

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 scents, 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 inconsolable 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 Beggars 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 flask 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-by, 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 sister," and so, with many compliments, she passed chatting and laughing out of the house.

Katherine closed the best parlor, and lingered a moment in the act. She felt that she had permitted Mrs. Gordon to make an appointment for her lover, and a guilty sense of disobedience 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, gayly humming a stave of "Marlbrook," 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 moneys?"

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 averse to a little private bargaining for any curious or valuable goods the captain of the "Great Christopher" had for sale.

Joanna Van Heemskirk 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 ever 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, Lysbet 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 elder, 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 vera 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 then, 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 spirits 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 Katrine Van Heemskirk and Mr. Neil Semple will now have the honor of 'binging de company wid de French minuet.'"

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.

"Then you will be glad, I know, to lend me fifty cents."

"I said that there had been a slump in the stock market that day and I could only let him have a quarter."—New York Times.

In the endless race for wealth men are too prone to forget the ordinary claims of humanity.

It is always better to concede something than to insist on a demand that is both just and merciful.

HUMBUG AND MENACE

WHY THE TARIFF COMMISSION IS NOT DESIRABLE.

It Would Involve an Extended Period of Tariff Agitation and Uncertainty, Thus Causing Uneasiness and Alarm in all Lines of Commercial Activity.

There has recently been some approval in high quarters of a proposal to appoint a "bi-partisan" tariff commission to wrestle with the tariff problem for an indefinite period and wind up with making "recommendations" to Congress. The New York Commercial, which has been a consistent supporter of the protective policy, has taken the matter up in a sensational way, sending out broadsides and blank petitions all over the country, with the evident intent, if a commission should be appointed, of claiming that the "Commercial did it," after the established custom of the sensational press.

A "bi-partisan tariff commission" would be an utter humbug, and its performances would be a roaring farce. It would be absolutely known in advance that the three or five members who would constitute the protectionist majority would "recommend" the maintenance of the present protective system, and that the two or four free traders of the minority would object to every recommendation made by the majority and "recommend" exactly the opposite.

It would also be known that the two reports would be printed in many thick volumes of "testimony," argument and speculation containing little or nothing new and comprising an enormous mass which nobody would ever read or even look at except for the purpose of digging out short extracts calculated to support a policy which the carcer was predetermined to favor. Finally it would be known in advance that Congress would pay no more attention to the "recommendations" of the commission than it pays to the winds which whistle about the dome of the capitol.

If the commission were only a farce the nation could, perhaps, afford to pay the cost for the sake of quieting the yells of the disgruntled and restless, just as a nurse diverts a squalling baby with a rattle. But it would not be merely a farce; it would be disastrous. From the moment it was resolved to appoint such a commission every business interest in the country would take alarm, for it would be known that we had entered upon a long period of tariff agitation, whose outcome as to any particular interest could not be even guessed at. There would be intrigues to learn in advance and modify the "recommendations" of the commission, and when that was through the whole fight would be transferred to Congress. We had one such commission a few years ago, and the country never wants another. The place to discuss matters is in the open forum of the House of Representatives and Senate, as contemplated by the constitution.

There is no objection to securing official information as to the workings of the present tariff or the probable workings of any proposed modification. On the contrary, it is highly desirable. But the government is already provided with machinery necessary for that purpose in all respects better than any partisan, non-partisan or bi-partisan commission. It is only necessary for congress to direct that the actuary of the treasury department should report in words and figures precisely what would happen in respect to revenue and to imports and exports of commodities in case certain named changes in the tariff were made. These official estimates could be made upon request of any organized party in Congress, any national political convention or any other influential body making definite inquiries in good faith. That is all we want to know. We need no "recommendations" from anybody. A few pages of figures would tell the whole story. It would be businesslike and sensible. A bi-partisan commission would be a humbug and a menace to prosperity.—San Francisco Chronicle.

ONE THING AT A TIME.

Let the Tariff Alone and Attend to the Trusts.

The decision reached by the President and the leading Republican senators with whom he has conferred, not to attempt tariff revision at the next session of congress is the only one expedient at this time.

The industrial situation in this country is not an abstract mathematical problem to be solved upon general principles. In the great field of American prosperity the wheat and the tares are so intermingled that to adopt any sweeping method for removing the tares is to run a great risk of destroying the wheat as well.

The question is: Which do the people desire the more—that the overweening abuses of the trusts be curbed or that the incidental hardships of the tariff be removed?

To that question sober and practical men have but one answer. Protection benefits millions who neither gain nor lose by the trusts. Therefore let the tariff alone and attend to the trusts.

The first step toward curbing trust evils is plainly indicated by the facts and practically agreed upon by all concerned. It is that these great corporations shall give a wholesome publicity to their doings. That step can injure no legitimate enterprise, and will be opposed by no man whose intentions are really honest.

When that step is taken—when the

results of publicity are seen—then other steps may be necessary. One of these steps may have to be a revision of the tariff. But to insist upon taking that possible step now is both unnecessary and reckless.

For we cannot, without endangering prosperity, curb the trusts and revise the tariff at the same time. Our industrial situation is too complex thus to be dealt with on all sides at once. To take up both these questions would call in question the whole foundation upon which our industrial system is built.

All lines of industry would halt until the uncertainty as to their future should be ended. The mill would work upon positive orders only. The merchant would buy only what he felt sure he could sell at once. Consumers would purchase for immediate needs only. Producers would have to wait until the terms upon which they should hereafter produce were determined. And such conditions are what we call "hard times."

When confronted with such a situation, in which the welfare of all the people is bound up, it evidently behooves the nation and its chosen leaders to move cautiously. Complete success in the whole task can be achieved only by doing one thing at a time.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

He Likes to See the Chips Fly.

SOUND LOGIC

PROTECTION

CONFIDENCE

COMMERCIAL STABILITY

The Consequences.

SOUND LOGIC

CONFIDENCE

TARIFF-TINKER

They Hate Tariff, Not Trusts.

The men who are the most vigorous in their demand for tariff reductions because of the trusts have always been opposed to the principle of protection. They are making the trusts an excuse to attack the tariff with the secret but ultimate aim of entirely breaking down the tariff wall and subjecting the country and its industries to the ruinous principles and policy of free trade. If there were no trusts their attacks upon the tariff would be just as vigorous as they are today.

These free traders at heart make no distinction between trusts. They do not admit that some of them, like the railroad merger, for instance, or the smelter trust, have no connection whatever with the tariff. Of course, they never acknowledge that trusts exist in free trade countries as well as in the United States, and that hence the establishment of free trade would not prevent great combinations of capital.

It will not take the intelligent American public long to see what the situation really is. Rejoicing in the prosperity they have, the people will not be deluded by an attack on the trusts into opening the gates to the free traders. When it comes to a matter of making changes in the tariff they will intrust the work not to the enemies but to the friends of the policy of protection to American labor and industries who have demonstrated their capacity for the work by the most extraordinary development and expansion in these United States that the world has seen in its whole history.—Denver Republican.

Superior to Facts.

That facts are directly contrary to theories does not affect the Democratic free-traders. The showing that when a Democratic tariff was in effect our foreign trade declined as rapidly as did our domestic trade, and that under the present protective tariff the export trade of the country has expanded to undreamed of figures, counts for nothing. Parrot-like they repeat the stale cry, "Reduce the tariff duties and trade will expand." Is not an experiment in that direction a sufficient lesson for a few years?—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Money Coming to Us.

Under the last Democratic administration we sent our money abroad to pay for goods produced by the pauper labor of Europe. Under the succeeding Republican administrations we have been shipping our home made goods abroad, and foreign money has been coming to us.—Davenport (Ia.) Republican.

RAILROAD IN ARCTIC

SWEDISH COMPANY OWNS MOST NORTHERN LINE.

Runs From the Port of Lulea, in Northern Sweden, to a Point Fifty-two Miles Inside of the Arctic Circle—Carries Iron Ore to the Gulf

Americans can no longer claim the distinction of being the pioneers of railway enterprises that penetrate the trackless wastes of the world. A Swedish company has surpassed the railway builders of all the rest of the world by constructing a line that reaches farther north than the whistle of the locomotive has ever been heard before. Some writers who speak of the White Pass and Yukon road, which runs from Skagway, Alaska, to White Horse, generally refer to it as the most northern railroad in the world. The Wild Goose road, which maintains a precarious existence throughout its entire five miles, inland from Cape Nome, being quite devoid of ballast or grading, frozen solid during the long winter months and thawed to death in the summer, is also referred to as the northernmost bit of track in existence. But there is a regular railroad in regular operation, quite well ordered in construction and equipment, which lands passengers, freight and mail many miles nearer the north pole than do either the White Pass and Yukon or the Wild Goose lines, both of which terminate well south of the arctic circle.

At the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, in northern Sweden, is the port of Lulea, a town of almost 5,000 inhabitants, distinguished as the southern terminus of a railroad which runs to a point fifty-two miles inside of the arctic circle. Nome is almost 200 miles south of this; White Horse over 450 miles. This Swedish railroad is a well-kept, well-built line of the standard Swedish gauge, which is the same as our own, and it carries iron ore to the gulf from the mines at Malmberget in Swedish Lapland.

From Lulea to Malmberget the distance by rail is about 160 miles, the line running slightly west of north through a country very sparsely inhabited, with almost continuous woods of light green, stunted evergreen trees with their limbs slanting down instead of upward because of the long burden of snow they bear. Malmberget is far enough north so that it has the midnight sun in June, and even in August the sun just barely dips under the hills at 11 p. m., and then the crimson sunset travels through a short eclipse and becomes sunrise in the east at 2 in the morning, without losing a trace of its beauty in between.

The Worst Yet.

"Is this the best worst you can send me?" asked the lady who walked into the meat store with a package of that edible in her hand.

"Madam," answered the meat man, "it is the best worst we have."

"Well, it is the worst worst I ever saw."

"I am sorry to hear that. The best I can do is to try and send you some better worst from to-day's lot, but, as I have said, that was the best worst we have at present. I am sure, however, that the worst we are now making will not be any worse than this, and it ought to be better. I assure you that as soon as I get the worst you shall have the best of it. We never gave any one the worst of it so long as we have been in the worst business, and you may be sure that when we give you your worst it will be the best, for our worst worst is better worst than the best worst of our competitors."

But the lady, whose eyes had taken on a stare of glassiness, was seen to throw up her hands and flee from the place, for she was afraid the worst was yet to come.

In the Same Pair of Boots.

Mr. George Oldfield, a noted Fen thatcher of Whittlesey, Cambs., was born before the railway era, and still scorns the use of trains, says the London Daily News. He walked this week for the sixty-first time to Peterborough autumn fair, a distance there and back of fourteen miles. For the last forty-eight years he has walked to the fair in the same pair of boots, for which he has refused a handsome sum from London shopkeepers since his record was published in the press last year. He is most anxious to complete his fifty years' walk in them, but it is doubtful if they will stand another two journeys. They were recently sent for repair, but the bootmaker could do nothing with them, as the leather was too old to hold the stitches. The old man has now walked nearly 700 miles in them.

Lawyer's Unique Plea.

Herman Merivale tells this story of his father, former permanent secretary for the colonies in the British government: "It was unlucky for my father that he chose common law instead of chancery, as his was eminent in the chancery mind. He never could come down to a jury at all and always saw the two sides of everything. At the Exeter sessions he held a brief in a case of which he felt the rights strongly, but could not make the bench agree with him. In the next case he appeared, too, and simply remarked: 'In the last case I held a brief for the plaintiffs in which I was absolutely in the right and you decided against me. Now I will appear for the defendants. The facts are exactly similar and I am entirely in the wrong. So I must ask you to decide for me.' And the bench had to do it."