

The Bow of Orange Ribbon

A ROMANCE OF NEW YORK

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CHAPTER I.

The Van Heemskirks.

It was May in New York one hundred and twenty-one years ago, and yet the May A. D. 1886—the same clear air and wind, the same rarefied freshness, full of faint, passing aromas from the wet earth and the salt sea and the blossoming gardens.

In the city the business of the day was over; but at the open doors of many of the shops little groups of apprentices in leather aprons were talking, and on the broad steps of the City Hall a number of grave-looking men were slowly separating after a very satisfactory civic session. They were all noticeable men, but Joris Van Heemskirk especially so. His bulk was so great that it seemed as if he must have been built up; it was too much to expect that he had ever been a baby. He had a fair, ruddy face, and large, firm eyes, and a mouth that was at once strong and sweet. And he was also very handsomely dressed. The long, stiff skirts of his dark-blue coat were lined with satin, his breeches were of black velvet, his ruffles edged with Flemish lace, his shoes clasped with silver buckles, his cocked hat made of the finest beaver.

With his head a little forward, and his right arm across his back, he walked slowly up Wall street into Broadway, and then took a northwesterly direction towards the river bank. His home was on the outskirts of the city, but not far away; and his face lightened as he approached it.

Councillor Van Heemskirk's father had built the house and planted the garden, and he had the Dutch reverence for a good ancestry. Often he sent his thoughts backward to remember how he walked by his father's side, or leaned against his mother's chair, as they told him the tragic tales of the old Barneveldt and the hapless De Witts; or how his young heart glowed to their memories of the dear fatherland, and the proud march of the Batavian republic.

"Good evening, Mr. Justice. Good evening, neighbor," and he stood a minute, with his hands in his garden gate, to bow to Justice Van Gaasbeek and to Peter Snyter, who, with their wives, were going to spend an hour or two at Christopher Laer's garden.

"Men can bear all things but good days," said Peter Snyter, when they had gone a dozen yards in silence; "since Van Heemskirk has a seat in the council room, it is a long way to his hat."

"Come, now, he was very civil, Snyter. He bows like a man not used to make a low bow, that is all."

"Well, well, with time, every one gets into his right place. In the city Hall, I may yet put my chair beside his, Van Gaasbeek."

"So say I, Snyter, and for the present it is all well as it is."

This little envious fret of his neighbor lost itself outside Joris Van Heemskirk's home. Within it, all was love and content. Madam Van Heemskirk was a little woman, with clear-cut features, and brown hair drawn backward under a cap of lace very stiffly starched. Her tight-fitting dress of blue taffeta was open in front, and looped up behind in order to show an elaborately quilted petticoat of light blue cambric. Her white wool stockings were clocked with blue, her high-heeled shoes cut very low, and clasped with small silver buckles. From her trim cap to her trig shoes she was a pleasant and comfortable picture of a happy, domestic woman; smiling, peaceful, and easy to live with.

When the last duty of the day was finished, she let her bunch of keys fall with a satisfactory "all done" jingle, that made her Joris look at her with a smile. Then he asked: "Where is Joanna and the little one? And Bram should be home ere this."

"I am not uneasy, Joris. They were to drink a dish of tea with Madam Semple, and Bram promised to go for them. And, see, they are coming; but Bram is not with them, only the elder."

Elder Alexander Semple was a great man in his sphere. He had a reputation both for riches and godliness and was scarcely more respected in the market-place than he was in the Middle Kirk. And there was an old tie between the Semples and the Van Heemskirks—a tie going back to the days when the Scotch Covenanters and the Netherland Confessors clasped hands as brothers in their "churches and/or the cross." Then one of the Semples had fled for life from Scotland to Holland, and had sheltered in the house of a Van Heemskirk; and from generation to generation the friendship had been continued. So there was much real kindness and very little ceremony between the families, and the elder met his friend Joris with a pleasant "good evening," and sat down in front of the blazing logs.

Calcareous Woman.

A woman has just died in a Philadelphia hospital who has been for some time an object of interest to medical men. The disease of which she finally died changed her bones to a chalky substance, and several times she fractured her arms and legs by slight movements of her body. So brittle did her frame become that the doctors feared her neck might be dislocated, and she was placed in her bed in such a position that she could only move her head a few inches.

The Danger of Scent.

A medical practitioner calls attention to the danger of scent-drinking. He says he has known a number of cases, chiefly among ladies, where the eau-de-Cologne habit has produced shattered health and mental disorders. It is curious that the most ardent abstainers from ordinary alcoholic drink have been known to fall victims to this unnatural craze. In one case of delirium tremens a wardrobe was found stocked with empty eau-de-Cologne bottles.

Noisy Fish.

Many fish can produce musical sounds. The red gurnard has earned the name of sea-cock from the crowing noise which it makes, while another species is called the piper. Others, notably two species of opidium, have sound-producing apparatus, consisting of small, movable bones, which can be made to produce a sharp rattle. The curious "drumming" made by the Mediterranean fish known as the maigre can be heard from a depth of thirty fathoms.

of his father—his great size, his commanding presence and winning address, his large eyes, his deep, sonorous voice and slow speech.

With the advent of Bram and Neil, the consultation ended. The elder, grumbling at the chill and mist, wrapped himself in his plaid, and leaning on his son's arm, cautiously picked his way home by the light of a lantern. Van Heemskirk put aside his pipe, nodded gravely to his son, and went thoughtfully upstairs.

In his own room he sat down on a big oak chest; and, as he thought, his wrath slowly gathered. Semple knew that gay young English officers were coming and going about his house, and he had not told him until he feared they would interfere with his own plans for keeping Neil near to him. He remembered that Semple had spoken with touching emphasis of his longing to keep his last son near home; but must he give up his darling Katherine to further this plan?

"I like not it," he muttered. "God for the Dutchman made the Dutchwoman. That is the right way; but I will not make angry myself for so much of passion, so much of nothing at all to the purpose. That is the truth. Always I have found it so."

Then Lysbet, having finished her second locking up, entered the room. She came in as one wearied and troubled, and said with a sigh, as she untied her apron:

"Joris, the elder's words have made trouble in my heart. What did the man mean?"

"Who can tell? What a man says, we know; but only God understands what he means. But I will say this, Lysbet, and it is what I mean: If Semple has led my daughter into the way of temptation, then, for all that is past and gone, we shall be un-friends."

"Give yourself no kummer on that matter, Joris. Hove not some of our best maidens married into the English set? There is no harm, I think, in a girl taking a few steps up when she puts on the wedding ring."

"Mean you that our little daughter should marry some English good-for-nothing? Look, then, I would rather see her white and cold in the death-chamber. I will have no Englishman among the Van Heemskirks. There, let us sleep. To-night I will speak no more."

But madam could not sleep. She was quite sensible that she had tacitly encouraged Katherine's visits to Semple House, even after she understood that Capt. Hyde and other fashionable and notable persons were frequent visitors there. Lysbet Van Heemskirk saw no reason why her younger children should not move with the current, when it might set them among the growing aristocracy of the New World.

She tried to recall Katherine's demeanor and words during the past day, and she could find no cause for alarm in them. She could not remember anything at all which ought to make her uneasy; and what Lysbet did not see or hear, she could not imagine.

Yet the past ten hours had really been full of danger to the young girl. Early in the afternoon, some hours before Joanna was ready to go, Katherine was dressed for her visit to Semple House. It stood, like Van Heemskirk's, at the head of a garden sloping to the river; and there was a good deal of pleasant rivalry about these gardens, both proprietors having impressed their own individuality upon their pleasure grounds.

The space between the two houses was an enclosed meadow; and this afternoon, the grass being warm and dry and full of wild flowers, Katherine followed the narrow footpath through it, and entered the Semple garden by the small side gate. Near this gate was a stone dairy, sunk below the level of the ground—a deliciously cool, clean spot even in the hottest weather. Passing it, she saw that the door was open, and Madam Semple was busy among its large, shallow, pewter, cream-dishes. She was beating some rich curd with eggs and currants and spices; and Katherine, with a sympathetic smile, asked delightedly:

"Cheese-cakes, madam?"

"Just cheese-cakes, dearie."

"Oh, I am glad! Let me fill some of these pretty little pats."

"I'll do naething of the kind, Katherine. You'd be spoiling the bonnie silk dress you hae put on. Go to the house and sit wi' Mistress Gordon. She was asking for you no' an hour ago. And, Katherine, my bonnie lassie, dinna gie a thought to one word that black-eyed nephew o' hers may say to you. He's here the day and gane to-morrow, and the lasses that heed him will get sair hearts to themselves."

The bright young face shadowed, and a sudden fear came into Madam Semple's heart as she watched the girl turn thoughtfully and slowly away into the house.

"It will be Neil and Bram"; and, as the words were spoken, the young men entered.

"Again you are late, Bram"; and the father looked curiously in his son's face. It was like looking back upon his own youth; for Bram Van Heemskirk had all the physical traits

WORDS OF WARNING

SOME FALLACIES OF LOPSIDED PROTECTIONISM POINTED OUT.

Protection is a Policy Designed for the Benefit of the Country as a Whole and Not for the Advantage of Special Interests.

The Boston Herald of a recent date contained an editorial on "Raw Materials" in which the writer remarked: "The reason why there is an outspoken desire for free raw materials is the obviously logical one that when a duty is imposed on raw material which greatly increases its price it greatly burdens the processes of manufacture from the very first, and when under such circumstances we attempt to compete in manufactured products with nations which do not have their industries thus handicapped we are placed at a terrible disadvantage."

The outspoken desire to which the Herald refers is only heard in New England, and it speedily becomes hushed when the manufacturers of that section are reminded, as they have been at times, that the parts of the country which produce raw materials will not waive the protection on their products and permit the New Englanders to retain the tariff on manufactured articles. Once before the West gave New England a sharp reminder on this point, and it will be apt to repeat its warning if the "Protectionists" of that section do not thoroughly learn the lesson that the policy is designed for the benefit of the whole country and not alone for the New England states.

But it is not true that the demand for free raw materials is inspired by the desire spoken of by the Herald. Eugene N. Foss, a candidate for Congress in a Massachusetts district, gave the real reason a few days ago in a speech made by him at Jamaica Plain, when he said:

"I believe that unless there is a readjustment of the tariff on the lines of freer raw material the next ten years will see our great shoe manufacturing establishments, our cotton and woolen mills, our iron and steel plants march out of New England to the West, where they will get their wool and hides at their door; to the South, where they will pick the cotton from the fields; to Pennsylvania and Ohio, where they will dig the iron and coal from the mountain side and transform them on the spot to the manufactured article."

Here we have the true motive. Fear that the manufacturers of the West may enjoy an advantage of those of New England is at the bottom of the movement, and not any well grounded belief that free raw materials would mean cheaper products for the American consumer. But does Mr. Foss imagine for a single moment that the West, having plain notice served upon it that the protection for its peculiar products will be struck at, will not strike at Massachusetts in return? He must be afflicted with brain softening if he thinks wool can be attacked and woolen manufactures go unscathed.

But it is not to call attention to the lopsided ideas of the alleged Massachusetts protectionists that Mr. Foss's remarks are quoted. They are simply cited to emphasize an assertion which the Chronicle has frequently made, that the symmetrical application of the protective doctrine is sure to prove economical in the long run. Mr. Foss unconsciously points out the method when he says that the effect will be to build up great manufacturing industries in the West. That is what it all tends to, and very properly. The center of population has moved westward steadily, and the center of the manufacturing industry is pursuing it closely. This accomplishes the highly desirable result of eliminating waste. It must be obvious if the West as Mr. Foss implies has iron ore and wool and accessible supplies of raw cotton, and works them up in mills near the fields of production, an unnecessary double carriage will be avoided, and that means an immense saving to the vast body of consumers living in the central sections of our Union.

And that is the professed purpose of protection. Its object is to bring the workshop and consumer close together whenever it can be done profitably. That it can be in the central section of the Union Mr. Foss makes quite clear when he dwells on the fact that the West has cheap raw materials, plenty of fuel and foodstuffs and a big population, capable of supplying skillful workers in abundance and able to consume a vast quantity of what they produce.—San Francisco Chronicle.

TARIFF COMMISSION.

Would It Prove More a Benefit Than a Nuisance to Business Interests?

While greatly admiring the skill and energy with which the New York Commercial is conducting its tariff commission propaganda among the business men of the country, we could wish that its zeal might be expended in a better cause, not to say a cause that is more likely to prevail. There is, we feel sure, small probability that the tariff is going to be divorced from politics either through the creation of a bi-partisan board, a non-partisan board, or any other sort of board. The tariff will stay in politics as long as its enemies stay in politics, and that promises to be a long while. The Commercial, however, is very much in earnest in its crusade, and to this end is circulating blank petitions for the signatures of business men. The petition reads as follows:

"A Petition for a Permanent Tariff Commission. To the President of the United

States, and Members of the Fifty-Seventh Congress:

"We, the undersigned, citizens, taxpayers and business men of the United States, believe that any wholesale revision of our tariff schedules is inadvisable, as such action is sure to seriously disturb business conditions and cripple many business enterprises. But realizing, as we do, that it is only a question of time when some changes must be made in these schedules, to provide for such changes we respectfully and most earnestly petition you to enact, without unnecessary delay, such legislation as may be necessary for a bi-partisan and permanent tariff commission, whose duty it will be to intelligently assist congress to make such changes in our tariff and reciprocity laws, from time to time, as may be found necessary."

Busy men are apt to sign and return this petition without stopping to think that it contemplates the creation of something which we already have and do not need. The country is now provided with a tariff commission that is both permanent and bi-partisan. As a matter of fact, we have two tariff commissions of this bi-partisan character. First, the House Committee on Ways and Means and the Senate Committee on Finance, acting separately at first and afterward concurrently, and having full charge of all tariff matters. Second, and auxiliary to this, we have the Board of United States General Appraisers, a permanent body of bi-partisan (supposed) tariff experts, composed of five Republicans and four Democrats—that is to say, five protectionists and four free traders—holding office for life, or during good behavior, and subject to removal only "for cause" and by death.

The two committees of Congress are made up for the most part of men who have made the tariff a special study and hence are familiar with its relations to the industries and the trade of the country taken as a whole and also taken in all its parts. They are men who know, for example, that a protective tariff must be uniform and fair in its operations; that you must not deprive one interest of protection for the benefit of another interest which retains its protection. Along these and parallel lines these men have framed all our tariff laws, and just as the committees have had protection or free trade majorities, so have they framed protective or free trade tariffs. In short, a permanent bi-partisan commission taking its powers and its instructions direct from the people, and from no other source.

Not a bad sort of tariff commission, one would think. One of its very best features is to be noted in the fact that this permanent bi-partisan tariff commission lets the tariff alone for years together and never touches it at all save when ordered so to do by the votes of the people. In this way business and industry and trade go along with certainty and safety. They know "where they are at" all the time, so far as the tariff is concerned. Should we improve on this if we had an additional body of bi-partisan irresponsibles who, as Andrew Carnegie expresses it, "would have to be doing something with the tariff" all the time?

As to the second bi-partisan tariff commission, which we already have, the United States Board of General Appraisers, these functionaries, some of them protectionists and some free traders, afford a splendid example of the idea of bi-partisan irresponsibility as worked out in tariff matters. They often reverse themselves, and are still oftener reversed by the courts. You never know where to find them. Their rulings have been so varied, so confusing, in many cases so ridiculous, so essentially so and characteristically "bi-partisan" that Congress has for some time past had under serious consideration the passage of a bill legislating them out of office. Originally constituted to serve as an intervening quasi-judicial body which should lighten the labors of the regular courts, this bi-partisan tariff commission has so muddled and messed matters as to add materially to business uncertainties and the labors of the regular courts.

We would suggest that business men, before signing the New York Commercial's petition, should ask themselves:

"What is to be gained by the creation of a third bi-partisan tariff commission that shall have no final jurisdiction or authority, and whose functions shall consist in part in volunteering to Congress advice which Congress does not need and will not heed, together with the continual stirring up of things which had better be left alone until Congress gets ready to stir them up?"

"Would not the proposed permanent bi-partisan tariff commission be more likely to prove itself a nuisance than a benefit?"

What Do They Want?

The tariff reformers should at once designate what duties should be lowered and how much. If congress is expected to agree within thirty days after convening, these tariff reformer editors should be able to agree within a number of days. If the reformers want to hit high prices they will have to hit farm produce. The understanding is that if the prices of everything had been low there would have been no tariff discussion. Therefore the reformers must want lower prices. If this be true they should tell us what prices should come down. Prices are always high in good times and low in poverty-stricken times. Do they want poverty again?—Des Moines Capital.

Like the dumb waiter, some people keep silent about their ups and downs.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON IX, NOV. 30; JUDGES 7:18—THE THREE HUNDRED.

Golden Text—"It is Better to Trust in the Lord Than to Put Confidence in Man"—Psalms 118:8—God's Wonderful Deliverance.

Israel's Life for Two Centuries. In Lesson VII. we had a general view of the two centuries before Gideon—the success, the moral defections and decadence following a religious decline, then outward troubles and disasters which led the people to see the evil of their ways, and to repent. Judges were raised up who delivered them. After God, through Deborah and Barak, had saved the people from the oppression of the Lowlander Canaanites, they had a peaceful time of prosperity for forty years at the close of which period another enemy overran the country, the deliverance from whom is the subject of to-day's lesson.

As the former deliverance from the punishment for their sins faded in the passing years, the Israelites began again to decline, first in their religious life. Religious decline was easily followed by "a condition of lassitude, sensuality, and impotence."

II. The Ravages of the Bedouins from beyond Jordan.—The wandering hordes of the desert coveted the riches of this favored region which seemed the very gates of paradise; and to the number of at least one hundred and thirty-five thousand (Judg. 8:10) "streamed over the folds of the Jordan year by year, migrating thither, with their households and herds, in such numbers as could only be compared, by those whom they invaded, to a flight of locusts; which, indeed, they rivaled in destructiveness."—Geikie.

III. Gideon called to be the Deliverer of his People.—One day Gideon was threshing wheat. An angry messenger from Jehovah came to him thus employed, and bade him deliver Israel.

IV. Gideon's Schools and Schoolmasters.—All Gideon's previous faithfulness in daily life, his unselfishness, his piety, had been preparing him unconsciously for the great work of his life. By daily duties done from worthy motives we are prepared for our life's work.

Gideon had a work to do in his own village and in his father's house. That very night he bravely threw down the altar of Baal, and not only cut down the pillar of Asherah, but split it up for fuel; and having laid it on the altar of Jehovah, used it to consume, in sacrifice to him, a bullock which his father had apparently consecrated to Baal. The citizens were angry when they discovered what Gideon had done, and would have put him to death, but his father's clever irony saved him. This test was both for himself, to give him confidence, and as a proof to the Israelites that he had the qualities of a leader in God's service.

V. The Assembling of Gideon's Army.—V. 1. Gideon blew a trumpet and first gathered his own clan into the nucleus of an army. Then he sent messengers through his own tribe of Manasseh, in the region of Samaria, and omitting Issachar who dwelt in Esdraelon, then held by the Midianites, summoned the three northern tribes of Zebulun, Asher and Naphtali who occupied what later was called northern Galilee. Thirty-two thousand were assembled to meet the one hundred and thirty-five thousand Midianites, not quite one-fourth of the total.

The Situation. Jerubbaal, who is Gideon. Jerubbaal means "Let Baal plead" his own cause, "the antagonist of Baal," and was given to Gideon because he destroyed the altar of Baal in his own town of Ophrah. "Fetched" their camp beside the well of "Spring" "of Harod," at the eastern end of the plain of Esdraelon.

VI. The Famous Three Hundred.—Vs. 2, 7, 2. "And the Lord said unto Gideon" (in what way we do not know) "The people . . . are too many," etc. Since the object of this deliverance was not chiefly to save the people's farms and crops from the Midianites, but to save them from their sins, and to teach them to trust and obey God, the method of gaining the victory must be such as to produce this effect.

The first test, 3. "Proclaim . . . Whoever is fearful let him . . . depart." Therefore Gideon thinned out his army, and everybody afraid or half-hearted had to retire from the critical scene.—Eimsley.

Second Test, 4. "The people are yet too many." To produce the desired moral effect, "I will try them." The ten thousand were brought down to the stream flowing between the armies, to drink.

5. "Every one that lapped the water with his tongue, as a dog lappeth . . . putting their hand to their mouth" (v. 6), using their hands as a dog uses his tongue, Three hundred "did not break rank or stop in their drink, but dipped their hollowed palms into the stream, and tossed a little in their mouth as they ran."—Marcus Dods.

6. "All the rest of the people bowed down upon their knees to drink." 7. "By the three hundred men . . . will I save you." God did it, through these fitting instruments thus selected.

VII. The Great Victory.—V. 8. Then the three hundred in the night divided into three bands, and silently surrounded the Midianites. Each soldier had a lamp or torch, a pitcher in which he placed a while marching, and a trumpet. Suddenly, at a signal from Gideon, each one took out his lamp, smashed the pitchers with a crashing noise, shouted, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" and blew the trumpets. It seemed to the Midianites that there were three hundred leaders each with a company behind him; and they began to destroy one another, thinking they were enemies. All the Israelites had to do was to hold their lamps and keep blowing their trumpets, and shouting, as if an army were behind them. The result was a complete rout of the enemy, and deliverance from their raids for a long time, while Gideon became the judge of Israel for forty years.

VIII. Some Practical Lessons.—So God's church during the ages has been exposed to many assaults from the world; sometimes the worldly spirit has overrun it; sometimes the hordes of false doctrines, of dead forms, of ungodly usages, have sought to plunder its treasures.

2. The value and power of God's people are to be found not so much in numbers as in quality.

3. "Many who have real faith and grace are unfit for special services, and unable to bear peculiar trials from which, therefore, the Lord will exempt them, and to which he will appoint those to whom he has given superior hardness, boldness, and firmness of spirit."—Scott.

The True Estimate.

Our world is not made for geniuses, nor managed by them. Its best work is done by people of moderate ability and more than moderate faithfulness. Their loyalty to duty in home, churches, business, and public life is the salt which keeps the world sweet and clean. They are not much known to the newspapers, but their names are written in heaven as its agents and correspondents in the busy life of earth. When the final verdict comes, they will be the astonished people at hearing of their worth.