

CHAPTER L

and mechanical development, in fact, not far from Hudson's noble river, recklessness. there was living one Jacobus Bruyn, a tineage.

On a beautiful, sunny fall afternoon, guised admiration. farmer Bruyn was sitting on the front porch of his fine old Dutch farm-house, smoking his long clay pipe with an ex. aunt to-day?" farm buildings were filled to overflow- to be free." ing. As he sat and allowed the wreaths with estimation to the heating of the haps upon the brink of the grave. fails of his threshers in the great red barn not many rods distant.

The house of farmer Bruyn was built was neat and orderly. Along the garden fence, at the end of the low kitchen, was a bench, on which a row of shining milk-pans were sunning themselves. In the rear, a tall, sloping churning machine hinted at one of the domestic occupations of the place. The yard was not particularly spacious, but showed the supervision of some one with a love for order and beauty in clumps of shrubbery and beds of late-blooming flowers. It was evident who was the presiding spirit of this horticultural display, for a young maiden was wandering among the flower beds, dallying with the plants in a patronizing way that declared more plainly than words the deep interest of affection and guardiansaip. This was Rosa, farmer Bruyn's only daughter, whose age. it was apparent from her looks, could not be far from eighteen. Moving gracefully about under the soft light of the clear autumn sky, her plain, neat house-dress contrasting with the brilliant verdure about her, the young girl presented a charming object to the eye -and so thought farmer Bruyn, as he watched her from his seat on the porch. Her figure was plump and comely, although perhaps a trifle under size, and nerfect health was indicated in the full. graceful ourves of her form, the rosy bloom upon her cheeks, and the liquid clearness of her soft grey eyes. A wealth of rich brown hair hung about her shoulders in natural ringlets, unconfined and untied, free to the kisses of the sun and the toyings of the gentle gephyrs. No fairy creature was Roya Bruyn, but a substantial bodily presence, who might have sat for the Maforma of some old Flemish painter. The form, features and movements all indicated a pure, healthy womanly nature, capable perhaps of great devotion and tenderness, but one not likely to succomb to any trial or duty of life. The house of farmer Bruyn sat some distance back from the road. Several tall poplar trees threw their shade along the roadway in front, and, at the upper edge of the yard, some clumps of shrubbery acted as a partial screen to a lane that led to the outbuildings in the rear of the house. The road in front wound down a gradual hill; and down the hill the tall form of a young man could be seen drawing near. Rosa's wandering gaze had detected his approach, and, with a sudden flush, she drew slowly away from her position among the flowar beds, and proceeded, as if inadvertatly, up to the lane fence among the shrubbery. Her movements were evidently observed by the young man, for

most Grecian beauty. Ringlets of fair, brow. Clear, mirthful blue eyes lit up contemplate speedy marriage; so there makes a sure job of it." just previous to that very queer war of a countenance in which the expression seems no reason why I should not de- There was some laughter at this poor willage of southern New York, lying of over-confidence that almost indicated that I may become more worthy of man.

art "

"I am well, Claude," she replied tolling at ease in his great chair, ar.d ar pear well, too. But how is your sympathize with me, and take deligh

fame "Aunt? oh, she is growing worse," afford to take his case. His broad acres dinner that she is failing slowly but of fat valley land had borne unusually surely, and cannot possibly survive abundant harvests, and his capacious, long. Indeed, it looks as if I were soon

"Free!-why, Claude, what can you of blue smoke to curl up about his mean? One might suppose that you swarthy, honest face, he was listening rejoiced that your aunt is worse per-A peculiar shadow passed over the young man's face.

"Do you think so kindly of me, in the substantial, comfortable style of [Rosa?" he asked. "Or-but, no, you the well-to-do Dutch burghers of the | read my feelings, and you misinterpret colonial period of New York history. It them. Suppose aunt should die-can I was a large stone building, whose heavy help it? I shall sorrow for her as sinwalls had been laid by those who evi- cerely as anybody, but I must own that young face before him an expression of dently intended them to last for genera- there is a sense of freedom in the tions. The great roof mounted up to a 'thought of my being my own master high peak, and sloped nearly to the and coming into my fortune. What that will be opened to my hopes and ing-not even of you." ambition. There, there, little one-don't "But you know, Claude, we are so Then I've heard he sold himself to the me, although I know she loves me wild and reckless" well.'

not a little willful; and it may be you had evidently withstood the assaults are not the proper judge of all that is of many years, as also a liking for good good and necessary for you. I fear, if spirits, of which it was much the fashyour wishes are now realized, and you lon of the time to partake freely. To are given the freedom and opportunity introduce him without further words, you seem so to desire, you will only this old fellow was Carl Krum, and his demonstrate the wisdom and prudence special business it was to have in of your aunt's treatment of you." An expression of gloom passed over river at the landing about a mile and

the young man's countenance.

"You judge me severely, Rosa," he said, "but I do not care for that. I do and the old fellow had from time immenot plead the propriety of my feelings, morial almost been in charge of it, and but only that I cannot help them. Yet why should I not gratify my ambition? justice and right should be undisputed when he came it was generally the case I am the son of a wealthy man, and in master of my father's estate. I do not long for vulgar display and pleasure. No. no. my desire is to travel, to store my mind with observation; to develop my taste, and, above all, to give myself the room grew sudderly silent as the opportunity for the study of the art old man entered. A seat was offered that is my ambition and delight. You him and he dropped quietly into it, forget that I inherit a right to art. But and continued puffing sedately on a has a unt ever encouraged me in my short pipe that was in his mouth ambition? No; she has repressed it in After an interval of silence, a short, every way. She would make of me pursy little fellow who was sitting with nothing but an overseer of laborers, his chair tipped beside the emberless

and a hoarder of money My soul fireplace, spoke up: "Here's old Carl," he said. "He can loathes the life she would have me lead. Oh, Rosa, you cannot know how I long tell us all about it. Now, let me state to be away, spending my days among the matter. I maintained that the old the great galleries of Utrecht, of Mu- lady was eighty-three, you all denied nich, of Dresden, of Venice and Rome, it. Now, how is it, Mr Krum?" drawing inspiration and knowledge. The old man took his pipe quietly out from the works of the mighty masters of his mouth.

of art How can I help the spirit that "She's eighty-three," he said, "and is within me? At the mere thought of she'll be ninety-three, if the good Lord Leing able to fulfill my dreams, my soul so will and my prayers are heard. But is filled with an ecstacy that seems to what matters it, ye idle gossips?" banish far from my sight every other "Exactly," continued the first speaker, feeling and consideration."

"And to feed that ambition, you "and that confirms what I said. 'Taint would banish me, too, from your often. I tell you, that I make a mistake thoughts, Claude, and leave me for your in a person's age when they die-that

It was many years ago-before this flaxen hair escaped from beneath his is for a little time. It would not be has given her up, and when he says era of steam, telegraph and electrical cap, and curied over a broad, white long we are both young, and do not anybody has got to die, he generally

1812-that in a quaint old Dutch-built of geniality was offset by a certain air vote my time to improving myself, so jest, but it was interrupted by the old

to carry out my plans I will tell you for the good old Doctor, the only misling some specimens of this ungoily separation, and wait patiently for the is a scurvy dog that will not fawn on happiness that will be ours when I re- the hand that has fed it for years turn with some part of my ambition.

"You'll be provided for Carl, inter rupted one of the party "I have received my full due," replied

the old man, "and expect nothing" "Well, she ought to give you some-

thing," interrupted the landlord, but there's no telling-she's a queer old woman

"Queer old place too." broke in the little man again, who was evidently one of the kind that like to do most of the talking "I don't wonder that anybody is queer after living 4n it so many years Queer stories I've heard about folks belleve haunted, and I've heard that the old had rooms piled full of sliver and gold. it seeing that the devil had him safe "I see, Rosa," said the young man, anyhow But the devil came and took "But, Claude, think how it would with a return of the bitterness of his him one fine day; and the money is grieve her to the soul to dream for a tone, "that even in your estimation to all in the house yet, and nobody can moment that you could count up the aspire to any life but that of a plodding touch it, they say, except they sell money-getter is to be wild and reck. , themselves to the devil, too. That's the story, and some people believe it." anybody living is pretty well acquainted "No, my love and my light" he ex-] with Rolff House and the Rolff family, giving it over to the possession of the "That's all very well," here broke in a new member of the circle; "but I say it's good Scripture to believe in ghosts; and if there is any place that is likely to be haunted, it is Rolff House. And, old pirate's gold, why shouldn't he? It's only claiming his own, and we all know the devil is pretty sure to do that. I've heard of queer doings up there. There's my brother Sol, he says he was going by there once about midnight, and everything was dark and gloomy chimney on the east side, and a black object sprang out of it and was off in I've heard queer noises coming from the house, and others have heard them, too, and seen strange sights. I don't they're so, they're so, and that's all there is about it." The speaker was a short, very pecovered his meagre face, and long frowsy hair reached down to his should. ers, and hair and beard both seemed to peculiarities, his voice had a strange, sephulchral tone. "A fine countenance you have for a gular appearance. He was short and minded folk, and lead them to believe ill of their neighbors. I'll aver, that there's never yet been man or spirit

Carl will own up what he knows. Rolff disappeared from this vicinity, though, for the devil no doubt has put and nobody ever heard of him again. him under bonds to keep the peace The superstitious said that the devil about the matter. But I'd like him to tell me, if he can, what ever became of old Rolf?"

The landlord here spoke up:

charge a boat ferry that crossed the "That's a pertinent question," he said "Perhaps old Carl can answer it, or, at least, give us a short history of Rolff light on the matter. He disappeared-House. For my part, I should like to that is enough. It was certainly a hear a correct account of its strange strange matter; but such disappearhistory. There is no use of denying that ances are too common to call for any there is a mystery about the house. I superstitious explanation of them. He remember once myself seeing a strange sight up there. I was coming by the tions for the disposition of his property. house in the night-a bright moonlight night it was-and when at a point of laughter had died at an early age. The the road where I could see the eastern son married, and lived with his wife side of the house, I plainly saw the fig- at Rolff House, over which, however, ure of a man standing beneath one of Mistress Van Buysen continued to exthe large windows. He was in the direct rays of the moon, and I saw him born to them-the present heir, Claude as plainly as I ever saw man. His appearance was that of a very aged man, time was left an orphan. After the tall and stooping, with long white hair, and dressed in an odd costume. As I by special deed all the property had was looking directly at him, he sudden been placed in the hands of the aunt, ly disappeared seemed to sink into the Mistress Van Buysen. She has lived ground close to the house. I could to this day, exercising complete sway scarcely believe my eyes, but I am sure at Rolff House. There were, of course, I saw what I have told you, and, as always queer stories about Rolff House; you may imagine, I thought at once and as she grew old and allowed the of the story they tell, that at stated place to go somewhat to decay, these times the devil allows old Rolff to visit increased, and took the shape that we his money chambers. I suppose I must have heard here to-night. Rolff House have been deceived in some way in the is haunted by evil spirits, we are told; matter. But it would be interesting to old Magnus Rolff had sold himself to know more about Rolff House, and I the devil, and received his aid in acmove that old Carl gives us its history." "Yes, yes, Carl," "Let's hear it, Carl," and similar exclamations were uttered all but one single member of the family, by a dozen voices, and chairs were drawn up near where the old man was and so Rolff House is given up to hobsitting, for all knew that he enjoyed goblins and evil report. nothing better than an opportunity to] rehearse some favorite matter.

CHAPTER IV.

"Well," began the old man, "I don't mind telling what I know about the matter, though I'm afraid you'll find it rather a dry tale, with your appetites all whetted for a recital of supernatural doings. But it's a strange story, nevertheless. It was long, long ago, during the last years of King George's war with the French and Spaniards, that there came to our village, then a mere hamlet, a tall fine-looking man, richly dressed, who put up at the little Dutch and there is no reason to suppose that inn that stood on the very spot that generation at their birth. Yet I fear this tavern now stands. He remained week after week, and there was brought on his stolid features. He could well the replied. "The dotor told me since young. Rosa, and can bear up under fondness for the poor old lady but it containing goods of some weighty character. The curiosity of the good burghers was much excited about this mysterious personage. He was fierce and for his flight, and for all that seems gloomy at times, and would speak to strange to the world in the history of no one, and then again he would be free and jovial to the extent of spending many a dozen of gold and sliver coin, and getting himself and half the good burghers deeply intoxicated. This man gave his name as Magnus Rolff. At times, when in his cups, he would tell the most frightful tales of bloody adventures at sea, so that in time the good people began to regard him as a retired pirate, and this belief seemed confirmed by the number of heavy, see it restored. You have my story, strong chests he had brought with him, gentlemen. which no doubt contained the treasures he had acquired in his wild adtures. As Magnus Rolff rather enjoyed it to have the good people regard him in regard to Rolff House. with dread as well as admiration, he encouraged these stories about himself, up: it is to be feared, and so they have descended to this day. "But it is not necessary for us to credit them, so I will give you the real history of the man as I have learned it on the best authority. His real name was Rolff Van Buysen, and he belonged footed up large sums annually for these to a wealthy family of Holland. His many years. No doubt, the old lady father was a man of great talent, a has been close, and has a nice little plle patron of the arts, and a distinguished saved up for young Master Claude. public man. But Rolff was a wild boy, He'll scatter it, I'll warrant, spite of and, for some unknown escapade, he Old Bootie and all his imps But now fied the country and took to life at sea, let's drop the subject. I suppose some and at last came to the colonies. The of you would like to keep up your war with France and Spain broke out, stories of ghosts and hobgoblins. But and he shipped in one of the privateers it sin't good manners, with that poor that sailed from our ports to prey on old woman lying up there on her deaththe commerce of the enemy. In this bed, perhaps; and I won't have it. No way he led a wild life for years, till he more of it, gentlemen, to-night." at last become captain of a cruiser him- All knew the landlord to be a man of self. It is true that some of these pri- his word, and he was recognized diovateers were little better than pirates; tator in his own bar-room. So the conbut if young Van Buysen was guilty versation turned to other subjects, or, of any crimes against the innocent, no if the forbidden topic was discussed, it one knows it now. The tales about. him that have floated down to our day are the veriest gossip. But he gained riches by his adventurous life on the high seas; and, once while in the port of New York, returned from a cruise an event occurred to him that decided his future life. He met a fair maiden, at the first sight of whom he was desperately enamored. "He followed her up, discovered her name and whereabouts, and resolved on winning her. She was the daughter of a poor artist, named Lebrun, who bad come to this country to ply his art. but found poor remuneration in the rude condition of the colonies and the lack of public taste. But poor as he was, his love for his daughter was greater than his love of money. He was angered at the attentions of the rich, dissipated sailor to his lovely daughter, and, to escape them, he fled with her from the city, and came to this lonely hamlet. But Rolff Van Buyknow as it is respectful to the old lady sen was not to be baulked. He ferreted to tell about these hings now, but if out their whereabouts, and follewed his sweetheart to this place. He had really succeeded in winningher heart, for he was handsome and well-educated, parchment, dark straight hair mingled cullar-looking man. A heavy beard and had a strong element of the heroic in his character. So at last the poor artist was fain to give way, and consent to a union for his daughter that he did not approve. "Magnus Rolff, as he called himself. was married in due time to the fair maiden of his love. In the heydey of his happiness, he resolved on building the finest country house in the whole colony for the keeping of his bride. So Rolff House was built, and a wonderful structure it was in the eyes of the honest burghers. All that is really known of the married life of Agnes Lebrun is that she bore her husband two children, a boy and a girl, and died. Magnus Rolff lived on some years after the death of his wife. He never filled her proof that he loved her truly. Some time after her death, however, he installed in Rolff House as its mistress a sister who came from Europe. That sister is the present mistress of Rolf House. She was then a young and handsome woman, of fine education and great force of character, and she soon grew to have absolute control of Rolf. House and all its inmates. "There came a day when Magnus

had come to claim him, according to · bargain by which he had sold his soul for the gold he possessed. This is no doubt the story that our friend Sackett here would consider most credible. For my part, I can throw no left without leaving any will, or direc-His son had grown to manhood, but his ercise unlimited sway. One son was Van Buysen Rolff-who in course of death of the father, it appeared that quiring immense stores of unhallowed treasure; this treasure is protected from who likewise sells himself to the devil;

"Well, those can believe these stories who choose. I have received and handeled considerably of money from Rolff House, and it has never burnt my hands or my conscience either. I know not how old Magnus Rolff made his money, what murders or outrages he committed, or how many harmless merchantmen he sent to the bottom. I do know that at that time privateering was a popular pursuit with our daring sailors, and that many of them got rich without a suspicion of crime attaching to them. It was a legal business, to which they were duly commissioned: Rolff Van Buysen was anything more than a brave and lucky privateer captain. He probably spent most of his money in dissipation and in the building of Rolff House, and the effort to meet the expenses of a large establishment, and keep up appearances. I be-Rolff House. You gentlemen are entitled to differ from me if you will. Of course, I can't explain all the queer sights everybody may have seen at the dead of night about the place. People always will see strange sights around a house that is suspected of being haunted I-don't believe any of the superstitious stories about Rolff House. It is simply a fine old mansion gone The old man relapsed into silence. and a general shaking of heads showed that his story did not settle all doubts The landlord was the first to speak "I think you're about right, Carl," he said, " in regard to the stories about the old place. But I can't agree with you that there has been much lack of money at Rolff House Why, the business and tenements alone must have was in low and cautious tones.

How Well, very a procee Let vanced Januar ting o feels a years. eight. that w 1841. year I Hayti, The well, I ing for country take a gratify "I h scenery beautif ious to venture no one you cai with m pense. for you "I an We I procure knives. canteen expecte and the els into I pase mantic penetral gles, wh numeroi scaled r valleys, D888, P enough poisonou the aler On the ered the sion of FRCes, OI poured a with mc ward on a trange on the tion of g

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without noticing the old man's rebuke: is, the old lady ain't dead yet, but

a half from the village. This ferry be-

longed to the mistress of Rolff House.

constituted one of the family at Rolff

House He was not a frequent visitor

to the bar-room of Ronk's Tavern, and

that something had happened that ex-

cited public gossip unusually or had

The group of talkers sitting about

some special interest to himself.

"Why-yes, Rosa, to be sure that everybody knows that old Doctor Pronk

your love. I can't stay here, in this "That's a fair specimen of the devil's "And how's my little sweetheart?" dismal little village, to rust and fret wit as well as the devil's manners. substantial farmer, of the purest Dutch he asked, releasing her form from his myself to death I must cultivate my or I'm no judge," he said. "It's not arms, and gazing upon her with undis- talents. I desire to become a great given to any human being to fix the painter. As soon as I am in a position limit of a fellow creature's life, and, as

> "Little need there is to ask And you all my dreams and I am sure you will take he ever made was in not strangin my purpose to achieve talent and It will not be so long that I that it is only too true that Rolff House

he entered the lane, and, drawing near, placed his hand on the fence, gave a light spring, and bounded over. In a moment he had taken the blushing malden in his arms, and pressed a kiss upon her brow with all the ardor of an accepted lover.

CHAPTER IL

As they stood thus in the shade of the oushes no handsomer youthful couple could have delighted the eye of an art. ist who wished to sketch some scene of rprai love-making. The young man beenty to contrast well with the plump. reer cirl. He was tall and his form one and han some and the share of al-

gain her death would be to you." "But she will not dream it, little less."

monitress. No act or word of mine "No, no, Claude,' she exclaimed "Some people," interposed old Carl, affection require. But can I help my father?" natural feelings? I am not an angel in way-and I truly believe has loved me bye!"

ways been a strange one, and that her peared as he had come. guardianship has deprived me of the rights and privileges in a large meas-

gloomy, eccentric woman, fixed in her ideas and immovable in her resolves. tyranny so long as she lives except at with all her wealth, her farms, het boats, her ferries, her mills (there is travel and convivality. an immense fortune stowed up someregion could not enjoy? Aunt's love of merit till her household has been kept as if we were predestined victims of poverty. Rolff House has been abandoned to decay. As for me, the eccentric whim of my father has made me more subject to her than the veriest servant-dictated to in my education, curbed in every ratural wish and amhition, and left to dream of freedom and happiness only as possible through her death. My name-the name of Rolff - has become a very by-word through the country. Half the country folk believe Rolff House to be haunted, and it is not two years ago aunt dies, I come into absolute proprietorship of all the Rolff estates and wealth-and not till then. Ah. Rosa

can I help contrasting my present position with what it will be then? Is it in human nature not to desire to throw off the burden that has weighed upor my hopes and aspirations for so many years?"

"I will not try to answer your ques with a pained expression of coun be truer at heart than you represent growth of snowy white beard that de- on old Magnus Rolff as he has on you, Pernaps your fancy has painted your low, with probably a large portion of "Well, let them deny it who can, it composition is intense, you are preud and in his composition. His sturdy frame about Rolf House. I don't suppose old

"You do well to reprove me Rosa " ground in the rear. The numerous win- is the use of denying or concealing it? he said. "Yes, I, too, hope aunt will fellow who built it was a pirate, and dows, with their many little green panes I do not wish her dead; but I cannot get well, and live many years. Then had no end of money he'd made by of glass, hinted of light and cheerful- deny that the grief I should feel is all my fine plans will be scattered to murder and robbery on the high seas. ness within. Everything about the place tempered by the thought of the scope the winds, and I shall be sure of not!. After he built the house, they say he

achieved to claim you as my bride "

The eyes of Rosa Bruyn lit up for a

moment, but she dropped them quickly

to the ground, and was silent. At last

"I hope your aunt will get weil soon,

The young man hit his lip and turned

But his anger was only momentary.

Turning his gaze back to the fair grav-

che spoke quietly.

his face impatiently away

handsome countenance

Claude

look so grave. Remember, I have not young yet - and and father may devil, on condition that the money been brought up to be sensitive. Aunt change his mind when you settle down would always be kept safe in Rolff has not wasted any tenderness upon to steady habits. He thinks you are House, and a good bargain he made of

shall add a pang to her dying hours. I hastily, "you know I do not think so, "are born fools, and only fit to be guiled shall do all and be all that duty and But you would not have me offend by stories of ghosts and hobgoblins. If

human guise, like yourself. Rosa. I claimed, with a glow of enthusiasm, it is myself, for I have known them profess only one virtue-a desire to be "I would have you do nothing unbecom- these fifty years; and, as I am an honhonest, and not to hide my real feelings ing your character as the purest and est man and a good Christian, I profor mere appearance's sake. It is not best girl in the world. Better that I nounce all such silly tales but idle suin my nature to play the hypocrite. I should suffer the wreck of every hope. perstitions. There's enough that is shall feel very badly if aunt dies. She But I must not linger. Your father strange and romantic about Rolff House has always been kind to me-in her will begin to suspect something. Good- without peopling it with ghosts or

with her whole heart. But it is only And, with a tender caress, he turned Evil One." just to remember that her way has al. and, springing over the fence, disap- "That's a

CRAPTER III

ure to which I was born. A strange, The tavern in Voorhiskill, (so let us sall the little old Dutch village), was a as for the devil having a lease on that wooden, clap-boarded building, with no one can tell the tyranny her govern- three stories, a double-sloped roof, and ment has exercised over me. And, by many windows. It was a somewhat a strange fate, I have no escape from pretentious structure, and did a thriv- For my part, I believe that all ain't ing business, for the village was on the right at Rolff House. Many's the story the peril of my fortune Look at it'- line of an important mail and business route, and the times were favorable to

The bar-room of Ronk's Tavern, as where, and I the prospective heir), what the hostlery was called, was the great about the house, when all of a sudden pleasure or privilege has been mine in meeting-place for the men-folk of the stream of flame shot out of the big life that the veriest country lad in the vicinity. Here they gathered of an evening, and smoked their pipes, and drank hoarding has run away with her judg- their flip or other decoctions, and told the air as quick as a flash. And I've stories, talked politics and retailed the been by there myself at nights, when gossip of the vicinity,

It was on the evening after the events detailed in the last chapter. The candies were lighted in the bar-room, and the landlord was behind his bar answering the calls of his customers, who had begun to drop in. He was a tall, grave with gray, and an almost preternaturally solemn countenance. At bottom, however, he was generous and wholesouled, and delighted in nothing more be of a dirty slate-blue color. His yelthan to see his guests well-provided low skin appeared to have a bluished me with my aunt being a witch. It for, his bar-room thronged, and jest green tinge; his large, staring blue and anecdote going the round of an eyes were as lustreless as the eyes of evening, as pipes were lit and stout po- & corpse; and to add to his uncanny tations dealt out.

The usual group was gathered around It was early evening yet, however, and more were to come before the gossip or ghost story, Leb. Sackett," broke in the discussion reached its full height. One, old man, with a tone of contempt. "It after another dropped in, till at last is such outrageous liars as you and there entered an old man of rather sin. your brother that impose upon simple-

tions, Claude," replied the young girl sturdy of frame, and dressed in old, rusty brown woolen clothes, with knee-"I know that it is wrong breeches and stockings, while his heavy about Rolff House that would pass for very wrong, for you to talk and think shoes had broad steel buckles. His face a hobgoblin as readily as you; and if as you do. If I did not believe you to was almost covered up by a heavy the devil ever had half as safe a hold yourself to be, I should almost lose my scended and swept his breast. Under. then may the Lord have merey upon faith in you. As for your aunt, al neath his heavy, grizzled eye-brows a him." though she is peculiar in many things pair of keen, pleasant blue eyes gazed I knew that she loves you too much to out. His general appearance was that have carbed you needlessly or cruelly of an intelligent, self-possessed old fel- spoke up again:

This hit caused a rear of laughter and the discomfiture of Mr. Sackett. But he

[To be continued.]



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