

The Bow of Orange Ribbon

A ROMANCE OF NEW YORK

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CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

"I will give it to him again. With my own hands I will give it to him once more. Oh, Richard, my lover, my husband! Now I will hasten to see thee."

She reached London the next night, and, weary and terrified, drove at once to the small hostelry where Hyde lay.

"Katherine!" he cried; and his voice was as weak and as tearful as that of a troubled child.

"Here come I, my dear one."

"Oh, how you love me, Katherine!" She took from her bosom the St. Nicholas ribbon. "I give it to thee again. At the first time I loved thee; now, my husband, ten thousand times more I love thee. As I went through the papers, I found it."

And between their clasped hands it lay—the bit of orange ribbon that had handed all their happiness.

"It is the promise of everything I can give thee, my loved one," whispered Katherine.

"It is the luck of Richard Hyde. Dearest wife, thou hast given me my life back again."

CHAPTER XV.

Turning Westward.

It was a hot August afternoon, and Hyde sat at an open window at Hyde Manor. He was pale and wasted from his long sickness, but there was speculation and purpose in his face, and he had evidently cast away the mental apathy of the invalid. As he sat thus, a servant entered and said a few words which made him turn with a glad, expectant manner to the open door; and, as he did so, a man of near sixty years of age passed through it—a handsome, lordly looking man, who had that striking personal resemblance to Hyde which affectionate brothers often have to one another.

"Faith, William, you are welcome home! How delighted I am to see you!"

"'Tis twelve years since we met, Dick. And Hyde Manor is a miracle. I expected to find it mouldy and mossy. On the contrary it is a place of perfect beauty."

"And it is all my Katherine's doing. She is my angel. I am unworthy of her goodness and beauty."

"Why, then, Dick, I may as well tell you that I have also found a treasure past belief of the same kind. In fact, Dick, I am married, and have two sons."

There was a moment's profound silence, and an inexplicable shadow passed rapidly over Hyde's face; but it was fleeting as a thought, and ere the pause became strained and painful, he turned to his brother and said, "I am glad, William. With all my heart, I am glad."

"I was married very quietly, and have been in Italy ever since. I was told that you had left the army."

"That is exactly true. When I heard that Lord Percy's regiment was designed for America, and against the Americans, I put it out of the king's power to send me on such a business."

"Indeed, I think the Americans have been ill-used, and I find the town in a great commotion upon the matter. The people of New York have burned offices of Lord North and Gov. Hutchinson, and the new troops were no sooner landed than five hundred of them deserted in a body."

Hyde's white face was crimson with excitement, and his eyes glowed like stars as he listened. "That was like New York; and, faith, if I had been there, I would have helped them!"

"Why not go there? I owe you much for the hope, of which my happiness has robbed you. I will take Hyde Manor at its highest price; I will add to it fifty thousand pounds indemnity for the loss of the succession. You may buy land enough for a duchy there, and found in the New World a new line of the old family. Dick, my dear brother, out of real love and honor, I speak these words."

"Indeed, William, I am very sensible of your kindness, and I will consider well your proposition. I think, indeed, that my Katherine will be in a transport of delight to return to her native land."

Almost with the words she entered, clothed in a white India muslin, with carnations at her breast. The earl bowed low, and then kissed her cheeks and led her to a chair, which he placed between Hyde and himself.

Katherine was predisposed to emigration, but yet she dearly loved the home she had made so beautiful. During Hyde's convalescence, also, other plans had become very hopeful and pleasant, and they could not be cast aside without some reluctance.

It was on a cold, stormy afternoon in February, when the inns were white with snow. Hyde sat by the big wood fire, re-reading a letter from Joris Van Heemskirk, which also inclosed a copy of Josiah Quincy's speech on the Boston Port Bill. Katherine had a piece of worsted work in her hands.

It was at this moment Lettice came in with a bundle of newspapers. "They are brought by Sir Thomas Swaffham's man, sir, with Sir Thomas' compliments; there being news he thinks you would like to read, sir."

Hyde opened the papers with eager curiosity and read the news from America.

"I must draw my sword again,

Katherine," he said, as his hand impulsively went to his left side. "I thought I had done with it forever; but, by St. George, I'll draw it in this quarrel!"

"The American quarrel, Richard?"

"No other could so move me. Every good man and true wishes them well. Are you willing?"

"Only to be with you, only to please you, Richard. I have no other happiness."

"Then it is settled. The earl buys Hyde as it stands; we have nothing except our personal effects to pack. Write to-night to your father. Tell him that we are coming in two weeks to cast our lot with America."

When Joris Van Heemskirk received this letter he was very much excited by its contents.

He was sitting in the calm evening, with unclosed shutters, in a cloud of fragrant tobacco, talking of these things. Then he put on his hat and walked down his garden. He was standing on the river bank, and the meadows over it were green and fair to see, and the fresh wind blew into his soul a thought of its own untrammelled liberty. He looked up and down the river, and said aloud, "Beautiful land! To be thy children we should not deserve, if one inch of thy soil we yielded to a tyrant. Truly a vaterland to me and to mine thou hast been. Truly do I love thee."

Then, with his mind made up, he went into the house.

In a few minutes Elder Semple came in. He looked exceedingly worried, and, although Joris and he avoided politics by a kind of tacit agreement, he could not keep to kirk and commercial matters, but constantly returned to one subject—a vessel lying at Murray's wharf, which had sold her cargo of molasses and rum to the "Committee of Safety."

Joris let the elder drift from one grievance to another, and he was just in the middle of a sentence containing the opinion of Sears and Willet, when Bram's entrance arrested it. He walked straight to the side of Joris:

"Father, we have closed his majesty's custom house forever."

"We! Who, then, Bram?"

"The Committee of Safety and the Sons of Liberty."

Semple rose to his feet, trembling with passion. "Let me tell you, then, Bram, you are a parcel o' rogues and rebels; and, if I were his majesty, I'd gibbet the last one o' you."

"Patience, elder. Sit down, I'll speak."

"No, councillor, I'll no sit down until I ken what kind o' men I'm sitting wi'. Oot wi' your maist secret thoughts. Wha are you for?"

"For the people and for freedom, am I," said Joris, calmly rising to his feet. "Too long have we borne injustice. Bram, my son, I am your comrade in this quarrel." He spoke with fervor, but not rapid speech, and with a firm, round voice, full of magical sympathies.

"I'll hear nae mair o' such folly. Gie me my bonnet and plaid, madam, and I'll be going. I hope the morn will bring you a measure o' common-sense." He was at the door as he spoke; but, ere he passed it, he lifted his bonnet above his head and said, "God save the king! God save his gracious majesty, George of England!"

Joris turned to his son. To shut up the king's customs was an overt act of treason. Bram, then, had fully committed himself, and, following out his own thoughts, he asked abruptly, "What will come of it, Bram?"

"War will come, and liberty—a great commonwealth, a great country."

In the meantime Semple, fuming and ejaculating, was making his way slowly home. However, before he had gone very far, he was overtaken by his son Neil, now a very staid and stately gentleman, holding under the government a high legal position in the investigation of the disputed New Hampshire grants.

He listened respectfully to his father's animadversions on the folly of the Van Heemskirks; but he was thinking mainly of the first news told him—the early return of Katherine. He was conscious that he still loved Katherine, and that he still hated Hyde. So Neil was somber and silent. His father was uncertain as to his views, and he did not want to force or hurry a decision.

Next morning, when the elder reached the store, the clerks and porters were all standing together talking. He knew quite well what topic they were discussing with such eager movements and excited speech. But they dispersed to their work at the sight of his sour, stern face, and he did not intend to open a fresh dispute by any question.

Apprentices and clerks then showed a great deal of deference to their masters, and Elder Semple demanded the full measure due to him. Something, however, in the carriage, in the faces, in the very tones of his servants' voices, offended him; and he soon discovered that various small duties had been neglected.

"Listen to me, lads," he said angrily. "I'll have nae politics mixed up wi' my exports and imports. Neither king nor Congress has aught to do wi' my business; and if there is among you ane o' them fools that ca' themselves the 'Sons o' Liberty,' I'll pay him what-

ever I owe him now, and he can gang to Madam Liberty for his future wage."

He was standing on the step of his high counting desk as he spoke, and he peered over the little wooden railing at the men scattered about with pens or hammers or goods in their hands. There was a moment's silence, then a middle-aged man quietly laid down the tools with which he was closing a box, and walked up to the desk. The next moment, every one in the place had followed him. Semple was amazed and angry, but he made no sign of either emotion. He counted to the most accurate fraction every one's due, and let them go with one word of remonstrance.

But, as soon as he was alone, he felt the full bitterness of their desertion, and he could not keep the tears out of his eyes as he looked at their empty places.

At this juncture Neil entered the store. "Here's a bonnie pass, Neil; every man has left the store. I may as weel put up the shutters."

"There are other men to be hired."

"They were mainly a' auld stand-bys, auld married men that ought to have had mair sense."

"The married men are the trouble-makers; the women have hatched and nursed this rebellion. If they would only spin their webs, and mind their knitting!"

"But they willna, Neil, and they never would. If there's a pot o' rebellion brewing between the two poles, women will be dabbling in it. They have aye been against lawfu' authority. The restraints o' paradise was tyranny to them. And they get worse and worse; it isna ane apple would do them the noo; they'd strip the tree, my lad, to its vera topmost branch."

"You ought to know, father. I have small and sad experience with them."

"Sae, I hope you'll stand by my side. We twa can keep the house together. If we are a' right, the government will whistle by a woman's talk."

"Did you not say Katherine was coming back?"

"I did that. See there, again. Hyde has dropped his uniform, and sold a' that he has, and is coming to fight in a quarrel that's nae o' his. Heard you ever such foolishness? But it is Katherine's doing; there's little doot o' that."

"He's turned rebel, then?"

"Ay has he. That's what women do. Politics and rebellion is the same thing to them."

"Well, father, I shall not turn rebel."

"Oh, Neil, you take a load off my heart by thae words!"

"I have nothing against the king, and I could not be Hyde's comrade."

(To be continued.)

GESTURES IN GENERAL USE.

Motions That Are Common to All Nations of the Earth.

Certain gestures are absolutely identified with certain feelings. To shake one's fist is to threaten; to hold up one's finger is to warn. To indicate thought we place the tips of the fingers on the forehead; to show concentrated attention we apply the whole hand. To rub the hands is everywhere a sign of joy, and to clap them a sign of enthusiasm. It would be easy to multiply examples. Affirmation, negation, repulsion are all indicated by motions that every one understands.

It is the same, in quite as great a degree, with nationalities, in spite of the original diversity of the races that make them up. The mimetic character results at once from race, from history and from climate.

The gesture of the Englishman is fierce and harsh; he speaks briefly, brusquely; he is cold, positive, forceful. His salutation is cold and accentuated, but his handshake is loyal. The gesture of Germany is heavy, good humored and always ungraceful. Many of the Slav people are unwilling to look one in the face, and they have a false gesture.

The Spaniard and the Portuguese, although dwelling in a Southern land, gesticulate little; their language is rhythmic, slow, solemn; they are grave, their salutation is a little theatrical.

The Italian is lively, mobile, intelligent, gay; his language is harmonious, sonorous, warm and luminous, like his country's sky. The salutation of the Italian is quick and full of feeling, his gestures colored and exaggerated.

Won the Old Man.

"Sir," he said to her father, "this is a practical world. The spirit of commercialism cannot be throttled by the tender bonds of sentiment. Perhaps you have noticed this?"

"I cannot say I have," replied the stern parent "but that needn't detain you."

"Of course not," said the youth with an affable smile. "What I was about to say is that while I am sitting up courting your daughter I feel that it would be no more than fair to offer to pay for the gas I assist in consuming."

"Good," said the old man. "And how about the coal? Do you expect me to throw that in?"

"Certainly not," cried the youth. "I'll gladly throw in the coal. Bless you, I worked my way through college tending a furnace."

And the old man smiled approvingly.

The real difference between men is energy. A strong will, a settled purpose, an invincible determination, can accomplish almost anything; and in this lies the distinction between great men and little men.—Fuller.

LINCOLN, THE WHITE HOUSE AND SPRINGFIELD MONUMENT



Thomas W. Lloyd of Montoursville, Penn., relates the following interesting reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln:

"I saw Abraham Lincoln for the first time in the winter of 1863, at one of his public receptions. I was only a child, but had heard so much of Abraham Lincoln that I had a sort of vague idea that he was not a mere man, but some kind of a divinity to be worshipped from afar, and naturally I was anxious to see him. I was therefore permitted to accompany my father, who was then serving as chief clerk of the House of Representatives, to one of the presidential receptions. I knew nothing of public functions at that time, and had some sort of notion that we would only be permitted to gaze upon the great man from a distance. When we came to him in the line, however, and he had greeted my father with a few pleasant words and we were about to pass on, the President said: 'Wait one moment; I haven't shaken hands with this little man.' He took me by the hand, patted me on the head, said a few kind words to me and we passed on."

"Later in the same winter I met him again at my own home in Pennsylvania. At the beginning of the war, as a mere child, I was fired with patriotic spirit and went about the streets of my native village making speeches, urging every man to enlist. I did not then know what the war meant, but I knew 'our side' was right, simply because it was 'our side,' and my appearance on the street was a signal to get me up on a store goods box to make a speech. My father had related this to Lincoln and asked permission to bring me to the White House. This was granted and one morning we drove there and were received by the President alone. As he rose from his chair to greet us I remember thinking he was the longest, ugliest and most ungainly man I had ever seen. When I was presented to him he leaned down, and, taking me by the hand, said: 'So this is the little patriot. Ah, Mr. Lloyd, in these times the boy is indeed father to the man. I wish all the men in the North had his spirit.'"

"As he took me on his knee and talked to me of the war, all the ugliness was forgotten, and as I looked into his face and saw the deep set, kindly eyes, the firm mouth, about which a smile hovered, and listened to his gentle voice, I began to think he was positively handsome. As I look back upon the scene, it brings many tender memories of the man who, amid all the cares and burdens of his position and with the fate of a mighty nation weighing upon his heart, could find time enough to say a few kind words to a little child."

"As a still further illustration of this kindness of heart is the following incident, which I have heard my father relate. A young boy who had served with distinction in a naval engagement on board the gunboat Ottawa, and in another as captain's messenger, was recommended to a cadetship at the Naval Academy at Annapolis. This appointment President Lincoln was glad to make and the lad was directed to report for examination in July. Just as he was about to start from home it was discovered that he could not be admitted, because he had not reached the required age of fourteen, his birthday occurring in the following September. The boy was greatly disappointed and wept bitterly in the fear that he would not be able to go at all. He was told, however, that he would be taken to see the President, who would 'make it all right.' Some time afterward he was taken to the White House and presented to the President, to whom he made a graceful bow. The difficulty was explained and the President said: 'Why, bless me, is that the boy who did so gallantly in those two battles? Why, I feel as though I should take off my hat to him and not he to me.' The President took the papers, and as soon as he learned that a postpone-

ment until September would suffice made the order that the lad should report in that month. Then, putting his hand on the lad's shoulder, he said: 'Now, my boy, go home and have good fun during the two months, for they are the last holiday you will get.' The little fellow bowed himself out, feeling that the President, though a great man, was at the same time a kindly one."

"It was these simple characteristics of this large and manly man that endeared him to all with whom he came in contact, and while we admire the intellect and ability of the statesman we love the man."

KNOW WHERE LINCOLN STOOD

Simple Way in Which He Manifested His Earnestness.

While I was an inmate of Gleason Sanitarium, Elmira, N. Y., I heard the following anecdote of Abraham Lincoln. We had at the sanitarium a very old gentleman by the name of Z. C. Robbins. He was of New Hampshire by birth, but had lived in Washington for fifty years, his business being a patent lawyer. He was intimately acquainted with Mr. Lincoln and was selected by him as chairman of the first police commissioners after his inauguration in 1861. To this Mr. Robbins I owe the recital of the story to which I have alluded. He said:

After the emancipation proclamation had been written, it will be remembered, six months were given to the Confederates to lay down their arms and come back to the Union, before it was to go in force. Providing the South returned to the allegiance to the Union as of yore, the proclamation was not to be issued. But God was working out the destiny of this nation, and not man, and the result is known to history.

The early elections had gone against the Republican party. Republicans became alarmed. A tremendous pressure was brought to bear upon Lincoln to withdraw the threatened issue of the proclamation, upon the day fixed. They declared that it was against the spirit and wish of the people, and would ruin the party. Letters came pouring in from every state in the Union—begging, imploring, sometimes threatening, and it was feared by a few staunch anti-slavery men of the country that Mr. Lincoln could not withstand the pressure. But he said nothing, kept his own counsel, and no man knew his mind.

One day about a week before the time in which the proclamation was to go into force, Mr. Robbins, as was his privilege, walked into the office of Mr. Nicolay, private secretary to Mr. Lincoln. He was feeling very anxious, for it was a dark and gloomy time for the country. Mr. Lincoln's room adjoined that of Mr. Nicolay, and while Mr. Robbins was sitting at an open fire, talking to Mr. Nicolay, Mr. Lincoln walked in, put his hand upon the shoulder of Mr. Robbins and said:

"Well, old friend, the important day draws near."

"Yes," replied Mr. Robbins, "and I hope there will be no backing down or backing out on your part."

"Well, I don't know," says Lincoln; "Peter denied his Master. He thought he wouldn't, but he did."

Mr. Robbins says that he felt a thrill pass over him. He knew by this simple but subtle hint that the soul of Lincoln was determined, and the Union and liberty were secured.

The great day came and with it freedom to both black and white. Hypocrisy had fallen; sincerity and manhood had come to abide. A few days later Mr. Robbins met Mr. Lincoln and the latter grasped his hand and said: "Well, friend Robbins, I beat Peter."—G. S. Kimball in the Bangor (Me.) Commercial.

LINCOLN A PLAIN MAN.

Had Little Time to Waste on Appearances or Style.

When I first knew Lincoln he had all the habiliments of rusticity; his hat was innocent of a nap; his coarse boots had no acquaintance with blacking; his clothes had not been introduced to the whisk-broom; his baggage was well worn and dilapidated; his umbrella was substantial, but of a faded green, and for an outer garment he wore a short circular blue cloak, says Henry C. Whitney in Leslie's Weekly. He commenced to dress better in the spring of 1858, and when he was absent from home, on political tours, usually did so; after he became President, he had a servant who kept him considerably "slicked up," but he frequently had to reason him into fashionable attire by telling him that his appearance was "official." He probably had as little taste or style about dress or attire as any man who was ever born. He simply wore clothes because it was needful and customary; whether they fitted or looked well was entirely above or beneath his knowledge. He had no regard for trivial things, or for mere forms, manners, politeness, etiquette, official formalities, fine clothes, routine or red-tape; he disdained a bill of fare at table, a program at a theater, or a license to get married. The pleadings in a lawsuit, the formal compliments on a social introduction, the exordium or peroration of a speech he either wholly ignored or cut as short as he could.

In all his political campaigns, the music, flags and bunting were nothing to him; he was thinking rather of the statistics—how many votes were probable, and what the tendencies of political thought were to change opinions and votes. And he also had a thorough contempt for the office of bailiff or crier of a court, doorkeeper of a legislative or Congressional body, floorwalker in a store, drum-major in a band, or even of mayor of a city or town. He disliked to be called "Mr. President" or even "Mr. Lincoln" by his intimates; he called men by their family names.

Lincoln's Love of Truth.

Slower of growth, and devoid altogether of many brilliant qualities which Douglas possessed, says William G. Brown in the February Atlantic, Lincoln nevertheless outreached him by the measure of the two gifts he lacked—the twin gifts of humor and or brooding melancholy. Bottomed by the one in homeliness, his character was by the other drawn upward to the height of human nobility and aspiration. His great capacity of pain, which but for his buffoonery would no doubt have made him mad, was the source of his rarest excellencies. Familiar with squalor, and hospitable to vulgarity, his mind was yet tenanted by sorrow, a place of midnight wrappings. In him as never before in any other man, were high and low things mated, and awkwardness and ungainliness and uncouthness justified in their uses. At once coarser than his rival and infinitely more refined and gentle, he had mastered lessons which the other had never found the need of learning, or else had learned too readily and then dismissed.