

The Bow of Orange Ribbon

A ROMANCE OF NEW YORK

By AMELIA E. BARR

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CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

On a lounge an elegantly dressed woman was sitting, reading a novel "La, child!" she cried, "come here and give me a kiss. So you wear that sweet-fancied suit again. Is that the Dutch style, then, child? It must be extremely charming. La, here comes Richard! He is going to ask you to take a sail on the river; and I shall lend you my new green parasol. I do believe it is the only one in the country."

"I came to sit with you, and work with my worsteds. Perhaps my mother—might not like me to go on the river with—any one."

But Katherine had no time to defend herself; for, with his cavalry cap in his hand and a low bow, Capt. Hyde entered the room. In a few minutes afterward she was going down the terrace steps with him; and he was looking into her face with shining eyes, and whispering the commonest words in such an enchanting manner that it seemed to her as if her feet scarcely touched the low, white steps, and she was some sort of glorified Katherine Van Heemskirk, who never, never, never could be unhappy again.

They did not go on the river. Capt. Hyde did not want a third party near, in any capacity. The lower steps were shaded by great water beeches, and the turf under them was green and warm. A sweeter hour, a lovelier maid, man could never hope to find; and Capt. Hyde was not one to neglect his opportunity.

"Let us stay here, my beloved," he whispered. "I have something sweet to tell you. Upon mine honor, I can keep my secret no longer."

The innocent child! Who could blame her for listening to it?—at first with a little fear and a little reluctance, but gradually resigning her whole heart to the charm of his soft syllables and his fervent manner, until she gave him the promise he begged for—love that was to be for him alone, love for him alone among all the sons of men.

What an enchanted afternoon it was! how all too quickly it fled away, one golden moment after another!

In a few minutes Joanna and the elder came in. He had called for her on his way home; for he liked the society of the young and beautiful, and there were many hours in which he thought Joanna fairer than her sister. Then tea was served in a pretty parlor with Turkish walls and colored windows, which, being open into the garden, framed lovely living pictures of blossoming trees. Every one was eating and drinking, laughing and talking; so Katherine's unusual silence was unnoticed, except by the elder, who indeed saw and heard everything, and who knew what he did not see and hear by that kind of prescience to which wise and observant years attain.

Joanna was talking to Neil Semple in the recess of a window; but Neil's face was white with suppressed anger, and, though he seemed to be listening to her, his eyes—full of passion—were fixed upon Hyde. Perhaps the young soldier was conscious of it; for he occasionally addressed some trivial remark to him, as if to prevent Neil losing sight of the advantages he had over him.

"The vera air o' this room is gunpowdery," thought the elder; "and one or the other will be flinging a spark o' passion into it, and then the devil will be to pay. I'll e'en tak' the lassies hame myself; and I'll speak to Joris for his daughter—as good now as any other time."

Then he said in his blandest tones, "Joanna, my dearie, you'll hae to tell Neil the rest o' your tale the morn; and, Katherine, put awa' now that bit o' busy idleness, and don your hoods and mantles, baith o' you. I'm going to ta' you hame, and I dinna want to get my deathe w' the river mist."

"Pray, sir," said Hyde, "consider me to your service. I have occasion to go into town at once, and will do your duty to the young ladies with infinite pleasure."

"Much obliged, captain, vera much obliged; but it tak's an auld wise-headed, wise-hearted man like myself to walk safely atween two bonnie lassies."

While he was speaking, Neil left the room. He was glad to escape from a position which he felt to be both painful and humiliating. He was in a measure Capt. Hyde's host, and subject to traditions regarding the duties of that character; any display of anger would be derogatory to him, and yet how difficult was restraint! So his father's interference was a welcome one; and he was reconciled to his own disappointment, when, looking back he saw the old gentleman slowly taking the road to Van Heemskirk's, with the pretty girls in their quilled red hoods, one on each side of him.

The elder was very polite to his charges; but he noticed that Katherine was silent and disappointed, and that she lingered in her own room after her arrival at home. Her subsequent pretty cheerfulness, her delight in her lilies, her confiding claims upon her father's love—nothing in these things deceived him. He saw beneath all the fluttering young heart, trembling, and yet happy in the new, sweet

feeling, never felt before, which had come to it that afternoon.

But he thought most girls had to have this initiative; it prepared the way for a soberer and more lasting affection. In the end Katherine would perceive how imprudent, how impossible a marriage with Capt. Hyde must be; and her heart would turn back to Neil, who had been her lover from boyhood. Yet, he reflected, it would be well to have the matter understood, and to give it that "possibility" which is best attained on a money basis.

So, while he and the Van Heemskirks discussed the matter—a little reluctantly, he thought, on their part—Katherine talked with Joanna of the Gordons. Joanna had not a suspicion of the joy and danger that had come to the dear little one at her side. She was laughing softly with her, even while the fearful father stood at the closed door, and lifted up his tender soul in that pathetic petition, "Ach, mijn kind! mijn kind! mijn liefste kind! Almighty God preserve thee from all sin and sorrow!"

CHAPTER II.

Oranje Boven.

"Well, well, to-day goes to its forefathers, like all the rest; and, as for what comes after it, everything is in the love and counsel of the Almighty One."

This was Joris Van Heemskirk's last thought ere he fell asleep that night, after Elder Semple's cautious disclosure and proposition. In his calm, methodical, domestic life, it had been an "eventful day." We say the words often and unreflectingly; seldom pausing to consider that such days are the results which months, years, perchance centuries, have made possible. Thus, a long course of reckless living and reckless gambling, and the consequent urgent need of ready money, had made Capt. Hyde turn his thoughts to the pretty daughter of the rich Dutch merchant.

"She is a homespun little thing," laughed the colonel's fashionable wife, "and quite unfit to go among people of our condition. But she adores you, Dick; and she will be passably happy with a house to manage, and a visit from you when you can spare the time."

It was in this mood that Katherine and her probable fortune had been discussed; and thus she was but one of the events, springing from lives anterior to her own and very different from it.

Also, in her father's case, the motives influencing his decision stretched backward through many generations. None the less was their influence potent to move him. In fact, he forgot entirely to reflect how a marriage between his child and Capt. Hyde would be regarded at that day; his first thoughts had been precisely such thoughts as would have occurred to a Van Heemskirk, living two hundred years before him.

Joris' age was not an age inclined to analysis, and he was still less inclined to it from a personal standpoint. For he was a man of few, but positive ideas; yet these ideas, having once commended themselves to his faith or his intelligence, were embraced with all his soul. Semple's communication regarding Capt. Hyde and his daughter had aroused in him certain feelings, and led him to certain decisions. He went to sleep, satisfied with their propriety and justice. He awoke in precisely the same mood. Then he dressed and went into his garden. It was customary for Katherine to join him there; and he frequently turned, as he went down the path, to see if she were coming.

But this morning she did not come. He walked alone to his lily bed; but his face brightened when he heard her calling him to breakfast and very soon he saw her leaning over the half-door, shading her eyes with both hands, the better to watch his approach.

Lysbet was already in her place; so was Joanna, and also Bram. Joris and Bram discussed the business of the day; Katherine was full of her visit to Semple house the preceding evening. Dinorah was no restraint. The slaves Joris owned, like those of Abraham, were born or brought up in his own household.

And yet, this morning, Joris waited until Lysbet dismissed her handmaid, before he said the words he had determined to speak ere he began the work of the day. Then he put down his cup with an emphasis which made all eyes turn to him, and said:

"Katrinytje, my daughter, call not to-day, nor call not any day, until I tell you different, at Madame Semple's. The people who go and come there, I like them not. They will be no good to you—Lysbet, what say you in this matter?"

"What you say, I say, Joris. The father is to be obeyed. When he will not, the children can not."

Katherine had drawn her chair close to her father's and taken his big hand between her own and was stroking and petting it; then as she answered she leaned her head upon his breast.

"Father, I like to see the English lady; and she is teaching me the new stitch."

"Schoone Lammetje! There are

many other things far better for thee to learn. In these things the best of all good teachers is thy mother."

"I can do these things also, father. The lady loves me and will be unhappy not to see me."

"Then, let her come here and see thee. That will be the proper thing. Why not? Always honor thyself, as well as others. That is the Dutch way; that is the right way. Mind what I tell thee."

His voice had gradually grown sterner, and he gently withdrew his hand from her clasp, and rose as a man pressed with affairs.

When he had left the room Lysbet instantly began to order the wants of the house. Katherine still sat at the table; her eyes were cast down, and she was arranging—without a consciousness of doing so—her bread crumbs upon her Delft plate. Roused from her reverie she comprehended in a moment how decisive her father's orders were intended to be. Yet in this matter she was so deeply interested that she instinctively made an appeal against them.

"Mother, my mother, shall I not go once more to see Madame Gordon? So kind she has been to me! She will say I am ungrateful, that I am rude, and know not good manners. Yes, mother, I may go once. A young girl does not like to be thought ungrateful and rude."

"More than that, Katherine; a young girl should not like to disobey a good father. You make me to feel astonished and sorry. Here is the key of the best parlor; go now and wash carefully the fine china-ware."

So Lysbet turned and left the room. She did not notice the rebellious look on her daughter's face, the lowering brows, the resentment in the glance that followed her, the lips firmly set to the mental purpose. "To see her lover at all risks"—that was the purpose; but how best to accomplish it was not clear to her.

She lifted the key given her and went to the parlor. It was a large, low room, with wainscoted walls, and a big tiled fireplace nearly filling it. The blinds were closed, but there was enough light to reveal its quaint and almost foreign character. The oval tables were full of curious bits of china, dainty oriental wicker-work, exquisite shells on lacquered trays, wonderfully wrought workboxes and fans and amulets. As she moved about among the strange carved toys and beautiful ornaments, she could think only of him—of his stately manner and dark, handsome face. She recalled every word he said to her as they sat under the water beeches. More vividly still she recalled the tender light in his eyes, the lingering clasp of his hand, his low, persuasive voice, and that nameless charm of fashion and culture which perhaps impressed her more than any other thing.

Among the articles she had to dust was a square Indian box with drawers. It had always been called "the writing box," and it was partly filled with paper and other materials for letter-writing. She stood before the open lid thoughtfully, and a sudden overwhelming desire to send some message of apology to Mrs. Gordon came into her heart. She could write pretty well and she had seen her mother and Joanna fold and seal letters; and, although she was totally inexperienced in the matter, she determined to make the effort.

All difficulties were overcome, one by one; and the following note intrusted to the care of Diedrich Becker, the old man who worked in the garden and milked the cows:

"To Mistress Col. Gordon—
"Honored Madam: My father forbids that I come to see you. He thinks you should upon my mother call. That you will judge me to be rude and ungrateful, I fear very much. But that is not true. I am happy, indeed. I think all the day of you.
"Your obedient servant,
"Katherine Van Heemskirk."
(To be continued.)

ODDEST OF ALL FADS.

Lovers of the Day Seek to Have Their Pictures on Sweethearts' Shoes.

It is said that the fashionable girl of the present day carries the picture of the young man she most loves in her shoe and the secret of her heart may therefore be learned by looking at her feet. There is nothing occult about it. Hypnotism, mental telepathy and things of that sort are not concerned. If the girl is up to date all you have to do is to look at her feet, for there you will see the picture of the happy man.

She wears it in the buckle of her slipper, so that the best time to learn the truth is when she is at a dance. At a function of the kind in Wissahickon recently a half dozen of the girls had their sweethearts at their feet, which, according to amatory tradition, is right and proper.

When the miniature fad originated the modish girls were pleased to wear the counterfeit presentments of their courtiers at their necks. Then they moved to the belt buckle, but it is the prerogative of a woman to change her mind, and man is once more lowered.

Already the new fancy is gaining supporters and many slipper miniatures are being made with the portraits of "matinee idols." This is for the accommodation of those girls who have not yet succeeded in finding a man to admire at close range.

Navigation of St. Lawrence.

The St. Lawrence river is frozen four months of the year, and its navigation is so difficult that an average of one steamer a month is wrecked in its waters.

Hymn For Thanksgiving

O thou to whom a nation brings
The gift of grateful prayer and praise,
The source whence every blessing springs,
Who guidest all our earthly ways—
Enlarge the scope of our desires;
Make firmer our fraternal ties;
May all souls see: our counsel fires,
The world partake our charities.

Grant, Mighty One, to us the skill
To conquer every giant wrong;
The power to do thy gracious will.
The soul of love, the breath of song;
The peace that moveth side by side
With honor, mercy, justice, faith;
With human hopes and rights to bide;
In league with life in face of death.

Who dared the evil powers of hate,
The harpy ignorance that drew
The rich, warm blood of hearts, elate
With gentle instincts firm and true.
Oh, bid our lives repeat the strain
They learned of freedom in its morn,
As shells that murmur of the main
Forever to the ocean born.

From man to thee: from flower to star;
From where white daisies kiss the sod;
We hail the golden links afar
That binds us to our Father, God.
"Give us more light!" the truth to sing,
From chill Alaska to the sands
Where cacti scarlet banners fling
To all the dark and stricken lands.

New England's Day

The spirit of Thanksgiving day can never have the significance in the child of other States that it has for the child of New England. What with the memory of that first feast of venison and turkey and pumpkin; with traditions of brick ovens and steaming puddings and pies and apples galore; with the meeting-house sermon for young and old; with the sledding party and nut crackings—

"When the gray-haired New Englander sees round his board
The old broken ties of affections restored."

Is it a marvel that Thanksgiving is traced nowhere else than to the early Yankee colonies? And, however much the celebration has spread to other localities, especially to the Western Reserve, it is difficult to interpret its full meaning to the uninitiated. "The proof of the pudding is the eating," in this case especially, and good digestion often must wait on appetite in the proving.

Still in all sections of the country the day will be more or less observed after the fashion of the Puritan forefathers. John will come home from college, Charles from the office in the city, and Daniel from the far West, where he has gained a fortune. The old bachelor uncle, noted attorney, will be at the homestead, and there will grace the great white cloth table on that day all the children and grandchildren, winsome maidens and hearty youths.

Thus will Thanksgiving day pass in the country life of America. It is difficult, indeed, to interpret the meaning of it to the city-bred man and woman, girl and boy, unlearned in its supreme joys. But withal, instead of the day's observance being confined to New England, its spirit will spread to all the corners of the States and to the islands of the far-away seas, where dear ones look homeward. It will be a grand day, and people will be grateful for the privilege of living in such a goodly land. The features of the day itself, the children and the profound tranquility of peace will tend to make the occasion one of sweetness and enjoyment for boys and girls of to-day and of yesterday.

Nature's Bountiful Feast

With the coming of Thanksgiving, undoubtedly the most festive day of the whole year to Americans, one's mind turns to the well-laden table.

For days and even months man looks forward with a great degree of pleasure to the festive season. He whets his appetite, and in many instances his wits, in anticipation of a bountiful and toothsome feast and mayhap an after-dinner speech. Whether he is the owner of several blocks of valuable real estate or is simply the gamine of the city, wandering about yelling "Poiper!" his appetite is generally satisfied with a good feast before the sun glides the evening sky of Thanksgiving day.

This season will be no exception. Fowl and game and fish will weigh down the table of the wealthy and indigent. Turkey, of course, will be the staple article of the day, but there will be a plentiful supply of other tame and wild fowl.

Rabbits and gray, black and fox squirrels are plentiful. They are of excellent quality, too, for this has been a good season for them. Besides the fine crops, from which the little animals of the forest had the chance to store a large supply for autumn and winter, there was an abundant crop of shellbarks, than which no other food is so relished by the nimble bushy tail. Many a burrow has its granary well stocked, while its householder has wandered into the range of Nimrod's aim.

There will be luxuries in every home. The rich will have such a feast as at no other time in the year, with the most delicate of good things; the poor will consider turkey, or even duck or chicken or oysters, a feast fit for a king. If perchance one should be missed in the feasting of the day he will be a mark of envy for many another who has eaten too much, and is paying the penalty in the suffering and misery inflicted upon him by his rebellious inner machinery.

Delight for Eye and Palate

While scarcely a turkey will be complete without the oyster filling, there is many an extra oyster feast Thanksgiving day. It is not unusual, indeed, to find persons and families who will make an oyster dinner or supper the principal feast of the day.

Scanning the records of early Thanksgiving days in the colonies, when game was to be had for stepping outside the cabin, and when monster oysters found a prominent place in the feast—one report mentions oysters six inches long, and rich beyond measure—looking over these records, is it any wonder that the oyster is a part of the feast of to-day?

Fruits will deck the table of many a home. Apples, ruddy and golden and yellow; grapes, purple, white and red; oranges, with the possible exception of the Florida variety, which is still somewhat green and unattractive, and a half dozen other kinds of fruit, will delight the eye and palate.

And there will be pumpkin, sauce and pie, for what would Thanksgiving be without the fruit of the field? Squash will form a substitute in some places, but it will be pumpkin anyway.

The nut is another Thanksgiving necessary. From the time when the little Puritan lad ran out and gathered a supply of nuts from the bounty of the forest and at the Thanksgiving time sat before the big fire munching the luscious kernels, until the present autumn, when the boys came in from the woodland, no Thanksgiving time has been complete without nuts of some kind. English walnuts, filberts, almonds, butternuts, will find a place on the tables of the better-to-do, while there will hardly a street waif pass the day without a taste of some kind of the forest fruit.

Hold to Old-Time Tradition

A peculiar instance of the sectionalism of later times and of the traditions held from the old homeland is patent particularly in the history of Thanksgiving as a national institution. The colonists who had come to Virginia were of a different temperament from those of the New England clime. Old customs and old loves of the Church of England were dear to their hearts. Chimes of the great abbey greeted Christmas for them as the day of all days, and they were fain to keep up the traditions of their ancestors.

While the New Englander sat in church and listened to a devout sermon and the singing of psalms, and later partook of the great feast after the harvest time, observing Thanksgiving day, the Virginian held especially to the old English custom of observing Christmas, than which no occasion is dearer to the English heart. Homes and churches were decorated with cedar hanging with its blueberries, with pine needles and with mistletoe, and the Christmas festival was celebrated with as much heartiness as the New Englander observed his festival earlier in the season. Gov. Johnson of Virginia set apart a day for Thanksgiving, but when Gov. Wise, who succeeded him, was requested to do so, he declined because he was "unauthorized to interfere in religious matters."

The same measure in the celebration of the two days hold with New England and the South to-day; while each observe both days, each retains the distinctive features of his forefathers. While the New Englander on Thanksgiving day sits before a feast of turkey and Indian pudding and pumpkins and maize, the latter an emblem of peace and plenty from the aborigines, the Virginian delights himself in the feast of boar's head and plum pudding and the drinking at the Christmas time.