

THE MAID of MAIDEN LANE

Sequel to "The Bow of Orange Ribbon."

A LOVE STORY BY AMELIA E. BARR

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CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

"My dear, dear grandfather, you carry wisdom with you! Oh, wise, wise grandfather! You have made me happy to a degree!"

"Very well, but say not that I gave you such counsel. When your father speaks to me, as he is certain to do, then I will say such and such words to him; but my words in your mouth will be a great offence, and very justly so, for it is hard to carry words, and carry nothing else. Your dear mother—how is she?"

"Well and happy. But my father is not so happy. I can see that he is wearied of everything." "Not here, is his heart. It is in England. If of Liberty I now speak to him, he has a smile so hopeless that both sad and angry it makes me. No faith has he left in any man, except Washington; and I think, also, he is disappointed that Washington was not crowned King George the First."

At this point in the conversation Van Heemskirk was called to the door about some business matter and George was left alone with his grandmother. She put the cups quickly down, and going to George's side, said:

"Cornelia Moran spends this evening with her friend Arenta Van Arians. Well then, would you like an excuse to call on Arenta?"

"Oh, grandmother! Do you indeed know Arenta? Can you send me there?"

"Since she was one month old I have known Arenta. This morning, she came here to borrow for her Aunt Jacobus my ivory winders. For thy pleasure I will get them, and thou canst take them this evening to Arenta."

"O you dear, dear grandmother! and he stood up, and lifted her rosy face between his hands and kissed her."

"Get me the winders, grandmother; for now you have given me a reason to hurry."

Then she went into the best parlor, and opening one of the shutters let in sufficient light to find in the drawer of a little Chinese cabinet some ivory winders of very curious design and workmanship. She folded them in soft tissue paper and handed them to her grandson with a pleasant nod; and the young man slipped them into his pocket, and then went hurriedly away.

Doubting and hoping, he reached the Van Arians' house soon after seven o'clock. It was not quite dark, and Jacob Van Arians stood on the stoop, smoking his pipe.

"Good evening, sir," said George with smiling politeness. "Is Miss Van Arians within?"

"Within? Yes. But company she has to-night," said the watchful father, as he stood suspicious and immovable in the entrance.

"I have come with a message to Miss Van Arians."

"A very fine messenger!" answered Van Arians, slightly smiling.

"A fine lady deserves a fine messenger. But, sir, if you will do my errand for me, I am content. I have brought from Madame Van Heemskirk some ivory winders for Madame Jacobus."

"Come in, come in, and tell my Arenta the message thyself. Welcome art thou!" and Van Arians himself opened the parlor door, saying:

"Arenta, here is George Hyde. A message he brings for thy Aunt Angelica."

And while these words were being uttered, George delighted his eyes with the vision of Cornelia, who sat at a small table with some needlework

night like sweetest music in her heart. At the leave taking he heard a few words which gave him a delightful assurance of coming satisfaction. For as the two girls stood in the hall, Arenta said:

"You will come over in the morning, Cornelia?"

"I cannot," answered Cornelia. "After breakfast I have to go to Richmond Hill with a message from my mother to Mrs. Adams."

And George, hearing these words, could hardly control his delight. For he was one of Mrs. Adams' favorites, and so much at home in her house that he could visit her at any hour of the day without a ceremonious invitation.

He took a merry leave of Arenta, and went directly to his rooms. "This my destiny! 'Tis my happy destiny to love her!" he said softly to himself. "I shall tell Mrs. Adams how far gone in love I am," he continued. "I shall say to her, 'Help me, madame, to an opportunity'; and I think she will not refuse. As for my father, I heard him this morning with as much patience as any Christian could do; but I am resolved to marry Cornelia. I will not give her up; not for an earldom! Not for a dukedom! Not for the crown of England!"

Joris Hyde allowed the sweet emotions Cornelia had inspired to have, and to hold, and to occupy his whole being. Sleep was a thousand leagues away, and he flung open the casement and sat in a beatitude of blissful hopes and imaginations.

And after midnight, when dreams fall, the moon came up over Nassau and Cedar streets and threw poetic glimmers over the antique churches, and grassy graveyards, and the pretty houses, covered with vines and budding rosebushes; and this soft shadow of light calmed and charmed him.

"It is a sign to me! It is a sign! So will I put away every baffling hindrance between Cornelia and myself. Barriers will only be as those vaporous clouds. I shall part them with my strong resolves—I shall—I shall—I—" and he fell asleep with this sense of victory thrilling his whole being.

CHAPTER V.

Turning Over a New Leaf.

When Hyde awakened, he was in that borderland between dreams and day which we call dawn. The noises finally woke him thoroughly. "I am more alive than ever I was in my life," he said; and he laughed gaily, and went to the window. "It is a lovely day; and that is so much in my favor," he added, "for if it were raining, Cornelia would not leave the house."

Then he fell into reverie about his proposed visit to Mrs. Adams. Last night it appeared to him an easy and natural thing to do. He was not so sure of his position this morning.

But there are times when laissezaller carries before it, and Hyde was in just such a mood. "I'll run the chance," he said. "I'll risk it. I'll let things take their course." And after all, when a man is in love, to be reasonable is often to be cowardly.

When he was dressed he went to his hotel and breakfasted there. Early as it was, there were many members and senators present—eating, drinking coffee and disputing. Hyde took no notice of any of these disputes until a man—evidently an Englishman—called Franklin "a beggar-on-horseback-Yankee." Then he looked steadily at the speaker, saying with the utmost coolness and firmness:

"You are mistaken, sir. The beggar-on-horseback is generally supposed to ride to the devil. Franklin rode to the highest posts of political honor and the esteem and affection of worthy men in all the civilized world."

With these words he rose, pushed aside his chair with a little temper, and, turning, met Jefferson face to face. The great man smiled, and put his hand affectionately on Hyde's shoulder.

"You spoke well, my young friend. Now, I will give you a piece of advice—when any one abuses a great man in your presence, ask them what kind of people they admire. You will certainly be consoled."

Hyde, casting his eyes a moment on this tall, loose-limbed man, whose cold blue eyes and red hair emphasized the stern anger of his whole appearance, was well disposed to leave the scurrilous Englishman to his power of reproof.

Riding hard, it was quite half-past nine when he drew rein at the door of Richmond Hill. Thus far, he had suffered himself to be carried forward by the impulse of his heart, and he still put firmly down any wonder as to what he should say or do.

He was shown into a bright little parlor with open windows. A table, elegantly and plentifully spread, occupied the center of the room; and sitting at it were the vice president and Mrs. Adams and also their only daughter, the beautiful, but not very intellectual, Mrs. Smith. Mrs. Adams met him with genuine, though formal kindness; Mrs. Smith with courtesy, and the vice president rose, bowed handsomely, hoped he was well, and then after a minute's reflection said:

"We were talking about the official title proper for Gen. Washington. What do you think, Lieutenant? Or have you heard Gen. Hyde express any opinion on the subject?"

"Sir, I do not presume to understand the ceremonials of government. My father is of the opinion that 'The President of the United States' has a Roman and republican simplicity, and that any addition to it would be derogatory and childish."

"My dear young man, the eyes of the world are upon us. To give a title to our leaders and rulers belongs to history. In the Roman republic great conquerors assumed even distinctive titles, as well as national ones."

"Then our Washington is superior to them."

"Chief Justice McKean thinks 'His Serene Highness the President of the United States' is very suitable. Roger Sherman is of the opinion that neither 'His Highness' nor 'His Excellency' are novel and dignified enough; and Gen. Muhlenberg says Washington himself is in favor of 'High Mightiness,' the title used by the Stadtholder of Holland."

"And how will you vote, John?" asked Mrs. Adams.

"In favor of a title. Certainly, I



He flung open the casement. shall. Your Majesty is a very good prefix. It would draw the attention of England and show her that we were not afraid to assume 'the majesty of our conquest.'"

"And if you were to please France," continued Mrs. Adams, "which seems the thing in fashion, you might have the prefix 'Citizen.' 'Citizen Washington' is not bad."

"It is execrable, Mrs. Adams, and I am ashamed that you should make it, even as a pleasantry."

"Indeed, my friend, there is no foretelling what may be. And, after all, I do believe that the President regards his citizenship far above his office. What say you, Lieutenant?"

"I think, madame, that fifty, one hundred, one thousand years after this day, it will be of little importance what prefix it put before the name of the President. He will be simply George Washington in every heart and on every page."

"That is true," said Mrs. Adams. "Fame uses no prefixes. It is Pompey, Julius Caesar, Pericles, Alfred, Hampden, Oliver Cromwell."

"Washington will do for love and for fame," continued Hyde. The next generation may say Mr. Madison, or Mr. Monroe or Mr. Jay; but they will want neither prefix nor suffix to Washington, Jefferson, Franklin—and, if you permit me, sir—Adams."

The Vice President was much pleased. He said "Poo! Poo!" and stood up and stepped loftily across the hearth rug, but the subtle compliment went warm to his heart.

"Well, well," he answered, "heartily, and from our souls, we must do our best, and then trust to Truth and Time, our name and our memory. But I must now go to town—our affairs give us no holidays."

(To be continued.)

BRAVERY, AND TRUE COURAGE.

Japanese Sure He Would Be Killed, But Didn't Mind.

The little lieutenant who lived just across the street from O. K. Davis, the New York Sun's war correspondent in Tientsin, said to him one day:

"I should be very happy to have you visit me in my home in Japan after this war is over, but I expect to be killed."

He was perfectly sincere and unaffected. His belief did not alter his attention to duty in the slightest. He went wherever he was ordered as gaily as if it were to a feast, no matter if the field was swept with bullets.

When I saw him in Peking a day or so after the legations had been relieved he said simply: "Perhaps I shall not be killed this time after all."

Would you call it courage when such a man as that leads a little column against a stone wall, and when he can't get over at first, sits down and waits until he can? He hasn't any conception of courage. He is brave, but with the bravery of a bulldog.

There is more real courage in the old hen fluttering over her little chickens to protect them from the threatening hawk. If it were not for them she would flee fast enough from the danger.

There you have the essential difference between courage and bravery, and between the American soldier and the Japanese or Russian. The Orientals, counting the Russian as an Oriental, are dangerous men to meet because they have no care for the result.

How much more dangerous is the man who sees through to the end and discounts it all, yet goes ahead to the desperate finish.—Everybody's Magazine.

INTERESTS IN CONFLICT

WHAT THE EAST WANTS THE WEST DOES NOT.

New England Asks Free Trade for Coal and Protection for Codfish, While the Far West Objects to the Arrangement as Unjust.

The Boston Herald, which has always been more or less devoted to the free trade idea, has published recently several lengthy articles favoring the removal of all duties upon coal, either by direct legislation or through the negotiation of a reciprocity treaty with Canada. The point of this is that Massachusetts does not produce coal, and it is believed that if there were free entry of Nova Scotia coal in the mining of which New England capital is largely interested, Massachusetts would profit in two ways, by cheaper coal in her markets and by larger profits for the capital invested in mining in a foreign country. As a sample of the statements by which the Herald backs up its arguments, take the following: "The natural coal supply of the Pacific coast has thus far been the coal mines of British Columbia."

The natural coal supply of the Pacific coast is and has been the coal mines of the State of Washington, mines which at this time employ 5,000 men, and the product of which reaches annually 2,690,789 tons, valued at \$5,300,854.22. It is this industry of the State of Washington which Massachusetts is prepared cheerfully to sacrifice in order to secure some slight local advantages.

For the purpose of making an argument which Massachusetts can understand, the coal mining industry can be compared with the cod fishing industry of Massachusetts. There are more men employed in the coal mines of Washington than in the cod fisheries of Massachusetts, and the value of their product is greater. Canada is more the natural source of supply of cod fish on the Atlantic than of coal on the Pacific. The admission of coal free of duty would be far more detrimental to the interests of the State of Washington than the free admission of cod fish would be to the interests of the State of Massachusetts. The admission of either would be to the advantage of Canada. Of the two, Canada would be willing to make far greater concessions to secure the free entry of her cod fisheries products into the United States than to secure the free entry of coal. If the interests of consumers in the United States are to govern, free cod fish would be of infinitely greater value and to a vastly greater number of consumers, scattered over a much wider scope of territory, than would free coal.

Here is the situation then: There is a protected New England industry of not so much commercial value as the coal industry of the State of Washington, employing fewer people and distributing less wages, the protection of which tends to exclude from the markets of the United States a Canadian food product which is a common article of diet in the homes of the working people of the United States from one end of the continent to the other. There is more valuable protected industry in the relatively small and poor State of Washington, the protection upon which operates merely to secure to the people of Washington a relatively small local market and leaves unaffected the great mass of the people of the country. Canada is prepared to make far greater concessions to secure the withdrawal of protection from the New England industry than it would make to have protection withdrawn from the Washington industry, and far more American consumers would profit by free cod fish than by free coal. Massachusetts wants reciprocity with Canada to enlarge her trade opportunities in the Dominion. Washington cares nothing for such reciprocity.

Under these circumstances the honest, the decent and the fair thing to do would be for Massachusetts herself to pay the price of the reciprocity which she demands and which would be largely for her benefit; not to attempt to throw the cost upon a state which has less to offer to Canada, which does not desire reciprocity and which would secure no trade advantages through it, but rather nothing but injury.

Massachusetts has raised the cry of "free coal." Washington counters with the demand for "free cod fish." If the Boston Herald and the Massachusetts sentiment which it represents are honest and sincere in their convictions of the advisability of reciprocity arrangements with Canada, they should be prepared to sacrifice local interests to it, and not cross the continent for the purpose of throwing the whole burden upon the State of Washington, as they are desirous of doing.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Legislating by Treaty.

Reports from Washington indicate that the Cuban reciprocity treaty will be rejected if brought to a vote in the Senate. Republican senators with beet sugar constituencies have served notice on the administration leaders that they will be forced to oppose ratification of the treaty. As it requires a two-thirds vote of the Senate to secure ratification of a treaty, there is little likelihood of its being approved.

It is singular that the administration should have undertaken to secure our "plain duty" to Cuba by treaty. At the last session of Congress a bill to reduce the duty on

Cuban products passed the House of Representatives and was defeated in the Senate. Obviously if a bill could not be passed, it is little less than folly to expect a treaty, proposing to accomplish the same ends, to be ratified.

There is opposition by Democratic Senators to the treaty on the ground that it involves an unconstitutional method for reducing the tariff. The constitution contemplates that all revenue measures shall originate in the House of Representatives and be acted upon by both branches of Congress. The reciprocity method of reducing duties eliminates the House of Representatives, the only really representative branch of the Federal government, and places the power in the hands of the executive and the Senate.

The objection is well taken. Tariff legislation by treaty is repugnant to our scheme of government, and an obnoxious and unwarranted use of the treaty-making power.—Milwaukee News.

TRADE OF 1902.

Marked Gain in the Volume of Exports and Imports.

The table of imports and exports of the United States for the twelve months ending with January, 1903, shows an unusual fluctuation in exports because of crop shortage and consequent increased prices of food stuffs, and it also shows a steady increase in importations from the low point of \$68,350,459 in February, 1902, to the high point of \$94,356,987 in December, 1902. The exports also show a marked increase from the midsummer minimum of \$88,240,483 in July, to \$148,012,403 in December. In spite of smaller exports owing to exceptional conditions, and in spite of the largest imports for any year in the history of our commerce, the figures show a comfortable trade balance in favor of the United States amounting to close upon \$400,000,000. If the advocates of "potential competition" through the larger admission of competitive products from abroad had had their way, it is certain that the trade balance for 1902 would have been very much smaller.

The following table shows the total imports and exports of the United States in each of the twelve months ending with January, 1903:

Month.	Imports.	Exports.
February	\$68,350,459	\$101,569,695
March	84,227,082	106,749,401
April	75,822,268	109,169,873
May	75,689,087	102,321,531
June	73,115,054	89,240,483
July	79,147,874	88,790,627
August	78,923,281	94,942,310
September	87,736,346	121,232,384
October	87,419,138	144,327,428
November	85,386,170	125,200,620
December	94,356,987	148,012,403
January (1903)	85,109,891	134,040,932
Totals	\$975,283,637	\$1,365,600,704

Threatened by a Wave of Disaster.



A Coincidence!

We note with some concern that Gov. Cummins—perhaps because of a bad throat, toothache, or other form of indisposition—has not found it convenient to accept any invitations to speak at agricultural gatherings in the past few months. Not long ago his name was mentioned among those invited to address the national convention of live stock growers at Kansas City. He did not appear at that convention. He has not talked to farmers for some time. One would think that so strenuous a tariff reformer as the governor is would with avidity improve opportunities to spread the "Iowa idea" of potential competition as a price cutter among agricultural communities. He has found it possible on numerous occasions to talk reciprocity, tariff revision and trust busting at gatherings of manufacturers, but his throat or something seems to go wrong whenever it comes to presenting his views before gatherings of people who make their living out of the soil. Farmers are such sound protectionists that it seems strange to find Gov. Cummins so reluctant to propagate the "Iowa idea" among them.

The Only Hope.

The only hope for a campaign issue for the Democrats lies in the question of tariff revision. Being a "free trade" party they will be obliged to greatly revise their tariff policies, for they will certainly not find free trade or tariff for revenue only a winning card with the business community or even the producers. They have tried that policy once before and its adoption brought universal ruin and bankruptcy.—Dayton (O.) Journal.

Dying Away.

The Western demand for tariff revision is dying away as time goes on and the present tariff continues to prove its merits.—Waterloo (Ill.) Republican.

HOW HE MISSED \$35,000,000.

Five Minutes Earlier and He Would Have Owned De Beers.

F. W. Salzman, the oldest South African colonist, missed by about five minutes the acquisition of a fortune of over \$35,000,000—the great De Beers diamond fields, now one of the richest mines in the world.

He was surveying Griqualand when the original owner of the famous farm, W. De Beers, held it. It was then about as barren and hopeless-looking a tract as any in Africa, and De Beers, with endless hard work from morning till night, and very little help, had all he could do to scrape a living out of the place.

There was hardly any water, and grass was scarce and poor; the total profits only amounted to a pound or two per month. When Mr. Salzman had completed his survey De Beers tired of profitless toil on his patch of sunburnt desert, offered to let him have the farm in exchange for a waistcoat.

Mr. Salzman refused at first, and then said he would think about it. He went to Cape Town later on, where he heard strange rumors of lucky finds in the district he had left.

The next time he trekked that way he went sixty miles out of his road to see De Beers and clinch the bargain offered. He found a stranger's wagon and oxen "outsprang" at the farm when he arrived.

Its owner had come only a few minutes before and had already made an offer for the farm, which was accepted.—Stray Stories.

THOUGHT THE CATSUP GOOD.

And Not Until Next Morning Did He Know What He Had Taken.

Mr. Robinson is inordinately fond of catsup. When he went into the pantry just before going to bed it was for the purpose of getting a sandwich for he was hungry.

"Where's the catsup?" he called to his wife, after he had found the pile of sandwiches.

"It's there on the shelf. Do you want a light?" his wife replied.

"No," said Robinson, as he groped in the dark until he found a bottle.

He pulled out the cork, poured a lot on the sandwich and then began eating.

"That's good catsup," he said to his wife as he was going to bed, "but it has a peculiar flavor."

In the morning, when Mrs. Robinson went to the pantry, she gasped. Then she ran out to where her husband was sitting ready for breakfast.

"Well, I never!" she exclaimed. "Gus Robinson, do you know what you did?"

"Did?" said Robinson. "What do you mean?"

"Why, you silly man," replied the wife, "you poured cough medicine on your sandwich, and thought it was catsup."

Too Many Classics.

I'm a barbarous person, I freely confess. Although the admission occasions distress. When I go to a gloomy and somnolent play. If I yawn friends are sure to look sternly and say: "It's a classic."

If I go to a concert and patiently hear. A succession of sounds which my sensitive ear. Resents I allude with respect to the same. For someone what's cultured is sure to exclaim: "It's a classic."

When a statue I see with impossible pose. And, to my way of thinking, deficient in clothes. To express my opinion I never should dare. For someone I know will look pained and declare: "It's a classic."

And so I'll go plodding my work-a-day way. If such is my fate, why, I shall not say nay. As a rule I shall take it with sentiments bland. Where'er I see something I can't understand— "It's a classic."

A Senator Off Guard.

The Senator sat in his library and gazed into the fire. After a while he drew a bunch of keys from his pocket and unfastened a drawer in his writing table; evidently it was not often used, for the lock was rusty.

He took out a small velvet case, and opening it gazed intently into the eyes which smiled up at him. The Senator's own eyes grew rather misty as he looked, and he passed his hand hastily across them. Something fell from the case, and he stooped to pick it up; it proved to be a ring of soft brown hair, and he drew it gently through his fingers before replacing it.

The Senator closed the case and returned the picture to the drawer. Then he resumed his chair before the fire.

"Poor little Molly," he said at last, as he unfolded his newspaper, "poor little girl."

Then he found the editorial page and turned up the light.—New York Press.

Odd Definitions.

"Amusing and ridiculous answers to examination questions are fairly common in graded public schools everywhere, I suppose," said a teacher at the Richmond (Va.) High and Normal school, a public institution for the higher education of the colored race, "but an example recently handed in by a girl at least 18 years of age surpasses anything of this kind I have heard yet."

"Being required to define the word 'tithe' and compose a sentence showing its use, her paper read: 'Tithe, something that binds, love, friendship. 'Blest be the tithe that binds.'"

"A scarcely less amusing answer was given by another pupil:

"'Upbraid, to braid up. She upbraided her hair. To lift up. They upbraided their hero who was dead with their bayonets.'"



"I have come with a message." In her hand, Arenta's tating was over her foot, and she had to remove it in order to rise and meet Hyde. Rem sat idly fingering a pack of playing cards and talking to Cornelia.

In a few moments, Arenta's pretty enthusiasms and welcomes dissipated all constraints, and Hyde placed his chair among the happy group and fell easily into his most charming mood. They sang, they played, they had a game at whist, and everything that happened was in some subtle, secret way, a vehicle for Hyde's love to express itself.

About half-past nine, a negro came with Cornelia's cloak and hood. George folded the warm circular round Cornelia's slight figure; and then watched her tie her pretty pink hood, managing amid the pleasant stir of leave-taking to whisper some words that sang all