

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH

BY ANNA KATHARINE GREEN.

Author of "The Leavenworth Case," "Behind Closed Doors," "The Forsaken Inn," Etc., Etc.

STNOPSIS OF PRECEDING NUMBERS

A wendering rider finds a descried stone house in New York State. The building is in good repair and completed all except the railings on the staircase. An innkeaper 30 years old gives him the written history of the house and of the events of 50 years before. Three young new. Philo Adams. Orrin Day and Lemnel Phillips were in love with a young lady named Juliet, who accepted the hand of Colonel Schuyler, the wealthlest man of the committee, at the condition that he should build her a house to be her own. Orrin Day, when he finds that Juliet has accepted Colonel Schuyler, becomes excited and jealous and Juliet asks Thio Adams to keep company with Orrin so that he and her finance shall not meet. The stage home is commenced by Colonel Schuyler and Grin watches its progress from day to day. On a moonlight evening Grrin and Philo visit the graveyard, and while there witness a scene between Colonel Schuyler and Juliet. Colonel Schuyler lass to go away on business and entreats Juliet to swent that she will marry no one cise has him. She finally swears to be no one's wife but his, and to wed him whom the house is completed, Colonel Schuyler departs and Orrin disappears. Philo, in the Colonel's absence, discovers that Juliet loves Orrin. Colonel Schuyler returns and storms because his house has not progressed rapidly during his absence. He coupley more men and bids them hasten the work. Philo fluds Orrin after a search in a house which he is building and which has been nearly completed, and suspects that he is building it for Juliet and that it will be a race between the two men for her hand. Colonel Schuyler discovers that Juliet is prepared to fiv with someone clse, and accuses Philo of being the one who is at the bettom of the trouble. Philo says he is not the man, and Colonel Schuyler asks the name of his rival. Philo refuses to tell it, suggesting that the Colonel schuyler asks the name of his rival. Philo refuses to tell it, suggesting that the Colonel schuyler asks the name of his rival. Philo refuses to tell it,

who could? Juliet is beyond the compre-

"But what is the use of plaguing myself

with riddles?" he now asked, starting up as suddenly as he had sat down. "We are to

be married in a month, and the Colonel—I have seen the Colonel—has promised to dance at our wedding. Will it be in the new stone house? It would be a fitting

end to this comedy if he were to dance in

I thought as Orrin did about this, but

with more seriousness perhaps; and it was

ered I had not asked whom he suspected of

not till after he had left me that I remem

firing his house, now that he was assured of the innocence of her who was most likely

to profit by its burning.
"Now I understand Juliet!" was the error

with which Orrin burst into my pres

late this afternoon. "Men are saying

women whispering that I destroyed my own

house, in order to save myself the shame of accepting the Colonel's offer while I had a

aids and encourages her follies. He is a

will seems to be most kindly.
"That is the wost of it," chafed Orrin.

portunity now of speaking to Juliet alone. If I go to her house, there he is sitting like a black statue at the fireplace, and when I

would protest, and lead her into another

room or into the garden, he rises and over-

whelms me with such courtesies and subtle disquisitions that I am tripped up in my

endeavers, and do not know how to leave or how to stay. I wish he would fall sick, or

"Orrin, Orrin!" I cried. But he inter-

rupted my remonstrance with the words:
"It is not decent. I am her affianced

Does he think I can ever forget that he

used to court her once himself, and that the

favors she now shows me were once given

as freely, if not as honestly, to him? He

knows I cannot forget, and he delights—"
"There, Orrin," I broke in, "you do him

cusion as he is above mine; but there is

"I don't know about that," rejoined his

angry rival. "If he wanted to steal back my bride he could take no surer course for

dready looks from his face to mine as if she

were contrasting us. And he is so

"And you," I could not help but say,

re so fierce and sullen even in your love.

"I know it," was his half-muttered retort,

but what can you expect? Do you think

I will see him steel her heart away from be-

"But he shall not do it," exclaimed Orrin,

with a backward toss of his head, and a sud-der thump of his strong hand on the table

before me. "I won her once against all odds, and I will keep her if I have to don

the devil's smiles myself. He shall never

again see her eyes rest longer on his face than mine. I will hold her by the power of

my love till he finds himself forgotten, and

for very shame steals away, leaving me with the bride he has himself bestowed upon

"I doubt if he wishes to," I quietly re-marked, as Orrin, weary with passion, ran

I do not know whether Orrin succeeded

from intruding upon his interviews with Juliet. I am only sure that Orrin's counte-

nance smoother itself after this day, and I heard no more complaints of Juliet's waver-

ing fidelity. I myself do not believe she

has ever wavered. Simply because she

ought from every standpoint of good judg-ment and taste to have perferred the

Colonel and clung to him, she will continue to cleave to Orrin and make him the idol

of her wayward heart. But it is all a mys-

me. He shall never have Juliet back.

landsome and suave and self-forgetting!"

The Colonel is above your compre-

Juliet, who is fickle as the wind

husband now, and he should leave us alone.

his house tumble about his head!"

nothing malevolent in him."

own will

[Continued from last Saturday.] "No man, you should say," quoth Orrin | hension of us all. bitterly, lashing his horse till it shot far shead of me, so that some few minutes passed before we were near enough together or him to speak again. Then he said: She loads me with promises and swears that she loves me more than all the world. If half of this is true she ought to be happy with me in a bovel, while I have a dainty cottage for her dwelling, where the vines will soon grow and the birds sing. You have not seen it since it was finished. You shall

I choked as I tried to answer, and won dered if he had any idea of what I had to contend with in these rides I seemed forced to take without any benefit to myself. If be had, he was merciless, for once launched into talk he kept on till I was almost wild with hateful sympathy and jealous chagrin. saddenly he pan

The forest we had been threading had for the last few minutes been growing thinner, and as the quick cossation in his speech aused me to look up, I saw, or thought I aw, a faint glow shining through the cranches before me, which could not have know him as I did or they would never accome from the reflection made by the setcome from the reflection made by the seting sun, as that had long ago sunk into they might bring against him.

Orrin who, as he had ceased speaking, and suddenly reined in his panting horse, w gave a shout and shot forward, and I, ardly knowing what to fear or expect, followed him as fast as my evidently weary along with but a few paces between us, we leared the woods and came out into the open fields beyond. As we did so a cry went up from Orrin, faintly echoed by my It was a fire that we saw, and the flames, which had now got furious headway, thich were being destroyed before our eyes. The cry he gave as he fully realized this I shall hever forget, nor the gesture with which he drove his spurs into his borse and ashed down that long valley into the ever-icreasing glare that lighted first his flowng hair and the wet flanks of the animal be bestrode, and finally seemed to envelope him altogether, till be looked like some avenging demon rushing through his own

clement of fury and fire.
I was for behind him but I made what time I could, feeling to the core, as I passed, the weirdness of the solitude before me, with just this element of horror flaming up in its midst. Not a sound save our pound g hoofs interrupted that crackling sound d barning wood, and when the roof fell in, as it did before I could reach his side, I could hear distinctly the echo which folowed it. Orrin may have heard it, too, for se gave a grean and drew in his horse, and chen I reach-I him I saw him sitting there illest and there without a word to say or empathy I could not now keep back;

Who had started the there which had in one half hour undone the work and hope of months? That was the question which first roused me and caused me to search the silence and darkness of the night for some trace of a human presence, if only so much as the mark of a human foot. And I There, in the wet margin of the tream, I cause upon a token which may can nothing and which may mean-in I cannot writeeven here of the doubts it rought me; I will only tell how on our How and wearisome passage home through the somere woods. Orrin suddenly let his ralle fall, and, flinging up his arms above

his head, craed bitterly:
"O that I did not love her so well! O that I had never seen her who would make of me a slave when I would be a man!"

The gossips at the corners nod knowingly this morning, and Orrin, whose brow is moddler than the Colonel's, walks ficrcely amongst them without word and without look. He is on his way to Juliet's house, and it their is enchantment left in smiles. I had her use it, for her fate is trembling in

the bulance, and may tip in a direction of Orrin has come back. Striding impetu-ously into the room where I sat at work, he drew himself up until his figure showed itself in all its full and graceful proper-

Am I a man" he asked, "or," with a fall in his voice brimmed with feeling, "am I a fool?" She met me with such an unsuspictons look, Philo, and bore herself with wir an innocent mir, that I not only could not say what I meant to say, but have promised to do what I have sworn never to a-accent the Colonel's unwelcome gift,

and make her mistress of the new stone schot are men but fools where women of

the grouned, perhaps at the secret sar- or not in his attempts to shame the Colonel on hidden in my tone, and sat down undden at the inble where I was writing. "You did not see her," he cried. "You

not know with what charms she works, then she wishes to comfort and allure." Abl did I not. "And Philo," he went on, and hambly for him, "you are mistaken on think she had any hand in the ruin chich has come upon me. She had not. How I know it I cannot say, but I am ready n owear it, and you must forget any foolish are I may have shown or any foolish words tery to me and one that does not make me I may have attered in the first confusion of | very happy. my loss and disappointment."

completed.

The sound of the hammer and saw was all about me, and the calling of orders from above and below interfered much with any centimental feelings I might have had. But I was not there to indulge in sentiment, so I roamed on from room to room till I sud-denly came upon a sight that drove every consideration of time and place from my mind, and made me for a moment forgetful of every other sentiment than admiration. This was nothing less than the glimpse which I obtained in passing one of the win-dows, of the Colonel himself down on his knees on the scaffolding aiding the work-men. So, so, he is not content with hurry-

which I was surprised to see was nearly

But Juliet ought to know with what manner of heart she has been so recklessly playing, of heart she has been so recklessly playing, so after stealing down the stairs I felt I should never have mounted, I crept from the house and made my way as best I could through the huge forest trees that so thickly clustered at its back, till I came upon the high road which leads to the village. Walking straight to Juliet's house I asked to see ing straight to Juliet's house I asked to see her, and shall never forget the blooming when a little while later he reappeared with beauty of her presence as she stepped into

Going straight up to him I said:
"Well, Orrin, what's this? Coming away from the house instead of going to it? I understand that you and Juliet were execting to visit it together this afternoon."
He paused, startled and his eyes fell as I

looked him straight in the face.
"We are going to visit it," he admitted "but I thought it would be wiser for me to inspect the place first and see if all was right. An unfinished building has so many traps in it, you know." And he laughed loudly and long, but his mirth was forced, and I turned and looked after him as he strode away, with a vague but uneasy feel-ing I did not myself understand. "Will the Colonel go with you?" I called

ing the work forward by his means and in-fluence, but is lending the force of his ex-ample, and actually handling the plane and He wheeled about as if stung. "Yes." fluence, but is lending the force of his example, and actually handling the plane and saw in his anxiety not to disappoint Juliet in regard to the day she has fixed for her marriage.

A week ago I sould have told Orrin what I had seen, but I had no desire to behold the old frowns come back to his face, so I determined to hold my silence with him. But Juliet ought to know with what manner of heart she has been as ableated about as if stung. "Yes," he shouted, "the Colonel will go with us. Did you suppose he would allow us the satisfaction of going alone? I tell you, Philo," and he strode back to my side, "the Colonel considers us his property. Is not that pleasant? His property! And so we are," he fiercely added, "while we are his debtors. But we shall not be his debtors long. When we are married—if we are married—if we are married-I will take Juliet from this place



THEY WERE BOTH DEAD.

the room and gave me her soft white hand

roof of my own." And, burning with rage, he stamped his foot upon the ground, to kies. and shook his hand so threateningly in the direction of his fancied enemies that I felt As she is no longer the object of my worship and hardly the friend of my heart, I some reflection of anger in my own breast, and said or tried to say that they could not think I can speak of her loveliness now without being misnnderstood. So I will let my pen trace for once a record of her charms, which in that hour were surely great enough to excuse the rivalry of which they had been the subject, and perhaps to account for the disinterestedness of the man who had once given her his heart. "It makes me wild, it makes me mad, it makes me feel like leaving the town for-

ever!" was his hoarse complaint as I fin-ished my feeble attempt at consolation. She is of medium height, this Juliet, and "If Juliet were half the woman she ought to be she would come and live her form has that sway in it which you see in a lily nodding on its stem. But she is no with me in a log cabin in the woods before she would accept the Colonel's house lily in her most enchanting movements, but rather an ardent passion flower burning and now. And to think that she, she should be affected by the opinions of the rest, and think me so destitute of pride that I would palpitating in the sun. He skin, which is milk white, has strange flushes in it, and her eyes, which never look at you twice stoop to sacrifice my own home for the with the same meaning, are blue, or gray stoop to sacrifice my own home for the sake of stepping into that of a rival's. Oh woman, woman, what are you made of? Not of the same stuff as we men, surely."

with the same meaning, are one, or gray, or black, as her feeling varies and her soul informing them is in a state of joy or trouble. Her most bewitching feature is too of the wood. Then we realized that the dames, which has been say, illuminating rose up like pillars to the sky, illuminating rose up like pillars to the sky, illuminating woman, woman, woman, was are you must be supported by the same stuff as we men, surely."

I strove to calm him, for he was striding her mouth, which has two dangerous dimportance of the room.

I strove to calm him, for he was striding ples near it that go and come, sometimes and sometimes I fear, without her volition and sometimes' I fear, "And her father, who should control her, with her full accord and desire. Her hair is brown, and falls in such a mass of ringlets slave to the Colonel, who is the slave of his that no cap has ever yet been found which can confine it and keep it from weaving a "In this case," I quietly observed, "his golden net in which to entangled the hearts of men. When she smiles you feel like rushing forward; when she frowns you ques-"If only he offered me opposition I could struggle with him. But it is his generosity tion yourself humbly what you have done to merit a look so out of keeping with the I hate, and the humiliating position into which it thrusts me. And that is not all," he angrily added, while still striding feverishly about the room. "The Colonel seems to think us his property ever since we decided to accept his, and as a miser watches over his gold so does he watch over us, till I scarcely have the operation of the blue ribbon on her shoulder, and if a close cap of daixty lace could make a face look more entrancing I should like the privilege of seeing it. She was in an amiable mood and smiled upon my homage like a fairy queen.

like a fairy queen. "I have come to pay my final respects to Juliet Playfair," I announced; "for by the tekens up yonder she will soon be classed

My tone was formal and she looked surprised at it, but my news was welcome, and so she made me a demure little courtsy before saying joyously:
"Yes, the house is nearly done, and to-

morrow Orrin and I are going up there to-gether to see it. The Colonel has asked us to do this that we might say whether all is our liking and convenience.

"The Colonel is a man in a thousand," I began, but, seeing her frown in her old pettish way, I perceived that she partook enough of Orrin's spirit to dislike any allusion to one whose generosity threw her own selfishness into startling relief.

So I said no more on this topic, but let ny courtesy expend itself in good wishes, and came away at last with a bewildering remembrance of her beauty, which I am doing my best to blot out by faithfully reunting to myself the story of those infin ite caprices of hers which have come so near wrecking more than one honorable heart.

I do not expect to visit her again until I

ay my respects to her as Orrin's wife. It is the day when Orrin and Juliet are to visit the new house. If I had not known this from her own lips I should have known

it from the fact that the workmen all left at noon, in order, as one of them said, to leave part for your former courtesies," I could not forbear saying, in my own secret chagrin and soreness of heart. to watch for the appearance of Orrin and the Colonel at Juliet's gate, but they did not come, and assured by this that they meditated a later visit than I bad anticipated, I went about my work. This took me up the road, and as it chanced, led me within a few rods of the wood within which lies the new stone house. I had not meant to gothere, for I have haunted the place enough, but this time there was reason for it, and satisfied with the fact I endeavored to fix my mind on other matters and forgot who was likely at any moment to enter the

forest behind me. But when one makes an effort to torget he s sure to remember all the more keenly, and I was just picturing to my mind Juliet's face and Juliet's pretty air of mingled pride and disdain as the first sight of the broad stone front burst upon her, when I heard through the stillness of the woods the faint sound of a saw, which coming from the direction of the house seemed to say that some one was still at work there. As I had iderstood that all the men had been given a half holiday, I felt somewhat surprised at this, and unconsciously to myself moved a few steps nearer the opening where the house stood, when suddenly all was still and I could not for a moment determine whether I had really heard the sound of a saw or not. Annoyed at myself, and wery happy.

I went up by myself to the new stone house to-day, and found that it only needs the inishing touches. Twenty workmen or more were there, and the great front door had just been brought and was leaning astonishment to see Orrin coming from the content of the property of the ashamed of an interest that made every she laughed as I talked of my grief and rage, as thought I was playing a part. It was merry laughter, and there was no ring of absenced in it, but why should she laugh at effect of the will be and looked in, and not satisfied with what I could thus see, made my way into the house and up the main staircase. In the satisfied with what I could thus see, made my way into the house and up the main staircase.

forced gayety that more than one turned to look after them as they passed merrily down the road. Will Juliet never be the mistress of that house? I think she will, my Orrin. That dimpled smile of hers has more force in it than that dominating will of yours. If she chooses to hold her own

she will hold it, and neither you nor the Colonel can say her nay.

What did Orrin tell me? That she would never be mistress of that house? Orrin was right, she never will; but who could have thought of a tragedy like this? Not I, not I; and if Orrin did and planned it— But let me tell the whole just as it happened, keeping down my horror till the last word is written and I have plainly before me the

awful occurrences of this fearful day.

They went, the three, to that fatal house ogether, and no man, saving myself pertion of the wood. Then we realized that the afternoon had long passed, and that it was getting dark; and going up to the old man, I asked whom he was looking for. The

answer was as we expected.
"I am looking for Juliet. The Colone! took her and Orrin up to their new house, but they do not come back. I had a dreadful dream last night, and it frightens me. Why don't they come? It must be dark enough in the wood.

"They will soon come," I assured him, and moved off, for I do not like Juliet's

But when I passed by there again a half-hour later and found the old man still standing bareheaded and with craning neck at his post, I became very uneasy myself, and proposed to two or three neighbors, whom I found standing about, that we should go toward the woods and see if all were well. They agreed, being affected, doubtless, like myself, by the old man's fears, and as we occeded down the street, others joined us till we amounted in number to a half-dozen or more. Yet, though the occasion seemed a strange one, we were not really alarmed till we found ourselves at the woods and realized how dark they were and how still Then I began to feel an oppression at heart, and trod with careful and hesitating steps till we came into the open space in which the house stands. Here it was lighter, but oh! how still. I shall never forget how still; when suddenly a shrill ery broke from one amongst us, and I saw Ralph Ur-phistone pointing with finger frozen in horror at something which lay in ghastly outline upon the broad stone which leads

up to the gap of the great front door.
What was it? We dared not approach to see, yet we dared not linger quiescent. One by one we started forward till finally we all stood in a horrified circle about the thing that looked like a shadow, and yet was not a shadow, but some horrible nightmare that made us gasp and shudder till the moon came suddenly out, and we saw that what we feared and shrank from were the bodies of Juliet and Orrin, he lying with face upturned and arms thrown out, and she with her head pillowed on his breast as if cast her head pillowed on his breast as if east there in her last faint moment of conscious-ness. They were both dead, having fallen through the planks of the scaffolding, as was shown by the tatal gap open to the moonlight above our heads. Dead' dead' and though no man there knew how, the terror of their doom and the retribution it seemed to be seek went home to our bearts seemed to bespeak went home to our hearts, and we bowed our heads with a simultane-ous ery of terror, which in that first mo-

ment was too overwhelming even for grief.

The Colonel is nowhere to be seen, and after the first few minutes of benumbing horror, we tried to call aloud his name. But the cries died in our throat, and presently one amongst us withdrew into the house to search, and then another and another, till I was left alone in awful attendance upon the dead. Then I began to realize my own anguish, and with some last fragment of secret jealousy-or was it from some other less definite but equally imperative feeling?was about to stoop forward and lift her head from a pillow that I somehow felt de-filed it, when a quick hand drew me aside, filed it, when a quick hand drew me aside, and looking up, I saw Ralph standing at my back. He did not speak, and his figure looked ghostly in the moonlight, but his hand was pointing toward the house, and when I moved to follow him, he led the way into the hollow entrance and up the stairway till we came to the upper story where he stopped, and motioned me toward a door opening into one of the rooms.

There were several of our number alread y standing there, so I did not hesitate to approach, and as I went the darkness in which I had hitherto moved disappeared before the broad band of moonlight shining into the room before us, and I saw, darkly sil-honetted against a shining background, the crouching figure of the Colonel, staring with hollow eyes and maddened mien out of the unfinished window through which in all

probability the devoted couple had stepped to their destruction. | To Be Concluded Next Saturday. 1

EUROPE-The Special Cable Letters to THE DISPATCH bring all the news of Great

GUY FAWKES' LEADER.

The Ancient Home of the Man Who Was at the Head of the Famous

LONDON GUNPOWDER CONSPIRACY.

Ashby St. Ledgers, Its Description, Its Long, Eventful History.

LETTER IN THE WAKEMAN SERIES

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH, 1 ASHBY ST. LEDGERS, ENGLAND, Sept. 21.—One feels quite a prideful thrill of original discovery if he can hit an object or place in all Europe where the great American globe trotter has not already come; took a hasty glance; photographed everybody and everything with a snap camera or upon his majestic memory; chipped off a piece of the object or shrine for his collection; made half a dozen notes with a stylographic pen for future reference; cut his name and the date of his visit upon any available woodwork about the spot, or otherwise left his mark; and then with a "biff!" and "zip!" projected himself meteorically through space to the next pleasing or hideous object of interest.

I have found one spot in Great Britain where these is at least no local record of the species. The fact is a noteworthy one and the place itself posseses extraordinary interest. It is called Ashby St. Ledgers. To be very definite regarding a locality so distinctive for its so far quite unknown beanties and interest, it is but a tiny "village four miles north from Daventry, 16 from Northampton, in the middivision of the county of Northampton, hundred of Fawsley, petty sessional division, union and county court district of Daventry, rural deanery of Daventry, archdeacoury Northampton and diocese of Peterborough.

ITS ONE CLAIM TO CELEBRITY. The taxgatherers of the crown have thus minutely located the village and parish and to make it perfectly accessible to those who "do" Ireland, Scotland and England in one one week or less it should be added that Ashby St. Ledgers is but 13 minutes' walk westward from Wilton station, on the main line of the London and Northwestern Rail-way from London to the noted school town of Rugby, and that the most noted conspiracy in English history, popularly known as "Guy Fawkes' Gunpowder Plot," was concocted within the sunny, slumberous precincts of its now crumbling and ivy-covered walls.

Stripped of their usual bigoted verbinge, it was a plan originated by Sir Robert Catesby, lord of this very manor, and other maleontents, including Thomas Percy, Christopher and John Wright, Thomas and Robert Winter, one Bates, and their brave tool, Guido (or Guy) Faux (or Fawkes), representing the enemies of James I., to remove an obnoxious government at a single explosion o' guepowder, instead of by a great and protracted waste of gunpowder through prolonged cruel civil war.

THE DETAILS OF THE PLOT.

They rented a fine cellar immediately un der Parliament Honse and succeeded in concealing within it 30 barrels and 4 hogs-heads of gunpowder, "covered with billets and faggots of wood, great iron bars, stones," etc., besides young and ambitions Mr. Fawkes, "wrapped in a cloak and booted and spurred," and provided with "a dark lanthorn and a tinder boxe with which to set off the touchwood," which, comnunicating with the 30 barrels and 4 hogs eads of gunpowder, at the instant of the King's convening Parliament, November 5, 1605, was expected to give immediate relief to the political situation.

However, by means of an anonymous let-

er to Lord Monteagle, whom some one of the conspirators desired to save, the plot was discovered, young Mr. Fawkes, whom he pictures represent as having for some ime neglected his hair and beard, was dogged out of his mysterious surroundings, spread upon a convenient rack, inducing a onfession, and shorly after hanged; while Percy Catesby, Winter and the two Wrights were chased from this place through War-wickshire to Holbeach, in Staffordshire, where they were all slain, fighting to the death, except Winter. He was captured alive, to die on the gallows; and a sufficient number of others, directly or supposititi-ously connected with this mad effort.

WHERE THE CONSPIRACY WAS BORN. The manor of St. Ledgers, the former home of the arch conspirator, Sir Robert Catesby, is one of the most ancient in Britain. It possesses an eventful history. I am indebted for its romantic narrative to my host, Major H. P. Senhouse, its pres-ent proprietor and lord of the manor. Aside from its peculiar interest, in view of St. Ledger's individual historic associaions, it is most curious and fascinating as illustrative of the extraordinarily recorded, not traditional, age of innumerable English estates, their frequent strange vicissitudes, and the almost purely historic volumes which might be written upon nearly any single piece of entailed manorial property in England.

The manor was granted by William the Conquerer to Hugh de Grentmaisnil over 800 years ago. At the time "Domesday Book," the first tax book of England, was prepared (1080-6), this Hugh de Grent-maisnil held four "hides" of land in Ashby. There were eight acres of meadow, and the whole was then valued at 60 shillings. This Hugh accompanied the Conquerer on his expedition to England and was rewarded for his services with upward of 100 manors i different counties, 20 of which lay in Northamptonshire.

THE HEIRSHIP'S SUCCESSION. He was associated with Odo, Bishop of Baycaux, and William Fitz-Osborn in exe-cuting the high office of justiciary of England two years after the conquest, and died in 1094, six days after he had assumed a re-

ligious habit.

He was succeeded by his son Robert, from whom the estate descended in 1122 to Ivo de Grentmaisnil, his oldest surviving brother and heir. This Ivo joined the confederacy in support of Robert, Duke of Normandy, in the reign of Henry I, but the en-terorise failing, and being heavily fined for his delinquency, he applied for protection to Robert, Earl of Mellent, one of the King's chief counselors, at whose suggestion he un dertook a pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

For this purpose the Earl loaned him 500 marks, or about £333, for which he mort gaged to him all his possessions in England by way of security, for 15 years, on condi-tion that it should be returned to his son Ivo, whom the Earl engaged on onth should be married to his own niece, the daughter of the Earl of Warwick. The King ratified his agreement, but Ivo, the father, dying on his pilgrimage, the son was deprived of both his wife and his inheritance.

Another Hugh de Grentmaisnil, successor of the young Ivo, appears to have subsequently recovered his patrimony, which descended to his daughter, Petronilla, who, marrying Robert Blanchmaines, Earl of Leicester, the grandson of Robert, Earl of Mellent, his possessions were all transferred into that family.

UNDER THE LANCASTER REGIME.

In the reigh of Henry II., Ashby con-tained four "hides" of the fee of the Earl of Leicester, and subsequently became parcel of the duchy of Lancaster. From the reign of King John to the latter part of the reign of Edward III., this lordship was in the of Edward 111., this fordship was in the hand of the family De Crawford, when Emma, daughter of Robert de Crawford car-ried it in marriage to John de Catesby, of Ladbroke, in Warwickshire. Sir William Catesby, a grandson of John, was one of the three favorites who ruled England under Richard III., the others being Sir Richard Radeliffe and Viscount Lovell, giving rise to the memorable

The rat, the cat and Lovell our dog, Rule all England under the hog— Rule all England under the hog—
the "hog" being an illusion to King Richthe "hog" being an illusion to King Rich-

ard having adopted a boat as one of the heraldic supporters upon his regal escut-cheon. For this poetical libel Collingbourne, its author, was expeditiously, "hanged, headed and quartered" on Tower Hill, Lon-

Sir William Catesby obtained grants of various forfeited manors and lucrative wardships; and attending King Richard in his last expedition against the Earl of Richmond he was taken prisoner on Bosworth

LOST HIS HEAD AND HIS LAND.

Three days after he was beheaded at Leicester. His lands were escheated to the Crown and granted to Sir James Blount, but were restored by act of Parliament to his son George in 1496. George Catesby, Esq., was succeeded by his son William, a minor, who, dying without issue, the es-tates descended to his younger brother, Richard, who was member from Warwickshire in the tamous Parliament which proved so destructive to the English mon-

Sir William Catesby, grandson and suceessor to Richard, was cited with others be-fore the infamous court of star chamber in 1581, charged with harboring Jesuits and and being present at a secret celebration of the mass, of which offenses they were con-victed. Sir Robert Catesby, his son and successor, who originated the gunpowder plot on these grounds, lived until pursued and shot to death at Holbeach, Staffordshire, in 1605, in this picturesque old manor

Catesby's estates having been confiscated by the Crown, the lordship and advowson of the manor were granted, in 1611, to Sir William Irving in fee. They were subse-quently sold by Irving to Brian I'anson and Ann, his wife, with whose descendants they continued until 1703.

INHERITED BY A WOMAN HATER. They were purchased by Joseph Ashby, Esq., and from him they descended to the late Lady Senhouse, who, dying in 1850, left the property to her only surving child, Captain William Senhouse, a bachelor and confirmed woman hater. On his decease, in 1884, Major Humphrey Pockington Sencouse was called from his estates in Cumberland to act as executor, and found to his surprise that the splendid old property had been devised to him. This is a long "search" or "abstract of title," as the real estate law-yers would call it. But what a grand historic sweep it has!

Approaching the place along the highway from the southwest, you suddenly come upon the daintiest and most flower spangled village in England. It is a tiny collection of dependencies upon the manor; but there can nowhere else be found such flower embowered homes. Just at the northern edge of this, the whole forming a striking background to the side broidery of one of the finest wide, high overarchings of ancient ash trees I have ever seen, first appears a huge wall, high, thick, ivy-hung and mossy. Surmounting this is a wonderfully pictur-esque old gatehouse with two stories of hambers and an attic-the veritable meeting room of the conspirators.

THE SURROUNDING STRUCTURES. Behind this are other venerable outbuildings, half a thousand years old and in per-fect maze. To the right and higher, shows a grim, square Norman tower and the mossy roof of the parish church, whose "living" s within the gift of the lord of the manor. Behind and above all are the many massive gables of this most splendidly fantastic manor house within the English midland

The church itself is a study in ancient English ecclesiastical architecture, is extraordinarily rich in monuments and brasses, and possesses many evidences of having been largely restored and beautified by John de Catesby about 1412. Its age, however, dates from many hundred years before that time. Many monuments of the Catesbys are found in the chancel which escaped destruction, from the place being so sequestcred a one, at the time of the terrible pub-lic outburst against the fatal treason of Robert Catesby.

But a portion of its floor is covered with

flags, a suggestion of extraordinary an-tiquity, as well of the beautiful village tiquity, as well of the beautiful village of their special department. Office hours: "rushbearing" processions, which were certain to have annually been seen within it. day: 10 A. M. to 12 M., 2 to 5 P. M., 7 to 8:20 wssu day: 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. see26-wssu Its traditional south porch is as quaint a study as that of ancient Grasmere Church Westmoreland. A private way leads to the hall of the lord of the manor.

ST. LEDGER'S HISTORIC TULIP TREE. At Ashby St. Ledgers it passes through the ancient courtvard wall and winds across a noble terraced lawn and garden. At the rear of these, marking the boundary of the highway, is a majestic line of ash trees. Half way between the Manor House and these stands the historic tulip tree of St. Ledgers, indeed, if not of England. Its girth at 4 feet from the ground is 16 feet and

2 inches. Its greatest spread of branch is 88 feet from north to south, 76 feet from east to west, and its height is 77 feet. The manor house is believed to be nearly 700 years old. The fronts retain their origi nal character, and are finished with gables and an open parapet. The east front is modernized. In the hall of the most ancient portion every oak panel bears a now almost indistinguishable painting of a head or an armorial device. The entire interior is a labyrinth of wainscoting, curio and secret depositories, dark old hallways, wondrously carved chimney pieces and fantastic stairways, balustrades and landings, It is believed that the cellars contain walled up secret passages to distant places of exit, and in one I found a huge stone altar, where formerly Christian England com-

pelled the pious to worship for tear of the gallows of Tower Hill. EDGAR L. WAKEMAN. FICTION-Edgar Fawcett's great story, American Push," is now running in the Sunday issue of THE DISPATCH. The lit-

erary feature of the year.

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Who They Are. Who They Are.

The staff of the Electropathic Institute recognize the fact that they are not open to the charge of "nameless," or to that of using obscure or doubtful people in any way, in connection with their institute. In proof of this we call attention to the fact that Lewis G. Davis, M. D., is at the head of the staff of physicians and surgeons of the Electropathic Institute of 507 Penn avenue. Pittsburg. Dr. Davis graduated first at Jefferson. tropathic Institute of 507 Penn avenue. Pittsburg. Dr. Davis graduated first at Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia in 1879. After two years of private practice he took the post-graduate course of Bellovne Hospital Medical College of New York City; graduating in 1882. In addition to these distinctions, Dr. Davis has special-course diplomas in Physical Diagnosis under Professor Janeway; in Chemistry under Professor Joremns, in Skin Diseases under Professor Shoemaker, and in Surgical Anatomy under Professor Keen. His staff of able associates have no less honorable credentials of their training, experience, skill and knowledge needed to practice medicine safely and successfully.

WHAT THEY CAN DO. Mr. Thomas F. Robinson, the well-known bout-builder of Lafayette street, Hazelwood, Twenty-third ward, says of the Electro-pathic Institute, at 507 Penn avenue:



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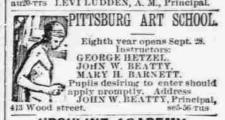
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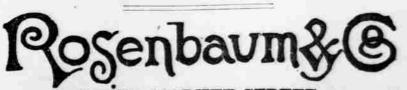
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