

# The Bow of Orange Ribbon

## A ROMANCE OF NEW YORK

By AMELIA E. BARR

Author of "Friend Olive," "I, Thou and the Other One," Etc.

Copyright, 1894, by Dodd, Mead and Company.

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### For Freedom's Sake.

It was this thundery atmosphere of coming conflict, or hopes and doubts, of sundering ties and fearful looking forward, that Richard and Katherine Hyde came, from the idyllic peace and beauty of their Norfolk house.

It was an exquisite April morning when they sailed up New York bay once more. Joris took his daughter in his arms, murmuring "Mijn Katrijntje, mijn Katrijntje! Ach, mijn kind, mijn kind!"

He gave Hyde both hands; he called him "mijn zoon;" he stooped, and put the little lad's arms around his neck.

Lysbet had always admired Hyde, and she was very proud and happy to have him in her home and to have him call her "mother." The little Joris took possession of her heart in a moment.

In a few hours things had fallen naturally and easily into place. Joris and Bram and Hyde sat talking of the formation of a regiment. Little Joris leaned on his grandfather's shoulder, listening. Lysbet and Katherine were unpacking trunks full of fineries and pretty things.

About four o'clock, as Katherine and Hyde were dressing, Joanna and Batavius and all their family arrived. Hyde met his brother-in-law with a gentlemanly cordiality, and Batavius was soon smoking amicably with him, as they discussed the proposed military organization. Very soon Hyde asked Batavius, "If he were willing to join it?"

"When such a family a man has," he answered, waving his hand complacently toward the six children, "he must have some prudence and consideration. It is a fixed principle with me not to meddle with the business of other people."

"If you go not yourself to the fight, Batavius," said Joris, "plenty of young men are there, longing to go, who have no arms and no clothes; send in your place one of them."

"It is my fixed principle not to meddle in the affairs of other people, and my principles are sacred to me."

"Have you read the speeches of Adams and Hancock and Quincy? Have you heard what Col. Washington said in the Assembly?"

"Oh, these men are discontented! Something which they have not got, they want. They are troublesome and conceited. They expect the century will be called after them. Now, I, who punctually fulfil my obligations as a father and a citizen, I am contented. I never make complaints, I never want more liberty. You may read in the Holy Scriptures that no good comes of rebellion."

Bram rose, and with a long-drawn whistle, left the room. Joris said sternly: "Enough you have spoken, Batavius. None are so blind as those who will not see."

"Well, then, father, I can see what is in the way of mine own business; and it is a fixed principle with me not to meddle with the business of other people."

And he marshaled the six children and their two nurses in front of him, and trotted off with Joanna upon his arm, fully persuaded that he had done himself great credit, and acted with uncommon wisdom.

The next morning was the Sabbath, and it broke in a perfect splendor of sunshine. They all walked to church together, and Hyde thought how beautiful the pleasant city was that Sabbath morning.

Katherine and Hyde and Bram were together; Joris and Lysbet were slowly following them. Suddenly the peaceful atmosphere was troubled by the startling clamor of a trumpet. A second blast was accompanied by the rapid beat of a horse's hoofs, and the rider came down Broadway like one on a message of life and death, and made no pause until he had very nearly reached Maiden Lane.

At that point a tall, muscular man seized the horse by the bridle and asked, "What news?"

"Great news! Great news! There has been a battle, a massacre at Lexington, a running fight from Concord to Boston! Stay me not!" But, as he shook the bridle free, he threw a handbill, containing the official account of the affair at Lexington, to the inquirer.

Who then thought of church, though the church bells were ringing? The crowd gathered round the man with the handbill, and in ominous silence listened to the tidings of the massacre at Lexington, the destruction of stores at Concord, the quick gathering of the militia from the hills and dales around Reading and Roxbury, the retreat of the British under their harassing fire, until, worn out and disorganized, they had found a refuge in Boston.

Joris was white and stern in his emotion; Bram stood by the reader, with a face as bright as a bridegroom's. Hyde turned to the reader, who stood with bent brows, and the paper in his hand. "Well, sir, what is to be done?" he asked.

"There are five hundred stand of arms in the City Hall; there are men enough here to take them. Let us go."

A loud cry of assent answered him. The news spread, no one knew how; but men poured out from the churches and the houses on their route, and their force was soon nearly a thou-

sand strong. Joris could hardly endure the suspense. About 2 o'clock, as he was walking restlessly about the house, Bram and Hyde returned together.

"Well?" he asked.

"Oh, indeed, all fortune fitted us! We went en masse down Broadway into Wall street, and so to the City Hall, where we made an entrance."

"And you got the arms?"

"Faith, we got all we went for! The arms were divided among the people."

"Where were the English soldiers?"

"Indeed, they were shut up in barracks. Some of their officers were in church, others waiting for orders from the governor or mayor."

"And where went you with the arms?"

"To a room in John street. There they were stacked, the names of the men enrolled, and a guard placed over them. And now, mother, we will have some dinner; the soldier loves his mess."

But events cannot be driven by wishes; many things had to be settled before a movement forward could be made. Joris had his store to let, and the stock and good-will to dispose of. Hyde's time was spent as a recruiting officer. In company with Willet, Sears and McDougall, Hyde might be seen enlisting men, or organizing the "Liberty Regiment" then raising. Every day's events fanned the temper of the city, although it was soon evident that the first fighting would be done in the vicinity of Boston.

For, three weeks after that memorable April Sunday, Congress, in session at Philadelphia, had recognized the men in camp there as a Continental army, the nucleus of the troops that were to be raised for the defense of the country, and had commissioned Col. Washington as commander-in-chief to direct their operations. Then every heart was in a state of the greatest expectation and excitement.

In June the Van Heemskirk troops were ready to leave for Boston—nearly six hundred young men, full of pure purpose and brave thoughts, and with all their illusions and enthusiasms undimmed.

The day before their departure, they escorted Van Heemskirk to his house. It would have been hard to find a nobler looking leader than Joris. And the bright young lads who followed him looked like his sons, for most of them strongly resembled him in person; and any one might have been sure, even if the roll had not shown it, that they were Van Brunts and Van Rippers and Van Rensselaers, Roosevelts, Westervelts and Telhunes.

Katherine and Lysbet had made the flag of the new regiment—an orange flag, with a cluster of twelve blue stars above the word liberty. It was Lysbet's hands that gave it to them. But few words were said. Lysbet and Katherine could but stand and gaze as heads were bared, and the orange folds flung to the wind, and the inspiring word liberty saluted with bright, upturned faces and a ringing shout of welcome.

It was to be the last evening at home for Joris and Bram and Hyde, and everything was done to make it a happy memory.

There had been some expectation of Joanna and Batavius, but at the last moment an excuse was sent. "The child is sick, writes Batavius; but I think, then, it is Batavius that is afraid, and not the child who is sick," said Joris.

After supper Bram went to bid a friend good-by, and, as Joris and Lysbet sat in the quiet parlor, Elder Semple and his wife walked in. The elder was sad and still. He took the hands of Joris in his own and looked him steadily in the face. "Man Joris," he said, "what's sending you on sic a daft-like errand?"

Joris smiled, and grasped tighter his friend's hand. "So glad am I to see you at last, elder. As in you came, I was thinking about you. Let us part good friends and brothers. If I come not back—"

"Tut, tut! You're sure and certain to come back; and sae I'll save the quarrel I hae wi' you until then. I came to speak aent things, in case o' the worst, to tell you that if any one wants to touch your wife or your bairns, a brick in your house, or a flower in your garden plat, I'll stand by all that's yours, to the last shilling I hae, and name shall harm them."

"I have a friend, then. I have you, Alexander. Never this hour shall I regret."

The old men bent to each other; there were tears in their eyes. Without speaking, they were aware of kindness and faithfulness and gratitude beyond the power of words.

Hyde and Katherine were walking in the garden, lingering in the sweet June twilight by the lilac hedge and the river bank. All Hyde's business was arranged; he was going into the fight without any anxiety beyond such as was natural to the circumstances. While he was away his wife and son were to remain with Lysbet. If he never came back, ample provision had been made for his wife and son's welfare, but—and he suddenly turned to Katherine, as if she had been conscious of his thoughts—"the war will not last very long, dear heart, and when liberty is won, and the foundation for a great commonwealth laid, why then we will buy a large estate

scmewhere upon the banks of this beautiful river. A hundred years after this, your descendants shall wonder among the trellises and cut hedges and boxed walks, and say, 'What a sweet taste our dear great, great grandmother had!'"

And Katherine laughed at his merry talk and touched his sword, and asked, "Is it the old sword, my Richard?"

"The old sword, Kate, my sweet. With it I won my wife. Oh, indeed, yes!" He drew it partially from its sheath, and mused a moment. Then he slowly untwisted the ribbon and tassel of bullion at the hilt, and gave it into her hand. "I have a better hilt-ribbon than that," he said, "and, when we go into the house, I will trim my sword."

She thought little of the remark at the time, though she carefully put the tarnished tassel away among her dearest treasures; but it acquired a new meaning in the morning. The troops were to leave very early, and, soon after dawn, she heard the clatter of galloping horses, and the calls of the men as they reined up at their commander's door.

They rose from the breakfast table and looked at their wives. Lysbet gave a little sob, and laid her head a moment upon her husband's breast. Katherine lifted her white face and whispered, with kisses, "Beloved one, go. Night and day I will pray for you, and long for you. My love, my dear one!"

Katherine held her husband's hand till they stood at the open door. Then he looked into her face, and down at his sword, with a meaning smile. And her eyes dilated, and a vivid blush spread over her cheeks and throat, and she drew him back a moment, and passionately kissed him again; and all her grief was lost in love and triumph. For, wound tightly around his sword-hilt, she saw—though it was brown and faded—her first, fateful love-token—the Bow of Orange Ribbon.

#### Postscript.

(Quotations from a letter dated July 3, A. D. 1885.)

"Yesterday I went with my aunt to spend 'the Fourth' at the Hydies. They have the most delightful place—a great stone house in a wilderness of foliage and beauty, and yet within convenient distance of the railroad and the river boats. Kate Hyde said the house is more than a hundred years old, and that the fifth generation is living in it. I am sure there are pictures enough of the family to account for three hundred years; but the two handsomest, after all, are those of the builders. They were very great people at the court of Washington, I believe. I suppose it is natural, for those who have ancestors, to brag about them, and to show off the old buckles and fans and court dresses they have hoarded up, not to speak of the queer bits of plate and china; and I must say the Hydies have a really delightful lot of such bric-a-brac. But the strangest thing is the 'household talisman.' It is not like the luck of Eden hall; it is neither crystal cup, nor silver vase, nor magic bracelet, nor an old slipper. But they have a tradition that the house will prosper as long as it lasts, and so this precious paladium is carefully kept in a locked box of carved sandalwood, for it is only a bit of faded satin that was a love-token—a St. Nicholas Bow of Orange Ribbon."

#### (The End.)

#### GOT THE BRIDE'S GARTERS.

Eight Fair Ones Gladdened by the Lucky Talisman.

The fashionable Riverside Drive district is tittering over the originality of a young bride last week, whose garters. Each girl received a single garter. The bride was deep in arrangements before the wedding, when one of the Danish servants told her of a popular superstition in her native land. The maid said the very essence of good luck, both for bride and bridesmaid, might be accomplished by the bride giving the left garter to her attendant after the wedding ceremony. The Riverside Drive belle thought the superstition delightful, and being somewhat "faddish," she decided to try the Danish talisman.

"But," cried the girl, "I have eight bridesmaids and only one left garter!" This predicament she confided to her fiancé, blushing prettily as she spoke the unmentionable word. The man solved the problem in a moment. He told her to wear eight pairs of garters for eight days, and on the wedding day to wear all left eight garters. In this way each bridesmaid might receive an acclimated garter, teeming with good luck. The ceremony was flourishing, and before the white-robed bride slipped into her going-away gown she called her faithful bridesmaids to a retiring room.

"Girls," she said, "here is your gift." Then she unclasped eight left garters that encircled her silk hose and each girl received her talisman. A still worse dilemma was when the ushers asked the bridesmaids what their bridal gifts were. They answered, "Something lucky."

#### In the Zoo.

They stood in front of the elephants, watching the two big animals moving restlessly about. The man was of adermatic proportions, of generous girth, well fed apparently, and also well satisfied with himself. The boy was a little bit of a chap, who clung to his father's hand quite desperately. It was evident that the boy was enjoying his first visit to the zoo. His questions were many. The last one he asked in the elephant house was:

"Daddy, do you think that elephant is as heavy as you?"

## MILES IS AT HOME

THE GENERAL TALKS OF HIS TRIP ABROAD.

### HAS BEEN AWAY FIVE MONTHS

His Observation, Particularly of the Japanese Army and Navy—Through Northern China to Siberia—Notes of the Journey.

NEW YORK—Lieutenant General Nelson A. Miles, commanding the United States army, his wife and party, arrived here Monday on the Lucania. They have been abroad five months, and in that time have been around the world.

One feature of the trip across the Atlantic for the general was the sending of a Marconigram to King Edward VII February 9. When the Lucania was eighty miles from the Marconi station at Crook Haven, General Miles sent the following message:

"Mid-ocean greeting, with best wishes for happiness and health to his majesty and the royal family."

To which the following reply was received by cable on the arrival of the Lucania Monday:

"I have submitted your message to the king. I am commanded by his majesty to thank you for your good wishes and to say for him that it afforded him much gratification to receive it at Windsor.

"KNOLLYS."

With the general were Colonel and Mrs. M. P. Maus, Henry Clark Rouseau of New York, F. B. Willborg of Cincinnati, Mrs. Miles and Sherman Hoyt. Colonel Whitney was with the party when they left this country, but returned some weeks ago.

To his interviewers General Miles said:

"I have been abroad for five months. I left September 11 for the Pacific coast, and there made an inspection of the forts and coast defenses from Puget Sound to Southern California.

"On October 1 we sailed on the transport Thomas. We stopped at Honolulu, the Sandwich islands, and then sailed for Guam. We touched at the island, then continued to the Philippines. We spent a month there. I examined the military situation and visited the principal stations and forts and inspected the troops. There were no serious hostilities at that time. The 20,000 troops there were in fine shape.

"We then went to Nagasaki, Hong Kong and Canton.

"The Japanese army is very well equipped and disciplined; so is the navy. When I was there they were discussing the question of raising a large fund for the equipment of the navy. In the army they have most modern appliances. The Japanese are efficient in their system. The system of inspection and routine is much the same as ours. They pay a great deal of attention to drills, physical condition and gymnastic exercise. The corps of the Tokio academy numbers about as many cadets as we have at West Point and it is a well constructed and efficient corps."

Continuing, the general said the party went from Japan to Port Arthur and thence to Pekin.

"I remained there a short time. We have there a small detachment of troops—the legation guard at the capital. Everything there is quiet. We were accorded an audience by the emperor and the dowager empress. They received us with a great deal of courtesy and attention. We saw the troops of the Chinese army and the troops of the allied forces which are still there."

General Miles' party went through northern China to Siberia, passing through Manchuria en route and on to Moscow.

#### HE RETURNS TO MISSOURI.

Cole Younger Goes to the Scenes of His Earlier Life.

ST. PAUL, Minn.—Cole Younger, the pardoned bandit, left St. Paul and Minnesota Saturday for his old home in Missouri, which he has not seen in twenty-seven years, when he left it to participate in the memorable Northfield bank raid, which resulted in his arrest and imprisonment.

Younger had planned to leave St. Paul Monday, but he received a telegram Saturday afternoon stating that his sister was seriously ill at Lee's Summit, Mo., and he decided to leave at once. He cannot, under the conditions of the pardon, return to Minnesota. He said he intended to locate in Dallas, Texas, and would probably go into the stockraising business.

#### Mont Pelee Still Belching.

NEW YORK.—Captain Ebert of the German steamer Catania, which arrived Sunday from Brazil, reports that on February 4, while passing the island of Martinique, he made an observation of Mont Pelee. Much smoke was issuing from the crater and great quantities of lava was flowing down the mountain and into the sea, causing big clouds of steam to rise from the surface of the water.

#### VALUABLE MAIL PACKAGE LOST.

Letters Containing \$50,000 in Commercial Paper Missing.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—A package of letters containing upwards of \$50,000 in commercial paper was lost by the postal authorities from a pouch on the Pennsylvania train leaving Louisville at midnight January 31 and running to Chicago via Indianapolis.

The postal authorities have failed to produce the missing package. The loss was first made known by complaints coming to the Indianapolis postoffice from towns along the line. Twenty-one complaints have been made and nearly all speak of letters lost with commercial paper in them. The theory at present at the postoffice is that the package was left in a pouch through the carelessness of an employe after it was thought to have been emptied. No suspicion rests on any one of wrong doing, and no attempt has been made to cash any of the missing checks.

#### The Child Saving Institute of Omaha.

The child saving institute of Omaha is distinguished from other organizations in that this institution in some cases allows parents and relatives to know where the children are placed. Some years ago an appeal was made to another society to take charge of a little girl nine years of age, whose mother had died in Omaha. The grandmother of the child, who was 70 years of age and very feeble, was anxious to know where the little girl would be placed. This society said "No, you can never know her location" The grandmother was anxious to receive occasionally little letters that her granddaughter might write. Being refused, an appeal was then made to the Child Saving institute of Omaha and the little girl was placed in a home near Fullerton, Neb., since which time she has written many comforting letters to the old lady in her declining years. It does not appear to this institution that any harm was done to the child nor any one else, in allowing her grandmother to know her whereabouts. There are many similar cases.

#### MR. BRYAN IN NEW YORK.

Not a Candidate for President or Any Other Office.

NEW YORK.—Many women were present to hear William Jennings Bryan speak before the Women's Democratic club in Brooklyn Monday afternoon.

Among other things Mr. Bryan said:

"I am just as much interested in public affairs as ever, but I am not a candidate for president or any other office.

"I regard the obligations that rest upon the private citizen as imperative as those imposed upon the public official.

"I have felt that I can no more escape from the work that I am now trying to do than a man in the penitentiary can escape the work imposed upon him.

"I am not going to change my views on public questions and I am still prepared to give reasons for my faith."

#### New Greek Letter Fraternity.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—A new secret letter fraternity named the Sigma Nu Phi, designed to embrace chapters in all the law schools of the United States, has filed articles of incorporation here. Members of other fraternities will not be admitted. The membership will be confined entirely to undergraduates of law schools and alumni associations and their faculties. It is proposed ultimately to own a fraternity house in Washington and to publish a paper here. The incorporators are members of the faculty and under graduates of the National University School of Law.

#### UNION PACIFIC LOSES CASH.

Court Decides that \$800,000 Must Go to Government.

BOSTON, Mass.—In the United States circuit court Thursday Judge Colt decided that the entire fund in dispute between the federal government and the Emergency Loan & Trust company should go to the United States. The amount is \$600,000, now in the hands of the American Loan & Trust company of Boston.

The decision is believed to finally settle the long controversy between the United States and the Union Pacific railroad, for which the trust company acted as referee.

#### Monster Aerolite Falls.

SALT LAKE, Utah.—A special to the Tribune from Bingham, Utah, says:

"A large meteor struck the earth in the vicinity of this place at 4:04 o'clock Saturday morning. The falling body, when it collided with the earth, caused windows to rattle and the house to tremble, while a sound like a mighty clap of thunder awakened the inhabitants from their sleep.

#### Literature and Tobacco.

Somehow or other we associate tobacco with literary men, but not all writers are lovers of the weed. Goethe hated tobacco intensely and never lost a chance to attack it. Heinrich Heine had the same dislike.

Balzac, who lived on black coffee, preached wisely to the young about the vice of smoking, and Victor Hugo and Dumas were equally opposed to the practice. But the list of French smokers comprises many great names, such as Alfred de Musset, Eugene Sue, Paul de St. Victor, Prosper Merimee-Beranger and Baudelaire.

Mme. Dudevant, better known as George Sand, often indulged in a cigar between the intervals of her literary labors.

The poet Bloomfield wrote sweet pastoral rymes with a cloud of tobacco smoke making a fog around his head. Campbell, Moore and Byron delighted in its temperate use, and Tennyson was a great smoker.

One of the quaint scenes in the realm of letters is that of Carlyle and his old mother sitting together by the chimney corner each smoking a "dark-brown pipe and chatting earnestly the while."

#### Wanted a Sample Cigar.

"Let me have a sample of these," said a woman after looking critically at several boxes of cigars which the salesman exhibited as "just the thing for him."

The clerk put out one of the cigars in a paper case and handed it over as if giving away "sample" cigars was quite customary.

"That's the way women beat the jokesmiths," said the salesman, when the woman had gone out. "You don't see so many jokes nowadays about women giving their husbands and beaux bad cigars? Well, that's because they get samples, just as they do in buying silks and ribbons, and try them on their men folks. The 'he' in this case will smoke that cigar tonight. If he likes it, she will be in to-morrow to buy a box of them. It struck us as pretty cheeky when the first request was made of us for a sample cigar but now we are quite used to it and it pays, bringing us quite a little steady trade."

#### Disliked Publicity, But—

"Young man," the rising statesman said to the reporter, "newspaper notoriety is exceedingly distasteful to me, but since you have asked me to give you some of the particulars of the leading events of my life I will comply. I do so, however, with great reluctance."

Here he took a typewritten sheet from a drawer in his desk and handed it to the reporter.

"I suppose, of course," he added, "you will want my portrait, and, although I dislike anything that savors of undue publicity, I can do no less than comply with your wish."

Here he took a large photograph from a pile in another drawer and gave it to the reporter.

"Anecdotal matter concerning myself," he added, "you will find in this printed leaflet, as well as particulars of my hobbies and tastes. When this appears in print you may send me 250 copies of the paper."

#### Making Use of the Professor.

A Vienna professor of considerable fame used to take his midday meal at a well-known cafe in that city.

One very wet day when leaving, after his usual meal, the learned doctor was astonished to find, in place of his own shabby headgear, a real, sparkling Parisian hat. He could only attribute this to the delicate attention of some kind friend, and on reaching home he displayed his newly-acquired chapeau to his admiring family. Next day, when at the cafe as usual, he was accosted by a young man, who politely remarked:

"Doctor, allow me to claim my hat and apologize for the apparent mistake. The fact was I had no umbrella—you had—I did not know what to do to prevent my hat from being spoiled in the rain, and as I knew it would not hurt yours I borrowed it, and now return it with thanks."

#### Washington's New Senator.

Levi Ankeny, senator elect from Washington to succeed George Turner, is a millionaire banker and farmer. Mr. Ankeny is awkward and diffident, so it is quite unlikely that he will take a prominent part in senatorial deliberations. It is generally believed that but for the active and dexterous campaign conducted by his wife he could not have been elected senator. Mrs. Ankeny is a daughter of ex-Senator Nesmith.

#### Editorial Idea.

Our idea of an impossible feat is to walk past a crowd of boys with snowballs in their hands, and look dignified.—Atchison Globe.

Next Week

**"The Maid of Maiden Lane"**

A Sequel to  
"The Bow of Orange Ribbon"

By AMELIA E. BARR

A most charming tale of the American Revolutionary period.