# Hollow Ash... Hall

BY MARGARET BLOUNT

CHAPTER XII. (Continued.)

"I rose, pale and weak, and trembling, and gained the shore. Striking inland, the old Hall was just before me. I walked slowly up the long avenue and ascended the granite steps. As I reached the last step, I stumbled and fell upon my knees. Looking round to see the cause, I found an iron gauntlet, rusted and eaten away, and half buried in the moss that grew around it. I took it up with a strange thrill of [illegible]

[illegible]

The [illegible] It made no noise, and yet it came nearer and nearer. He put out his hand to arrest its progress and an [illegible] touch met his own. He turned faint and sick. He would have fled but his feet seemed rooted to the floor.

[illegible]

While [illegible] stood in the hall I [illegible] I heard a faint distant noise [illegible]

[illegible]

He finished the [illegible] and looked at his watch.

"Eleven o'clock and as quiet as death! I wonder if they are all asleep. High time for me to go, too. Lord! what's that?"

The sound was in the room exactly overhead—a steady, continuous knocking that seemed to summon him to the place without delay.

"What room is that? The turret chamber? Rose said there was something queer, and that was why she moved her room."

For a moment or two the worthy banker sat like one paralyzed; a cold moisture on his face and his heart beating a muffled match within his breast. At last his "British pluck" came to his aid.

"By St. George of England, I won't turn coward in my old age!" he exclaimed. "Man, woman or ghost—let it be what it may, I'll go and meet it!"

He took the candle and left the room. All was quiet on the stairs, in the hall, in the gallery above. The knocking ceased.

With trembling hand he opened the door of the turret chamber.

A tall and slender woman stood alone in the center of the room. Her face was hidden by a black mask. A full mantle, or robe of crimson cloth covered her from head to foot. It was girded at the waist by a cord of variegated silk, and the full sleeves were embroidered with threads of gold. Upon her breast something shone and sparkled in the shape of a star.

In one hand she held the casket and the tress of hair; in the other, a paper on which the astonished banker saw written in large letters:

"On that day, I, a child of three years, had lain speechless and senseless for more than twelve hours. The strange and sudden illness terrified every one around me—they thought me dead, and a veritable resurrection from the tomb could hardly have created more excitement than my recovery. I remembered the recovery perfectly, but all before it was a blank. Now, however, as I stood gazing on that picture, I seemed to remember dimly some other stage of existence, some lost life in which I had loved or suffered in this. It was the old mystery that had puzzled so many minds far stronger than mine—the mystery that we shall all, perhaps, see one day was but the dim working of a veiled and hidden truth."

Mr. Cowley read these words with an air of the utmost perplexity. His terror was gone, for he believed the mysterious old lady to be human and living like himself. But what she wanted of him—why she held that paper out so persistently, and what on earth its contents were all about, he could not say.

"Bless me! what a rigmarole it all is, to be sure!" he muttered to himself. "How on earth did she get here? and what can she want? I wonder if she can speak English? I'll try her, at all events. Madam, can I be of any service to you?"

The figure turned. The very movement struck a sudden chill to the worthy banker's heart. What if she was not alive, after all! Gracious powers! what if he had been calling a ghost "Ma'am!"

[illegible]

Mr. Vere became a constant visitor at the house of his friend, and Rose entered upon a new phase of her life, and that sweetest, happiest and most foolish of times. When a young girl's heart first finds out that it has other work to do besides beating. She would sit for hours, when her lover was absent, recalling every frivial circumstance of their last interview; and then with a blush at the thought of her employment, welcome another idea touching in its tenderness, to her heart, and weep for joy that she had reserved the first fond love of her young spirit for him.

In such musings—such happy companionship—a month passed rapidly away. No word of love had been spoken between the two; yet enough had been said (though something always seemed to check the avowal upon his lips) to leave her happy in the belief that she was very dear to him.

True, he had never asked her to be his—had never told her definitely that he loved her. But he had kissed her hand; and a lock of that beautiful golden hair rose and fell with every pulsation of her happy heart.

Alas for that first sweet, innocent joy! Ere long that sunny curl was wet with bitterest tears, and hidden carefully away—the first of the lost treasures which she, like every other woman, was to gather around her as she went through life.

It was her own folly that first came between them. She was young and childish; perhaps vain and trifling at times. She loved him dearly, and yet secure in her possession, she was at times very cruel to him. For when a man loves a woman truly, she has it in her power to hurt and torment him in a thousand different ways.

Rose took the heart that had been given her, and, half carelessly, half maliciously, wounded it very grievously.

Among the guests at Howlet House was one who had been seriously inclined to worship at her shrine before Mr. Vere had made his appearance. That he loved her she could not help believing; that he was unhappy about her, she and every one else around her knew. And yet she allowed him to hang over her chair—to talk to her—to bring her ices—to hold her bouquet when she danced, giving him encouragement (in the countless ways a woman knows so well), without seeming to do so.

Mr. Vere looked on and said nothing. She was not engaged to him, and he had no right to interfere. It may be that he might have asked for such a right; but in his heart he disapproved so strongly of her conduct, that he preferred to watch the drama to its close before he committed himself in any way.

The crisis came at last. They were at a party one even—this man and Rose. Mr. Vere was absent, but was expected later in the evening—a proceeding on his part which did not please his wilful lady-love. But she would not show her displeasure. She listened to the passionate words that were breathed in her ear, and said to herself that she would not "wear the willow." Come what might with that thought, some chain that bound her spirit seemed suddenly unloosened, and she became the gayest of the gay. The band struck up a waltz; couple after couple glided easily away from the ground around them, till she was the only lady left.

[illegible]

## DEER THANKED RESCUERS.

Singular Hunting Incident That Happened in a Maine Wilderness.

[illegible] Mayberry, a drummer for a [illegible] wholesale house [illegible] two [illegible] in March [illegible] the north [illegible] Maine. The weather was very [illegible] through [illegible] the snow was from three to four feet deep [illegible] and crusted with a very thin [illegible]. The drummer took a trip with a game warden and three guides to capture two living deer to [illegible] park near Waterville. During the hunt Mr. Mayberry and two guides were crossing the head of Schoodic lake one morning on snowshoes when a deer came out of the dense cedar swamp and made a dash to cross the lake. As long as the animal remained near the woods where the crust was thick it made good headway, but upon approaching the edge of the lake, where the sun had thawed the snow and made it soft, the creature was buried to its neck at every leap. At times it fell on its side and made heroic efforts to regain its footing, kicking frantically and wounding itself with its sharp hoofs. The men, who were behind a small island at the time, were about to capture the deer, when four large foxes came out from the cedars and followed the path of the deer, nosing out its tracks with the accuracy of trained hounds. As this was something new to the party the men waited to watch proceedings. The foxes came on silently, wagging their bushy tails and winding in and out among the islands, keeping on the course the deer had made. As they came around the end of the last island the deer had turned end over end in its struggle to get along and was lying with its head toward the foxes. No sooner did the animal see its foes than it redoubled its efforts to get away, but the foxes were light and had large hairy feet that would hold them up on the lightest snow, and inside of five minutes they were on the deer's back biting at its throat to open an artery so the poor beast would bleed to death. The hunters, who had believed that no fox could kill a deer, and had not for a moment contemplated the outcome of the affray, took up their rifles and shot two of the foxes, thinking that the sound of firearms would scare the survivors away, but they continued to worry the fallen deer until the men had fired again, killing another fox, whereupon the fourth one walked off to the woods, casting regretful glances behind. On arriving at the scene of the conflict the deer, which was exhausted but not badly injured, seemed grateful for the rescue, lapping the hands of the men with its soft tongue and bleating out its thanksgiving in a way that any one could understand. This was one of the two deer that was able to withstand the severe strain of capture and is now doing nicely in a large park, where it has all the hay and grain it can eat and where no harmful animals can annoy it.—Chicago Journal.

## Provisions for 27 Months.

Evelyn B. Baldwin, the Arctic explorer, closed a contract recently with Armour & Co. for the largest quantity of food supplies ever taken on an Arctic expedition. They amount altogether to about 200 tons—ten carloads, and cost between $50,000 and $60,000. They were delivered in New York early in April and were shipped thence to Dundee, Scotland; Tromsoe, Norway, and Sandford, Norway. The expedition expects to be ready to start on June 1, and the provisions are intended to last the party twenty-seven months.

# Real Estate Exchange

Of Whitehead & Mitchell at the Exchange Bank, Birmingham, Mich.

**The following is a partial list of farms, city and village lots and real estate generally which we have for sale. As our list is constantly changing, we request that parties will write us if they do not see what they want in this list:**

### No. 1.

[illegible] little farm of [illegible] acres in the town of Southfield [illegible]

### No. 3.

Twenty [illegible] acres of land near [illegible]

### No. 4

Tenant house and two lots with 100 feet frontage on Saginaw St., and 9[illegible] feet deep. Cellar, well, cistern, etc. Price $[illegible]. Electric cars pass the door.

### No. 5.

Elegant house and lot 66 feet front and 20 rods deep on Maple Ave. East, [illegible] acre. Fine barn and every modern convenience. Furnace, bath, closet, etc. Can be bought for what the buildings cost. Will exchange for improved city property for portion of the purchase price.

### No. 6.

The VanEvery farm on the north shore of Wing Lake, 160 acres, two good houses, three barns, fine lake frontage, [illegible] acres fine orchard, 15 acres timber. Excellent fishing, boating and bathing. Terms easy.

### No. 7.

The J. R. Quick homestead in Birmingham with 140 feet frontage on Saginaw St. and about 136 feet deep. New modern dwelling, good barn, fine lawn, shrubbery and small fruit. Electric cars pass the door every half hour for Detroit and Pontiac. [illegible] Owner has moved to [illegible] and must sell. We will make it an object for any one to investigate this bargain. Make us an offer.

### No. 8.

One of the best farms in Oakland county. It is almost enough to say when we tell you that it is the John B[illegible] farm in the town of Troy. 120 acres, excellent buildings, two good flowing wells. Carp pond well stocked, 9 miles of tile, fine orchard, 3 miles from Birmingham, 3 miles straight south of Troy corners, where there is a church, store, postoffice, school, etc. Price low and terms easy.

### No. 9.

Excellent farm on Gilbert Lake, about three miles from Birmingham. Good buildings, fences in good shape and everything in good repair. Lovely location on the lake and fine fishing, boating and bathing. 167 acres of as fine farming land as there is in the county of Oakland. Will exchange in part for good improved city property. Thirty acres of good heavy timber. Terms very easy.

### No. 10.

Large roomy two story house on Townsend St. in Birmingham, good barn, city water and all ordinary conveniences, 120 feet front and 103 ft. deep. Small fruit and good neighborhood.

### No. 11.

The old Shutes farm in the township of Troy, one mile east of Birmingham, 50 acres, all cleared, 7 acres of the finest orchard, good house and two barns. All the advantages of the village and none of the inconveniences. There are other things, too. Come and find out all about it.

### No. 12.

The Bayley farm in the town of Troy, 127 acres. Good farm house and farm buildings; flowing well at the barn which is the wonder and pride of Troy, 21 acres good beech and maple timber, 4 acres fine grafted orchard. Circumstances render it advisable to sell at once and the man who comes first will secure one of the best bargains in the country. Look it up.

### No. 13.

A fine farm of [illegible] acres [illegible] Waterford [illegible]. Four acres of orchard. [illegible] two sets of complete buildings on the place, with a good well and windmill at each house, so that it can be used for two families if necessary. It is owned by [illegible] and on account of ill health and the necessity of removing to better climatic conditions, he will sell for $40 per acre. There is no incumbrance on the property and the terms will be made very easy indeed.

### No. 14.

Two hundred and fourteen acres in sections 15 and 16, Southfield, with finest farm buildings in the township. Large and productive orchard of all kinds of best varieties of fruit, 10 acres of very heavy timber. Will sell or exchange for city property and will divide the two farms if required. Buildings on each tract. Price as low as any on our list, all things considered. Ask us about it.

### No. 22.

One hundred and ten acres in the township of Troy on section 33, [illegible] acres cleared, 25 acres in timber, beech, maple and elm. On the line of the Detroit, Rochester & Lake Orion Electric Railway, cars every hour each way; 13 miles from the city hall, Detroit. Good wells, cisterns, cellars, with house on each side of the road with barns complete with each one. Cider mill with three complete presses and [illegible] horse power steam engine in good repair. [illegible] productive farming lands under good state of cultivation. Best of reasons for selling. The farm is owned by Adam Most and here is the most interesting part of it: he will sell it at $65 per acre and that is less than he paid for it before electric railways were thought of. Only 40 rods to a good school and half a mile to the post office.

### No. 20.

The Toynton place, a nice little farm of [illegible], with four acres of good orchard and village as good as anybody's. One mile west of Bloomfield Centre (Circle postoffice), five minute's walk from Long Lake. Basement barn which cost nearly $1,000. House has seven rooms and woodshed, cellar, cistern, well, tool house, chicken house, pig pens, corn crib. A never failing stream runs through the farm. This farm is on the line of the proposed Bloomfield and Orchard Lake Electric Railway, from Bloomfield Centre to Orchard Lake. The price which was $65 per acre before the new electric road was thought of, remains the same, although all the farms in the neighborhood have gone [illegible].

### No. 18.

A small farm of five acres, being part of the w½ of section 2, Southfield township, Oakland County. Four good buildings; house, barn, fowl-house and pig-pen. Buildings insured for $1,200. Premises abundantly supplied with cold pure water from flowing well, which is piped to the barn, furnishing plenty of water for stock or other purposes all the year 'round. Good fences, excellent soil, gravelly loam in high state of cultivation. House, two story and wing; 9 rooms, woodshed, cellar, cistern and all conveniences; 2¼ miles from Birmingham, over roads which are the best in the country; 40 rods from good school; 80 rods from Erity's mill. Excellent neighborhood. This little farm is ready for business, without a cent for repairs or improvements. Price $1,500. Terms easy.

### No. 19.

A farm of 100 acres in the township of Rose, Ogemaw County, Mich.; 50 acres cleared, 50 acres mixed hard wood timber. Barn worth $200. Soil, sandy loam. Price $25 per acre, terms $500 cash, balance on long time at 6 per cent. Here is a golden opportunity for a poor man to acquire a good home in a short time. Better investigate.

### No. 20

This includes all of the Corson addition left unsold, comprising lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6. Lots 1 and two face Woodward Ave. next to the residence of W. [illegible] Jerks and the others face out on Vinewood Ave. These are, without exception, the finest building lots in the village. High and dry, city water, convenient to the D. & P. Electric R'y and will be sold cheap and on easy terms. Prices range from $125 up. Let us tell you all the particulars about 'em. We also include in this number lots 49, 50, 51 and 52, Block 5 in Urbancrest, near Royal Oak, at $50 per lot.

### No. 21

The Corson Homestead on Maple Ave., consisting of lots 6, 7 and 8 of Willitt's plat, being [illegible]x116¼ feet each, 180 feet front on Maple Ave., one of the most valuable residence portions of the village. A good comfortable house and good barn, with ample room for a garden. Fine shade trees and best neighborhood in the village. Frontage along this locality on Maple Ave. is worth $25 per front foot; that would make $4,500. Now, owing to the fact that Mr. Corson wishes to sell and sell right away, he will take $3,500, and it ought to be spot cash at that, but that can be arranged so that the terms need not worry you at all.

### No. 2.

**Farm of 80 acres, well fenced, well watered—never-failing stream; 10 acres timber, 1½ miles from Bloomfield Center and electric Railway to Detroit and Pontiac. Terms easy.**

### No. 23

It was formerly known as the "Wilde Farm" and contains about 100 acres of excellent land, well adapted for grazing or crops. It has about three-quarters of a mile frontage on both sides of Woodward Ave., adjoining the village of Birmingham on the north. The cars of the Detroit & Pontiac Electric Railway run each way every half hour and the Detroit & Milwaukee Railroad traverses the entire length of the farm. It has suitable buildings, good fences and a pretty brook of clear cold water runs through the meadow land, furnishing a never failing supply for stock. This place must be sold within 90 days and we have put the very lowest possible price upon it which we can entertain. It can be bought for $10,000, one fourth cash and balance on easy terms. Think it over and let us know what your thoughts are, only don't wait too long, for 90 days is the limit.

### No. 26.

One of the finest farms in the grand old township of Bloomfield, celebrated alike for its fine scenery and productive soil. It is the "Harff farm" about midway between Birmingham and Pontiac and just far enough from the Electric Railway to take advantage of all its conveniences and not be inconvenienced. 140 acres gravelly loam, 9 acres of the finest orchard in the state, [illegible] peach trees, [illegible] plum trees, brick house with all conveniences, [illegible] rooms, 2 wells, good windmill, farm tools, with ample sheds, good school near [illegible] miles [illegible] to Pontiac. Excellent roads at all times. Price per acre is low and terms are easy. Let us tell you about it.

### No. 27.

Want to go west? Well, here's your chance [illegible]

### No. 28.

[illegible]

### No. 29.

[illegible]

### No. 30.

[illegible]

### No. 31.

Lots No. 2 and [illegible] Block [illegible] Campbell's Subdivision of the village of Birmingham. No buildings. [illegible] of stone which will go with the lots, or will sell the lots separately as follows: Lot [illegible] $[illegible]; lot [illegible] $[illegible], and the pile of stone for $[illegible], one fourth cash and the balance in one and two years. These are acknowledged to be the finest building lots in the subdivision.

### No. 32.

A fine little farm in the township of Troy, about [illegible] miles north of the village of Big Beaver. Good school, church and only a mile from the D. R. & L. O. Electric Railway with cars every half hour to the city. [illegible] acres of excellent farming land; comfortable buildings all ready for a nice little chicken farm for some city man to bring his family during the summer. An hour's ride from the city hall. Price $[illegible]; $[illegible] cash, balance on mortgage and easy terms.

### No. 33.

Twenty-three hundred dollars cash will buy one of the most profitable farms in the township of Southfield, consisting of 90 acres. The price is $50 per acre, but the balance of the purchase price will be allowed to continue on mortgage at 6 per cent, or will trade for a smaller farm or house and lot in Birmingham; three good buildings, good cellars, wells, cisterns and all the usual conveniences. There are other things which we will whisper in your ear upon application.

### No. 34.

Nice little forty acre farm up in Sanilac County for $25 per acre, 30 acres cleared, 2 acres of orchard; a good barn and a comfortable log house; 4½ miles from Lexington; 4 miles east of Applegate post office on the F. & P. M. Ry.; will exchange for Birmingham property or a small farm hereabouts. For a poor man with a small amount to invest and a right good chance to work out the balance, this will be worth coming to see us about. Now don't go along all your life working for some one else and without a home. Come and tell us what you can do and see if we can help you out. It don't cost anything if we don't deal and if we do, the man who is selling the property pays all the commission.

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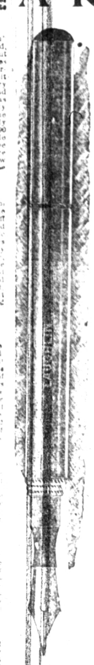

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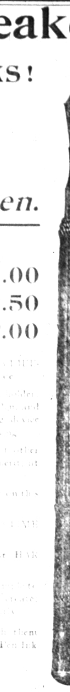

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