

THE MAID of MAIDEN LANE

Sequel to "The Bow of Orange Ribbon."

A LOVE STORY BY AMELIA E. BARR

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CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

"Your own way you will take, until some great trouble you stumble."

"And then my own way I shall take, until out of it I stumble."

"I have told Rem what he must do. Like a man he must say, 'I did wrong and I am sorry for it,' and so well I think of those he has wronged, as to be sure they will answer, 'It is forgiven.'"

"And forgotten."

"That is different. To forgive freely is what we owe to our enemy; to forget not, is what we owe to ourselves."

"I think it is cruel, father, to ask Rem to speak truth to his own injury. Even the law is kinder than you, it asks no man to accuse himself."

"Right wrongs no man. The others move in this matter, you are quiet. If you talk, evil words will you say; and mind this, Arenta, the evil that comes out of your lips, into your own bosom will fall. All my life I have seen this."

But Arenta could not be quiet. She would sow thorns, though she had to walk unshod; and her father's advice moved her no more than a breath moves a mountain. In the same afternoon she saw Madame Jacobus going to Doctor Moran's, and the hour she remained there, was full of misery to her impetuous self-adoring heart. She was sure they were talking of Rem and herself; and as she had all their conversation to imagine, she came to conclusions in accord with her suspicions.

But she met her aunt at the door and brought her eagerly into the parlor. She had no visitors that day, and was bored and restless and longing for conversation. "I saw you go to the Doctor's an hour ago, aunt," she said. "I hope the Captain is well."

"Jacobus is quite well, thank God and Doctor Moran—and Cornelia. I have been looking at some of her wedding gowns. A girl so happy, and who deserves to be so happy, I never saw. What a darling she is!"

"It is now the fashion to rave about her. I suppose they found time enough to abuse poor Rem. And you could listen to them! I would not have done so! No! not if listening had meant salvation for the whole Moran family."

"You are a remarkably foolish young woman. They never named Rem. People so happy do not remember the bringer of sorrow. He has been shut out—in the darkness and cold. I am ashamed of Rem. I can never forgive him. He is a disgrace to the family. And that is why I came here to-day. I wish you to make Rem understand that he must not come near his Uncle Jacobus. When Jacobus is angry he will call heaven and earth and hell to help him speak his mind, and I have nearly cured him of a habit which is so distressing to me, and such a great wrong to his own soul. The very sight of Rem would break every barrier down, and let a flood of words loose, that would make him suffer afterward. I will not have Jacobus led into such temptation. I have not heard an oath from him in six months."

"I suppose you would never forgive Jacobus, if you did hear one?"

"That is another matter. I hope I have a heart to forgive whatever Jacobus does, or says—he is my husband."

"It is then less wicked to blaspheme Almighty God than to keep one of Lord Hyde's love letters. One fault may be forgiven, the other is unpardonable. Dear me! how religiously ignorant I am."

"You look extremely handsome when you are scornful, Arenta; but

could see Rem, and yet keep his big and little oaths under bonds, I should believe in his clean tongue."

"Arenta, you are tormenting yourself with anger and ill-will, and above all with jealousy. In this way you are going to miss a great deal of pleasure. I advise you not to quarrel with Cornelia. She will be a great resource. This afternoon something is vexing you. I shall take no offense. You will regret your bad temper to-morrow."

To-morrow Arenta did regret; but people do not always say they are sorry, when they feel so. She sat in the shadow of her window curtains and watched almost constant streams of visitors, and messengers, and tradespeople at Doctor Moran's house,

and she longed to have her hands among the lovely things and to give her opinion about the delightful events sure to make the next few weeks full of interest and pleasure. And after she had received a letter from Rem, she resolved to humble herself that she might be exalted.

"Rem is already fortunate, and I can't help him by fighting his battle. Forgetfulness is the word. For this wrong can have no victory, and to be forgotten is the only hope for it. Beside Cornelia had her full share in my happiness, and I will not let myself be deprived of my share in her happiness—not for a few words—no! certainly not."

This reflection a few times reiterated resulted in the following note:

"My Dear Cornelia—I want to say so much, that I cannot say anything but—forgive me. I am shaken to pieces by my dreadful sufferings and sometimes I do not know what I say, even to those I love. Blame my sad fortune for my bad words, and tell me you long to forgive me, as I long to be forgiven."

"Your ARENTA."

"That will be sufficient," she reflected, "and, after all, Cornelia is a sweet girl. I am her first and dearest friend, and I am determined to keep my place. Well, then, if I have to eat humble pie, I have had my say, and that takes the bitter taste out of my mouth—and a sensible woman must look to her future. I dare warrant Cornelia is now answering my letter. I dare warrant she will forgive me very sweetly."

She spent half an hour in such reflections, and then Cornelia entered with a smiling face. She would not permit Arenta to say another word of regret; she stifled all her self-reproaches in an embrace, and she took her back with her to her own home. And no further repentance embarrassed Arenta. She put her ready wit and her clever hands to a score of belated things, and snubbed and contradicted the Van Dien and Sherman girls into a respectful obedience to her earlier friendship, and wider experience. Everything that she directed or took charge of, went with an unmistakable vigor to completion, and even Madame Van Hoemskirk was delighted with her ability and grateful for her assistance.

"The poor Arenta!" she said to Mrs. Moran; "very helpful she is to us, and for her brother's fault she is not to blame. Wrong it would be, to visit it on her."

And Arenta not only felt this gracious justice for herself, she looked much further forward, for she said to her father, "It is really for Rem's sake I am so obliging. By and by people will say there is no truth in that letter story. The Marquise is the friend of Lady Hyde; they are like clasped hands, and that could not be so, if Rem Van Arenta had done such a dreadful thing. It is all nonsense. And if I hear a word about it, I shall know how to smile, and lift my shoulders and kill suspicion with contempt. Yes, for Rem's sake I have done the best thing."

So happily the time went on, that it appeared wonderful when Christmas was close at hand. Every preparation was then complete. It was a very joy to go into the Moran house. The mother, with a happy light upon her face, went to and fro with that habitual serenity, which kept the temperature of expectant pleasure at a degree not too exhausting for continuance, and Cornelia, knowing her lover was every day coming nearer and nearer,

was just as happy as a girl loving and well beloved ought to be.

Her beauty had increased wonderfully; hope had more than renewed her youth, and confident love had given to her face and form a splendor of color and expression, that captivated everybody; though why, or how, they never asked—she charmed, because she charmed.

One day the little bevy of feminine councillors looked at their work, and pronounced all beautiful, and all finished, and then there was a lull in the busy household, and then every one was conscious of being a little weary, and every one also felt that it would be well to let heart, and brain, and fingers and feet rest. In a few days there would likely be another English letter, and they could then form some idea as to when Lord Hyde would arrive. The last letter received from him had been written in London, and the ship in which he was to sail, was taking on her cargo, while he impatiently waited at his hotel for notice of her being ready to lift her anchor. The doctor thought it highly probable Hyde would follow this letter in a week or perhaps less.

During this restful interval Doctor and Mrs. Moran drove out one afternoon to Hyde Manor House. A message from Madame Van Hoemskirk asked this favor from them; she wished naturally that they should see how exquisitely beautiful and comfortable was the home which her Joris had trusted her to prepare for his bride. But she did not wish Cornelia to see it until the bridegroom himself took her across its threshold. "An old woman's fancy it is," she said to Mrs. Moran, "but no harm is there in it, and not much do I like women who bustle about their houses, and have no fancies at all."

"Nor I," answered Mrs. Moran with a merry little laugh. "Do you know, that I told John to buy my wedding ring too wide, because I often heard my mother say that a tight wedding ring was unlucky." Then both women smiled, and began delightedly to look over together the stores of fine linen and damask, which the mother of Joris had laid up for her son's use.

It was a charming visit and the sweet pause in the vivid life of the past few weeks was equally charming to Cornelia. She rested in her room till the short daylight ended; then she went to the parlor and drank a cup of tea, and closed the curtains and sat down by the hearth to wait for her father and mother.

So still was the house, so still was the little street, that she easily went to the land of reverie and lost herself there. She thought over again all her life with her lover; recalled his sweet spirit, his loyal affection, his handsome face and enchanting manner. "Heaven has made me so fortunate," she thought, "and now my fortune has arrived at my wishes. Even his delay is sweet. I desire to think of him, until all other thoughts are forgotten! Oh, what lover could be loved as I love him!"

Then with a soft but quick movement the door flew open, she lifted her eyes, to fill them with love's very image and vesture, and with a cry of joy flew to meet the bliss so long afar, but now so near. "O lovely and beloved! O my love!" Hyde cried, and then there was a twofold silence; the very ecstasy that no mortal words can utter. The sacred hour for which all their lives had longed, was at last dropped down to them from heaven. Between their kisses they spoke of things remembered and of things to be, leaning to each other in visible sweetness, while

"Love breathed in sighs and silences
Through two blest souls, one rapturous
undersong."

(The End.)

HE FOOLED ALL FRANCE.

Impostor Made Paris Believe He Was Ambassador From Persia.

Toward the end of the year 1714 a certain Mehemed Riazbecq, who called himself ambassador of the king of Persia, and the bearer of his commands, disembarked at Marseilles.

He was received at two leagues from Paris by the Baron de Breteuil, usher of ambassadors, and the Marshal de Matignon. On the 24th of January, 1715, he made his solemn entry into the capital, with great pomp.

He declined the royal carriage generally used on such occasions, and entered on horseback, preceded by the finest horses of the king's stables, superbly caparisoned and accompanied by trumpets and bands of music.

The ambassador, richly arrayed in the Persian costume, was attended by a numerous train of domestics, and preceded by a herald bearing the Persian standard. The presents which he offered to the king were very considerable.

After passing a short time in France, during which he concluded, in the name of his pretended master, a treaty of alliance with Louis XIV, he sailed from Sweden and Denmark and was never heard of later.

Riazbecq, according to the "Memoirs of the Reign of Louis XIV," was a Portuguese who had never seen the prince he represented, nor even visited a single province of Persia. The government paid the expenses of his excellency, which amounted to 1,000 livres a day!—Mirror.

Chinaman Good House Servant.

"A friend of mine has at last solved the servant girl problem," said a Philadelphia man. "He doesn't employ a girl at all. No, he doesn't have his wife do her own housework; he has a Chinaman, Charlie—that's his name—has been there now for a couple of months and my friend swears that never again will he employ a servant girl. Charlie cooks, washes, irons, waits on the table, does all the dusting and cleaning and even tends to the baby when occasion demands."

FREE RAW MATERIAL

AN INDEFINITE TERM NOT GENERALLY UNDERSTOOD.

In the Seven Billion's Worth of So-called Raw Materials Annually Produced Domestic Labor and Wages are Represented to the Extent of Six Billions.

Says the Clinton, Iowa, Daily Age: "The president thinks that cutting off the tariff on trust articles would not curb the trusts and might ruin lesser manufactures. To prevent ruination of that kind all that Congress would have to do would be in connection with 'cutting off the tariff on trust articles,' to also cut off the tariff on foreign raw material. With the great majority of manufacturing industries in this country free raw material would enable them to produce their wares at a reduction of at least 25 per cent, and leave a good profit for the mill and better wages for the laborer."

The editor of the Daily Age should first know what "raw material" is and what it means before he echoes the worn out fallacy that has been exploded times without number. First, we will tell him in the words of Henry C. Carey what "raw material," as he uses the term, is:

"All the products of the earth are in their finished commodity and raw material. Coal and ore are the finished commodity of the miner, but the raw material of pig iron. The latter is the finished commodity of the smelter, yet only the raw material of the puddler and of him who rolls the bar. The bar is again the raw material of sheet iron and that, in turn, becomes the raw material of the nail and spike."

It has been said only the trees in the wild forests, the ore and the coal of the unmined earth and the ungar-

nered demand for all commodities bring increased production and more business for the railroads, the merchants and personal service. If so-called free raw material did enable some of our manufacturers to produce their wares at a reduction of 25 per cent in cost, it would make 30,000,000 poor farmers and their families, and throw out of work millions of laborers now earning from \$2 to \$5 a day. Fully three persons are engaged in producing our so-called raw material to one engaged in producing the last finished product. Now shall we throw three men out of employment to benefit one, even were that one to be benefited? But the one would not be benefited, for his market would be gone. We advise our Iowa friends to look into this matter of free raw material thoroughly, instead of the superficial glance they throw at it with a conclusion based on an argument as fallacious as an empty wind bag. When it comes to competing in the foreign market it should be remembered that all materials that enter into products to be exported are 99 per cent free, a feature of our tariff law that free traders rarely consider when talking about "free raw materials" and "the markets of the world."—American Economist.

What Canada Wants.

To suppose that Canada is yearning for reciprocal relations with the United States in order that she may receive an increased quantity of manufactured exports from this country, is to cherish a delusion. Canada wants nothing of the sort. What she wants is to become industrially independent and self-reliant, to encourage and build up her own industries. The Hamilton Spectator negatives the assumption by the Buffalo Express that the Canadian government desires to negotiate a reciprocity agreement with the United States, and says:

"Canada is now importing many

GULLIVER AND THE LILIPUTIANS.



ered product of the sea are raw material. All else is more or less finished product, on which labor to a greater or less degree has been expended. But let us call all unfinished products which enter into the production of a finished product "raw material." In other words, let us call all fuel, all food, and the basis of textiles and finished iron and steel "raw material"—coal and wood, lumber and logs, iron and copper, ore, wool, and cotton, and raw silk, chemicals and so on through the list. All these our Iowa contemporary would have us put on the free list.

Well, to begin with, every one of them which we do not produce at home is on the free list now. In 1902 we imported "articles in a crude condition which enter into the various processes of domestic industry" to the value of \$328,506,597. Of this, \$259,669,666 worth, or nearly 80 per cent, came in free of duty. These articles admitted free of duty by the Dingley law number fully 500, and even more if we consider different kinds of material. It would take several newspaper columns to name and describe them. The per cent of all free imports in 1902 was fifty-three, or more than half of our entire importations.

Our importations of so-called "raw material" in 1902, 80 per cent of which came in free, amounted to \$328,000,000, while the average under the Wilson-Gorman law was less than \$200,000,000.

Moreover, it may be stated that the importations of manufacturers' material during the present fiscal year of 1903 will exceed \$500,000,000 in value.

Now let us consider the protected "raw material." The census gives the value of our manufacturers in 1900 as \$13,041,287,498, and the cost of materials used as \$7,348,144,755. Suppose we had imported the whole of that \$7,350,000,000 worth of material. What would such an annual importation mean? Simply a loss of wages and income amounting to fully \$6,000,000,000 a year. And when the farmer has no market for his wool, or the miner for his ore and coal, or the lumberman for his lumber or the millions of workmen for their product, how are they going to be able to buy the products of others? That condition of things was just what brought the disasters of 1894, '95, '96 and '97, till the Dingley law came to the rescue and brought the opportunity to do our own work.

That is all there is to this question of protection to the finished article or the so-called raw material. It enables us to do our own work, and with the resulting wages and incomes both in the factory and on the farm we enlarge the consumption; and the in-

crease demand for all commodities bring increased production and more business for the railroads, the merchants and personal service. If so-called free raw material did enable some of our manufacturers to produce their wares at a reduction of 25 per cent in cost, it would make 30,000,000 poor farmers and their families, and throw out of work millions of laborers now earning from \$2 to \$5 a day. Fully three persons are engaged in producing our so-called raw material to one engaged in producing the last finished product. Now shall we throw three men out of employment to benefit one, even were that one to be benefited? But the one would not be benefited, for his market would be gone. We advise our Iowa friends to look into this matter of free raw material thoroughly, instead of the superficial glance they throw at it with a conclusion based on an argument as fallacious as an empty wind bag. When it comes to competing in the foreign market it should be remembered that all materials that enter into products to be exported are 99 per cent free, a feature of our tariff law that free traders rarely consider when talking about "free raw materials" and "the markets of the world."—American Economist.

The preferential of 33 1-3 per cent in favor of imports of British origin may be removed before long, but it will not be removed because Canada wants to trade more extensively with the United States. It will be because Canada wants to do more of her own work and to decrease her imports in competing products.

Free Hides, Free Wool, Free Everything.

Free hides would be followed by free wool. Free wool would be followed by free manufactured goods made of wool. Thus the whole system of protection would fall.

The people of the United States have reached that point where they must either stand by protection or free-trade. There can be no middle ground.

Reciprocity on competitive goods is only another method of tariff ripping and tariff reduction, and it is advocated for that purpose by those who advocate it.

Reciprocity with Canada is advocated solely in the interest of the agricultural implement trust, which is perfectly willing to trade off the interests of the farmer in their own country to advance their own in Canada.

We are not surprised that Mr. Roberts, who bears the responsibility of editing the morning paper, should advocate free hides and reciprocity in competitive goods, inasmuch as Mr. Roberts' intimate friends know that he has practically become a free-trader.—Des Moines Capital.

Reaping the Benefits.

Canadian advocates of free-trade or a low tariff tell the farmers of the Northwest that protection is a policy intended solely for the benefit of the manufacturers in the Eastern provinces. The low tariff advocates of the United States used to tell the same story to the Western farmers. They said there were no manufacturing industries in the West and never could be. The protectionists, on the other hand, told the Western farmers that the ultimate effect of protection would be to cause the establishment of factories in the West as well as in the East. The farmers of the West gave their support to the party advocating high protection and they are now reaping the benefits of the policy.—Industrial Canada.

KNEW WHEREOF HE SPOKE.

Disputants Had Referred Their Case to Good Judge.

Three men were traveling in the smoking compartment of a Pullman car, when one, in referring to "The Pit," commended its realistic phases. A neighbor criticized the book on the point where Jadin is described as figuring out commissions, and said that any big operator would have carried the data in his head. The third gentleman was appealed to, and, agreeing with the second, thought that "The Pit" was wrong on that point.

"But," persisted the first, "did you ever carry wheat on margin?"

"Oh, yes," replied number three. "Large quantities?"

"Very large."

"How many bushels?"

"One hundred and fifty-seven-million."

Then number one and number two looked at number three and asked him his name.

"Joseph Leiter," he replied.—New York Times.

Had Had His Rest.

Yoakum of Frisco, as he is known in the railroad world, is one of the workers. They say he never tires. One day a friend called at the Broad street office to see him. It was about 4 p. m. He found the president leaning back in a big chair, reading a newspaper, and smoking. In surprise he asked what was up.

"You see, I've worked pretty hard for the past ten years," said Mr. Yoakum, "and I think I need a long rest."

The next day the same friend dropped in again. Mr. Yoakum shook hands in his hearty way, but said:

"Glad to see you, but I'm up to my eyes in work. I haven't much time."

"I thought you were going to take a long rest," exclaimed his friend.

"That's all right. I took it yesterday," said the president.—New York Times.

One Oculist's Advice.

"So you have been trying to doctor your own eyes," remarked the oculist as the patient removed the bandages, displaying an aggravated case of conjunctivitis. "In many cases you can cure yourself, but if you don't know what treatments to avoid you are liable to do yourself injury. Old housewife remedies are all right in their place, but I would advise you not to use tea leaves. They often give relief, but they bring on other complications. In fact, the 'tea-leaf eye' is well known to the profession. The lid is puffy, flabby and lifeless. If you wish to reduce the inflammation in your eyes use hot water with a cloth. That is enough. Yes, you may add salt if you wish, but it is not necessary in most cases. Salt is merely an antiseptic and has no other virtue for eye lotions."

Ended the Argument.

Among those who were on the reviewing stand at the unveiling of the Sherman statue was the young son of Lieut. Col. J. Wray Cleveland, with several of his boy friends. As Gen. Roe and his staff rode by, the boys began discussing the positions their fathers held in the parade.

"My father is a Lieutenant," said one.

"Pooh! My father is a Colonel," said another.

"Humph!" said young Cleveland. "My father beats both, for he's a Lieutenant Colonel."

From the silence that followed it was evident that he had scored.—New York Times.

Place for College Men.

President Loudon of Toronto university was a visitor to Wall street one day last week. He was shown the sights by one of his old friends, not a college man, but rather a disciple of Schwab.

"What good does it do a man to go through college, anyway?" he said flippantly. "The biggest men down here are not college men."

"No," said the white-haired sage, unconscious of both bull and irony, "if they were they would probably be working somewhere!"—New York Times.

How'll They Know It?

It is proposed in Boston to run a special car late in the evening for the convenience of intoxicated men. But even Boston drinkers may be puzzled to read the label on the "dipsomania special" when it comes along.

Public Baths.

New York, with 3,437,202 inhabitants, has only one public bath, but has three others under way. London, with a population of 4,536,063, has thirty-eight.

JEAN KATE LUDLUM'S most successful novel

That Girl OF Johnson's

begins in these columns next week. From first to last a story of great interest and power.



"Right wrongs no man."

It is not worth while wasting your charms on me. I am doing what I can to help Jacobus to keep his tongue clean, and I will not have Rem lead him into temptation. As for Rem, he is guilty of a great wrong, and he must now do what his father told him to do—work day and night, as men work, when a bridge is broken down. The ruin must be got out of the way, and the bridge rebuilt, then it will be possible to open some pleasant and profitable traffic with human beings again—not to speak of heaven."

"You are right—not to speak of heaven. I think heaven would be more charitable. Rem will not trouble Captain Jacobus. For my part I think a man that cannot bear temptation is very poorly reformed. If my uncle