

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 XI.—(Continued.)

And it was during this hour of trial to Miriam, that Joris was talking to Lysbet of her. It did him good to put his fears into words, for Lysbet's assurances were comforting; and as it had been a day full of feeling, he was weary and went earlier to his room than usual. On the contrary, Lysbet was very wakeful. She carried her sewing to the candle and sat down to think.

In the midst of her reflections, Bram returned. She had not expected him so early, but the sound of his feet was pleasant. He came in slowly, and, after some pottering, irritating delays, he pushed his father's chair back from the light and with a heavy sigh sat down in it.

"Why sigh you so neavy, Bram? Every sigh still lower sinks the heart."

"A light heart I shall never have again, mother. For me there is no hope. So quiet and shy was my love."

"Oh, indeed! Of all the coquettes, the quiet, shy ones are the worst."

"No coquette is Miriam Cohen. My love life is at an end, mother."

"When began it, Bram?"

"It was at the time of the duel. I loved her from the first moment. O mother, mother!"

"Does she not love you?"

"I think so; many sweet hours we have had together. My heart was full of hope."

"Well, then, my son, be not easy to lose thy heart. Try once more."

"Useless it would be. Miriam is not one of those who say 'no' and then 'yes.'"

"Nearly two years you have known her. That was long to keep you in hope and doubt. I think she is a coquette."

"You know her not, mother. Very few words of love have I dared to say. We have been friends. I feared to lose all by asking too much."

"Then, why did you ask her to-night? It would have been better had your father spoken first to Mr. Cohen."

"I did not ask Miriam to-night. She spared me all she could. This is what she said to me, 'Bram, dear Bram, I fear that you begin to love me, because I think of you very often. And my grandfather has just told me that I am promised to Judah Belasco of London. In the summer he will come here and I shall marry him.'"

"What said you then?"

"Oh, I scarce know! But I told her how dearly I loved her and I asked her to be my wife."

"And she said what to thee?"

"My father I must obey. Though he told me to slay myself, I must obey him. By the God of Israel, I have promised it often."

"She is a good girl. I wish that you had won her, Bram." And Lysbet put down her work and went to her son's side; and with a great sob Bram laid his head against her breast.

"As one whom his mother comforteth!" Oh, tender and wonderful consolation! It is the mother that turns the bitter waters of life into wine. Bram talked his sorrow over to his mother's love and pity and sympathy; and when she parted with him, long after the midnight, she said cheerfully, "Thou hast a brave soul, mijn zoon, mijn Bram; and this trouble is not all for thy loss and grief. A sweet memory will this beautiful Miriam be as long as thou livest; and to have loved well a good woman, will make thee always a better man for it."

CHAPTER XII.

London Life.

The trusting, generous letter which Joris had written to his son-in-law arrived a few days before Hyde's departure for London.

Hyde knew well the importance of Katherine's fortune. It enabled him to face his relatives and friends on a very much better footing than he had anticipated. So he was no longer averse to meeting his former companions; even to them, a rich wife would excuse matrimony.

His first social visit was paid to his maternal grandmother, the dowager Lady Capel. He found her in the most careless dishabille, wigless and unapainted, and rolled up comfortably in an old wadded morning gown that had seen years of snuffy service. But she had outlived her vanity. Hyde had chosen the very hour in which she had nothing whatever to amuse her, and he was a very welcome interruption. And, upon the whole, she liked her.

So she heard the rattle of Hyde's sword and the clatter of his feet on the polished stairs, with a good deal of satisfaction. "I have him here and I shall do my best to keep him here," she thought. "Why should a proper young fellow like Dick bury himself alive in the fens for a Dutch woman? In short, she has had enough, and too much, of him. His grandmother has a prior claim, I hope, and then Arabella Suffolk will help me. I foresee mischief and amusement. Well, Dick, you rascal, so you have had to leave America! I expected it. Oh, sir, I have heard all about you from Adelaide! You are not to be trusted, either among men or women. And pray where is the wife you made such a fracas about? Is she in London with you?"

"No, madam; she preferred to remain at Hyde, and I have no happiness beyond her desire."

"Here's flame! Here's constancy! And you have been married a whole year! I am struck with admiration."

"A whole year—a year of divine happiness, I assure you."

"Lord, sir! You will be the laughing stock of the town if you talk in such fashion. They will have you in the playhouses. Pray let us forget our domestic joys a little. You can make a good figure in the world; and as your cousin, Arabella Suffolk is staying with me, you will be the properest gallant for her when Sir Thomas is at the House. Here comes Arabella, and I am anxious you should make a figure in her eyes."

Arabella came in very quietly, but she seemed to take possession of the room as she entered it. She had a bright, piquant face, a tall, graceful form, and that air of high fashion which is perhaps quite as captivating. Arabella made Hyde a pretty, mocking courtesy, and he could not help looking with some interest at the woman who might have been his wife.

Katherine was ignored in the conversation that followed, and Hyde did not feel any desire to bring even her name into such a mocking, jeering, perfectly heartless conversation. He was content to laugh and let the hour go past in film-fams of criticism and persiflage.

A couple of hours passed; and then it became evident, from the pawing and scortling outside, that his horse's patience was quite exhausted. Hyde went away in an excitement of hope and gay anticipations. A momentary glance upward showed him Lady Capel and Lady Suffolk at the window, watching him; the withered old woman in her soiled wrappings, the youthful beauty in all the bravery of her white and gold poudesoy. He made them a salute, and then, in a clamor of clattering hoofs, he dashed through the square.

During the next six months society made an idol of Capt. Hyde, and, if he was not at Lady Arabella's feet, he was certainly very constantly at her side.

Hyde loved his wife, loved her tenderly and constantly; he felt himself to be a better man whenever he thought of her and his little son, and he thought of them very frequently; and yet his eyes, his actions, the tones of his voice daily led his cousin, Lady Suffolk, to imagine herself the empress of his heart and life. Unfortunately, his military duties were only on very rare occasions any restraint to him. His days were mainly spent in dandling after Lady Suffolk and other fair dames. And it must be remembered that the English women of that day were such as England may well hope never to see again. In the higher classes they married for money or position, and gave themselves up to intrigue. They drank deeply; they played high; they very seldom went to church, for Sunday was the fashionable day for all kinds of frivolity and amusement. And as the men of any generation are just what the women make them, England never had sons so profligate, so profane and drunken. The clubs, especially Brookes's, were the nightly scenes of indescribable orgies. Gambling was their serious occupation; duels were of constant occurrence.

Such a life could not be lived except at frightful and generally ruinous expense. Hyde was soon embarrassed. Towards Christmas bills began to pour in, creditors became importunate, and, for the first time in his life, creditors really troubled him. The income from Hyde Manor had never been more than was required for the expenses of the place; and the interest on Katherine's money had gone, though he could not tell how. He was destitute of ready cash, and he foresaw that he would have to borrow some from Lady Capel or some other accommodating friend.

He returned to barracks one Sunday afternoon, and was moodily thinking over these things, when his orderly brought him a letter which had arrived during his absence. It was from Katherine. His face flushed with delight as he read it, so sweet and tender and pure was the neat epistle. "She wants to see me. Oh, the dear one! Not more than I want to see her. Fool, villain, that I am; I will go to her. Katherine! Kate! My dear little Kate!" So he ejaculated as he paced his narrow quarters, and tried to arrange his plans for a Christmas visit to his wife and child.

He had determined to ask Lady Capel for a hundred pounds; and he thought it would be the best plan to make his request when she was surrounded by company, and under the agreeable excitement of a winning rubber. And if the circumstances proved adverse, then he could try his fortune in the hours of her morning retirement.

The mansion in Berkeley Square was brilliantly lighted when he approached it. Sunday night was Lady Capel's great card night, and the rooms were full of tables surrounded by powdered and painted beauties intent upon the game and the gold. The odor of musk was everywhere, and the sound of the tapping of gold coins, and the sharp, technical calls

of the gamblers, and the hollow laughter of hollow hearts.

Not very happily he approached Lady Capel. She had been unfortunate all the evening and was not amiable.

"Dick, I am angry at you. I have a mind to banish you for a month."

"I am going to Norfolk for two weeks, madam."

"That will do. It is a worse punishment than I should have given you, Norfolk! There is only one word between it and the plantations. Give me your arm, Dick; I shall play no more until my luck turns. Losing cards are dull company."

"I am very sorry that you have been losing. I came to ask for the loan of a hundred pounds, grandmother."

"No, sir, I will not lend you a hundred pounds; nor am I in the humor to do anything else you desire."

"I make my apology for the request I ought to have asked Katherine."

"No, sir, you ought not to have asked Katherine. You ought to take what you want. Jack Capel took every shilling of my fortune and neither said, 'by your leave,' nor 'thank you.' Did the Dutchman tie the bag too close?"

"Councillor Van Heemskirk left it open, in my honor. When I am scoundrel enough to touch it, I shall not come and see you at all, grandmother."

"Upon my word, a very pretty compliment! Well, sir, I'll pay you a hundred pounds for it. When do you start?"

"To-morrow morning."

"Make it afternoon, and take care of me as far as your aunt Julia's. And I daresay you want money to-night. Here are the keys of my desk. In the right hand drawer are some rouleaus of fifty pounds each. Take two."

The weather, as Lady Capel said, was "so very Decemberish" that the roads were passably good, being frozen dry and hard, and on the evening of the third day Hyde came in sight of his home. His heart warmed to the lonely place; and the few lights in its windows beckoned him far, more pleasantly than the brilliant illuminations of Vauxhall or Almacks, or even the cold splendors of royal receptions. He had given Katherine no warning of his visit. He wanted to see with his own eyes, and hear with his own ears, the glad tokens of her happy wander.

The kitchen fire threw great lustres across the brick-paved yard; and the blinds in Katherine's parlor were un-drawn, and its fire and candle light shone on the freshly laid tea table, and the dark walls gleaming with bunches of holly and mistletoe. But she was not there. He only glanced inside the room and then, with a smile on his face, went swiftly upstairs. He had noticed the light in the upper windows, and he knew where he would find his wife. Before he reached the nursery he heard Katherine's voice. The door was a little open, and he could see every part of the charming domestic scene within the room. A middle-aged woman was quietly putting to rights the sweet disorder incident to the undressing of the baby. Katherine had played with it until they were both a little flushed and weary and she was softly singing to the drowsy child at her breast.

Over and over, softer and slower went the melody. It was evident that the boy was asleep and that Katherine was going to lay him in his cradle. He watched her do it; watched her gently tuck in the cover and stand for a moment to look down at the child. Then with a face full of love she turned away, smiling, and quite unconsciously came toward him or tiptoed. With his face beaming, with his arms opened, he entered; but with such a sympathetic understanding of the sweet need of silence and restraint, that there was no alarm no outcry, no fuss or amazement. Only a whispered "Katherine," and the swift rapture of meeting hearts and lips.

(To be continued.)

BROUGHT THEM TO TIME.

Why Criticism of New York's Finest Hotels Suddenly Stopped.

"Some years ago I was dining with a party of wealthy Westerners in New York City," said Mr. Benjamin T. Leslie, of Montana, to a Washington Post reporter. "Among them were Marcus Daly, Charlie Broadwater, ex-Gov. Hauser, Hon. Tom Carter, Senator W. A. Clark, John W. Mackay, 'Lucky' Baldwin and E. E. Bonner."

"It seems that no two of them were stopping at the same hotel, and each had a grievance against the hostelry where he put up. One said he meant to quit the Fifth Avenue; another inveighed against the Waldorf; a third thought that Delmonico's was terribly overrated, and so on. Not one had a good word to say of any of the taverns or eating houses of Gotham, and there was special criticism of the food."

"Finally, after there was a little lull in the choruses of adverse criticism, old man Bonner burst into a loud laugh. When asked the cause of his merriment, Bonner said: 'I've been listening to you fellows talk, and I tell you frankly, you give me a pain. To hear such as you run down these swell establishments in New York is enough to make the angels weep. Why, it hasn't been every one of you squatted on the grass of the prairie, eating beans out of a frying pan with your fingers.'"

"It was the everlasting truth, and the knocking of the hotels ceased right there."

It may as well be admitted that there are some automobilists who do not try to run over people.

JEST and JOILITY

Has a Prosperous Look.
Farmer Peavine—By jings, four different fellers stopped me on the street to-day and axed me if I didn't want to put a thousand in an investment that paid 500 per cent a month. Gosh, I guess I must look like Jay Gould or Jay Cooke, or some of them teenan-cers.

City Nephew—Oh, they undoubtedly took you for one of the Jays, uncle.

He Was It.
Ascum—So you didn't make out well in that western town?
Dr. Kallow—No. All the time I was there there was only one case of sickness in the town.
Ascum—And you didn't even have that?
Dr. Kallow—Oh, yes, I had that good and hard. It was a case of homesickness.

It Annoyed Her.
"Yes, the widow is perplexed."
"How is that?"
"She doesn't know whether it means that her husband was a good man or she is a vixen."
"I don't understand."
"When he died the papers said that he had gone to a happier home."

Domestic Bliss.
Husband—I think I'll run up to St. Paul for a couple of days for a change.
Wife—Will you take me with you?
Husband—Of course not. I said I was going for a change.



Miss Slowgirl—Game is pretty cheap at this time of year.
Colonel de Sport—Oh, I don't know! I found a game last night that was pretty expensive.

SHE HAD CAUGHT 'EM.



The Maid (who has been discharged)—I demand to know why you discharge me. What is there you don't like about me?
Mrs. Cutting Hintz—My husband's arm.

His Argument.
He thought the mothers of the day were inclined to shirk their proper responsibility, and he was arguing against the employment of a maid for the children.
"Eve," he said, "had no nurse girl."
"And Cain went wrong," she replied promptly.

Those Women.
Miss Van Der Whoop—Yes, Miss Binns, I am the youngest member of one of the oldest families in New York.
Miss Binns (enviously)—I don't doubt that it's the oldest family—if you're the youngest member.

Strategy.
Daughter—Papa did not take the paper to the office with him this morning.
Mother—He didn't? I'll bet it's got a lot of stuff showing how women can trim their own bonnets.—New York Weekly.

As Explained.
Pat—Oh congratulate ye, Moik; it's a father Oi hear ye do be.
Moik—Sure, an' it's two fathers Oi'm afther bein'. It's twins, b'gorry.

CHANCE TO DO BUSINESS.



Doctor—I'll examine you carefully for ten dollars.
Weary Dreary—All right, an' if you find it, give me half.

RIGHT IN LINE FOR THAT JOB.



His Mama—I don't know what we are going to make of little Bobby. He said to-day that when he grew up he was going to be a robber, and despoil honest people of their gold.
His Papa—Let him alone; he's destined to become the head of a huge corporation.

Why the Preacher Failed.
"So the Rev. Mr. Goodley was a failure at that church, eh?"
"Yes, he tried to bring the congregation into harmony with his ideas instead of bringing his ideas into harmony with the congregation."

Real Trouble.
Caller—Why didn't you print my contribution on the Venezuelan squabble? Was it too long?
Editor—No; the length was satisfactory, but it wasn't broad enough.

Already Learned a Trick or Two.
Mother—Yes, Rupert, the baby was a Christmas present from the angels.
Rupert (aged 4)—Well, mama, if we lay him away carefully and don't use him, we can give him to somebody else next Christmas.

The Voice of the Stricken.
Mrs. Henpeck—"Ah, those sad, sad words, it might have been."
Mr. Henpeck (feebly)—"That's all right, my dear, but they're not in it with those sad, sad words, 'it was.'"

A Possible Insinuation.
Naggsby—It's funny how women will change their minds. When I first met the girl who eventually became Mrs. N., she was one of those who declared that she wouldn't marry the best man in the world. Within a year she married me.
Waggsby—But what makes you think she has changed her mind?

His Looks Belle Him.
"There's a vast difference between a man's looks and his real worth."
"Yes?"
"Yes; there's Blobbinson. He's worth \$300,000, but no board of appraisers, judging by his looks, would value him at more than 20 cents!"

Husband and Wife.
Swob—My dear, do you know that you have one of the best voices in the world?
Mrs. Swob (delighted)—Do you really think so, William?
Swob—Certainly I do; otherwise it would have been worn out long ago.

Discouraging.
"Time is money, you know," remarked the industrious man.
"Yes," rejoined the shiftless individual, "but the fact that it takes three months to amount to a quarter is enough to discourage a saint."

Manager Realizes It.
"There is something elevating in music," said the artist.
"Yes," answered the manager. "Music certainly has the effect of stimulating lofty ideas as to salary."