

A GHOST OF A PLACE.

THE STORY OF ASHLEY HALL AND HOSPITABLE COLONEL BULL.

How the Planter Kept His Household Goods From the Hands of the "Raiders." Pictures of a Beautiful Suburb That All Visitors to Charleston Admire.

Woodlands thick with undergrowth; tranquil country stillness, the stillness of a bit of country comparatively untrampled and unspoiled; roadways lined with tall and stately trees—such the scene as the clatter of horses' hoofs echoing on the hard flooring of the river bridge dies away into noiseless footfalls and the wheels turn without sound in the yielding soil of St. Andrew's. The murmured choruses of countless pines charmed us into forgetfulness of the city's close proximity across the river. Ahead the way unfolds to us, broad and smooth, winding between long battalions of ancient oaks, muffled up to their chimneys in gray; on through miles of the century old trees, their massive trunks bound with fibrous scarfs, as if to veil the scars of successive seasons, every twig and branch and spray hung with streaming moss. Grand old oaks! Autumnal storms and April airs in turns have tossed and kissed their rugged boughs, yet the giant trunks stand firm. Scarcely a gap in the uniform line shows where a grenadier has fallen out of ranks, and, elbow to elbow, they guard the ancient highway from encroachment of forest or field.

Here is an old gateway, the entrance to the grounds which once surrounded Ashley Hall, one of the proudest and most spacious of the ancestral homes in this parish. We pass through the useless massive portals into the driveway beyond. In the shaded light the avenue seems dreaming of the past, for those great oaks stand guard over the wreck of all they were intended to adorn. Of the stately home to which their beauty formed a fit approach nothing now remains but the crumbling marble steps and tall, spiraling chimneys. Little pickaninnies play hide and seek where once the flowers in "my lady's garden" grew in trim luxuriance. Only the Ashley is unchanged as it rippled by on its way to the sea, its waves as blue and sparkling as when it bore many a boating party from the mansion house.

Ashley Hall was the scene of a munificent and lavish hospitality in antebellum days. Its owner possessed immense plantations in Mississippi and Louisiana in addition to his Carolina estates, and the great halls and spacious drawing rooms of the St. Andrew's mansion were frequently thronged with a gay company of the most distinguished people of the state. The host was passionately fond of the chase and delighted to assemble about him those who shared in his love of sport. Deer hunts, participated in by famous sportsmen from all over the south, were features of every season. The same open handed generosity that dictated a hospitality so marked obtained between master and slave, and the large retinue of servants at the hall were a happy, care free set. It was traditional that no one was ever sent away empty handed who applied for aid at the doors of this plantation home.

This old hall, in which seven generations of the same family had dwelt, living almost ideal lives, met with a tragic fate. The organized struggle between the north and south was at an end, but the "raiders" were in possession of this country. They had already sacked and destroyed every house in the parish, with a single exception, and that plantation was occupied by an enemy more dreaded than the demoralized soldiers—namely, smallpox. That frightened even rough handed rapacity away, and venerable Drayton Hall, today famous for its wonderful gardens, was preserved inviolate. The knowledge of the fate that had overtaken the homes of his neighbors, and which he felt that a few hours more would precipitate upon his own, determined Colonel Bull. Calling for kindling wood, surrounded by his awestricken servants, he himself applied the pine torch to his household gods. Pictures, plate, antique furniture, valued heirlooms—all were sacrificed, save the small number which could be hastily secreted by trusted slaves when they learned of his intention. It is related by an eyewitness that the stalwart planter wept tears of infinite sorrow as the sounds of falling brick and crumbling woodwork smote upon his ears. Just back of the house is an ancient monument erected to commemorate one of Carolina's colonial governors, an ancestor of the doughty colonel. It was on the base of this shaft that the master of the manor sat and watched the destruction of his home.

We retrace our way along the ranks of rare old trees, passing through the ancient gateway, fit subject for poet's theme, into the open road, where we are greeted by a procession of oaks as symmetrical as those we left behind. Miles of moss fringed trees, their somber curtains swaying far above, and again drooping so as almost to touch the earth about their feet, continue even to the cleared strip of land immediately in front of the bridge. Opposite lies the city, her cluster turrets and slender spires outlined against the evening sky. Asked how we like the oaks, we say that they are "beautiful," but all the while we are conscious that they have a charm of their own not to be interpreted in words.—Cor. New York Post.

A Great Landowner.
A tourist was being driven over a part of the country in Ireland where his infernal majesty appeared to have given his name to all the objects of interest in the locality, for there was the Devil's bridge, the Devil's cauldron, the Devil's Glen, etc. Said the traveler: "The devil seems to be the greatest landowner in those parts."
"Ah, sure, your honor," replied the jayvay, "that is so, but he lives in England. I think he's what they call an absentee landlord in Ireland."—London Gentleman.

The Cuttlefish.
The phosphorescent organs of a rare cuttlefish (histioteuthis) from deep water have been investigated by Joubin. It comprises what the author calls a mirror and an apparatus for producing light. The mirror is excited by heat rays, and this, in turn, starts the phosphorescence to action.—Philadelphia Ledger.
A bronze shield, with central boss, a large copper chaldron, bronze knives and several vases were among the treasures found by Schliemann in the ruins of Troy.

HELEN'S TIMID LOVER.

And How the News of Her Engagement Was Broken to Him.

She had a belief in her charms which never wavered, but sometimes she prattled too much for her own good. She pounced upon a friend in the dressing room at a reception.
"How awfully nice you are looking!" she said. "Do you know, I just dread to go down stairs."
"I don't see why. Those sleeves are enough to make a bride envious."
"Yes, but do you know if Harry Sweeting is here tonight?"
"Yes. Why do you ask?"
"Why, you see, I accepted Curtis today."

"But what has that to do with—" "Oh, dear! Everything. I am afraid that he will feel just awfully, and I'm so tender hearted that"—
"Did you see this morning's paper?" "No. Were a lot of bargains advertised? You see, I had a note from Curtis by the first mail. He said he would call in the afternoon, and I was so busy getting ready that I never thought of the paper. But about Harry. He has been coming down our street twice a day for the last six months. At first he would just pass on the other side of the street, pretending not even to glance at our house"—
"Oh, he was?"
"Timid? That was it. I felt really touched by such silent devotion, and after that I would often tap on the window and call him over, but he would be so nervous and ill at ease all the time. Why, he would not even look at me, but keep glancing down the street all the time. By the way, he must have passed your house; did you ever see him?"
"No. He never passed. He"—
"Must have stopped in at his uncle's in the middle of the block."
"But, Helen, a man who"—
"Yes, as you say, a man who is really in love is always shy. Poor fellow, I hope he will not feel that I have trifled with his affections."
"Oh, no. He"—
"Oh, he never would really blame me, I know, but the doglike, speechless affection is really very touching."
"Oh, Helen, I'm so sorry!"
"Yes, I'm sorry for him too. I really can't tell him of my engagement. Couldn't you manage to tell him gently for me?"
"Why, certainly. I'll tell him right away."

"Do, if you see him. Are you going down now? Au revoir, then."
"Oh, Helen," called another girl. "I suppose Fanny was telling you of her engagement, wasn't she? When is the wedding to be?"
"Is Fanny engaged?"
"Yes, the morning paper announced it. She's taken Harry Sweeting at last, and I'm glad of it. I'm tired of seeing him pass every day on his way to her house. Aren't you going down now? I should think you would want to show that lovely gown."
But Helen only wanted to go away into the desert and hide.—Chicago Tribune.

Growing Miniature Trees.
It is vastly interesting to experiment with an acorn and study its possibilities as an attractive window garden plant. One of the most popular methods of starting it into growth is to suspend it by a piece of thread within half an inch of the surface of some water contained in a hyacinth glass. It should be permitted to remain suspended in this manner without being disturbed, and after a time it will burst and throw a root into the water and shoot upward its straight and tapering stem, with beautiful little green leaves. A young oak tree growing in this manner in the window is a very interesting object. Several oak trees and also a chestnut tree have been noticed growing thus, but they are liable to die after a few months, probably owing to the fact that the water is not changed often enough to afford them the necessary quantity of nourishment from the matter contained in it, but the interest displayed in the short lived little trees is well worth the trouble of experimenting.—Philadelphia Record.

Solomon's Temple.
"These stories about the beauty of the temple at Jerusalem must be taken with a grain of salt," said Dr. Solomon Schindler. "We must remember that at no time were there more than 50,000 or 60,000 people in Jerusalem, and that they lived in small, low roofed huts and had narrow streets, and that their surroundings were anything but beautiful. The temple was not larger than Mechanics' hall nor more beautiful than the Park Street station, but to people who had such surroundings as the Jews at that time such buildings would be things of great beauty by comparison. We must judge all things by comparison."—Boston Herald.

An Original Race War.
"Were you ever in a race war, Uncle Jim?"
"Only one time, suh."
"Well, how was it?"
"Hit was dis way, suh: I had de turkey gwine 'long on wuz des ez quiet ez could be, but somehow de dog got wind of it, en me en him had de big road 'bout a mile, but we finally compromised it."
"And how was that?"
"Oh, I des give de dog dekey en a pa'r er bitches!"—Atlanta Constitution.

The Feat of Ases.
The Festum Asinorum, or feast of asses, was formerly held Jan. 14 to commemorate the flight into Egypt. There are still extant several rituals of this festival. One, of Beauvais, in France, orders the priest to bray three times and the congregation to respond each time in a similar manner. An ass, decorated with costly coverings, was led to the altar in a procession and with hymns of rejoicing.

A Modern Instance.
"Oh, of course," said the old man, "I don't blame you for taking the boy's part—it is just like a boy's mother to do so. But I'd think a heap more of him if there were less point to his shoes and more to his conversation."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Had Held Out Remarkably.
Mrs. Houser—I suppose you'll be surprised to hear that Mrs. Tenglask's mind is completely gone.
Houser—Not a bit. I've heard her rave Tenglask a piece of it so often I've wondered at it lasting as long as it has.—Buffalo Courier.

Some sort of drink from barley has been made in Germany ever since the country was known.
sin has many tools, but a file is a hand file which fits them all.—Holmes.

Warned in Time.

"William," said Mrs. Youngwife from the head of the stairs to her husband, who had come home at an early hour in the morning. "There is some of my homemade cake in the pantry, a new kind that I made today. I put it where you can easily find it."
"All right, dear," responded Mr. Youngwife. "How considerate of you! I might have eaten some of it without thinking." And the grateful husband made a supper of cold beef.—Philadelphia Times.

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Railroad Time Tables.
BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURGH RAILWAY.
The short line between Buffalo, Ridgway, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo, Rochester, Niagara Falls and points in the upper oil region.

On and after June 17th, 1894, passenger trains will arrive and depart from Falls Creek station, daily, except Sunday, as follows:
1:20 P. M. and 5:30 P. M.—Accommodations from Punxsutawney and Big Run.
8:50 A. M.—Buffalo and Rochester mail—For Buffalo, Buffalo, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo and Rochester, connecting at Johnsonburg with P. & E. train for Wilcox, Kane, Warren, Corry and Erie.
10:50 A. M.—Accommodation—For Sykes, Big Run and Punxsutawney.
2:40 P. M.—Bradford Accommodation—For Beechtree, Brockwayville, Ellipton, Carson, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett and Bradford.
5:10 P. M.—Mail—For Buffalo, Sykes, Big Run, Punxsutawney and Walton.
Passengers are requested to purchase tickets before entering the cars. An excess charge of Ten Cents will be collected by conductors when fares are paid on trains from Buffalo, 7:20 P. M. Pullman Parlor cars on Williamsport and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.
IN EFFECT NOV. 25, 1894.
Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division Time Table. Trains leave Driftwood.
EASTWARD
9:04 A. M.—Train 1, daily except Sunday for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:50 P. M.; New York, 9:08 P. M.; Baltimore, 6:45 P. M.; Washington, 7:20 P. M. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia.
3:25 P. M.—Train 2, daily except Sunday for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:30 A. M.; New York, 7:30 A. M.; Pullman Sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 A. M.
9:25 P. M.—Train 3, daily except Sunday, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:50 A. M.; New York, 9:08 A. M. on week days and 10:15 A. M. on Sundays. Pullman Sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia. Passengers in sleeper transferred into Washington sleeper at Harrisburg. Passenger coaches from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

WESTWARD
7:25 A. M.—Train 1, daily except Sunday for Ridgway, Buffalo, Clermont and intermediate stations. Leaves Ridgway at 3:45 P. M. for Erie.
9:50 A. M.—Train 3, daily for Erie and intermediate stations.
6:27 P. M.—Train 2, daily except Sunday for Kane and intermediate stations.
THROUGH TRAINS FOR DRIFTWOOD FROM THE EAST
TRAIN 1 leaves Philadelphia 8:50 A. M.; Washington, 10:15 A. M.; daily except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood at 6:27 P. M. with Pullman Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport.
TRAIN 2 leaves Philadelphia at 8 P. M.; Philadelphia, 11:20 P. M.; Washington, 10:40 A. M.; Baltimore, 12:20 P. M.; daily arriving at Driftwood at 9:50 A. M. Pullman sleeping cars from Philadelphia to Erie and from Washington and Williamsport to Driftwood and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie and Baltimore to Williamsport.

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.
(Daily except Sunday.)
TRAIN 19 leaves Ridgway at 9:30 A. M.; Johnsonburg at 9:45 A. M., arriving at Clermont. TRAIN 20 leaves Clermont at 10:30 A. M., arriving at Johnsonburg at 11:44 A. M. and Ridgway at 12:00 A. M.
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LEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY COMPANY commencing Sunday May 27, 1894, Low Grade Division.

EASTWARD			
STATIONS.	No. 1	No. 9	No. 10
Red Bank	10 45	4 40	M. P. M. P. M.
Lawsonham	10 57	4 52	5 12
New Bethlehem	11 09	5 05	5 12
Oak Ridge	11 21	5 17	5 20
Maysville	11 33	5 29	5 28
Brookville	11 45	5 41	5 28
Brookville	11 57	5 53	5 47
Bell	12 09	6 05	5 47
Fuller	12 21	6 17	6 15
Reynoldsville	12 33	6 29	6 25
Pancoat	1 08	7 00	7 00
Falls Creek	1 20	7 12	7 00 10 25 1 30
DuBois	1 32	7 24	7 10 11 05 1 45
Sabatons	1 44	7 36	7 25
Winterburn	1 56	7 48	7 34
Pendleton	2 08	8 00	7 40
Tyler	2 20	8 12	7 50
Glen Fielder	2 32	8 24	8 01
Benezette	2 44	8 36	8 18
Grant	2 56	8 48	8 28
Driftwood	3 08	9 00	8 38
	WESTWARD		
STATIONS.	No. 2	No. 10	No. 110
Driftwood	9 45	3 30	M. P. M. P. M.
Grant	10 42	3 27	7 06
Benezette	10 52	3 42	7 16
Glen Fielder	11 02	3 52	7 26
Tyler	11 20	4 10	7 44
Pendleton	11 30	4 20	7 54
Winterburn	11 36	4 26	8 00
Sabatons	11 47	4 37	8 12
DuBois	1 05	4 55	8 25 12 10 5 04
Falls Creek	1 28	5 20	8 32 12 20 5 10
Pancoat	1 44	5 36	8 51
Reynoldsville	1 42	5 40	8 48
Fuller	1 58	5 57	9 05
Bell	2 10	6 09	9 17
Brookville	2 20	6 19	9 27
Summersville	2 30	6 28	9 44
Maysville	2 38	6 37	10 04
Oak Ridge	2 46	6 45	10 23
New Bethlehem	3 15	7 15	10 25
Lawsonham	3 47	7 47	10 25
Red Bank	4 00	8 00	
	M. P. M. P. M. M. P. M. P. M.		

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NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR CHARTER OF INCORPORATION.
Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the Government of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania by B. E. Hoover, Dr. P. Robinson, Henry A. Reed, Ed. Gooder and G. M. McDonald, Esq., on the 23rd day of February, 1894, under the Act of the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 23, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of a corporation to be called "The Reynoldsville Novelty Mfg. Co., the character and object of which is the manufacturing and selling of W. J. Weaver's Non-Such Dust-less Blackboard Eraser, W. J. Weaver's Gummed Secret Ball Box-cutting Machine, or both, or of any other metal, or of any article of Commerce, under Patent number 563, 620 and 531,027.
MCCRACKEN & McDONALD, Solicitors.
Reynoldsville, Pa., Jan. 26, 1894.