Hollow Ash... Hall

BY MARGARET BLOUNT

CHAPTER I.

It was a wild, raw November afternoon. The sky was dark and lowering, the wind swept down from the hills with a moaning sound that, beneath the tall trees, that kept their leaves, frozen out of all shape, ready to fall, made a sadly desolate sighing.

[illegible] the house standing empty, naturally enough concluded that it was to let. So at the Vernon Arms [illegible] their luncheon [illegible] and seeing a fire [illegible] there was one thing there I do believe in, though."

"And what is that?"

"The last ghost. It's not yet more than twenty-five years old, you know. The ghost of the butler's pantry. You know what I mean, sir?"

"Pshaw!" said the guest, turning red.

"From things which came to my knowledge when I was a younger man than I am now, I shouldn't wonder if there was something in that. No wonder that Vernon could not live here."

"How [illegible]," said the agent, rising hurriedly towards the door, "there are some things in this world that are not to be spoken of."

"Exactly. And I never have spoken [illegible] before [illegible] matter."

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]