

THE MAID of MAIDEN LANE.

Sequel to "The Bow of Orange Ribbon."

A LOVE STORY BY AMELIA E. BARR

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CHAPTER I.

The Home of Cornelia Moran.

Never, in all its history, was the proud and opulent city of New York more glad and gay than in the bright spring days of Seventeen-Hundred-and-Ninety-One. It had put out of sight every trace of British rule and occupancy, all its homes had been restored and re-furnished, and its sacred places re-consecrated and adorned. The skies of Italy were not bluer than the skies above it; the sunshine of Arcadia not brighter or more genial. These gracious days of Seventeen-Hundred-and-Ninety-One were also the early days of the French revolution, and fugitives from the French court—princes and nobles, statesmen and generals, sufficient for a new Iliad, loitered about the pleasant places of Broadway and Wall street, Broad street, and Maiden Lane. They were received with courtesy, and even with hospitality, although America at that date almost universally sympathized with the French Republicans, whom they believed to be the pioneers of political freedom on the aged side of the Atlantic. Love for France, hatred for England, was the spirit of the age; it effected the trend of commerce, it dominated politics, it was the keynote of conversation wherever men and women congregated.

Yet the most pronounced public feeling always carries with it a note of dissent, and it was just at this day that dissenting opinion began to make

as for Rem, he was not made in a day. God is good, who gives us boys and girls to sit so near our hearts!"

"And such a fair, free city for a home!" said Van Heemskirk as he looked up and down the sunshiny street. "New York is not perfect, but we love her. Right or wrong, we love her; just as we love our moder, and our little children."

"That, also, is what the Domino says," answered Van Ariens; "and yet, he likes not that New York favors the French so much."

"He is a good man. With you, last night, was a little maid—a great beauty I thought her—but I knew her not. Is she then a stranger?"

"A stranger! Come, come! The little one is a very child of New York. She is the daughter of Dr. Moran—Dr. John, as we all call him."

"Well, look now, I thought in her face there was something that went to my heart and memory."

"And yet, in one way, she is a stranger. Such a little one she was, when the coming of the English sent the family apart and away. To the army went the Doctor, and there he stayed, till the war was over. Mrs. Moran took her child, and went to her father's home in Philadelphia. It was only last month she came back to New York. But look now! It is the little maid herself, that is coming down the street."

"And it is my grandson who is at her side. The rascal! He ought now to be reading his law books in Mr.

the Hall of Representatives, saying to himself, with silent exultation as he went:

"The Seat of Government! Let who will, have it; New York is the Crowning City. Her merchants shall be princes, her traffickers the honorable of the earth; the harvest of her rivers shall be her royal revenue, and the marts of all nations shall be in her streets."

CHAPTER II.

This Is the Way of Love.

Cornelia lingered in the garden, because she had suddenly, and as yet unconsciously, entered into that tender mystery, so common and so sovereign, which we call Love. In Hyde's presence she had been suffused with a bewildering, profound emotion, which had fallen on her as the gentle showers fall, to make the flowers of spring. This handsome youth, whom she had only seen twice, and in the most formal manner, affected her as no other mortal ever done. She was a little afraid.

"I have met him but twice," she thought; "and it is as if I had a new, strange, exquisite life. Ought I tell my mother? But how can I? I have no words to explain—I do not understand—Alas! If I should be growing wicked!"

The thought made her start; she hastened her steps towards the large entrance door, and as she approached it a negro in a fine livery of blue and white threw the door wide open for her. She turned quickly out of the hall, into a parlor full of sunshine. A lady sat there hemstitching a damask napkin; a lady of dainty plainness, with a face full of graven experience and mellow character. As Cornelia entered she looked up with a smile, and said, as she slightly raised her work, "It is the last of the dozen, Cornelia."

"You make me ashamed of my idleness, mother. I went to Embree's for the linen thread, and he had just opened some English gauzes and lute-strings. Mrs. Willets was choosing a piece for a new gown, for she is to dine with the President next week, and she was so polite as to ask my opinion about the goods. Afterwards, I walked to Wall street with her; and coming back I met, on Broadway, Lieut. Hyde, and then he walked home with me. Was it wrong? I mean was it polite—I mean the proper thing to permit? I knew not how to prevent it."

"How often have you met Lieut. Hyde?"

"I met him for the first time last night. He was at the Sylvesters."

"And pray what did Lieut. Hyde say to you this afternoon?"

"He gave me the flowers, and he told me about a beautiful opera, of which I had never before heard. It is called 'Figaro.' He asked permission to bring me some of the airs to-night, and I said some civilities. I think they meant 'Yes.' Did I do wrong, mother?"

"I will say 'no,' my dear; as you have given the invitation. But to prevent an appearance of too exclusive intimacy, write to Arenta, and ask her and Rem to take tea with us."

"Mother, Arenta has bought a blue lute-string. Shall I not also have a new gown? The gauzes are very sweet and genteel, and I think Mrs. Jay will not forget to ask me to her dance next week. Mr. Jefferson is sure to be there, and I wish to walk a minute with him."

"I told Mrs. Willets, and with such a queer little laugh she asked me 'if his red breeches did not make me think of the guillotine?' I do not think Mrs. Willets likes Mr. Jefferson very much; but all the same, I wish to dance once with him. I think it will be something to talk about when I am an old woman."

"My dear one, that is so far off. Go now, and write to Arenta."

(To be continued.)

GOOD CUSTOMER OF FRANCE.

England Makes Heavy Purchases from Her Old-Time Foe.

Jean Finot, editor of the Revue des Revues, recently put the relations between France and England in a most striking fashion. He said:

"Great Britain deserves the name of the richest and most important of French colonies. France is so bound up with her fate that the disappearance of England's economic power would cause her incalculable mischief. Our total exports in 1901 were only 4,155,000,000 francs, of which England took 1,264,000,000 francs, or more than 30 per cent of all the merchandise which we cast on the world's market. But even of more importance is the fact that the amount of English purchases in France is constantly growing. From 1,032,000,000 francs in 1896 it rose to 1,132,000,000 francs in 1897, to 1,238,000,000 francs in 1899, and to 1,264,000,000 francs in 1901, thus showing an increase of 232,000,000 francs, or over 22 per cent in five years. Now the purchases from the mother country of all the French colonies, including Algeria, 259,000,000 francs, and Tunis, about 34,000,000 francs, together with those scattered all over the world, amount to 183,000,000 francs, did not amount in 1900 to more than 476,000,000 francs. Besides this colossal amount of purchases, the English yearly spend considerable sums in France. The money left in our country by Englishmen visiting Paris or their favorite resorts is commonly estimated at 500,000,000 francs, thus making 1,800,000,000 francs as the formidable total yearly paid by England to France."

OLD LEGENDS OF BABYLON.

Tablets Deciphered Tell of Creation of the World and Man.

The story of the creation, as told on the clay tablets of ancient Babylon, is now for the first time put at the disposal of modern scholars.

Portions of it, as told in cuneiform text, were deciphered by Rawlinson and the late George Smith, but those Assyriologists had only twenty-one tablets and fragments to work on. L. W. King of the British museum has examined twenty-eight more (some of which are duplicates, however), and is thus able to get a more nearly complete and connected narrative.

Several deities appear to have been regarded as in existence at the beginning of things. At least two, Apsu and Tiamat, represented chaos, and the former rebelled against the gods in consequence. The chief struggle was between him and Ea, whose son, Bel, created the world.

Man was made by Marmuk, who, in spite of the difference in name, may have been identical with Bel. The creation of man was the culminating event of the history.

Marmuk told Ea that he intended to perform this task and asked his father to behead him. Man was to be made out of Marmuk's blood and bone. Marmuk appears to have survived decapitation, as he subsequently took part in the councils of the gods.

Many parallels between these legends and the Hebrew story of the creation can be detected by scholars. The idea that seven days were devoted to the work may have long antedated Abraham's time.

The oldest tablets yet discovered are not originals, but copies. These date back only 668-626 B. C. A reviewer in "Nature" expresses the opinion that the composition is "many thousands of years old."

THE BIRTHPLACE OF LIBERTY.

Spots in New England That Abound in Deep Interest.

If the most sacred buildings in Boston and Philadelphia are properly rivals in claiming the title of the Cradle of Liberty, then here in the Champlain valley of Vermont is surely the scene of its birth, says a writer in Harper's. From this cyclic Rochester mountain one may see the great "lake that is the gate to the country," as the Indians named Lake Champlain; one may see the Otter up which the paint-smearing savages crept to make their murderous attacks deep in Connecticut and Massachusetts; one may see where Ticonderoga lies in shameful abandonment, the spot where Champlain fought the red men or 293 years ago; where the French built their most important fort in the chain that ran from Montreal to New Orleans; where Amherst took it from them; where our dashing friend and leader, young Lord Howe, fell and was secretly buried.

It required but little imagination for the mind's eye to see the path that Ethan Allen and his band took to gain, this fortress, our first great victory in the revolutionary war. From where the church spires marked the seats of Rutland, Pittsford, Brandon, Whiting, Castleton and Middlebury, one fancied he might almost see again the tall, rugged "mountain boys" stalking the trails to the rendezvous with Allen at Shoreham—newly noted now as the birthplace of Levi P. Morton.

HAD NOTHING TO GIVE.

Excellent Reason for Congressman Being Out of Seeds.

Representative Candler of Mississippi, a prominent Baptist and successor to Private John Allen, was lamenting to the House the other day about his difficulties in getting sufficient seeds for his constituents. "I use all my own quota," said he, "and then get just as many more as I can from my brother members."

"If the gentleman will kindly inform his constituents," interposed Representative "Hank" Smith of Michigan, "what kind of seeds they are getting, he will have seeds to burn."

"Has the gentleman any to give away," inquired Mr. Candler zealously. "If he has will he give them to me? If he will I will cheerfully and promptly send them to my district."

"Such as I have, I give unto thee," replied Mr. Smith, dropping waggishly into a Bible quotation.

Mr. Candler began to press the Michigan, who admitted that he was "in the condition of the spirit that was going to give the world to the Lord if he would fall down and worship him." Mr. Smith added frankly that he had nothing to give, which seemed to puzzle the Mississippian, who questioned farther.

"I am returning home with the consent of my constituents," finally Mr. Smith admitted, amidst general laughter, thereby giving Mr. Candler to understand that he had failed of re-election.—Washington Post.

Grammar.

"What part of speech is the word 'marriage'?" asked the girl on the piazza of the Hardened Wretch.

And he, being himself a married man, replied:

"It's a subordinate conjunction."

The examination paper read: Parse the word Pennsylvania in the sentence, "A hold-up occurred the other night in Pennsylvania."

The bright boy answered that it was an abstract noun, being the name of a state, but Mr. Cassatt, when asked about it, thought it a proper noun in the objective case, being the object of "hold-up."

"The woman and the man were married yesterday—parse woman." And the answer of the littlest boy was, "A preposition, governing man."—New York Times.

Marrons Glaces.

Marrons glaces are among the delights of the hour. No dinner table is complete without its silver or china casket of chestnuts. And there is nothing easier to prepare.

Choose large chestnuts and remove the hard skin; place them in a copper saucepan and cover them with cold water with a soup-spoonful of flour to a quart of water; let them cook until boiling, until they are soft. Then peel the nuts and put them into another pan (the same as used for jam-making), and pour over them a thick syrup flavored with vanilla. Cover with paper and let the chestnuts warm on a slow fire, without allowing them to boil. Keep adding syrup as required during evaporation until the syrup has attained thirty-four degrees. They are eaten cold.

Booth and the Statesmen.

General Booth, the Salvation Army leader, cracked a few jokes with statesmen while he was in Washington. Senator Frye said to him: "When I was in London I was much interested in your organization. In fact, I thought of joining." "Better not," said the general; "you would not submit to our discipline." Senator Alger said he understood Hanna intended to join. "Ah, I should make him my chancellor of the exchequer," was the revivalist's reply. Senator Hoar was introduced jocularly as "the worst man in the senate." "That's good," said the general heartily. "I want to meet all kinds. The bad I want to help and the good I want to help me."

Alaska and the Salad.

At a recent function in Washington John W. Foster, the diplomat and ex-secretary of state, was sent by Mrs. Foster to get her some salad. He procured a plate of the dainty and was returning with it when some one asked him a question about the Alaska boundary. Mr. Foster has a fad on that subject. He began to talk earnestly. Then he gesticulated. The result was that the salad slid gracefully off the plate and landed full on the front breadth of Mrs. Foster's magnificent dress. The conversation about the Alaska boundary ended right there. Mr. Foster had more serious things to think about.

Taking Down Beerbohm Tree.

Beerbohm Tree, the London actor, has rather a pompous manner, which is calculated to ruffle the temper of other people at times. An actor from the provinces called upon him recently, hoping to get an opportunity to show his worth on the metropolitan stage. "Oh, I could not possibly give you a part," said the great manager, "but I dare say I could arrange to let you walk on with the crowd in the last act." The young aspirant flushed with indignation, but holding himself well in hand replied pleasantly: "My dear Mr. Tree, I really don't think I have heard anything quite so funny from you since your Hamlet."

Hadn't Time for Squirming.

Not long ago Sir Richard Powell, a famous London physician, was called to treat King Edward. The king's regular physician, Sir Francis Laking, was present. After examining his august patient Sir Richard said in his characteristically brusque way: "You have eaten and drunk too much. I will send you a prescription that will put you right." Then he hurried off to see other patients, when Sir Francis followed and protested against his abrupt way of treating the king. "My dear Laking," said Powell, "if there is any squirming to do you return and attend to it. I really haven't the time."

An Emperor's Clocks.

The Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia, among his other hobbies, takes great interest in clocks, and several chronometers have recently been imported from Switzerland by his Swiss adviser which vary no more than six seconds in two months. Ras Makonnen has also ordered several curious mechanical clocks from the Swiss firms for presentation to the negus and the empress. The most remarkable of these is a great chiming clock to imitate that of St. Margaret's, Westminster Abbey.

Yale's Bribingnags.

There are twelve Yale students who, because they are more than six feet one inch tall, are eligible for membership in the new club of Bribingnags of the university. The president is Frederick W. Wilhelm of New York, and secretary George A. Gross of Waterbury, and the vice president and treasurer Stuart B. Sutphin of Cincinnati. The tallest man in the club is Thorn Baker of Cincinnati of Cincinnati, who stands six feet five inches in his stockings.

A Cousin of Lincoln.

Living in Lacy Springs, Va., is a cousin and namesake of Abraham Lincoln. This man, Abraham Lincoln by name, is now 80 years old, and has among his family papers several letters written by the president to his father, David Lincoln, in 1848. The present Abraham Lincoln, who is the head of the Virginia branch of the family, is a typical old Virginian, and has enjoyed considerable prosperity. He has made a study of the Lincoln genealogy.

An Irish student defines nothing as a bunghole without a barrel around it.

After a man makes money the latter often evens the score by unmaking the man.

Royalties Who Write.

The list of royal authors is enlarged by the addition of the Mikado of Japan, who is reputed to be writing poetry at a rate never equaled by King Oscar of Sweden. Unlike the latter, however, the mikado considerably suppresses near yell that he writes, not even, it is said, permitting the empress to lay eyes on it. King Carlos of Portugal is another royal author, whose book on oceanography has been well received by the experts. The Prince of Monaco, also, whose reputation is chiefly associated with scientific gambling, diverts his leisure with deep sea soundings, and has written an interesting book upon the strange forms of life under the sea. Still another royal writer is Prince Alfonso of Bourbon, brother of Don Carlos, the Spanish pretender. His favorite theme is the abolition of dueling. Of the English royal family, Princess Victoria, the king's only unmarried daughter, is the only one who has shown much of a literary tendency. She is credited with having written poetry, which, however, has not been published, and she is an ardent and omnivorous reader.

Napoleon Portraits.

One of the most remarkable collections of portraits of Napoleon ever seen in New York has just closed at the National Arts club. The collection was composed almost wholly of prints and belonged to Mr. John Leonard Dudley, Jr. Mr. Dudley has been most fortunate in gathering his Napoleon portraits, inasmuch as he has the great Corsican represented in every stage of his career from the time of his infancy down until his death. He is seen from every point of view as artist of many countries chose to represent him. Everybody has had an interest in Napoleon, and for ages to come will retain an interest, and most likely artists will continue to try to do justice to their ideals of the silent man; but the collection which members and friends of the National Arts club have had the opportunity of viewing and studying is unexcelled by any in this country.

"Ever-Burning" Lamp.

The famous lamp of Towneley chapel, at Towneley hall, in England, has recently been extinguished. This was probably the last of the so-called "ever burning" lamps of England. It is claimed that the Towneley lamp had been burning constantly since the days of King Alfred—more than 1,000 years. At the beginning of the last century half a dozen were still alight, while at the dissolution of Henry VIII many hundreds alight in the monasteries had been burning ever since the Norman Conquest. Doubtless these perpetual lamps were a remnant of that form of pagan worship known as everlasting fire, which was kept alight by guardians, who were punishable with death if they allowed the fire to go out.

Musicians' Exchange of Courtesies.

Little love is lost between Paderewski, the famous pianist, and Moritz Rosenthal, his professional rival, who continues to amaze German audiences by his wonderful command of the instrument. Rosenthal is called "the demon pianist" because of the astonishing speed with which he plays. Paderewski once heard of a particularly brilliant performance given by Rosenthal. He smiled serenely and said: "Oh, yes, but any conservative pupil with a good technique can do that." Of course this remark was repeated to Rosenthal, who some time later heard that a talented amateur was playing in London. "Oh, that must be Paderewski," he said, calmly.

The Worship of Teeth.

Teeth of all kinds have been worshipped, and are, in fact, venerated as relics in some religious shrines. Buddha's tooth is preserved in an Indian temple; the Cingalese worship the tooth of a monkey, while the elephant's and shark's tooth serve a similar purpose among the Malabar and Tonga islanders respectively. The Siamese were formerly the possessors of the tooth of a sacred monkey, which they valued very highly, but in a war with the Portuguese they lost the holy grinder and had to pay \$5,500,000 to get it back again. It is now kept in a small gold box, inclosed in six other boxes in one of the many temples of the Siamese capital.

Have Mexican Sympathies.

A writer in the Outlook, describing the people of New Mexico, says that a large portion of the Spanish speaking element is Mexican in its sympathies. These people dislike American customs, and are unwilling to learn English. Occasionally there is patriotism to be found, as is shown by this incident: "One night I stopped at a hut in the mountains. The two boys of the family had been to the Presbyterian mission school in Albuquerque, and spoke fairly well. Finding in the house a little United States flag, which they had brought home, I pointed to it and said to the old man, 'Americano,' and with great feeling he replied, 'Oh, macho Americano.'"

Altogether Too Little.

The Lesser bribery charger reminded the older members of the time Representative "Birdie" Adams of Pennsylvania went up to Speaker Reed to ask about a bill he wanted passed. Adams took some change from his pocket and rattled it in his hand while he talked. As it happened he had five quarters. "Hold on 'Birdie,'" said Reed, "even in these hard times you can't pass a bill in this house for a dollar and a quarter."



With Respectful Eagerness He Talked to Her.

itself heard. The horrors of Avignon, and of Paris, the brutality with which the royal family had been treated, and the abolition of all religious ties and duties, had many and bitter opponents.

In these days of wonderful hopes and fears there was, in Maiden Lane, a very handsome residence—an old house even in the days of Washington, for Peter Van Clyffe had built it early in the century as a bridal present to his daughter when she married Philip Moran, a lawyer who grew to eminence among colonial judges.

One afternoon in April, 1791, two men were standing talking opposite to the entrance gates of the pleasant place. They were Capt. Joris Van Heemskirk, a member of the Congress then sitting in Federal Hall, Broad street, and Jacobus Van Ariens, a wealthy citizen, and a deacon in the Dutch church. Van Heemskirk believed in France; the tragedies she had been enacting in the holy name of liberty, though they had saddened, had, hitherto, not discouraged him. But the news received that morning had almost killed his hopes for the spread of republican ideas in Europe.

"Van Ariens," he said warmly, "this treatment of King Louis and his family is hardly to be believed. It is too much, and too far. After this, no one can foresee what may happen in France."

"That is the truth, my friend," answered Van Ariens. "The French have gone mad. We won our freedom without massacres."

"We had Washington and Franklin, and other good and wise leaders who feared God and loved men."

"So I said to the Count de Moustier but one hour ago. Yet if we were prudent and merciful it was because we are religious. When men are irreligious, the Lord forsakes them; and if bloodshed and bankruptcy follow it is not to be wondered at. I am but a tanner and currier, as you know, but I have had experiences; and I do not believe in the future of a people who are without a God and without a religion."

"Well, so it is, Van Ariens. I will now be silent, and wait for the echo; but I fear that God has not yet said 'Let there be peace.' I saw you last night at Mr. Hamilton's with your son and daughter. You made a noble entrance."

"Well, then, the truth is the truth. My Arenta is worth looking at; and

Hamilton's office."

"We also have been young, Van Heemskirk."

"I forget not, my friend. My Joris sees not me, and I will not see him." Then the two old men were silent, but their eyes were fixed on the youth and maiden, who were slowly advancing toward them.

She might have stepped out of the folded leaves of a rosebud, so lovely was her face, framed in its dark curls. Her dress was of some soft, green material; and she carried in her hand a bunch of daffodils. She was small, but exquisitely formed, and she walked with fearlessness and distinction.

Of all this charming womanhood the young man at her side was profoundly conscious. A tall, sunbrowned, military-looking young man, as handsome as a Greek god. He was also very finely dressed, in the best and highest mode; and he wore his sword as if it were a part of himself. Indeed, all his movements were full of confidence and ease; and yet it was the vivacity, vitality, and ready response of his face that was most attractive.

His wonderful eyes were bent upon the maid at his side; he saw no other earthly thing. With a respectful eagerness, full of admiration, he talked to her; and she answered his words—whatever they were—with a smile that might have moved mountains.

They passed the two old men without any consciousness of their presence, and Van Heemskirk smiled, and then sighed, and then said softly—

"So much youth, and beauty, and happiness! It is a benediction to have seen it! I shall not reprove Joris at this time. But now I must go back to Federal Hall."

When their eyes turned to the Moran house the vision of youth and beauty had dissolved. Van Heemskirk's grandson, Lieut. Hyde, was hastening towards Broadway; and the lovely Cornelia Moran was sauntering up the garden of her home, stooping occasionally to examine the pearl-powdered auricles or to twine around its support some vine, straggling out of its proper place.

Then Van Ariens hurried down to his tanning pits in the swamp; and Van Heemskirk went thoughtfully to Broad street. When he reached Federal Hall, he stood a minute in the doorway; and with inspired eyes looked at the splendid, moving picture; then he walked proudly toward