

The Bow of Orange Ribbon

A ROMANCE OF NEW YORK

By AMELIA E. BARR

Author of "Friend Olivia," "I, Thou and the Other One," etc.
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CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"Of all earthly things!" said Mrs. Gordon, "A letter from that poor child, Katherine Van Heemskirk. She has more wit than I expected. So her father won't let her come to me. Why, then, upon my word, I will go to her."
Capt. Hyde was interested at once. "You will go to-morrow?" he asked; "and would it be beyond good breeding to accompany you?"

"Indeed, nephew, I think it would. Be patient; to-morrow morning I will call upon our fair neighbor."

The next morning was damp, for there had been heavy rain during the night; but Capt. Hyde would not let his aunt forget or forego her promise. A negro woman was polishing the brass ornaments of the door, and over its spotless threshold she passed without question or delay.

A few minutes she waited alone in the best parlor, charmed with its far-off air and Eastern accents, and then Madam Van Heemskirk welcomed her. In her heart she was pleased at the visit. She thought privately that her Joris had been a little too strict. And Mrs. Gordon's praise of Katherine and her declaration that "she was inconceivable without the dear creature's society," seemed to the fond mother the most proper and natural of feelings.

"Do but let me see her an hour, madam," she said. "You know my sincere admiration. Is not that her voice? I vow, she sings to perfection! And what a singular melody! Please to set wide the door, madam!"

"It is the brave song of the brave men of Zealand, when from the walls of Leyden they drove away the Spaniards; and madam stood in the open door, and called to her daughter, 'Well, then, Katherine, begin again the song of 'The Beggar's of the Sea.'"

At the second verse, Mrs. Gordon rose and said, "Indeed, madam, I find my good breeding no match against such singing. And the tune is wonderful; it has the ring of trumpets, and the roar of the waves in it. Pray let us go at once to your daughter's."

"At work are they; but, if you mind not that, you are welcome indeed." Then she led the way to the large living, or dining, room, where Katherine stood at the table cleaning the silver flasks and cups and plates that adorned the great oak sideboard.

Joanna, who was darning some fine linen, rose and made her respects with perfect composure. She had very little liking, either for Mrs. Gordon or her nephew; and many of their ways appeared to her utterly foolish and not devoid of sin. But Katherine trembled and blushed with pleasure and excitement, and Mrs. Gordon watched her with a certain kind of curious delight. Her hair was combed backward, plaited, and tied with a ribbon; her arms bare to the shoulders, her black bodice and crimson petticoat neatly shielded with a linen apron; and poised in one hand she held a beautiful silver flagon covered with raised figures, which with patient labor she had brought into shining relief.

Conversation was easily maintained. Madam Van Heemskirk knew the pedigree or the history of every tray or cup, and in reminiscence and story an hour passed away very pleasantly indeed. Then Mrs. Gordon, after bidding madam an effusive good-bye, turned suddenly and said, "Pray allow your daughter to show me the many ornaments in your parlor. The glimpse I had made me very impatient to see them more particularly."

The moment the parlor door had been shut, Mrs. Gordon lifted Katherine's face between her palms, and said:

"Faith, child, I am almost run off my head with all the fine things I have listened to for your sake. Do you know who sent me here?"

"I think, madam, Capt. Hyde."

"Psha! Why don't you blush, and stammer, and lie about it? Now, Capt. Hyde wishes to see you; when can you oblige him so much?"

"I know not. To come to Madam Semple's is forbidden me by my father."

"Oh, indeed! Has your father forbidden you to walk down your garden to the river bank?"

"No, madam."

"Then, if Capt. Hyde pass about 3 o'clock, he might see you there?"

"Three?"

The word was a question more than an assent, but Mrs. Gordon assumed the assent, and did not allow Katherine to contradict it. "And I promised to bring him a token from you—he was exceedingly anxious about that matter."

Katherine looked thoughtfully around. There was a small Chinese cabinet on the table. She went to it and took from a drawer a bow of orange ribbon. Holding it doubtfully in her hand, she said, "My St. Nicholas ribbon."

"There, there! I can really wait no longer. Some one is already in a fever of impatience. Good-by again, child; my service once more to your mother and father, and so, with many compliments, she passed chatting and laughing out of the house."

once made bitter the joy of expectation.

But she kept her own counsel, and doubted and debated the matter in her heart until the hands of the great clock were rising quickly to the hour of fate. Then she laid down her fine sewing and said, "Mother, I want to walk in the garden. When I come back, my task I will finish."

"That is well, Joanna, too, has let her work fall down to her lap. Go, both of you, and get the fine air from the river."

This was not what Katherine wished, but nothing but assent was possible, and the girls strolled slowly down the box-bordered walks together.

When they reached the river bank a boat rowed by two English soldiers, stopped just below them, and lay rocking on her oars. Then an officer in the stern rose and Katherine saw Capt. Hyde fling back from his left shoulder his cloak, in order to display the bow of orange ribbon on his breast.

Katherine went back to the house as merry as a bird. She chatted of this and of that and sang snatches of songs, old and new. And all the time her heart beat out its own glad refrain, "My bow of orange ribbon, my bow of orange ribbon!"

CHAPTER III. Joy in the House.

"Honored gentleman, when will you pay me my money?"

The speaker was an old man, dressed in a black coat buttoned to the ankles, and a cap of silk and fur, from beneath which fell a fringe of gray hair. The inquiry was addressed to Capt. Hyde. He paid no attention whatever to it, but, kaily humming a stave of "Maribrook," watched the crush of wagons and pedestrians, in order to find a suitable moment to cross the narrow street.

"Honored gentleman, when will you pay me my money?"

The second inquiry elicited still less attention.

"I do not wish to make you more expenses, captain," and Cohen, following the impulse of his anxiety, laid his hand upon his debtor's arm. Hyde turned in a rage, and flung off the touch with a passionate oath. Then the Jew left him and walked slowly towards his store and home.

He soon recovered the calmness which had been lost during his unsatisfactory interview with Capt. Hyde. "A wise man frets not himself, for the folly of a fool; and, having come to this decision, he entered his house with the invocation for its peace and prosperity on his lips."

Soon there was a little stir in the street—that peculiar sense of something more than usual, which can make itself felt in the busiest thoroughfare—and Cohen went to the door and looked out.

"The Great Christopher" had come to anchor—Capt. Batavius de Vries. There was quite a crowd on the wharf. Some were attracted by curiosity; others, by the hope of a good job on the cargo; others, again, not adverse to a little private bargaining for any curious or valuable goods the captain of the "Great Christopher" had for sale.

Joanna Van Heemskirk had had a message from her lover, Capt. de Vries, and she was watching for his arrival. There was no secrecy in her love affairs, and it was amid the joy and smiles of the whole household that she met her affianced husband. They were one of those loving, sensible couples, for whom it is natural to predict a placid and happy life, and the first words of Batavius seemed to assure it:

"My affairs have gone well, Joanna, as they generally do; and now I shall build the house, and we shall be married."

Joanna laughed. "I shall just say a word or two, also, about that, Batavius."

"Come, come, the word or two was said so long ago. Katrijntje, mijn meisje, what's the matter now, that you never come once?"

Katherine was standing at the open window, apparently watching the honey-bees among the locust blooms, but really perceiving something far beyond them—a boat on the river at the end of the garden. So the question of Batavius touched very lightly her physical consciousness. A far sweeter, a far more peremptory voice called her; but she answered:

"There is nothing the matter, Batavius. I am well, I am happy. And now I will go into the garden to make me a fine nosegay; and she walked slowly out of the door and stopped or stooped at every flowerbed, while Joanna watched her.

Out of sight of the window, Katherine ran rapidly to the end of the garden, and, parting the lilac bushes, stood flushed and panting on the river bank. Capt. Hyde's pretty craft shot into sight, and a few strokes put it at the landing stair. In a moment he was at her side. He took her in his arms, and in spite of the small hands covering her blushing face, he kissed her with passionate affection, vowing with every kiss that she was the most adorable of women, and protesting "on his honor as a soldier" that he would make her his wife, or die a bachelor for her sake.

And who can blame a young girl if she listens and believes, when listen-

ing and believing mean to her perfect happiness? Not women who have over stood, trembling with love and joy, close to the dear one's heart. If they be gray-haired, and on the very shoal of life, they must remember still those moments of delight—the little lane, the fire-lit room, the drifting boat, that is linked with them. If they be young and lovely, and have but to say, "It was yesterday," or, "It was last week," still better they will understand the temptation that was too great for Katherine to overcome.

And, as yet, nothing definite had been said to her about Neil Semple, and the arrangement made for her future, so that in effect, she was still free, since Neil had not spoken.

On the night of De Vries' return there was a great gathering at Van Heemskirk's house. Conspicuous in the happy, chattering company, Lysette Van Heemskirk bustled about, in the very whitest and stiffest of lace caps. Very soon after sundown, Elder Semple and madam his wife arrived; and the older, as usual, made a decided stir among the group which he joined.

"No, no, councillor," he said, in answer to the invitation of Joris to come outside. "No, no, I'll not risk my health, maybe my very life, out on the stoop after sunset."

"Well, then, neighbors, we'll go inside," said Joris. "Clean pipes, and a snowball (gin mixed stiff with sugar), or a glass of Hollands, will not, I think, be amiss."

The movement was made among some jokes and laughter, and they gathered near the hearthstone. Katherine came and stood behind her father's chair. She let her head fall down over his shoulder, and he raised his own to clasp it. "What is it, mijn, Katrijntje kleintje?"

"It is to dance. Mother says 'yes,' if thou art willing."

"Then I say 'yes,' also. For a moment she laid her cheek against him, and the happy tears came into his eyes, and he stroked her face and half-reluctantly let Batavius lead her away.

At that day there were but few families of any wealth who did not own one black man who could play well upon the violin. Joris possessed two, and they were both on hand, putting their own gay aprons into the fiddle and the bow. And oh, how happy were the beating feet and the beating hearts that went to the stirring strains! It was joy and love and youth in melodious motion. The old looked on with gleaming, sympathetic eyes; the young forgot that they were mortal.

Miss Katern Van Heemskirk and Mr. Neil Semple will now have the honor of being de company wid de French minuté."

At this announcement, made by the first negro violin, there was a sudden silence; and Neil rose, and with a low bow offered the tips of his fingers to the beautiful girl, who rose blushing to take them.

Neil's dark, stately beauty was well set off by his black velvet suit and powdered hair and gold buckles. And no lovelier contrast could have faced him than Katherine Van Heemskirk; so delicately fresh, so radiantly fair, she looked in her light blue robe and white-lace stomacher, with a pink rose at her breast.

Neil had a natural majesty in his carriage; Katherine supplemented it with a natural grace. As she was in the very act of making Neil a profound courtesy, the door opened and Mrs. Gordon and Capt. Hyde entered. The latter took in the exquisite picture in a moment, and there was a fire of jealousy in his heart when he saw Neil lead his partner to her seat, and with the deepest respect kiss her pretty fingers ere he resigned them.

But he was compelled to control himself, as he was ceremoniously introduced to Councillor and Madam Van Heemskirk by his aunt, who with a charming effusiveness declared "she was very uneasy to intrude so far, but, in faith, councillor," she pleaded, "I am but a woman, and I find the news of a wedding beyond my nature to resist."

(To be continued.)

DEPEW TELLS SOMETHING NEW.

Latest Story Put Forth by the New York Senator.

Senator Chauncey M. Depew says that this is his latest, and he guarantees it to be new. He told it to a group of friends at the Chamber of Commerce banquet Tuesday night.

"I was walking down Wall street today," he said, "hastening to keep an important business engagement, when I was stopped by a man who said:

"Pardon me, senator, but I see you have been taking an active part in this state election, and I am anxious to learn what you think of the result."

"I am naturally much pleased by the election of Gov. Odell," I replied.

"But there was a big slump in the Republican vote in the city and Odell's plurality was very small. I was afraid that this might have a serious significance for the future of our great party."

"I replied that I did not think so, and, remembering my appointment, sought to get rid of my questioner, but he persisted:

"You greatly relieve my mind," he said. "So you are sure you are pleased with the result of the election!"

"Quite so," I responded.

GET A LOCATION

Nebraska Epworthians Will Secure Permanent Home.

DEAL IS ABOUT COMPLETED

Tract of Forty Acres, South of Lincoln Park, Will Probably be Purchased and Fitted up to Entertain the Annual Assembly.

Negotiation have been practically completed for the purchase by the officers of the Nebraska conference Epworth league of an irregular tract comprising some forty acres just south of Lincoln park for permanent use as an assembly ground. Some of the preliminary papers looking to the transfer have been signed and there is no longer much doubt that the deal will eventually be consummated. It will depend probably upon the zeal with which the project is supported by those who may wish to see the annual gatherings of the league comfortably and permanently housed on property of its own which will afford it the opportunities so essential to expansion.

It is intimated that financial considerations are the only ones now to be considered in the furtherance of the transactions. The league is said to have some \$4,000 of the profits of its assemblies of the past few years to apply upon the purchase. The total price of the land is said to be something like \$8,000, and that the league will require a considerable sum for permanent improvements in case the land is acquired.

The property which it is proposed to buy lies just south of that portion of Lincoln park which has been occupied by the race course. It is a natural park, made picturesque by the meanderings of Salt creek. The only straight line in the proposed boundaries is that along the north line. The intending purchasers have gone into the large tract just south of the park and have picked out just what portions they think will make them the handsomest and most available property. South of Salt creek they will have enough land to make a splendid driveway and they will control the creek on both of its banks.

The land is now practically all timber land with no underbrush and plenty of blue grass. It is considerably higher than Lincoln park and not so susceptible to overflow. The work of parking it will be very much less expensive than that of preparing the present Lincoln park, and it is claimed that it will be much more beautiful than it is possible to make the park.

Shipping Gold to Africa.

The sum of \$500,000 in gold was shipped to South America December 3. Several banks were interested in this shipment, which is said to be for account of the Argentine wheat movement. Argentina recently drew on London for gold, but this later purchase is made here because of the lower rate. A telegraphic transfer of \$300,000 in gold to San Francisco was made by the sub-treasury today.

Coast Limited Wrecked.

The Pacific Coast Limited, westbound on the Rio Grande western railroad, ran into a huge rock slide two miles east of Westwater, Utah, Tuesday morning, one man being killed and two injured. The engine was demolished and all the cars except the rear Pullman derailed. None of the passengers were seriously hurt.

Macedonian Atrocities.

A Vienna, Dec. 2, dispatch says: The Evening Post, a Bulgarian paper, prints a story of further and horrible atrocities inflicted on Macedonian Christians by Turks who, among other things, placed red hot iron caps on the heads of the Christians, poured boiling petroleum over their feet and, in some cases, binding sixty or seventy prisoners together and leaving them to starve to death.

England's Food Supply.

The following are stocks of breadstuffs and provisions in Liverpool, England:

Flour, 71,000 sacks; wheat, 1,623,000 central; corn, 578,000 central; bacon, 7,700 boxes; hams, 3,800 boxes; shoulders, 1,500 boxes; butter, 12,300 hundred-weight; cheese, 70,600 boxes; lard, 500 tierces prime western steam, and eighty tons of other kinds.

Refuses to Arbitrate.

The Dominican government today informed United States Minister Powell that it could not agree to submit the points of disagreement with the improvement company to international arbitration. The question involves the payment of \$4,500,000 by the government to the improvement company, an American concern.

Shoots Sweetheart.

At Whitehall, Ind., Thomas Livingston last night shot and fatally wounded Fannie L. Freeman, his sweetheart, and then shot himself. Both are still alive, but their condition is critical.

Cholera Decreasing.

Surgeon General Oreilly has received a report from Colonel Adair, chief surgeon in the Philippines, to the effect that there has been an increase of cases of malaria and dysentery among the troops in the Philippines and a decided decrease in the number of cases of cholera.

Can Lease the Lands.

The federal supreme court, in an opinion by Justice White, sustained the power of the secretary of the interior under direction of congress to lease mineral lands held by Indians.

AND GERMANY MAY STRIKE

Wants the Money Venezuela Owe Citizens of the Fatherland.

A Berlin, Dec. 2, dispatch says: The published statement that Germany's claims against Venezuela amounted to fifteen million dollars is incorrect. While the German government is not yet ready to publish the details of its demands persons who have seen the papers say the total is about two million dollars. President Castro represents to Germany that Venezuela has little credit abroad, that the country is just emerging from a civil war during which planting and industry were partially ruined and that therefore no matter how much Venezuela may desire to satisfy immediate claims against her it is obviously impossible.

An agreement on the subject must provide for deferred payments. The seizure of the customs house, thereby depriving the government of an important means to administer the country would add to the internal distress and disorder.

While President Castro's proposals are not disclosed there is reason to believe that they include the emission of bonds at a moderate higher rate of interest, with some sort of a guarantee that if the interest of the instalments of the principal are defaulted certain Venezuelan custom houses may be taken over by Germany.

LUMBER STOLEN FOR TIES

Legislation Over the Source of Supplies for D. & R. G. Railway.

United States District Attorney Earl M. Cranston has filed a suit in the federal court at Denver, Colo., against the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad company and the contractors furnishing it with ties for its road, to compel an accounting for timber alleged to have been illegally cut from government land in the southern part of this state. A restraining order was at once issued by Judge Hallett to prevent the felling of any more timber in the regions mentioned in the complaint. Frank J. Park, the timber agent, who has made the affidavits upon which the suit is based, estimates that between 40 million and 50 million feet of lumber have been illegally taken from the timber reserves.

THE LAW IS UPHELD

Quarantine Act of Colorado Declared to be Constitutional.

The United States supreme court has sustained the constitutionality of the stock quarantine law of Colorado. The decision was announced by Justice Harlan, and was based on the case of Reed vs. the People of Colorado. The law prohibits shipping or cattle and other live stock into the state from points south of the thirty-sixth parallel of latitude between April and November unless they bear bills of health.

The law was attacked as unconstitutional and also as antagonistic to the interstate commerce law, but the court held the law to be in accord with the right of the state to protect its own citizens.

Unlawful Combination.

The Kansas City court of appeals has decided that the combination of brewers that exists in Kansas City is a trust, and as such it is expressly forbidden by the statutes of Missouri and is unlawful, and that any man who owes one of the brewers in the combination need not pay his bill, and the brewer can not collect the debts even by going into the courts.

This decision was made in the suit of the Ferd Heim Brewing company against a saloon keeper who owed the brewing company.

Mullah Seeks Master

News from Somaliland is becoming serious, according to the London correspondent of the Tribune. Not only have the Somalies proved themselves cowards and maligners, but the British outpost at Bobote is in a bad way, owing to the deaths from malaria. The mullah is adopting a threatening attitude and though his efforts are not expected to achieve much, still it is quite conceivable that the garrison may be so reduced as to succumb to an attack.

Allowed to Resign.

Upon the recommendation of Collector Stranahan the secretary of the treasury has allowed William H. Theobald, a special employe in the customs service, to resign. Mr. Theobald, who was dismissed from the service, requested to be allowed to resign, and his request has been granted.

Awarded \$100,000 Damages.

In Justice Drugo's court in New York City Tuesday morning Mrs. Jennie Leys was awarded \$100,000 damages against the New York Central for the death of her husband in the tunnel accident last winter. Leys was manager of Altman's big store and had an income of \$30,000 annually. It is the largest verdict recorded in the tunnel suits.

Titled Britisher Seeks Divorce.

The hearing in the sensational suit of Sir Charles Craddock Hartopp for a divorce from his wife was resumed at London Tuesday with Lady Hartopp in the witness chair. She said she had taken a cottage in the country (where Sir Charles accused her of improper conduct with Earl Cowley) with the object of inducing her husband to lead a quiet life. She denied that her object in asking her husband to agree to a divorce was to enable her to marry the earl.

Cuban Children May Go.

Commissioner of Immigration Sargent, who recently returned from California, after an investigation of the community presided over by Mrs. Tingley, of theosophical fame, will recommend in his report that the Cuban children now detained in New York be turned over to the priestess of that cult to be raised in her faith. Sargent claims that nothing could be found, morally or otherwise, in criticism of Mrs. Tingley's San Diego home. The treasury can not go into the religious merits of the case, under the law.

CURE FOR CIGARETTE HABIT.

How a New England Mother Overcame it in Her Son.

The other day a wise New England mother suddenly came upon her son and he, a youth of tender years, and discovered he was indulging in a cigarette.

"My boy," she said, "if you must smoke, why not be manly and smoke a cigar? Come with me." And she led him into the house and bestowed upon him a large, black fumer, and brought him a light, and sat down by him while he enjoyed the fragrant weed.

She was with him, too, when his lower lip began to tremble and his eyes to grow yellow, and a wave of dusky whiteness overspread his face.

"Nice cigar, isn't it?" she said in her pleasant way. "So soothing and restful and enjoyable. Don't you find it so?"

The boy couldn't steady his voice sufficiently to reply, but he forced himself to take another puff, and when his hand with the cigar in it dropped he gave the smoldering thing a glance that expressed nothing but the deepest loathing.

"I always like the looks of these nice, large cigars," said his mother. "They seem so—"

"Pleasee d-don't, mother," gasped the boy. "I think I'm g-g-g-going to die."

And twenty minutes later he proffered in a broken voice that he would never again attempt to smoke until she told him he was old enough to begin.—Exchange.

LETTER WAS ALL RIGHT.

How Clever Girl Answered Missive of Her Bashful Lover.

A bashful man courted a girl for three years without daring to propose. Finally, while he was visiting the country he decided to propose by letter. He sent the missive, and for the next two hours was one of the happiest men on earth. Then he began to believe he had been precipitate, and was assailed with doubt.

That night he did not sleep. He thought all sorts of things, and vainly wished he could intercept the letter before it reached her. But that was manifestly impossible. It was not until the next morning that he received an inspiration as he was passing a telegraph office. Rushing in he seized a form and nervously penned the following:

"Posted you wrong letter yesterday. Please do not open, and deliver to me on my return."

After that he breathed more freely. That evening a telegram was awaiting him at the hotel. It read:

"No; you posted right letter. It was about time."

Man's Right to Sleep.

A case which was heard in an English court the other day illustrates the difficulties imposed by a civilization which compels us to live in close proximity one to another. The defendant could not sleep at night, and therefore he kept a gramophone and an "angelus" going in the small hours to amuse him. The plaintiff, who was a neighbor within sound of these amusing instruments, and therefore could not sleep, it was a dreadful dilemma and it incidentally raises the question of the right of one man to amuse himself at the expense of his fellows. Mr. Justice Jelf took the right course, we think, by issuing an injunction against the defendant whereby he is forbidden to enjoy his gramophone between the hours of ten at night and eight in the morning. The necessary noises of civilization are disturbing enough. But it would be obviously unfair if every man afflicted with insomnia should insist upon keeping the rest of the world awake for his amusement.

Nuggets from Manila.

A native named Rios, in Tayabas province, styles himself the descendant of God. He will be a God-forsaken hombre if the constabulary get hold of him.

Rios, the self-styled descendant of God, should be given an opportunity to visit the home of his ancestor. Tayabas is not a fitting place for a man of his illustrious descent.

There was a young man from Shanghai, who remarked, "I cannot see what, with blooming club dues and the high price of buses, those blokes in Manila don't do."

The Cavite Chino who poured molten brass into a retort which was partially filled with water or nonalloying material did not live to learn better, but his fate should be a warning to others who do not know that all material substances do not harmonize with each other.—Manila (P. I.) Freedom.

Drugging Flowers.

Ever since the days of that floral abomination, the green carnation, we have known that flowers are susceptible to influence of drugs and can be made to change their colors by proper, or, rather, improper, treatment. This branch of floriculture has been pursued further by inquiring people, and it seems that plants are as liable to the effects of poisons as are human beings, writes the London Tatler.

If you give a flower too much chloroform, it will not agree with it. In the words of the operator, "it droops and dies." It is difficult to see what is the advantage of this particular study. Every one knows that flowers can be killed far too easily. If some scientific person would find a way of causing them to bloom all the year round in our climate, that would be something of a discovery—less scientific, perhaps, but much more acceptable.