# Hollow Ash... Hall

BY MARGARET BLOUNT

CHAPTER IX

To walk straight up to the door of a strange house with nothing but a plaid shawl thrown over your head, requires a considerable amount of courage and nerve. At every step of the way Miss Marjories scruples grew stronger—her sense of outraged propriety more clear. At last she came to a dead stop just as they reached the outer gate of Hollow Ash Hall.

"What is it now?" asked Cowley, putting her hand encouragingly.

"I really can't go in, Charles!"

"Nonsense!"

"They will think I am mad. Ought we? I know that my hair is half down and I have no bonnet. Don't make me go there, Charles till I am more presentable, there's a dear."

"Madam, do you intend to obey your lawful husband or not?" said Mr. Cowley with mock solemnity.

"But, Charles, do hear reason."

"No, I won't! I've had enough of reason in my life. So come along, my love. The moment you enter yonder door you will get a warm greeting for my sake, and no one will stop to think whether you have a bonnet or not. But that is just like you women! You can't even die comfortably unless you have a fashionable wedding dress to be wrapped in!"

Miss Marjorie always appreciated Mr. Cowley's soft well-known, and Miss Marjorie quietly. He laughed and led her up the avenue.

The shutters of the drawing-room were closed, but through a chink in the low window a bright ray of light, testifying to the presence of occupants.

Now look for it. Look at Mrs. Bell as soon as Mr. Cowley and Mr. Cowley and ring the bell!

A vigilant sentry upon the watch! The moment the bell rang a stout female with a candle in her hand peered dismally out into the night.

Is it you, mother? Or is it not? Is it the candle, or is it not? Is it the fleet-footed Marjorie, or is it her wilful sister Rose?

Her light quivered, and the tall, dark man with the lady on his arm, and the two young men behind them, all of whom from the mists of the garden, "Have the dears come?"

Like such pious souls everywhere, she had to be satisfied with a few vague things, clutched and fled.

But some one, it appeared, was upon a visit. "I had no idea, Queen Victoria, what they were!"

Oh, don't Rose—I'm so sorry, and sister!

Indeed Miss Rose is Queen Victoria, as natural as life, just as Mr. Macarthy

No-never, replied Mr. Macarthy, for the outside the window and the door, long with a chorus of

Who is it, and what can it mean? he asked quietly.

Mr. Cowley stepped on to the first Don't you know it, Rose?

Why, Charles, Cousin Charles, it me you?

It is really no

But I thought you were in America, he

So I was till a few weeks ago. Don't be alarmed, Rose. I am no ghost, but flesh and blood. And here, some one else, for I find myself a welcome in my own, whom our servant mistook for the ghost of Queen Elizabeth.

Rose stared, well she might, when she beheld in Miss Marjorie Bell's hall Cousin Charles, whom she had come and had left behind in Australia. So she held out her hand to the newcomer, and received a pleasant shake, and then led the way to the drawing-room.

Mamma, you will never guess who has come!" she exclaimed. "Cousin Charles Cowley from Australia and his wife!"

Greatly bewildered, Mrs. Bell came forward to welcome her guests. She had the wildest notions about the manners and customs of foreign countries and meeting a tall, stately lady with a plaid hood across her head and shoulders, as former and she instantly fancied that it must be the native costume of the land, which she come the to plus this of all elegance and knowledge among the ladies of Melbourne and Sydney. It was a real to see Mr. Cowley's face at the consciousness of her mistake dawned upon him by degrees.

Dear me! Charles from Australia and his wife! My dear, you are most welcome. Will you step aside your She was at a loss how to designate the article of dress, but finally hit upon the word 'burnous' as being the most suitable to the purpose. "Will you take off your burnous, my dear?"

At that Mr Cowley burst out laughing.

"My dear aunt, it is not a burnous but an old plaid cloak!" he exclaimed.

And my wife never saw Australia in her life. She has been living in this neighborhood for more than a year, and I just found her out by the merest chance in the world to-night, and immediately ran away with her."

Every face, even Mrs. Macarthy's, expressed the most intense interest and curiosity.

"If you will sit down I will tell you the story in a very few words," he observed; and within five minutes he was the centre of a most cosy-looking circle, with Miss Marjorie upon his right hand and Rose upon his left.

"You must all know that my Marjorie is an orphan," he began. "I met her first at a house in London, where among the gayest of parties, her little pale, sad face caught my eye, and without my knowing it won my heart. It was her uncle's house, but she was not happy there. Her cousins tyrannised over her—her aunt snubbed her—and I soon found that her uncle and myself were almost the only friends she had in the world. No doubt I twisted this fact to my own purpose. I own candidly that I rejoiced when others were rude to her, so that she might see that I was kind. I won her. I do believe more because she was grateful to me than because she loved me, but the love came afterwards, so that it did not matter. When her uncle made her my wife, in spite of all the sneers of her cousins and the downright cold nose of her aunt

"For a time we were very happy. Then some mischievous correspondent began to write me pretty, kind, anonymous letters—some to me day after day, which told me that my wife was not what she seemed; that she loved another; that she only waited her time to join her false lover.

I was foolish enough to read the slanders, to think of them at last, to believe them. The insinuations which looked suspicious there, but which I have seen by a far clearer light since. I began to be jealous, to watch my wife during my absence. But the more I watched and pried, the more convinced I became that she was false, and I resolved to leave her. I made my preparations for departure, and told her that I should go to Australia alone. I left her, and I

I have never since seen her face to face. I wrote her a letter, telling her that I had discovered her guilt, and that I should never see her more. I told her that I should go to Australia, and that I should never return to England. I told her that I should never see her more. I told her that I should never see her more. I told her that I should never see her more.

I left a letter saying why I had gone, left it to money, and I have never seen her face from that day till to-night. It turned upon me out of the darkness, like an avenging spirit. And I have only to-night discovered that she was not false to me, but true as steel. Rose, who had been deeply interested in the story,

And I should like to hear the exclaimed Mr. Cowley.

Oh, don't think of such a thing! It is too horrible—established with the

I only want to convince myself that does not.

But we all heard

Then I confess I am like the young lady whose excitement of fright for that she had forgotten all her own experience. Rose, you

Mamma, I

Mrs. Bell

Cowley

Mr. Cowley

Mr. Macarthy

Rose

Mr. Cowley

Mr. Macarthy

Rose

Mr. Cowley

Mr. Macarthy

Rose