

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 VIII.—(Continued.)

"Come, friends and neighbors," said Joris cheerily, "I will sing you a song; and every one knows the tune to it, and every one has heard their vaders and their mothers sing it—sometimes, perhaps, on the great dikes of Vaderland, and sometimes in their sweet homes that the great Hendrick Hudson found out for them. Now, then, all, a song for

MOEDER HOLLAND.

We have taken our land from the sea,
Its fields are all yellow with grain,
Its meadows are green on the sea—
And now shall we give it to Spain?
No, no, no, no!

We have planted the faith that is pure,
That faith to the end we'll maintain;
For the word and the truth must endure,
Shall we bow to the pope and to Spain?
No, no, no, no!

Our ships are on an every sea,
Our honor has never a stain,
Our law and our commerce are free:
Are we slaves for the tyrant of Spain?
No, no, no, no!

Then, sons of Batavia, the spade—
The spade and the pickaxe are the main,
And the heart and the hand and the blade,
Is there mercy for merciless Spain?
No, no, no, no!

By this time the enthusiasm was wonderful. The short, quick denials came hotter and louder at every verse; and it was easy to understand how these large, slow men, once kindled to white heat, were both irresistible and unconquerable. Every eye was turned to Joris, who stood in his massive, manly beauty a very conspicuous figure. His face was full of feeling and purpose, his large blue eyes limpid and shining; and as the tumult of applause gradually ceased, he said:

"My friends and neighbors, no poet am I; but always wrongs burns in the heart until plain prose can not utter them. Listen to me. If we wrung the Great Charter and the right of self-taxation from Mary in A. D. 1477; if in A. D. 1572 we taught Alva, by force of arms, how dear to us was our maxim, 'No taxation without representation,'

Shall we give up our long-cherished right? Make the blood of our fathers in vain? Do we fear any tyrant to fight? Shall we hold out our hands for the chain?

No, no, no, no!
Even the women had caught fire at this allusion to the injustice of the Stamp Act and Quartering Acts, then raging over the liberties of the Province; and Mrs. Gordon looked curiously and not unkindly at the latent rebels. "England will have foomen worthy of her steel, if she turns these good friends into enemies," she reflected.

The emotion was too intense to be prolonged; and Joris instantly pushed back his chair, and said, "Now, then, friends, for the dance. Myself I think not too old to take out the bride."

Neil Semple, who had looked like a man in a dream during the singing, went eagerly to Katherine as soon as Joris spoke of dancing. "He felt strong enough," he said, "to tread a measure in the bride's dance, and he hoped she would so far honor him."

"No, I will not, Neil. I will not take your hands. Often I have told you that."

"Just for to-night, forgive me, Katherine."

"I am sorry that all must end so; I cannot dance any more with you," and then she affected to hear her mother calling, and left him standing among the jocund crowd, hopeless and distraught with grief.

CHAPTER IX.

Katherine's Decision.

Joanna's wedding occurred at the beginning of the winter and the winter festivities. But amid all the dining and dancing and skating there was a political anxiety and excitement that leavened strongly every social and domestic event. The first Colonial Congress had passed the three resolutions which proved to be the key note of resistance and of liberty. Joris had emphatically indorsed its action. The odious Stamp Act was to be met by the refusal of American merchants either to import English goods, or to sell them upon commission, until it was repealed. Homespun became fashionable. The government kept its hand upon the sword. The people were divided into two parties, bitterly antagonistic to each other. The "Sons of Liberty" were keeping guard over the pole which symbolized their determination; the British soldiery were swaggering and boasting and openly insulting patriots on the streets, and the "New York Gazette" in flaming articles was stimulating to the utmost the spirit of resistance to tyranny.

Still in spite of this home trouble and in spite of the national anxiety, the winter months went with a delightful peace and regularity in the Van Heemskirk household. Neil Semple ceased to visit Katherine after Joanna's wedding. There was no quarrel and no interruption to the kindness that had so long existed between the families, but Neil never again offered her his hand; and such conversation as they had was constrained, and of the most conventional character.

As Hyde grew stronger he spent his hours in writing long letters to his wife. He told her every trivial event he commented on all she told him, and her letters revealed to him a soul so pure, so true, so loving, that he vowed "he fell in love with her afresh every day of his life."

One exquisite morning in May Katherine stood at an open window looking over the garden and the river, and the green hills and meadows across the stream. Her heart was full of hope. Richard's recovery was so far advanced that he had taken several rides in the middle of the day. Always he had passed the Van Heemskirks' house and always Katherine had been waiting to rain down upon his uplifted face the influence of her most bewitching beauty and her tenderest smiles.

As she happily mused, some one called her mother from the front hall. On fine mornings it was customary to leave the door standing open; and the visitor advanced to the foot of the stairs and called once more, "Lysbet Van Heemskirk! Is there naebody in to bid me welcome?" Then Katherine knew it was Madam Semple; and she ran to her mother's room and begged her to go down and receive the caller. For in these days Katherine dreaded Madam Semple a little. Very naturally, the mother blamed her for Neil's suffering and loss of time and prestige; and she found it hard to forgive also her positive rejection of his suit.

And towards Neil, Joris had a secret feeling of resentment. He had taken no pains to woo Katherine until some one else wanted her. It was universally conceded that he had been the first to draw his sword, and thus indulge his own temper at the expense of their child's good name and happiness. So, below the smiles and kind words of a long friendship, there was bitterness. If there had not been Janet Semple would hardly have paid that morning visit; for before Lysbet was half way down the stairs, Katherine heard her call out:

"Here's a bonnie come of. But it is what 'a' folks expected. 'The Dauntless' sailed the morn, and Capt. Earl wi' a contingent for the West Indies station. And who wi' him, guess you, but Capt. Hyde, and no less? They say he has a furlough in his pocket for a twelve-month; more like it's a clean total dismissal. The gude ken it ought to be."

So much Katherine heard, then her mother shut the door of the sitting room. A great fear made her turn faint and sick. Were her father's words true? The suspicion once entertained, she remembered several little things which strengthened it. Her heart failed her; she uttered a loud cry of pain, and tottered to a chair like one wounded.

It was then ten o'clock. She thought the noon hour would never come. Eagerly she watched for Bram and her father; for any certainty would be better than such cruel fear and suspense. And, if Richard had really gone the fact would be known to them. Bram came first. For once she felt impatient of his political enthusiasm. How could she care about liberty poles and impressed fishermen with such a real terror at her heart? Joris was tenderly explicit. He said to her at once: "The Dauntless" sailed this morning. Oh, my little one, sorry I am for thee!"

"Is he gone?" Very low and slow were the words; and Joris only answered, "Yes."

Without any further question or remark, she went away. They were amazed at her calmness. And for some minutes after she had locked the door of her room, she stood still in the middle of the floor, more like one that has forgotten something, and is trying to remember, than a woman who has received a blow upon her heart. No tears came to her eyes. She did not think of weeping or reproaching, or lamenting. The only questions she asked herself were: "How am I to get life over? Will such suffering kill me very soon?"

About two o'clock Lysbet went to Katherine. The girl opened her door at once to her. There was nothing to be said, no hope to offer. The mother did not attempt to say one word of comfort, or hope, or excuse. She only took the child in her arms, and wept for her.

"I loved him so much, moeder."

"Thou could not help it. Handsome and gallant and gay he was."

"And he did love me. A woman knows when she is loved."

"Yes, I am sure he loved thee."

"He has gone? Really gone?"

"No doubt is there of it. Stay in thy room, and have thy grief out with thyself."

"No; I will come to my work. Every day will not be the same. I shall look no more for any joy; but my duty I will do."

They went downstairs together. The clean linen, the stockings that required mending, lay upon the table. Katherine sat down to the task. Resolutely, but almost unconsciously, she put her needle through and through. Her suffering was pitiful; this little one who a few months ago would have wept for a cut finger, now silently battling with the bitterest agony that can come to a loving woman—the sense of cruel, unexpected, unmerited desertion. So for an hour, an hour of speechless sorrow, they sat. The atmosphere was becoming intolerable, like that of a nightmare; and Lysbet was feeling that she must speak and move, and so dissipate it, when there was a loud knock at the front door. Katherine trembled all over. "To-

day I cannot bear it, mother. No one can I see. I will go upstairs."

Ere the words were finished, Mrs. Gordon's voice was audible. She came into the room laughing, with the smell of fresh violets and the feeling of the brisk wind around her. "Dear madam," she cried, "I entreat you to take this afternoon; be so good as to let Katherine come with me. For I must tell you that the colonel has orders for Boston, and I may see my charming friend no more after to-day."

"Katherine, what say you? Will you go?"

"Please, mijn moeder."

"Make great haste, then." For Lysbet was pleased with the offer, and fearful that Joris might arrive, and refuse to let his daughter accept it. She hoped that Katherine would receive some comforting message.

"Stay not long," she whispered, "for your father's sake. There is no good, more trouble to give him."

"Well, my dear, you look like a ghost. Have you not one smile for a woman so completely in your interest? I promised Dick this morning that I would be sure to get word to you."

"I thought Richard had gone."

"And you were breaking your heart that is easy to be seen. He has gone, but he will come back to-night at eight o'clock. No matter what happens, be at the riverside. Do not fail Dick; he is taking his life in his hand to see you."

"I thought he had gone—gone, without a word."

"Faith you are not complimentary! I flatter myself that our Dick is a gentleman. I do, indeed. And, as he is yet perfectly in his senses, you might have trusted him."

"When will Richard return?"

"Indeed, I think you will have to answer for his resolves. But he will speak for himself; and, in faith, I told him that he had come to a point where I would be no longer responsible for his actions. I am thankful to own that I have some conscience left."

The ride was not a very pleasant one. Katherine could not help feeling that Mrs. Gordon was distrustful and inconsistent; and, towards its close, she became very silent. Yet she kissed her kindly, and drawing her closely for a last word, said, "Do not forget to wear your wadded cloak and hood. You may have to take the water; for the councillor is very suspicious, let me tell you. Remember what I say—the wadded cloak and hood; and good-by, my dear."

"Shall I see you soon?"

"When we may meet again, I do not pretend to say; till then, I am entirely yours; and so again good-by."

The ride had not occupied an hour; but, when Katherine got home, Lysbet was making tea. "A cup will be good for you, mijn kind." And she smiled tenderly in the face that had been so white in its woeful anguish, but on which there was now the gleam of hope. And she perceived that Katherine had received some message; she even divined that there might be some appointment to keep; and she determined not to be too wise and prudent, but to trust Katherine for this evening with her own destiny.

That night there was a meeting at the town hall and Joris left the house soon after his tea.

For an hour or more Katherine sat in the broad light of the window, folding and unfolding the pieces of white linen, sewing a stitch or two here, and putting on a button or tape there. Madam passed quietly to and fro about her home duties, sometimes stopping to say a few words to her daughter. When Lysbet was ready to do so, she began to lay into the deep drawers of the presses the table-linen which Katherine had so neatly and carefully examined. Over a pile of fine damask napkins she stood, with a perplexed, annoyed face; and Katherine, detecting it, at once understood the cause.

(To be continued.)

BOTH HOOKED SAME FISH.

And the Incident Caused Bad Feeling Between Anglers.

Funny things happen in bass fishing. Toward the close of the season William Hammeyer of Winneconne, Wis., was fishing from a boat with his friend, G. B. Hamilton of Peru, Ind. They were on Fox Lake and fishing was not good, which made them eager.

Hammeyer got a strike, fastened his fish and began to reel in strongly, determined to land his catch without less of time. Hamilton got a strike and did the same thing. They had been an hour without a bite and had no leisure or inclination to watch one another. The first fish after an hour's casting is apt to get on the nerves.

When the bass was close to the boat Hammeyer discovered that he was bringing in his friend's line and said:

"We're tangled! Let out a little line till I get this fish in."

Hamilton discovered the tangle at the same time and said the same thing. They glared at each other and reeled furiously.

With a jerk that ought to have loosened all of its scales a pound bass came out of the water. Hammeyer's weedless hook was fastened in one side of its jaw, Hamilton's was fastened in the other. They lifted the bass in and looked at one another. They agreed without words to call it a partnership fish.

Both men had cast at the same instant, and their baits had struck the water close together. Reeling in the baits had come within a couple of inches of each other. The fish either struck both baits at once or it struck one of them, felt the pain from the hook, slung its head to one side and got the other hook.

Indigestion, congested liver, impure blood, constipation, there are what afflict thousands of people who do not know what is the matter with them. They drag along a miserable existence; they apply to the local doctors occasionally, and sometimes obtain a little temporary relief, but the old, tired, worn-out, all-gone, distressed feeling always comes back again worse than ever, until in time they become tired of living, wonder why they were ever born, and why they are alive unless to endure constant suffering. To such sufferers there is a haven of refuge in Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Drops, which was discovered more than 60 years ago, and which is a wonderful medicine. One trial will convince the most skeptical that any or all of these difficulties may be removed, and a perfect cure effected, by taking Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Drops. Get a bottle at once, before it is too late.

The mortality in the colored population of the United States is nearly double that of the white population.

\$100 Reward \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrah. Hall's Catarrah Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrah being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrah Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

M. Cassimir-Perier, who celebrated his 55th birthday anniversary on November 8, is the only living ex-president of the French republic. He was 23 years old when the Franco-Prussian war broke out, and took part in that conflict and in the siege of Paris, being decorated with the Legion of Honor at its close. He entered the chamber of deputies in 1874, and became president in 1894, in succession to M. Carnot, who had been assassinated. He scarcely reigned six months, suddenly resigning in 1895.

The producers of alcohol in France are somewhat disturbed because of the new invention by which alcohol is manufactured by synthesis by means of acetylene. Although the process is as yet too costly to endanger their industry, the members of the Society of Agriculture of the Nord, in a recent meeting, memorialized the government asking that a duty of 4½ cents a pound be placed upon carburets.

A Pertinent Question.

From the New York Sun: In a country so grievously beset with foreign foes as Venezuela is, it seems queer, no matter how objectionable President Castro may be, that the civil war should continue. Where does General Matos, for instance, get his funds?

DR. COFFEE

Discovers Remedies That Restore Sight to Blind People.

Dr. W. O. Coffee, a noted oculist, 360 Good Block, Des Moines, Iowa, has discovered medicines for the eyes that people can use at home and cure Cataracts, Scums, Granulated Lids, Ulcers or Blindness and restore sight.

Dr. Coffee has published an 80-page book on Eye Diseases which he will send free to every reader of this paper. This book tells how to prevent old sight and make weak eyes strong. Write Dr. Coffee today for his book.

Herr Caspar Gerstle, the oldest man in Lower Austria, has just died, aged 110.

The Australian talegalla is the only bird which leaves its nest full-negged.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$3.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Taxes on foreign visitors and residents are proposed to the Vaud Canton, Switzerland.

MORE FLEXIBLE AND LASTING.

won't shake out or blow out; by using Defiance starch you obtain better results than possible with any other brand and one-third more for same money.

Frau Theresia Kulla, the oldest woman in Vienna, has just celebrated her one hundred and third birthday.

Try One Package.

If "Defiance Starch" does not please you, return it to your dealer. If it does, you get one-third more for the same money. It will give you satisfaction and will not stick to the iron.

Morocco is not yet completely civilized in spite of the fact that the sultan has a motor and plays a good game of billiards. During the recent disturbances some villagers who had been grossly ill-treated sent a deputation to the bashaw at Tangier, who promptly imprisoned them, and set out with his aid-de-camp and eighty men to punish the malcontents. But the villagers were desperate and defended themselves, captured the bashaw and rolled him in the mud, while the wretched aid-de-camp had his eyes burned out with his own spurs and was left naked on the ground in the rain the whole night. The son of the sheereef was permitted to take him to Tangier next day, on condition that the deputation should be released from prison, and no further trouble ensued.

M. Merignac and Kirchoffer, well known French swordsmen, accompanied by MM. Brettmayer and Luscliez, their seconds, left Paris for Naples recently, where they are to take part in duels with Signori Verga and Pessina, Italians. The duels will be for the purpose of testing the superiority of the two national styles of swordsmanship, over which there has been an embittered controversy.

Spreading the Good News.

Whatcom, Wash., January 5th.—Mrs. A. M. Ferguson who came here from Winnipeg, Manitoba, relates how that great destroyer of Kidney Complaints, Dodd's Kidney Pills first reached the extreme North West corner of the United States:

"I had used Dodd's Kidney Pills for what the Doctors pronounced Bright's Disease in Winnipeg." Mrs. Ferguson says, "And the disease disappeared entirely. That was about three years ago and I enjoyed good health till about two years later when I removed to Whatcom."

"Whether it was the change of climate I can't tell but my old trouble returned in full force. My legs were swelled to nearly twice their size. I could not go up or down stairs for about two months."

"My husband hunted Whatcom for Dodd's Kidney Pills but could get none till a Druggist sent away and got them for him."

"I began to get well as soon as I began taking them." Others in Whatcom have learned to know and appreciate Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Mrs. Margaret McCoy, who was known as the "Mother of Methodism in the West," has just died at Omaha, Neb. Her mother, an earnest Methodist, was driven from France by the Reign of Terror in Robespierre's time.



Mrs. Emmons, saved from an operation for Ovaritis, tells how she was cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"I am so pleased with the results I obtained from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that I feel it a duty and a privilege to write you about it."

"I suffered for over five years with ovarian troubles, causing an unpleasant discharge, a great weakness, and at times a faintness would come over me which no amount of medicine, diet, or exercise seemed to correct. Your Vegetable Compound found the weak spot, however, within a few weeks—and saved me from an operation—all my troubles had disappeared, and I found myself once more healthy and well. Words fail to describe the real, true grateful feeling that is in my heart, and I want to tell every sick and suffering sister. Don't dally with medicines you know nothing about, but take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and take my word for it, you will be a different woman in a short time."—Mrs. LAURA EMMONS, Walkerville, Ont.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Don't hesitate to write to Mrs. Pinkham if there is anything about your case which you do not understand. She will treat you with kindness and her advice is free. No woman ever regretted writing her and she has helped thousands. Address is Lynn, Mass.

Work for heaven is better than weeping over Eden.

INSIST ON GETTING IT.

Some grocers say they don't keep Defiance Starch. This is because they have a stock on hand of other brands containing only 12 oz. in a package, which they won't be able to sell first, because Defiance contains 16 oz. for the same money. Do you want 16 oz. instead of 12 oz. for same money? Then buy Defiance Starch. Requires no cooking.

One hundred pounds is the price expected for a sheet of 119 unused black English penny stamps issued in 1840, which will be offered for sale in London.

DO YOUR CLOTHES LOOK YELLOW? Then use Defiance Starch, it will keep them white—16 oz. for 10 cents.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY: gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 DAYS' treatment FREE. DR. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box 2, Atlanta, Ga.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.
I hereby bequeath my hide to the Robe Tanning Co., to be tanned with their hair on, and made into a robe or coat, and returned to my bereaved owner. As I have only one hide I am very particular about it, and insist that none but the said firm be allowed to handle it.

Ask your dealer for Edes Robe and Coats.
Write today for custom price list. Edes Robe Tanning Co., Dubuque, Iowa. For Dressers, Fur Dyers, Furriers.

Do this work. They have the largest best equipped factory, and are the most capable of tanning my hide to suit me.

SYRUP OF FIGS

Acts Gently;
Acts Pleasantly;
Acts Beneficially;
Acts truly as a Laxative.

Syrup of Figs appeals to the cultured and the well-informed and to the healthy, because its component parts are simple and wholesome and because it acts without disturbing the natural functions, as it is wholly free from every objectionable quality or substance. In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal virtues of Syrup of Figs are obtained from an excellent combination of plants known to be medicinally laxative and to act most beneficially.

To get its beneficial effects—buy the genuine—manufactured by the

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
Louisville, Ky. San Francisco, Cal. New York, N.Y.
For sale by all druggists. Price fifty cents per bottle.