

The Bow of Orange Ribbon

A ROMANCE OF NEW YORK

By AMELIA E. BARR

Author of "Friend Olivia," "I, Thou and the Other One," Etc.
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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 worsted. 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 Nell Semple in the recess of a window; but Nell'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 scoundrel was conscious of it; for he occasionally addressed some trivial remark to him, as if to prevent Nell 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 of 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 Nell the rest o' your tale the morn; and, Katherine, put awa' now that bit o' busy idleness, and don your hoods and mantles, bairn 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 at 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, Nell 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 quilted 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 Nell, 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:

"Katrjntje, 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 stich."

"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 Madam 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.)

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON X, DEC. 7: RUTH 1:16-22—RUTH AND NAOMI.

Golden Text—"Be Kindly Affectioned One to Another"—Romans 12:10—Lessons to Be Learned from the Story of Ruth.

Scene I. The Emigrants.—Ruth 1:1-4. Some time during the period of the Judges, under Gideon or later, there arose a famine in Judea which lasted in some degree for several years. At this time there lived a family at Bethlehem consisting of Elimelech, his wife Naomi, and two sons, whose names indicate feeble health. Finding it difficult to obtain a living on the home farm on account of the famine, and perhaps afraid of the roving bands of the invaders, the family determined to emigrate to some safer and more fruitful region, even though it would compel them to bring up their children amid heathen surroundings. They went across the Jordan, turned to the south along the eastern shores of the Dead Sea, and settled among the rich fields of the Moabites. In the course of ten years the sons married Moabitish women, Ruth and Orpah, and both sons and Elimelech, their father, died in the land of Moab, leaving the three women widows.

The widow Naomi, poor, in distress, among strangers, became a homely, for her native land, her kindred, the people of God, and the religious aids and consolations of her youth. The famine was over. One of the periods of revival and prosperity was shedding its benediction over the land, from which she came, and she resolved to return.

Scene II. The Parting. Ruth's Choice.—Vs. 5-18. The two widowed daughters-in-law, Orpah and Ruth ("the Rose of Moab"), went part of the way to see Naomi off. When the time came to part, when they had kissed each other and swept together, they both declared they would not return, but would go with her to Israel.

16. "And Ruth said," Ruth's passionate burst of tenderness is immortal. Like David's lament over Jonathan, these words have sunk deep into the human heart, and attract me not to leave thee," for the very reason that she is old and poor and childless. Their hearts are knit together like the souls of David and Jonathan. "Whither thou goest, I will go." "Compare the very similar entreaties of Elisha, and the steadfast determination of Elisha not to leave him (2 Kings 2:2-6). In Elisha's case, as in Ruth's, the reward of steadfast persistence was very great."—Cook. "They people shall be my people," even though she went apparently to lifelong poverty among strangers.

17. "The Lord do so to me," calling upon herself the severest punishment if she should break her promise. Ruth's use of the name of Jehovah shows that she was already a believer.

18. "Was steadfastly minded" in making her firm to go with her.—Becher. "She left speaking unto her." She had wanted her to go with her, but she seemed selfish to permit her. But she yielded at last to Ruth's steadfast determination.

19. The Emigrants' Return and Welcome.—Vs. 19-22. "They two . . . came to Bethlehem," the early home of Naomi, where she had a small estate (Ruth 4:3). "All the city," a small walled village (Micah 5:2), was moved, excited and interested, "about them." She had belonged to a prominent family, and as probably little or nothing had been heard from her for ten years, her return was a glad surprise. "And they" (feminine), the women of Bethlehem, "said, Is this Naomi?" Can this lonely, traveled-stained woman be the Naomi who went away so happily ten years ago?

20. "Call me not Naomi," "lovable," "pleasant." The name once belonged to me. "Call me Mara," "bitter" (Ex. 15:23), for this bitter expresses my condition. "I, the Almighty, have dealt very bitterly with me." My life is in his hands. He has given me this bitter medicine for my soul. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

21. "The Lord hath testified against me" that my going into a heathen land for a better living was a sin.

22. "In the beginning of barley harvest," usually about the middle of April. This fact was an essential circumstance in Ruth's future life.

23. The Reward.—The rest of the book tells in a delightful way the story of her life. In the approval of God, in recognition of her spiritual life and character, in helpfulness and service, its best reward. And yet the reward is not perfect without outward conditions to match the inward grace. So it shall be in heaven.

24. Lessons from the Story of Ruth. I. Here is a beautiful example of God's providential care over private affairs of an humble family. God is "no respecter of persons." Often from the humblest homes spring persons who influence the destiny of nations.

2. All this passionate utterance of Ruth is a perfect type of what every one who becomes a Christian says to Christ and his church. He chooses them for better or for worse, in prosperity and in adversity. All he has and all he hopes for is joined with them. He will suffer with them, rejoice with them, work with them, abide forever with them in heaven.

3. A large part of the opposition to our service for the Lord, whether it arise from friends or enemies, will cease when it becomes manifest that we are invincibly determined on our course.

4. Choices between good and evil, even in small things, are the most important acts of our lives. They are the creative acts of the soul. Often these fateful rises come in our lives in connection with decisions, of the importance of which we do not dream. We know what is right, we do not know the far-reaching effects.

5. "Ruth's choice cost her something," separation from her kindred, the sacrifice of her prospects of marriage, expatriation, poverty, and the consciousness that the course she was taking was unusual, an would cause remark.

6. "But Ruth's choice teaches us that true love is supremely desirous of the beloved presence. That is true about human love, and it is true about heavenly." Through doing her humble daily duties faithfully for the support of her mother and herself, Ruth found her reward in her character and destiny.

Miracles of Our Lord.

We believe there is a very great difficulty about the question of the relation of miracles to the Divine Word and how far they proved the Divine Word. I am a thorough believer in miracles, but I want you to note how our Lord wrought many miracles, but rebuked those who sought him for miracles only. It is the Word, and its power to give life to the soul, that is the miracle. It is by the inherent potency and divine proof which that Word carried that the heart of man was comforted.

PROPOSE TO BEAT NATURE.

Diamond of Powerful Ray Will Soon Be Made by Niagara's Power.

The manufacture of artificial diamonds has long been regarded as an impossibility. A score of men learned in chemistry and skilled as lapidaries have spent years in a fruitless endeavor to equal the product of nature in this direction. Now, however, the prospect of the manufacture of diamonds by scientific means is considered so likely as to be predicted in a government report. T. G. Martin, an expert special agent of the census office, has written a long and very interesting report on the electrical industries of the United States, in which he incidentally refers to the attempts that have been made to produce diamonds artificially. He recalls the fact that Moissan, the Frenchman, pushed the employment of the electric arc so far as to produce minute fragmentary diamonds in his furnaces. Moissan also noted the production of graphite from a diamond heated in the arc, and from the similar treatment of sugar charcoal purified by chlorine and of purified wood charcoal.

"In fact," says Mr. Martin, "it was due to his investigation in this field that he was led to his celebrated observation on the formation of diamonds by the sudden cooling in mercury or lead of molten iron saturated with carbon. Out of all such work it was but natural that fanciful speculations should arise as to the possibility of establishing factories for the regular manufacture of genuine diamonds at Niagara Falls, where the cheap current and other essentials would be available, but nothing has resulted within the period under consideration from these plausible and sanguine theories. The fact remains, however, that in our modern electrical furnaces diamond dust has been produced, and the steps leading to the manufacture of larger crystals will be but sequential."

LUXURY AS A HANDICAP.

Majority of Successful Men Have Risen from Indigence.

The history of our country is a record of the successes of poor boys who seemed to be hopelessly shut off from books, culture and education, except that of the most meager kind—from almost every opportunity for mental development. The youthful Lincolns, Franklins, Hamiltons, Garfields, Grants and Clays—those who become presidents, lawyers, statesmen, soldiers, orators, merchants, educators, journalists, inventors—giants in every department of life—how they stand out from the pages of history, those poor boys, an inspiration for all time to those who are born to fight their way up to their own loaf.

The youth who is reared in a luxurious home, who, from the moment of his birth, is waited on by an army of servants, pampered and indulged by over-fond parents and deprived of every incentive to develop himself mentally or physically, although commonly regarded as one to be envied, is more to be pitied than the poorest, most humbly born boy or girl in the land. Unless he is gifted with an unusual mind he is in danger of becoming a degenerate, a parasite, a creature who lives on the labor of others, whose powers ultimately atrophy from disuse.—O. S. Marden in Success.

Tonics for Tired Women.

With each year woman is busier, hence the growth of the "pick-me-up" habit, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. With the increase of their duties, social and otherwise, comes the necessity for something to brace up tired nerves and enable the "weaker vessels" always to face the world with a smiling, happy face.

A nip of cognac, a glass of Benedictine, or the "tiniest drop" of green Chartreuse produces remarkable effects the first time used. The result is the "pick-me-up" soon becomes an indispensable part of the day's program.

To such an extent has the custom grown that fashionable modistes keep a bottle and a dainty glass in a sequestered spot, and obligingly come forward with a "drop" of something to win the gratitude of the patron and insure her return.

X-Rays as Germ Killers.

A German scientist reports a continuation of experiments begun in 1898 relative to bactericidal power of Roentgen rays. The power of the Roentgen rays to kill germs was tested against the cholera spirillum, the bacillus prodigiosus and the colon bacillus. The micro-organisms were inoculated into gelatin and exposed to the action of the rays. After twenty to thirty minutes continues exposure to the rays many of the bacteria were killed, and multiplication ceased in nearly all. In every series of experiments, however, a few of the individual bacteria were not affected.

Protest.

Better the poet's Alpine snows,
Than dandy deserts of repose;
Better the martyr's fiery hour,
Than Buddha on the lotus flower.

It is the level road that kills;
The secrets of the heavenward hills
Are ethics of an endless quest,
And the novitiate is unrest.

The opiate vapors of the plain—
The clogging marahes—leave their stal;
Oh, that we might take wings and flee
Where sky-born winds blow healthfully.

Oh, for the glorious lack of guile
That leaves the crowd to fawn and smile,
The level road with all its ills
For the fine freedom of the hills.

Enviousness That is Pardonable.

Most women think they would be truly happy if they could only have their neighbor's hired girl.—Chicago Record.

THE PINKHAM CURES

ATTRACTING GREAT ATTENTION AMONG THINKING WOMEN.



Mrs. Frances Stafford, of 243 E. 114th St., N.Y. City, adds her testimony to the hundreds of thousands on Mrs. Pinkham's files.

When Lydia E. Pinkham's Remedies were first introduced skeptics all over the country frowned upon their curative claims, but as year after year has rolled by and the little group of women who had been cured by the new discovery has since grown into a vast army of hundreds of thousands, doubts and skepticisms have been swept away as by a mighty flood, until to-day the great good that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and her other medicines are doing among the women of America is attracting the attention of many of our leading scientists, physicians and thinking people.

Merit alone could win such fame; wise, therefore, is the woman who for a cure relies upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

The world doesn't pause to examine a man's tracks after he gets there.

"I suffered for months from sore throat. Electric Oil cured me in twenty-four hours."—M. S. Gist, Hawesville, Ky.

"Our most exclusive circles are silver dollars," wrote the rural editor.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPERS

Use the best. That's why they buy Red Cross Ball Blue. At leading grocers, 5 cents.

One stocking doesn't make a set of tights.

Defiance Starch is guaranteed biggest and best or money refunded. 16 ounces, 10 cents. Try it now.

A man can steal and reform, but a politician is incurable.

Builds up the system; puts pure, rich blood in the veins; makes men and women strong and healthy. Burdock Blood Bitters. At any drug store.

Love makes the bravest an abject coward.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25¢ a bottle.

Any man who has a poor memory for debts has a good memory for faces.

London Sea Breezes.

The manager of the Tivoli Music hall, London, has discovered an inventor who has found a way of turning out sea breezes at will. It consists only in a small machine which will stand in the promenade at the back of the grand circle, occupying about the space of a couple of people, and by the action of electricity upon certain chemicals make ozone in huge quantities and breathes it gently forth. It is to drive all the barbonic acid out of the house and keep the Tivoli filled with as pure an atmosphere as nature, makes on the sea. Sometimes it will be Brighton that will be laid on. A different pinch of the chemicals or a turn of the wheel, and it may be Bournemouth or Scarborough or Nice or any other place—where the air is good.

The X-Ray in Dentistry.

The X-ray is being used in dentistry with considerable success. It sometimes happens that the permanent or "second" teeth are not properly cut. The mouth is thus disfigured by the loss of the first set of teeth and the non-appearance of the second teeth. With the X-ray the dentist can determine whether the second tooth is in the gum, and if so, why it has not appeared. The obstruction is removed, a passage opened and the tooth works gradually down to its place.

Mrs. Hildebrandt's Discovery.

Lake Sarah, Minn., Nov. 24th.—Mrs. Hildebrandt of this place claims to have discovered a complete cure for Rheumatism and numerous people can testify that as Mrs. Hildebrandt had the terrible affliction and is now a well woman, she appears to have good grounds for her claim. Mrs. Hildebrandt speaks of her cure as follows:

"I had the Rheumatism in my arms so bad that I could not sleep at night. I was induced to try Dodd's Kidney Pills and before I had taken two boxes I was much better. When I had taken four boxes I was completely cured."

It is only fair to state that others have made the same discovery as Mrs. Hildebrandt and that for Rheumatism and other diseases arising from the Kidneys, Dodd's Kidney Pills are recognized as the one sure and permanent cure.

Attacks on wagon trains were included in the program of mimic war carried on at Fort Riley. Commanders should not forget that the earnestness of such attacks always depends on what is in the wagons.—San Francisco Bulletin.

A Daily Change.

Richard P. White is credited with a story of personal experience while traveling through the north of Ireland, his birthplace, many years ago. He sat at the writing desk of his hotel, where he was a guest, to prepare some letters. When he was about to use the blotter he noticed that it was clean, apart from a single and very clear impression, which, when held up to a mirror and read as reflected, proved to be a bill for washing for a month. The items entered were one shirt and thirty-one collars.

Recommended Firmness.

A very matter-of-fact old gentleman the other day called to see a neighbor, an old Irishwoman, who had been ailing for some time, when the following conversation took place at the door: "And how do you find yourself to-day, Bridget?" "Sure, your honor, I'm mighty bad. This shocking weather'll be the end of me; I'll be a dead woman before long." "Hoots, toots, woman! you've been saying that for the last twenty years! I'll tell you what it is, ye want firmness o' mind. Fin a day for deeing and stick to it."

Woman Suffrage Advocate.

Miss Anna Hvosley of Christiania, Norway, is now in this country. Miss Hvosley is an advocate of the woman suffrage movement and she says that few nations are more in sympathy with that movement than hers. Considerable reform legislation has been enacted and the Norwegian Woman's Rights society has been in existence since 1884. Miss Hvosley is on the editorial staff of an influential Christiania paper, drawing a handsome salary.