

THE MAID OF MAIDEN LANE

Sequel to "The Bow of Orange Ribbon."

A LOVE STORY BY AMELIA E. BARR

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CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

Without a pause, without an erasure, this letter had transcribed itself from Cornelia's heart to the small gilt-edged note paper, but she found it much more difficult thing to answer the request of Rem Van Ariens. She was hurt and agitated and withal a little sorry for Rem, and she was also in a hurry, for the letter for Joris was waiting, as she wished to send both by the same messenger. Finally she wrote the following words, not noticing at the time, but remembering afterwards what a singular soul reluctance she experienced; how some uncertain presentiment, vague and dark and drear, stifled her thoughts and tried to make her understand, or at least pause:

"My Dear and Honored Friend:

Your letter has given me very great sorrow. You must have known for many weeks, even months, that marriage between us was impossible. It has always been so, it always will be so. I grieve at your going away; I pray that your absence may bring you some consolation. Do not, I beg you, attempt to call on my father. Without explanations, I tell you very sincerely, such a call will cause me great trouble, for you know well a girl must trust somewhat to others' judgment in her disposal. Please to consider your letter as never written. With a sad sense of the pain my words must cause you, I remain for all time your faithful friend and obedient servant.

Cornelia Moran.

Then she rang for a lighted candle, and while waiting for its arrival neatly folded her letters. Her white wax and seal were at hand, and she delayed the servant until she had closed and addressed them.

"You will take Lieut. Hyde's letter first," she said. "Mr. Van Ariens' note you can deliver as you return."

As soon as this business was quite out of her hands, she sank with a happy sigh into a large comfortable chair; let her arms drop gently, and closed her eyes to think over what she had done. She was quite satisfied. She was sure that no length of reflection could have made her decide differently. She had Hyde's letter in her bosom, and she pressed her hand against it, and vowed to her heart that he was worthy of her love, and that he only should have it. "Oh, there is nothing I would alter in him, even at the cost of a wish! Joris! Joris!" and she let the dear name sweeten her lips, while the light of love brightened and lengthened her eyes, and spread over her lovely face a blushing glow.

The tea tray was brought in at five o'clock, but Dr. Moran had not returned, and there was in both women's hearts a little sense of disappointment. Mrs. Moran was wondering at his unusual delay. Cornelia feared he would be too weary and perhaps too much interested in other matters to permit her lover to speak. "But even so," she thought, "Joris can come again. To-night is not the only opportunity."

When the doctor came Cornelia was so thoughtful for the weary man's comfort, so attentive and so amusing, that he found it easy to respond to the happy atmosphere surrounding him. So an hour passed and Cornelia began to listen for the sound of Hyde's step upon the flagged walk. With her work in her hand—making laborious stitches by a drawn thread—she sat listening with all her being.

Half-past eight! She looked up and caught her mother's eyes, and the trouble and question in them, and the needle going through the fine muslin, seemed to go through her



Began to listen for Hyde's step. At nine the watching became unbearable. She said softly, "I must go to bed. I am tired. Her movement in the room roused the doctor thoroughly. He stood up, stretched his arms, walked to the window and looking out said: "It is a lovely night, but the moon looks like storm. Oh!" and he turned quickly with the exclamation—"I forgot to tell you that I heard to-day that Gen. Hyde returned on the Mary Pell this morning, bringing with him a child."

"A child!" said Mrs. Moran. "A girl, then, a little mite of a creature. Mrs. Davy told me the Captain carried her in his arms to the carriage which took them to Hyde Manor."

Then Cornelia said a hasty "good-night" and went to her room. She was sick at heart; she trembled, something in her life had lost its foothold and a sudden bewildering terror—she knew not how to explain—took possession of her.

She buried her face in her pillow and wept bitterly. Alas! Alas! Love wounds as cruelly when he fails, as when he strikes.

CHAPTER IX.

Misdirected Letters.

The night so unhappy to Cornelia was very much more unhappy to Hyde. He had sent his letter to her before eleven in the morning, and if Fortune were kind to him, he expected an answer soon after leaving Madame Jacobus. When noon passed and one o'clock struck, he rang for some refreshments.

At 3 there was a knock at his door and he went hastily to answer it. Balthazar stood there with the longed-for letter in his hand. He felt that he must be quite alone with it. So he turned the key and then stood a moment to examine the outside. He kissed the superscription and kissed the white seal, and sank into his chair with a sigh of delight to read it.

In a few moments a change beyond all expression came over his face—perplexity, anger, despair cruelly assailed him. It was evident that some irreparable thing had ruined all his hopes. He was for some moments dumb. This trance of grief was followed by passionate imprecations and reproaches, wearing themselves away to an utter amazement and incredulity. He had flung the letter to the floor, but he lifted it again and went over the cruel words, forcing himself to read them slowly and aloud.

"Your letter has given me very great sorrow; let me die if that is not what she says; very great sorrow. You must have known for weeks, even months, that marriage between us was impossible; am I perfectly in my senses? 'It always has been and always will be'; why, 'tis heart treason of the worst kind! Oh, Cornelia! Cornelia! And she grieves at my going away, and bids me on 'no account call on her father'—and takes pains to tell me the 'No is absolute'—and I am not to 'blame her.' Oh this is the vilest treachery! It is Rem Van Ariens who is at the bottom of it. May the devil take the fellow! I shall need some heavenly power to keep my hands off him. I will never wonder again at anything a woman does—Was ever a lover so betrayed?"

Thus his passionate grief and anger tortured him until midnight. Then he threw himself upon his bed, and his craving, suffering heart at length found rest in sleep from the terrible egotism of its sorrow. Never for one instant did he imagine this sorrow to be a mistaken and quite unnecessary one. Not taking Rem Van Ariens seriously into his consideration, and not fearing his rival in any way, it was beyond all his suspicions that Rem should write to Cornelia in the same hour, and for the same purpose as himself. And that she should be forced by circumstances to answer both Rem and himself in the same hour, and in the very stress and hurry of her great love and anxiety should misdirect the letters, were likelihoods outside his consciousness.

It was far otherwise with Rem. The moment he opened the letter brought him by Cornelia's messenger, in that very moment he knew that it was not his letter. He understood at once the position, and perceived that he held in his hand an instrument, which if affairs went as he desired, was likely to make trouble he could perchance turn to his own advantage. These thoughts sprang at once into his reflections, but were barely entertained before nobler ones displaced them. As a Christian gentleman he knew what he ought to do without cavil and without delay, and he rose to follow the benignant justice of his conscience. Into this obedience, however, there entered an hesitation of a second of time, and that infinitesimal period was sufficient for his evil genius.

"Why will you meddle?" it asked. "It will be far wiser to let Hyde take the first step. If the letter he has received is so worded that he knows it is your letter, it is his place to make the transfer—and he will be sure to do it."

And he hesitated and then sat down, and as there is wickedness even in hesitating about a wicked act, Rem easily drifted from the negative to the positive of the crime contemplated. "I had better keep it," he mused, "and see what will come of the keeping."

He suffered in this decision, suffered in his own way quite as much as Hyde did. He saw clearly that Cornelia had never loved him, that his hopes had always been vain, and he experienced all the bitterness of being slighted and humbled for an enemy.

He felt a sudden haste to escape himself, and seizing his hat walked rapidly to his father's office. Peter looked up as he entered, and the question in his eyes hardly needed the simple interrogatory—"Well, then?"

"It is 'No.' I shall go to Boston early in the morning." "I have just heard that Gen. Hyde came back this morning. He is now the Right Honorable the Earl of Hyde, and his son is, as you know, Lord George Hyde. Has this made a difference?" "It has not. Let us count up what is owing to us. After all there is a certain good in gold."

"That is the truth. In any adversity gold can find friends." Then the two men spent several hours in going over their accounts, and during this time no one called on Rem and he received no message. When he returned home he found affairs just as he had left them. "So far so good," he thought, "I will let sleeping dogs lie. Why should I set them baying about my affairs? I will not do it"—and with this determination in his heart he fell asleep.

But Rem's sleep was the sleep of tired flesh and blood and heavy as lead. And the waking from such sleep—if there is trouble to meet—is like being awakened with a blow. He leaped to his feet, and the thought



Reached Van Heemskirk's house, of his loss and the shame of it, and the horror of the dishonorable thing he had done, assailed him with a brutal force and swiftness. He was stunned by the suddenness and the inexorable character of his trouble. And he told himself it was "best to run away from what he could not fight." As soon as he was well on the road to Boston, he even began to assume that Hyde, full of the glory of his new position, would doubtless be well disposed to let all old affairs drop quietly "and if so," he mused, "Cornelia will not be so dainty, and I may get 'Yes' where I got 'No.'"

Hyde spent a miserable night, and a sense of almost intolerable desertion and injury awoke with him. "I must get into the fresh air," he said. "I am faint and weak. I must see my mother."

He rode rapidly through the city and when he reached his Grandfather Van Heemskirk's house, he saw him leaning over the half-door smoking his pipe. He drew rein then, and the old gentleman came to his side:

"Why art thou here?" he asked. "Is thy father, or Lady Annie sick?" "My father at home?" "That is the truth. Where wert thou, not to know this?"

"I came to town yesterday morning. I had a great trouble. I was sick and kept my room."

"And sick thou art now, I can see that," said Madame Van Heemskirk coming forward. "What is the matter with thee, my Joris?"

"Cornelia has refused me. I know now how it is, that no woman will love me. Am I so very disagreeable?"

"Thou art as handsome and as charming as can be; and it is not Cornelia that has said 'no' to thee, it is her father. Now he will be sorry, for thy uncle is dead and thy father is Earl Hyde, and thou thyself art a lord."

(To be continued.)

PUT LINCOLN IN OFFICE.

Only Two Survivors of the Illinois Electors.

As the Hon. William Pitt Kellogg, former senator from Louisiana, and Judge Lawrence Weldon of the Court of Claims, gave each other cordial greetings in the lobby of the Shoreham yesterday, the interesting fact was recalled that these two men are the only survivors of the Illinois electors, who in 1860 were chosen to cast the vote of that state for Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin.

"Yes," said Gov. Kellogg. "Judge Weldon and I alone are left of the eleven, who in that historic campaign delivered the vote of Illinois to Lincoln. The full list of electors from our state was: Leonard Sweet, John M. Palmer, Allen C. Fuller, William B. Plato, Lawrence Weldon, William P. Kellogg, James Stark, James C. Conklin, H. P. H. Bromwell, Thomas G. Allen and John Olney. Several of these, notably John M. Palmer and Leonard Sweet, became famed afterward throughout the nation.

"Gen. Palmer won fame in the war, and led the Fourteenth corps in the Atlanta campaign. He was also governor of Illinois from 1869 to 1873, United States senator in 1892, and in 1896 was the candidate of the gold Democrats for president.

"This same year of the Lincoln campaign," continued Gov. Kellogg in further reminiscence vein, "Richard Yates was elected governor of Illinois. As war governor he gave Grant the opportunity that made him the greatest general in history. Yates was re-elected to the gubernatorial office in 1862 and from 1865 to 1871 he served as United States senator. His son is now governor of Illinois."—Washington Post.

NO TARIFF REVISION

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT DEFINES HIS POSITION.

He Cannot Perceive in Existing Conditions Anything That Calls for Changes in Duty Schedule Prior to Presidential Election of 1904.

All doubt as to the attitude of the administration regarding the question of tariff revision has been removed by the events of the past few days. Before starting on his Western tour President Roosevelt had decided to make known in the most emphatic and unmistakable manner his views as to the advisability of any immediate alteration of the Dingley law schedules. Prefatory to the speech of the President himself at Minneapolis on the 4th of April, was the speech of Secretary Shaw at Peoria, Ill., March 31, and the speech of Secretary Root before the Home Market club in Boston, April 2. The two cabinet officers served admirably in preparing the way for the official declaration of the President. At Peoria Mr. Shaw pronounced against any and all interference with the tariff now or in the near future. He declared that in his judgment no condition exists which would justify any attempt at tariff changes, and he took pains to make it perfectly clear that such a thing as partial tariff revision is impossible. Once the subject is taken up the whole tariff must be revised. Secretary Root held practically the same ground in his Boston speech.

Last and most important of all. President Roosevelt at Minneapolis defined his position and that of the Republican party in vigorous opposition to tariff revision, either as a remedy for trusts or for any other reason. He did not contend—nor does any protectionist—that the existing tariff schedules are sacred and must be forever left untouched. The law as it stands contains many imperfec-

the Iowa platform this year, and to demand its insertion in the national platform of 1904. We wish him good luck; but both he and President Roosevelt have yet much to learn about the protectionist old man of the sea who is firmly planted on the party's shoulders and clutching its throat.

Very naturally the Evening Post wishes the Iowa iconoclast "good luck." Anybody, anywhere, whose knife is out for tariff ripping is sure to secure a blessing and a benediction from the enemies of American labor and industry.

Greatest of All Buyers.

For the first time in our history manufacturer's materials have in the month of February, 1903, constituted more than half of the total imports. Twenty-one years ago the proportion of manufacturers' material was 33.9 per cent of the total of imports. In February the percentage had reached 51.3. In that month our manufacturers bought of foreigners \$42,000,000 worth of materials, to be converted into finished products by American labor. The total of this class of importations for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1903, will be at least \$450,000,000, or \$35,000,000 more than in 1902. This does not indicate the need of any change in our tariff system looking toward increased purchases from the outside world. We are already the most liberal buyers of foreign commodities of any nation on earth. Lower tariff duties would result in our buying much more of finished products in which American labor would have no part, but they would undoubtedly diminish the quantity which we buy of material used in manufacture. Better leave the tariff as it is.

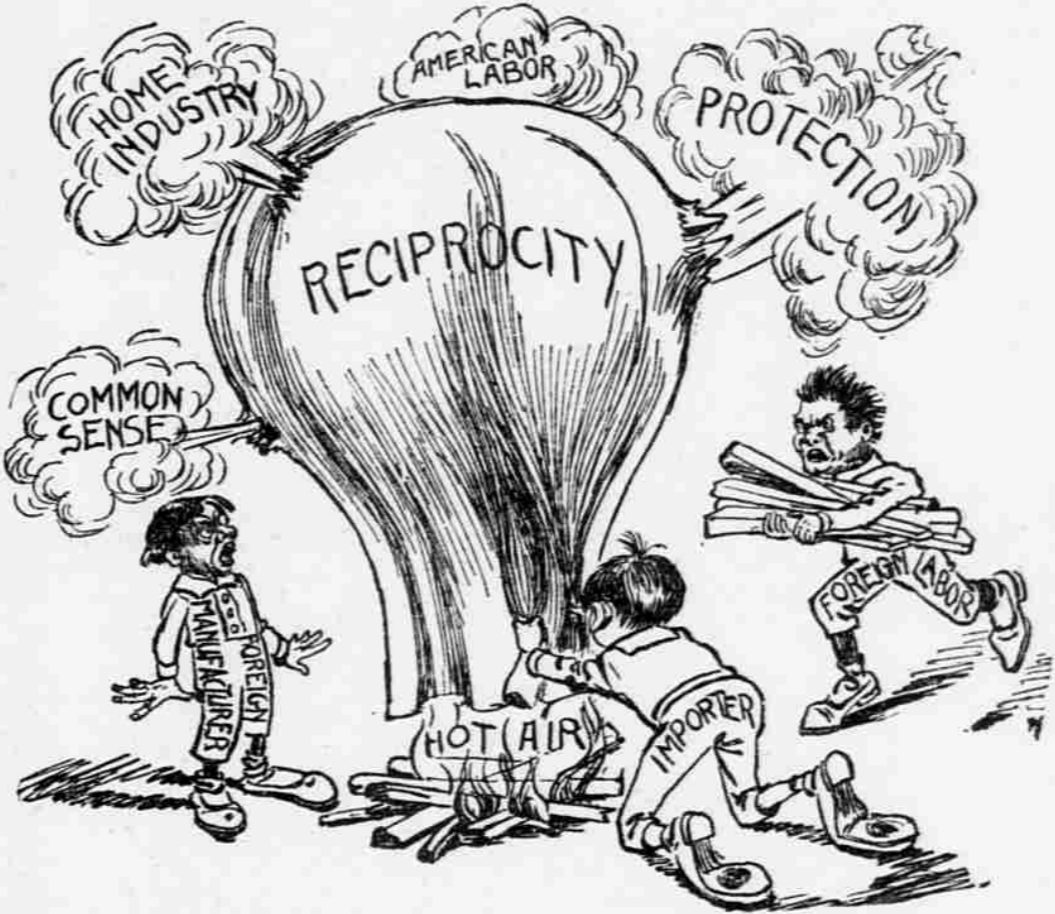
How to Kill Trusts.

The tariff is the mother of trusts.—St. Paul Globe.

Yes, on the same principle that woman is the mother of measles. A woman has children and children have measles.

The tariff is the mother of certain

A SURPLUS OF HOT AIR SURE TO CAUSE TROUBLE.



tions and inequalities, and these will some day be corrected according as changed and changing conditions shall suggest. But not now. Stability, said the President, is the vital need of all industry and all business, and the tariff schedules should not be changed until it shall have become certain that the advantage to be thereby gained will outweigh the damage inflicted upon business by tariff changes. No such condition now exists, and the evils that are complained of would be aggravated rather than corrected if the reckless disturbers of business stability were permitted to precipitate upon the country a protracted period of tariff tinkering.

The President has spoken plainly and wisely. The country will welcome and approve what he has said. Tariff tinkering foolishness was making some headway among a class of Republicans posing as reformers, and it was full time the President declared himself. It is settled once for all that the Republican party will stand by and not apologize for its vital doctrine of protection to all labor and all industry.

"GOOD LUCK TO HIM!"

That is How the Free Traders Feel Toward Gov. Cummins.

Democratic and free trade editors seem to be greatly gratified at the pronounced tariff reform flavor of the latest speech of Gov. Cummins. They profess to see in it two things which are most pleasing—first, a marked tendency toward lower duties and increased foreign competition, and second, the well-defined prospect of a serious split in the Republican party on the question of tariff protection. The New York Evening Post says:

"Gov. Cummins of Iowa stands by his tariff guns. Fresh from communications at the White House, he tells the Republicans of his state that he is more determined than ever to work for the 'Iowa idea' of cutting down tariff duties, and of abolishing altogether those that are taken advantage of for the 'awful object' of enhancing domestic prices unduly, especially by means of combinations aiming at monopoly. There is an irrepressible conflict forced upon the Republican party, Gov. Cummins believes, and he favors making the fight with bold initiative instead of being put feebly on the defensive. Therefore, he proposes to retain the tariff reduction plank in

industries, and they, under the management of commercial genius, are the mothers of certain trusts. Kill the industries and you will kill the trusts, sure. All this can be found in all editions of that famous work, the American Business Primer, first page.—New York Sun.

Very Little Difference.

We would like to have some good and kind Polk county politician point out wherein the speech recently delivered by Mr. Cummins differs from the speech delivered at about the same time by Edward Shepard, the head of Tammany hall, as far as the tariff is concerned.—Cedar Rapids Republican.

One was a Republican speech and the other Democratic. That is the main difference.—Des Moines Register and Leader.

Should Be Spent at Home.

Secretary Wilson says this country last year paid \$122,000,000 for imported sugar. In his opinion that vast sum ought to be expended at home to support the growing American industry, and he is confident that we will at no distant day produce our own sugar and have a surplus for exportation.—Huntington (Ind.) Farmers' Guide.

Good Investment for Bryan.

William Jennings Bryan says he has contributed 17,000 something to the cause of Democracy. He may have meant that many silver dollars or mere words. In either case his contribution seems to have been a reckless waste for the cause though a good investment for his own pocket.—Camden Post Telegram.

All at Sea.

"The Democratic party is fading away rapidly; about time for it to be thinking of getting its life insured." "That's impossible." "Too hazardous a risk, eh?" "Not only that, but I don't believe there's any one who can make out its policy."—Philadelphia Press.

Don't Always Denounce Them.

Some Republicans are denouncing the manufacturers of America, something they did not do in 1896, when they were accepting contributions to assist in electing William McKinley and the establishment of American protection.—Des Moines Capital.

A TIP-TAKER'S VIEW.

Sees a Decline in the Great American Habit.

The bitter cry of the victims of the "tip nuisance" is loud in the land, but the recipients of tips have usually maintained a haughty silence. Now Mr. James S. Stemons, a colored waiter explains their point of view in the Independent.

Waiters' wages have everywhere been reduced with the growth of tips, so that the tipper is merely making good the deficiencies of the employer. But of late there has also been a great decline in the volume of tips, so that the waiter, underpaid and confronted with the loss of his perquisite at the same time, is flattened between the two rolls of a wringer.

In a number of representative hotels and restaurants in different cities the tips received by colored waiters vary from nothing at one place in Cleveland to a dollar and a half a day in New York. At the best hotel in New Orleans they average seventy-five cents a day, in Louisville fifteen cents, and in Philadelphia from forty cents to a dollar. The usual range in the South is low.

In the North the tendency is for the best hotels and restaurants to employ white waiters. Where colored men are employed they get much lower wages.

As a rule colored waiters draw from \$18 to \$22 a month in wages, and they are lucky when they can get \$15 more in tips. In most restaurants the bulk of the business is compressed within two or three hours, and ten cents is the prevailing fee. "In fact, it is only the most aggressive waiter who manages to average so much as fifty cents a day in tips."

The recipient of this tip takes it as a matter of hard necessity—not because he likes to. The author of the article quoted worked for three years before he consented to accept one and then it was forced upon him. But the tip will stay until the patrons of hotels and restaurants induce proprietors to pay living wages. Such a movement, if Mr. Stemons may be credited, will have the enthusiastic support of the waiters, whose supposed exactions inspired the virtuous resolves of the Anti-Tipping League.

SAYING PRAYERS IN ADVANCE.

How Thoughtful Child Provided for Season's Enjoyment.

Julian Hawthorne sometimes tells an amusing story of the childhood of his daughter Hildegarde.

"Once, when Hildegarde was a little girl," he will begin, "she was elated over the fact that we were all going to spend the summer at the seashore. Particularly was she elated on the night before our departure. Her eyes shone, her cheeks were flushed, and she could do nothing but dance and clap her hands for joy.

After she had gone to her room I heard her chattering away like an insane person for a long time. I peeped in and saw her on her knees praying. Over and over again she repeated the same prayer.

"Hildegarde," I said, "what on earth are you doing, child?" "I am saying my prayers now for all summer," she answered, "so that I won't have to waste any time on them while we are away."—New York Tribune.

Bilkins and His Joke.

Forty years ago Bilkins, then a lad, saw it for the first time. It was in an old almanac which had been printed before he was born. The almanac credited it to a still older publication. Bilkins laughed when he saw it. To his immature mind it appeared funny. Then he took it unto himself for his own, and every year at the recurring season he has inflicted it upon his friends.

The other day while rain was falling, Bilkins, in a waterproof coat and under an umbrella, met Silkins dashing along unprotected from the elements. Bilkins seized the opportunity.

"Hello, Silkins!" he cried. "Where's your umbrella? Lent, I'll bet. Ha! ha!"

"No!" howled Silkins. "It's stolen, you doggasted idiot!" And he smote Bilkins full sore.

A policeman assisted Bilkins out of the gutter. While waiting for the ambulance the officer said:

"Let this be a warning to you. Remember, the man who jokes about an umbrella and Lent borrows trouble from people who are glad to let him have it."

True Love.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds Admit impediments. Love is not love Which alters when it alteration finds. Or bends with the remover to remove—O no! It is an ever-fixed mark That looks on tempests and is never shaken: It is the star to every wandering bark Whose worth's unknown, although his light be taken. Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks Within his bending sickle's compass come: Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks, But bears it out ev'n to the edge of doom— If this be error, and upon me proved, I never writ, nor no man ever loved. —Shakespeare.

Theories and Facts.

That a theory accords with the facts does not necessarily prove it true. According to Poincare, the eminent French mathematician, an infinite number of theories, only one of which is actually true, may be devised to account for any given state of facts.

Many Fraternities at Cornell. Cornell has twenty-six fraternities.