for the safety of the vessel? Or what saddens you?"

"Nothing," responded Mrs. Noah, with a sniff, "but those mean women on shore are strutting about in their rainy day skirts and talking about me being out of style because I did not get one."

His Best Friend.
Hewitt—I've lost my best friend.

Jewett—Why don't you advertise for it?

Hewitt—What do you mean?

Jewett—I thought you said you had lost your pocketbook.

Had to Run.
I understand that you were a candidate for the presidency of your club. Did you run well?"

"Yes, sah. I suttainly did. De order card date was right behind me wif a razah all de way, sah."

How Brother Dickey Figured It.
On being told that a negro had stolen \$10,000 Brother Dickey shook his head.

"Don't believe it?"
"No, sah; hit ain't lak a nigger! Now, if dey'd said \$10 I'd give in er verdict er guilty; en even den I'd have my doubts, kaze hit's ten ter one dat a genuine nigger would er only took nine dollars en a half!"

Touching.
"Are you a 'warried man?" inquired the inquisitive stranger.

"No, sir," replied the other sadly.

"Oh," said the first, "I trust you will pardon me for referring to your bereavement. I should not have opened such a touching subject."

"Touching describes it beautifully," murmured the other. "It is hard to pay \$15 a week alimony."

News for the Old Cat.
Ethel (who has been playing with the cat)—I say, ma, dear, we must hide pussy before pa comes home.

Mamma (severely)—What do you mean, Ethel?

Ethel—Why, ma, I heard Miss Brown tell pa this morn'ing, when he kissed her behind the door, that the old cat would go mad if she saw him!—Woman's life.

The Promoters.
"Let us make the capital stock, \$1,000,000,000," said the first promoter.

"All right," said the second, who was preparing the prospectus on the typewriter.

"Will it be hard to increase that capital?" asked the first.

"No, indeed. All I have to do is to hit this key a few more times."

Deeply Devout.
"How devout Mrs. Ayers is becoming," said he; "I notice she stayed in church to-day for some time after the services ended."

"Yes," replied his wife, "as her pew is near the door her only opportunity to show off her new bonnet was when the people filed out."

A Most Desirable Memory.
"Yes," said the optimist, "I attribute my happy disposition to my excellent memory."

"I never noticed that your memory was particularly good."

"Ah, but it is. It has the happy faculty of forgetting unpleasant things."

A Devoted Father.
"Dawson is one of the most devoted fathers I ever knew."

"How, so?"
"He's so proud of his children, Why, say, he often lies awake half the night trying to think up clever things that he can credit them with saying."

Prudent as Well as Rich.
He (to the matrimonial agent)—I've married that rich lady you engaged for me, but she won't give me any money.

Matrimonial Agent—And what could you ask better? Not only have you a rich wife, but also a prudent one.

Like Most Women.
At a recent dinner the Rev. Dr. Menot J. Savage told a story of a lady who was asked:

"Do you ever think of getting married?"

"Think," she answered in asperity, "I worry."

Truth Brought Home to Him.
First Jeweler—I have had proved to me that advertising brings results.

Second Jeweler—What was the case?

First Jeweler—Yesterday evening I advertised for a watchman and during the night my shop was burglarized.

THE WEEKLY PANORAMA

AWFUL DEED OF INSANE MOTHER

Wealthy Society Woman Kills Her Son and Herself at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
A lamentable double tragedy occurred a few days ago at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., when Mrs. Albert Edwin Tower, wealthy, cultured, and a leader in New York and Newport society, killed her



Mrs. Albert Edwin Tower.

14-year-old son, whom she idolized, in a fit of nervous frenzy and then sent a bullet through her brain. Her husband is a wealthy iron master and had been called to the Poughkeepsie Iron Foundry, which he conducts, owing to an accident there. During the evening Mrs. Tower, who had been a victim of nervous disorder, entertained a few friends, after which she and her son retired to their rooms. A little before midnight she rang up her husband on the phone and asked him to return home. She received an evasive reply. A little later she repeated the message, threatening that if he did not come at once he would never see her or his son alive. Mr. Tower had received similar messages before and he made light of his wife's request. But Mrs. Tower was in deadly earnest, and a little after midnight she secured a revolver, went to her son's chamber and shot him five times, killing him instantly. With another revolver she ended her own life. It is now supposed that the unfortunate woman would have attempted her husband's life had he returned at her summons.

From the scientific standpoint, the most singular thing connected with the tragedy is the fact that Mrs. Tower's mother, many years ago, had made a similar but unsuccessful attempt on the life of her son and herself.

The Towers owned a palatial home,

in Poughkeepsie, a mansion in Newport and a handsome yacht and possessed unlimited means. Both father and mother worshiped the boy who met with such a horribly tragic end.

Divorcee in Europe.
Divorce was established in Germany in 1875. From 1881 to 1885 the yearly number of divorcees was about 8,000, while of late years it exceeds 10,000. In England divorce was established in 1857. During the years 1858-1862 the annual number was about 200; in 1864, about 550; in 1898, about 650. In Austria, where only non-Catholics can apply for a divorce, the number of demands for divorce increased 25 per cent in four years, and in Belgium about 20 per cent in four years.

MARION MANOLA MASON VERY ILL

Popular Singer Now on a Couch of Suffering in a Boston Hospital.

Marion Manola Mason, who is seriously ill in a Boston hospital, is one of the most widely known women on the American stage. Eleven years ago she won her sensational divorce suit in Boston against Henry S. Mould of Cleveland, and one month later she married "Jack" Mason in London. These events were the occasion of

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