

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.
Copyright, 1886, by Dodd, Mead and Company.

CHAPTER XVI.

For Freedom's Sake.

It was this thundery atmosphere of coming conflict, or hopes and doubts, of sundering ties and fearful looking forward, that Richard and Katherine Hyde came, from the idyllic peace and beauty of their Norfolk house.

It was an exquisite April morning when they sailed up New York bay once more. Joris took his daughter in his arms, murmuring "Mijn Katrijtje, mijn Katrijtje! Ach, mijn kind, mijn kind!"

He gave Hyde both hands; he called him "mijn zoon;" he stooped, and put the little lad's arms around his neck.

Lysbet had always admired Hyde, and she was very proud and happy to have him in her home and to have him call her "mother." The little Joris took possession of her heart in a moment.

In a few hours things had fallen naturally and easily into place. Joris and Bram and Hyde sat talking of the formation of a regiment. Little Joris leaned on his grandfather's shoulder, listening. Lysbet and Katherine were unpacking trunks full of fineries and pretty things.

About four o'clock, as Katherine and Hyde were dressing, Joanna and Batavius and all their family arrived. Hyde met his brother-in-law with a gentlemanly cordiality, and Batavius was soon smoking amicably with him, as they discussed the proposed military organization. Very soon Hyde asked Batavius, "If he were willing to join it?"

"When such a family a man has," he answered, waving his hand complacently toward the six children, "he must have some prudence and consideration. It is a fixed principle with me not to meddle with the business of other people."

"If you go not yourself to the fight, Batavius," said Joris, "plenty of young men are there, longing to go, who have no arms and no clothes; send in your place one of them."

"It is my fixed principle not to meddle in the affairs of other people, and my principles are sacred to me."

"Have you read the speeches of Adams and Hancock and Quincy? Have you heard what Col. Washington said in the Assembly?"

"Oh, these men are discontented! Something which they have not got, they want. They are troublesome and conceited. They expect the century will be called after them. Now, I, who punctually fulfill my obligations as a father and a citizen, I am contented, I never make complaints, I never want more liberty. You may read in the Holy Scriptures that no good comes of rebellion."

Bram rose, and with a long-drawn whistle, left the room. Joris said sternly: "Enough you have spoken, Batavius. None are so blind as those who will not see."

"Well, then, father, I can see what is in the way of mine own business; and it is a fixed principle with me not to meddle with the business of other people."

And he marshaled the six children and their two nurses in front of him, and trotted off with Joanna upon his arm, fully persuaded that he had done himself great credit, and acted with uncommon wisdom.

The next morning was the Sabbath, and it broke in a perfect splendor of sunshine. They all walked to church together, and Hyde thought how beautiful the pleasant city was that Sabbath morning.

Katherine and Hyde and Bram were together; Joris and Lysbet were slowly following them. Suddenly the peaceful atmosphere was troubled by the startling clamor of a trumpet. A second blast was accompanied by the rapid beat of a horse's hoofs, and the rider came down Broadway like one on a message of life and death, and made no pause until he had very nearly reached Maiden Lane.

At that point a tall, muscular man seized the horse by the bridle and asked, "What news?"

"Great news! Great news! There has been a battle, a massacre at Lexington, a running fight from Concord to Boston! Stay me not!" But, as he shook the bridle free, he threw a handbill, containing the official account of the affair at Lexington, to the inquirer.

Who then thought of church, though the church bells were ringing? The crowd gathered round the man with the handbill, and in ominous silence listened to the tidings of the massacre at Lexington, the destruction of stores at Concord, the quick gathering of the militia from the hills and dales around Reading and Roxbury, the retreat of the British under their harassing fire, until, worn out and disorganized, they had found a refuge in Boston.

Joris was white and stern in his emotion; Bram stood by the reader, with a face as bright as a bridegroom's. Hyde turned to the reader, who stood with bent brows, and the paper in his hand. "Well, sir, what is to be done?" he asked.

"There are five hundred stand of arms in the City Hall; there are men enough here to take them. Let us go."

A loud cry of assent answered him. The news spread, no one knew how; but men poured out from the churches and the houses on their route, and their force was soon nearly a thou-

sand strong. Joris could hardly endure the suspense. About 2 o'clock, as he was walking restlessly about the house, Bram and Hyde returned together.

"Well?" he asked.

"Oh, indeed, all fortune fitted us! We went en masse down Broadway into Wall street, and so to the City Hall, where we made an entrance."

"And you got the arms?"

"Faith, we got all we went for! The arms were divided among the people."

"Where were the English soldiers?"

"Indeed, they were shut up in barracks. Some of their officers were in church, others waiting for orders from the governor or mayor."

"And where went you with the arms?"

"To a room in John street. There they were stacked, the names of the men enrolled, and a guard placed over them. And now, mother, we will have some dinner; the soldier loves his mess."

But events cannot be driven by wishes; many things had to be settled before a movement forward could be made. Joris had his store to let, and the stock and good-will to dispose of. Hyde's time was spent as a recruiting officer. In company with Willet, Sears and McDougall, Hyde might be seen enlisting men, or organizing the "Liberty Regiment" then raising. Every day's events fanned the temper of the city, although it was soon evident that the first fighting would be done in the vicinity of Boston.

For three weeks after that memorable April Sunday, Congress, in session at Philadelphia, had recognized the men in camp there as a Continental Army, the nucleus of the troops that were to be raised for the defense of the country, and had commissioned Col. Washington as commander-in-chief to direct their operations. Then every heart was in a state of the greatest expectation and excitement.

In June the Van Heemskirk troops were ready to leave for Boston—nearly six hundred young men, full of pure purpose and brave thoughts, and with all their illusions and enthusiasms undimmed.

The day before their departure, they escorted Van Heemskirk to his house. It would have been hard to find a nobler looking leader than Joris. And the bright young lads who followed him looked like his sons, for most of them strongly resembled him in person; and any one might have been sure, even if the roll had not shown it, that they were Van Brunts and Van Rippers and Van Rensselaers, Roosevelts, Westervelts and Terhunes.

Katherine and Lysbet had made the flag of the new regiment—an orange flag, with a cluster of twelve blue stars above the word liberty. It was Lysbet's hands that gave it to them. But few words were said. Lysbet and Katherine could but stand and gaze as heads were bared, and the orange folds flung to the wind, and the inspiring word liberty saluted with bright, upturned faces and a ringing shout of welcome.

It was to be the last evening at home for Joris and Bram and Hyde, and everything was done to make it a happy memory.

There had been some expectation of Joanna and Batavius, but at the last moment an excuse was sent. "The child is sick, writes Batavius; but I think, then, it is Batavius that is afraid, and not the child who is sick," said Joris.

After supper Bram went to bid a friend good-by, and, as Joris and Lysbet sat in the quiet parlor, Elder Semple and his wife walked in. The elder was sad and still. He took the hands of Joris in his own and looked him steadily in the face. "Man Joris," he said, "what's sending you on sic a daft-like errand?"

Joris smiled, and grasped tighter his friend's hand. "So glad am I to see you at last, elder. As in you came, I was thinking about you. Let us part good friends and brothers. If I come not back—"

"Tut, tut! You're sure and certain to come back; and see I'll save the quarrel I have w' you until then. I came to speak anent things, in case o' the worst, to tell you that if any one wants to touch your wife or your bairns, a brick in your house, or a flower in your garden plat, I'll stand by all that's yours, to the last shilling I have, and name shall harm them."

"I have a friend, then. I have you, Alexander. Never this hour shall I regret."

The old men bent to each other; there were tears in their eyes. Without speaking, they were aware of kindness and faithfulness and gratitude beyond the power of words.

Hyde and Katherine were walking in the garden, lingering in the sweet June twilight by the lilac hedge and the river bank. All Hyde's business was arranged; he was going into the fight without any anxiety beyond such as was natural to the circumstances. While he was away his wife and son were to remain with Lysbet. If he never came back, ample provision had been made for his wife and son's welfare, but—and he suddenly turned to Katherine, as if she had been conscious of his thoughts—"the war will not last very long, dear heart, and when liberty is won, and the foundation for a great commonwealth laid, why then we will buy a large estate

scsomewhere upon the banks of this beautiful river. A hundred years after this, your descendants shall wander among the trellages and cut hedges and boxed walks, and say, 'What a sweet taste our dear great, great grandmother had!'

And Katherine laughed at his merry talk and touched his sword, and asked, "Is it the old sword, my Richard?"

"The old sword, Kate, my sweet. With it I won my wife. Oh, indeed, yes!" He drew it partially from its sheath, and mused a moment. Then he slowly untwisted the ribbon and tassel of bullion at the hilt, and gave it into her hand. "I have a better hilt-ribbon than that," he said, "and, when we go into the house, I will trim my sword."

She thought little of the remark at the time, though she carefully put the tarnished tassel away among her dearest treasures; but it acquired a new meaning in the morning. The troops were to leave very early, and, soon after dawn, she heard the clatter of galloping horses, and the calls of the men as they reined up at their commander's door.

They rose from the breakfast table and looked at their wives. Lysbet gave a little sob, and laid her head a moment upon her husband's breast. Katherine lifted her white face and whispered, with kisses, "Beloved one, go. Night and day I will pray for you, and long for you. My love, my dear one!"

Katherine held her husband's hand till they stood at the open door. Then he looked into her face, and down at his sword, with a meaning smile. And her eyes dilated, and a vivid blush spread over her cheeks and throat, and she drew him back a moment, and passionately kissed him again; and all her grief was lost in love and triumph. For, wound tightly around his sword-hilt, she saw—though it was brown and faded—her first, fateful love-token—the Bow of Orange Ribbon.

Postscript.

(Quotations from a letter dated July 5, A. D. 1885.)

"Yesterday I went with my aunt to spend 'the Fourth' at the Hydys'. They have the most delightful place—a great stone house in a wilderness of foliage and beauty, and yet within convenient distance of the railroad and the river boats. Kate Hyde said the house is more than a hundred years old, and that the fifth generation is living in it. I am sure there are pictures enough of the family to account for three hundred years; but the two handsomest, after all, are those of the builders. They were very great people at the court of Washington, I believe. I suppose it is natural, for those who have ancestors, to brag about them, and to show off the old buckles and fans and court dresses they have hoarded up, not to speak of the queer bits of plate and china; and I must say the Hydys have a really delightful lot of such bric-a-brac. But the strangest thing is the 'household talisman.' It is not like the luck of Eden hall; it is neither crystal cup, nor silver vase, nor magic bracelet, nor an old slipper. But they have a tradition that the house will prosper as long as it lasts, and so this precious palladium is carefully kept in a locked box of carved sandalwood, for it is only a bit of faded satin that was a love-token—a St. Nicholas Bow of Orange Ribbon."

(The End.)

GOT THE BRIDE'S GARTERS.

Eight Fair Ones Gladdened by the Lucky Talisman.

The fashionable Riverside Drive district is tittering over the originality of a young bride last week, whose gifts to her eight bridesmaids were garters. Each girl received a single garter. The bride was deep in arrangements before the wedding, when one of the Danish servants told her of a popular superstition in her native land. The maid said the very essence of good luck, both for bride and bridesmaid, might be accomplished by the bride giving the left garter to her attendant after the wedding ceremony. The Riverside Drive belle thought the superstition delightful, and being somewhat "faddish," she decided to try the Danish talisman. "But," cried the girl, "I have eight bridesmaids and only one left garter!" This predicament she confided to her fiancé, blushing prettily as she spoke the unmentionable word. The man solved the problem in a moment. He told her to wear eight pairs of garters for eight days, and on the wedding day to wear all left eight garters. In this way each bridesmaid might receive an acclimated garter, teeming with good luck. The ceremony was flourishing, and before the white-robed bride slipped into her going-away gown she called her faithful bridesmaids to a retiring room. "Girls," she said, "here is your gift." Then she unclasped eight left garters that encircled her silk hose and each girl received her talisman. A still worse dilemma was when the ushers asked the bridesmaids what their bridal gifts were. They answered, "Something lucky."

In the Zoo.

They stood in front of the elephants, watching the two big animals moving restlessly about. The man was of aldermanic proportions, of generous girth, well fed apparently, and also well satisfied with himself. The boy was a little bit of a chap, who clung to his father's hand quite desperately. It was evident that the boy was enjoying his first visit to the zoo. His questions were many. The last one he asked in the elephant house was:

"Daddy, do you think that elephant is as heavy as you?"

TARIFFS AND PRICES

ARE MEAT AND FUEL AFFECTED BY IMPORT DUTIES?

Insufficient Supply Being Responsible for the Heavy Advance, the Removal of Tariff on Beef and Coal Would Not Reduce Current Prices.

A tariff measure must originate in the House of Representatives; it must be reported by the Committee on Ways and Means; in order to be considered it must have the support of the Speaker. The Speaker is against any tinkering of the tariff; the Ways and Means Committee is against it; the House of Representatives is against it. Any one of the three reasons is ample, and the three are not stronger than any one alone. Why are they against tinkering the tariff? Because a bill to reduce the duty on coal one cent, although forced through the House in an unamendable form, becomes subject to 5,000 amendments in the Senate, and reopens the whole question of the tariff, from the chemical schedule down to the last article on the free list. No member of the majority party in Congress desires that.

A discussion of the tariff by the Senate usually occupies from two to three months; so the debate would be not only mischievous but futile. In this twentieth century nothing is impossible, but there are few political events that come so near to the line of impossibility as a vote of any sort upon any phase of the tariff question during this second session of the Fifty-seventh Congress.

And why should the question of the coal and beef duties be raised? The Faneuil hall meeting said that those duties foster monopoly. People have had to pay more for beef, and they clamor—that is, the free trade league clamors—for a repeal of the duty on meat, in order to break up the "beef trust." The duty on beef is two cents a pound. If the repeal of that duty would remove an obstacle to the importation of meat, how does it happen that when the price of beef at wholesale went up four or five cents a pound none came into the country?

Where would beef come from if it were free of duty? From Canada? Some people seem to be unaware that Canada imports more beef than it exports. If the duty on beef were repealed and a bounty of two cents a pound were given upon beef imported, not enough could be found to bring into the country at a profit to keep Boston in meat for six months. The cause of high beef was not the tariff, nor was it a "beef trust"—many Boston speculators have lately been made aware to their cost that there is no beef trust—but it was the short crop of corn in 1901. Now corn is cheap again, and beef has "come down."

It has not occurred to any one to suggest that the tariff is responsible for the shortage of coal or its high prices. One does not have much respect for the intellectual ability or honesty of those who argue that monopoly has anything whatever to do with the present price of coal. There is not enough of the coal itself. The duty of sixty-seven cents a ton deters no one from buying foreign coal, which is ten times that amount higher than it usually is. The repeal of the tariff duty would not reduce the price to consumers by one cent a ton, because, since the price is wholly controlled just now by the relation of the supply to the demand, and since importers are straining every nerve to bring in all they can get, such repeal would not result in the importation of a pound more than is now brought across the water.—Boston Transcript.

TARIFF LEAGUES.

Report for 1902 Shows a Year of Exceptionally Effective Work.

The eighteenth annual meeting of the American Protective Tariff League was held Jan. 15, 1903, at the league headquarters, No. 125 West Twenty-ninth street.

The annual report and general operations of the Tariff league for the year just closed were embraced in the annual report of the treasurer and general secretary, Mr. W. F. Wakeman. The annual report showed that for the year ending Jan. 15, 1903, the receipts were \$38,432.27, and the disbursements were \$26,388.91, leaving a cash balance on hand of \$2,043.36, as compared with the previous year—namely, 1901—when the receipts were \$31,209.59, and the disbursements were \$29,615.60. It was recommended that the authorized contribution for the year 1903 be placed at \$60 for members and contributors.

The election of general officers and executive committee to serve one year resulted as follows:

Charles A. Moore, president.

Augustus G. Paine, first vice president.

Joseph E. Thropp, second vice president.

Wilbur F. Wakeman, treasurer and general secretary.

Executive committee—William Barbour, chairman, New Jersey; Frank W. Cheney, Connecticut; Franklin Murphy, New Jersey; David L. Einstein, New York; W. F. Draper, Massachusetts.

On the subject of reciprocity the attitude of the league was clearly defined in a resolution offered by Col. A. G. Paine and adopted without a dissenting vote, as follows:

"Resolved, That reciprocity in competitive products by treaty is unsound in principle, pernicious in practice and condemned by all experience. It is contrary alike to the principle of pro-

tection, to the fair treatment of domestic producers, and to friendly relations with foreign countries. It is neither ethical nor economic, since it seeks to benefit some industries by the sacrifice of others, which is the essence of injustice. As at present advocated, reciprocity is a policy of favoritism. It would tend to array industry against industry, and section against section, at home, and foment industrial retaliation and political antagonism abroad. Such a policy would open the door to the grossest favoritism in legislation, promote the growth of a corrupting lobby and increase the power of debasing bossism. Such a policy has no justification in economics, statesmanship, ethics or good politics. True American policy is protection of all the opportunities and possibilities of the American market for American enterprises, and fair, equal treatment for all other countries—namely, the equal right to compete for American business in the American market by the payment of the full equivalent of American wages. This alone is honest protection, good Republicanism and the true American policy."

Regarding the above resolution Mr. Andrew Carnegie said:

"I think the resolution is admirable. We will make several enemies for every one we favor. The policy of the fathers is the true Republican policy; the friend of all nations, the ally of none; equal justice to all, favoritism to none."

A Valentine.



Selfish Tariff Reformers.

The present tariff law more nearly subserves the interests of all classes than any ever enacted in this country. It protects the manufacturer from competition of cheap manufactured goods from abroad, and at the same time protects the producer from like competition. Best of all it protects American labor from the competition of the pauper labor of other countries, whether used to produce cloth or shoes or wheat or barley and cattle and wool.

The Oregonian is mistaken in asserting that the farmers are seeing that "the great protected manufacturing concerns of the East are getting far more out of the tariff than they do." The farmers of the West are satisfied with the present conditions, which are the best they have ever known; they are satisfied that the prosperity of the Eastern manufacturers and the employment of thousands of workmen is a factor in the prosperity of the farmers, as the increased consumption of our products shows.

Says the Oregonian: "Half the protected corporations of the country are themselves now, and for months have been carrying on a vigorous warfare for tariff reduction through reciprocity treaties, for free hides and free wool."

This is true. But will the Oregonian point out one of these corporations that has demanded a reduction of the duty on manufactured products? There is not one. Their demands are selfish, and to comply with them would be to work injury upon other classes in order to increase their profits.—Helena (Mont.) Record.

Tariff Legislation and Business.

Gov. Cummins of Iowa believes in tariff revision. He says in a public address that "little or nothing can be accomplished until we are willing to approach the tariff schedules in precisely the same spirit that we approach any other subject of legislation." And he asks, "Why should we not banish forever this apparition of imaginary danger, perpetually invoked to paralyze the mind of inquiry when it turns toward tariff duties?"

The trouble is that there is no apparition, but that, on the other hand, the danger is very real whenever a tariff upheaval is threatened. Business confidence is immediately destroyed. It is unquestionably a fact that some of the schedules might be amended in a manner that would prove beneficial. No schedule is expected to exist for all time. Commercial changes and developments render that impossible. If such amendments could be made quietly and without laying the whole tariff bill open to discussion and alteration, there could be no objection, but that is a difficult thing to do.

In any event the country is now prosperous, and while there may be minor evils, the great benefits of the Dingley bill far outweigh them. A general tariff revision is not wanted, and it would be unwise in the extreme to force one to the inevitable disturbance of business.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

But Will It?

The duty of 10 cents a pound on tea was removed Jan. 1, and according to our free trade Democratic friends, the price of tea should immediately drop 10 cents per pound. Will it?—Little Falls (N. Y.) Journal and Courier.

TOO MUCH FOR CROKER.

Saw the Point in "Tom" Reed's Thinly Veiled Allusion

On one occasion the late Thomas B. Reed and Richard Croker were fellow passengers on the American liner New York. One of the passengers recounts one of their conversations as Mr. Croker recently told it to him. It was an unusually rough voyage, and for the greater part of the time the passengers were unable to be on deck. Mr. Reed was one afternoon standing at the leeward door of the smoking room dreamily watching the great waves as they lifted themselves high and their white tops curled as if to fall like breakers on a shore, when the wind would cue off their foaming crests and carry them off in spray. Mr. Croker appeared, joined Mr. Reed, and interrupted Mr. Reed's reveries, whatever they might have been, with the statement that it was a bit rough.

"Yes," said the then Speaker, "and so true to nature, Mr. Croker. You see, even the waves have their 'rake off.'"

The gleam of fun in the big man's eye died away and he returned to his reverie as Mr. Croker disappeared in the smoking room.—New York Times.

Boy Fights a Wildcat.

Sarcel Stock was the name of a youth of seventeen who lived on a farm near Fort Ross, in Sonoma county, California. While he was hauling wood from the farm to Fort Ross he met with as thrilling an adventure as one need wish to undergo. A wildcat, which had crouched in a tree, sprang suddenly out with a scream that pierced to the very marrow of the young woodman's bones. The wildcat fell short of the object of its attack and instead of leaping upon the youth, struck one of the horses, to the flanks of which it clung with teeth and claws. Stock quickly regained control of himself, and prepared to defend his team. He picked up a heavy club and struck the wildcat such a blow that it fell to the ground. Then the boy and the savage beast fought with desperate courage for a few minutes, at the end of which time the animal was stretched dead by the roadside. Stock's clothes were torn from his body, and his shoulders bore the prints of the wildcat's teeth; but his complete recovery was a matter of a few days only.

Senator Bate Was Wrong.

There was a dispute in the Democratic cloakroom of the senate on Saturday as to whether the members of the five civilized tribes of Indians in the Indian territory are citizens and entitled to vote.

Senator Bate of Tennessee held stoutly that they are not. He was disputed by Senator Dubois.

There was a long argument, and finally Senator Dubois went to the senate library and came back with a book. He read a law from it, passed a number of years ago, conferring citizenship on these Indians.

"Well, well," said Senator Bate, "I guess I am wrong."

"Furthermore," continued Senator Dubois, "I find that this bill was in charge of Senator Bate of Tennessee, who made a speech on it and managed it on the floor of the senate."—Washington correspondence New York World.

Silkworm of the Sea.

Silk is obtained from the shell fish known as the pinna, which is found in the Mediterranean. This shell fish has the power of spinning a viscid silk which in Sicily is made into a regular and very handsome fabric. The silk is spun by the shell fish in the first instance for the purpose of attaching itself to the rocks. It is able to guide the delicate filaments to the proper place, and there glue them fast, and if they are cut away it can reproduce them. The material, when gathered (which is done at low tide), is washed in soap and water, dried, straightened and carded, one pound of the coarse filament yielding about three ounces of fine thread, which, when spun, is a lovely burnished golden brown color.

Novel Sea-Sickness Cure.

M. des Planches, the Italian ambassador to Washington, who has returned there from Italy, had a terribly rough voyage. The ambassador is said to have told his friends that he discovered a remarkable cure for seasickness by looking at his own reflection in a mirror. The longer he looked the better he became, until the sea sickness vanished. The explanation given is that by gazing into a mirror the eye rests on an unchanging surface and the sense of motion gradually becomes less. This produces a soothing effect on the brain and the stomach and restores the victim's equilibrium.



NEXT WEEK

We begin the publication of our new Serial Story

"The Maid of Maiden Lane"

BY AMELIA E. BARR

The same characters appear in both stories.

