

The Haunted Church.

By JAMES MURPHY.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Yet he didn't wish to be drowned, and— and he— you know, for all," said Captain Phil cynically. "You know that, Jake."

"But how long did he stop in his grave?" said Jake emphatically. "Answer me that, How long? Not a night. Not at all!"

"What do you mean by not at all?" "Because he left it, left it the second night, and walked away—no one knew where."

"Who told you this? You seem to have learned a great deal in a very short time."

"He told me. Everyone told me. Everyone knew that he got up and walked away. Everyone in Dublin knows that."

"They do do they? I don't. Tell me about it. I haven't heard it."

"Well, that's the case. His coffin was found on the grass of the graveyard, and he was gone, walked out of it—walked away."

"He did—did he? And the Commodore had a less eye on him than previously."

"Ay, and was seen at night walking the streets afterwards. Many met him. An' he was here. An'—was he took the deeds out of the safe—there you?"

"And this thing is the current talk of the city—what he came out of his grave?" asked Captain Phil with some seriousness.

"Nothing like that. Well they may talk about it. They never had in their city before, livin' or dead, an' they never will again, such a man as Swarthy Bill. Never! I remember well the day we cut out the Spanish liner at Callao."

"The Commodore was a man not easily frightened, but he was not a little impressed by this intelligence. Perhaps the mysterious disappearance of the deeds contributed not a little to this end."

stead here. Jake watched him through the tomb until, in the darkness and gloom, he became invisible. But, listening intently, he could hear a faint noise in the distance, like the falling of boards; and then Jake knew that the Commodore had succeeded in forcing his way through the barricaded windows, and had entered the church.

How gloomy it looked in the darkness of the winter night. How dimly, like the looming bulwarks of a ship at sea on a starless night, rose up the vague form of the bell tower. Jake had not usually been of a nervous or superstitious nature, but the things he had seen, or thought he saw, during the past few months, had bred a fear of the supernatural within him, all the more keen and abject in that he had never before been subjected to them.

As he stood cowering in the darkness within the sheltering recess of an ancient doorway, awaiting the return of his master, it did seem to him occasionally that he saw forms—shadowy, menacing, and within the grasp of the light. The snow lay in white patches at the base of tomb or headstone, and fitting forms appeared at times to darken against it as they passed and repassed.

As the time grew and grew, either his imagination grew more vivid, or the forms became more palpable, and, out of the gloom of the churchyard, eyes, staring hideously, were glaring at him. Sometimes to his unbounded horror—faces evolved themselves out of the darkness, impalpable faces, recalling to his stricken brain features of those long dead and gone, or sent to their graves in the deep sea.

How they stared wonderingly and jeeringly at him—so if in mockery of his fears. The perspiration grew thick on his forehead, and exuded in huge drops on his temples! The voices of the dead taking in vague, meaningless sounds—jabbering at him—discussing, perhaps, what he was doing there at the dead hour of night, what business brought him a watcher at the grave of his master.

His teeth chattered, and his limbs shook and bent under him. He sought to turn his eyes from that dreadful gate in the direction where the lane gave on the street; but he had no control over them, and in despite of his will they turned again in the direction where the mysterious whispering were—so vague, so noiseless, and so dreadful!

A cry of unutterable terror burst from his lips, but died thereon; a cold chill, like sudden paralysis, ran down his back, turning his spine into stone; the blood seemed to curdle in his veins as it rushed tumultuously back on his heart, when, turning his terrified glance once more toward the church, he saw a man's arm and hand protruding through the bars of the gate as if to shake hands with him or to clutch him!

With every fibre of his brain, every muscle of his heart, imbued with terrors such as he had never before experienced, he made instinctively an attempt to fly from the horrible place. His legs were numb. His legs refused to stir. And, down the lane in the direction of the gate from the street, came the sounds of muffled footsteps!

CHAPTER XXII. HOMEWARD BOUND. When Cantrell found himself on board the Montezuma, he was rather perplexed to know what had happened to the man of his name, and the evident excitement on board, made it impossible for him to learn. There was, evidently a fierce struggle yet going on in the city, for the sounds of tumult ever and anon floated across the waters of the bay, and came in sudden force on his ears through the open portholes.

The clanking of chains and the tread of feet on deck, it seemed as if they were already weighing anchor and preparing, if not to start for sea, at least to snuff their anchor. Which, indeed, was the case; for, after much labor and confusion on board, the vessel began to move slowly toward the wharf, and in doing so brought the window of the cabin where he lay in line with the city. A glance outward showed him what ruin and devastation were being wrought therein. Flames arising from various parts showed in fiery redness against the dark background of sky.

The incas had it all their own way for the present, and the Spanish rule was over. "It was the Don who spoke." "Oh, Don Miguel—" began Charles. "Don't speak—don't distress yourself. You are not strong enough yet."

"I am so delighted to see you in safety, Don Miguel," said the Don bitterly. "My place is with the gallant men contending for ancient rights and power against overwhelming multitudes of barbarians. Would that I had never lived to see this day! If it were not for Gracia—"

"Gracia is safe. Thanks to you and our friend, the commander of the Montezuma. You shall see her—see them both—as soon as you are able to move."

"So that's it?" asked the former, with a droll expression in his eyes. "I am not clear what you mean by the expression," said Moreno, with pretended dignity; "but if you mean that I am glad they have both been freed to leave this dangerous city, I beg to assure you you are quite right."

"How dare she bear up after the terrors of the night?" "Very well. Gracia has come of a race who have lived in Spain and Peru for years. Charles said it is only natural that the bright spirit of her people should show itself in her."

"I am glad of it for the dear girl's sake. And I am glad," said Charles, prompted by his own feelings, "that she has fallen to your lot to be her protector. It was she of whom you so often spoke during our voyage from London?"

"It was circumstances did not arise that I could pay a visit during your stay. I had only come into harbour yesterday, and delayed in consequence of a storm which blew from the Don with his usual magnificence, was about going. Fortunately I did so, for it enabled me to be of service to them in their extremity."

"It was a great change in such a short time." "It might have been worse." "As far as property and wealth are concerned he is. His first misfortune occurred some years ago, when your countrymen looted his magnificent palace."

"Utterly ruined it; so he told me." "Yes; and what was worse, titles—deeds to some magnificent estates in Spain, which had descended to him from a noble family, and which he was about establishing his claim, were burned or taken."

"I remember his telling me that." "Yes, Charles; and I'll tell you something more that has been running in my head for a long time. You remember that incident in the Thames which first brought us acquainted?"

"Yes, well; I should be very forgetful if I did not remember that." "And you remember—of course you do—that young lady whose life from drowning you so gallantly saved?"

"Remember her!" said Charles earnestly; "yes, I should think." "Has it ever occurred to you—did it ever strike you—that there was a resemblance, a most singular and marked one, to anything or anyone you have seen?"

"At once the portrait over the chimneyside in the drawing room of Don Miguel's mansion occurred to him. In answer to the query, Charles recounted the singular circumstances that had brought him between the portrait in Don Miguel's mansion and the fair girl whom they had rescued from the Thames; as also the likeness between the latter and Gracia.

"There! you hit the mark at once. And now let me ask you, do you remember her companion on the boat, the girl who was with her?" "Well, Charles, I could not remember why his presence struck me so much. It was not until afterwards, when Mrs. de Naive brought it to my mind, that I remembered who he was. Charles, that was one of the men—I am so convinced of it as that I stand here—"

"What! Swarthy Bill?" exclaimed Charles. "No. But Swarthy Bill's master and captain. And that girl of whom you must have heard—that child that was supposed to be lost?"

"Yes, yes," said Charles eagerly. "That child," said Moreno, laying his hands with solemn emphasis on his friend's shoulders, "was—was she the Montezuma's flag flying in the air to-day—the young lady whom you rescued from the Thames?"

"I have no doubts of it. None whatever. Don Miguel's shall find out more when we reach London."

her, however, a momentary gleam of delight—floating and evanescent as that ray which lights up the darkness of a December eve. It was gone as the mist-coach, with its four speeding horses, whirled away, bearing him with it. What would she have given to see him—what would she have given for a brief second! She could tell him all—she could tell him all, in perfect confidence—of the trouble and torture that were surrounding her. And she felt, too, that from him would come succor and aid. But he was gone, and the transient vision might as well never have been.

Lady Mortimer's carriage drew up on the moment, and she stepped into it; the door was closed, and she was driven homeward, a prey to the saddest thoughts. "Thinking of him. Where did he live? Where was he going? But, above all, had he news, or what news, of Charles Cantrell? Questions much more readily asked than answered; and so Agnes felt as she stepped into the carriage trembling and palpitating, and was driven to Brankholme with a heart overwhelmed with dismay and uncontrollable terror.

At times she thought she would tell Lady Mortimer of the fears that possessed her, of the condition of terror she was in. But her natural delicacy and shyness drew up on the moment, and she stepped into it; the door was closed, and she was driven homeward, a prey to the saddest thoughts.

"Why, Agnes, how pale you look?" said Lady Mortimer to her as she entered the lady's room. "Are you ill, child?" "I feel wearied and tired," said the young girl, and her voice bore evidence to the weariness of heart, at least, that possessed her. (To be continued.)

"HOW DO YOU DO?"

Col Garrick Mallory, of the Bureau of Ethnology, read an interesting paper recently on "Forms of Salutation and Response in Many Lands." The literary society in Washington, in which he read it.

The verbal forms of salutation may be divided into: 1, those of a purely religious character; 2, those equivalent to a prayer for the health and temporal good of the person saluted; 3, those simply wishing health and prosperity without direct invocation of a deity, and 4, those expressing personal or official affection or respect.

I. The Israelites, both in meeting and parting, used a word meaning "blessing," and the person addressed was thereby commended to God. The expressions "Blessed be thou of the Lord" and "The Lord be with thee" are traditional.

The Arabian often says, "God grant thee His favors" also "Thank God! how are you?" and the Turk, "My prayers are for thee," or "Pray for me in thy prayers." In Poland a visitor to a house will cry out, "The Lord be praised," which is taken as a good answer. "Why shouldst thou end, Amen!"

The "seven girls graduates" of conventual schools in this country involuntarily answer a knock at their door by the word "graduates" instead of "come in" through the habit formed when the Sister at the convent doorway door used a formula in praise of the Virgin Mary, to which the obligatory response was "forever." Very lately a similar custom prevailed throughout Spain by which the visitor ejaculated *Maria purissima!* the reply being *mi pecado olvidada!* On other occasions the Spaniards say, *Vaya con Dios!* "Go with God!" In the Tyrol people exchange the formula "Praised be Jesus Christ" and the Neapolitans that

"INCREASE IN POLINESS" 2. The forms of greeting that pray for the health and well-being of the friend addressed are distributed in groups. Indeed, one form, "salutations" is derived from the Latin *salus*, and similar etymologies are found in other languages. The Ojibwa cry, "Under the guard of God." In Arabia, on the first meeting of the day, the proper phrase is, "May God strengthen your morning" or "May your morning be good." The Arab begins his polite address with "I make prayers for thy greatness." The return to a salutation in the Orient is sometimes not only religious but non-committal. If an Arab is directly asked about his health, he responds, "Praise be to God!" leaving his condition to be inferred from the modulation of his voice. If the form of the query is, "Is it well with thee?" the answer is, "God bless and preserve thee!" The Zuni exchange the prayer, "May the light of the gods rest with thee!"

Neither the English "good-by," nor the French *adieu* need be explained, but one example within the present observations may be given. The Arab, who has a vocabulary of courtesy, or ably significant, may become, and how easily they may be adopted. The Moors two centuries ago picked up among a few French expressions that of *adieu* as the proper word in friendly parting, and now commonly use it with the loss that it belongs to their own language. When questioned as to when they got it from the French, one of the chiefs haughtily explained; "We did not get it from the French; they got it from us!" It may be noted that the French have in *au revoir* an alternative and less religious form used in parting, and other nations have similar expressions. The Ojibwa buntly say:

"I WILL GO AND COME." 3. The general wish for health and prosperity, of which the English "farewell," distinguished from "good-by," is an example, is often only implied in the query showing interest as to the present condition of those bidden. The Arab reiterates the query, "How are you?" for some minutes, and, when well brought up, afterward interrupts the subject of conversation by again interjecting "How are you?" many times. Our "Eow d'ya do" has almost lost its significance, as it is seldom noticed except by repetition, no one supposing it to be a *bona fide* request for information. Many other salutations abroad, as well as at home, e.g., "Good morning," "Hot day," "Cold day," or other meteorologic comments, are now more waterwords or counterwords to indicate that the parties meeting are on good terms. Indeed, the origin of many old forms is the distinct declaration of peace, which was practically useful in the turbulent days when an enemy was more frequently met than a friend. This "passing the time of day" is now common at the occasional meeting of good-natured persons, by which the name of the friendly recognition of one of the same race. In the time of day regular in the terms of greeting. The inferior, lower looking man salutes to the superior, always looks up at the sun and uses the phrase appropriate to his light.

Men, while scrupulously saluting the man of their own communion, refuse all friendly greetings to the Jews. If inadvertently they have accosted one of the people with "PEACE BE UNTO YOU," or the like, they will hastily add, "Death to you!" to which the Jew may respond, pretending to have heard only the beginning, by "The same to you" in a spirit somewhat different from that in which the same words are used by us in answer to "Many happy returns" on birthday and other anniversary.

series. It may be mentioned that where the Jews are in power they give no salute to one of the Golem, but scowl at him. The North American Indians do not have many conventional forms of salutation. Their customs generally is to meet in silence and smoke before speaking, the smoking being the real salutation. But a number of tribes—e.g., the Sisseton, Caddo and Arrikara—use a word or sound very similar to Howl but in proper intonation *Hau*, or *Hoo*. A. The terms of affection in greeting are as numerous as to be now recited. The following are mentioned as unacknowledged and of interest. Some Orientals say: "Thou hast made me desolate by thine absence from me," and the ordinary form of greeting among the Zulus is simply "I see you, and I am glad." The various phrases of respect are also multitudinous. Perhaps the most distinct form, in which the common and ancient expressions of the East, "I am your slave," survives in Western Europe, is in the Piedmont district of Italy. The Spaniards, through the influence of Moors and Jews, have many relics of Orientalism. Its features became colloquial in the form *usted* contracted from *ustedes* *ustedes*, your master, your grace, often appearing in the phrase "I kiss my hands to your grace" and "I kiss your grace's hands."

A Bad Stabbing Affray. KINGSTON, Ont., August 28.—A shocking attempt at murder occurred last night, stabbing being the means resorted to. At the High Bank, near Kingston Mills, about six miles from here, lives Mr. Thomas Hogan, and with him resides his son James Hogan, a cheese maker. Yesterday evening James Hogan was walking with a friend, when they encountered an Italian employed upon the Grand Trunk double tracking. Through some cause or other, the friend got into an altercation with the navy, and high words were bandied. Hogan interposed between the two, when without the least warning the Italian whipped a long murderous knife from his sheath, and gave the cheesemaker a fearful gash across the arm, which narrowly escaped severing an important artery. He next plunged the knife deep into his victim's back, and once again, before Hogan could realize what was going on, he buried the knife in his victim's breast, the point of the blade passing about half an inch above the heart. Then feeling sure that his devilish work was done, he drew out his knife and fled. The whole affair occupied only a few seconds. Hogan's friend at once procured a rig and flat horse, and placing the apparently dying man in the wagon, drove with all speed to Dr. T. M. Fowles's surgery here, the wounds were attended to, stitches having to be put in all the terrible gashes. With care and attention it is hoped that Hogan will recover. The man who did the deed is well at large, but it is expected that he will shortly be in the clutches of the law.

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