

THE MAID of MAIDEN LANE

Sequel to "The Bow of Orange Ribbon."

A LOVE STORY BY AMELIA E. BARR

(Copyright, 1900, by Amelia E. Barr)

CHAPTER XI.

We Have Done With Tears and Treasons.

"Here is a letter from Arenta!" repeated the Doctor to his wife, who was just entering the room. "Come, Ava, and listen to what she has to say." Then Cornelia read aloud the following words:

"My Dear Friend Cornelia: If to-day I could walk down Maiden Lane, if to-day I could see you and talk to you, I should imagine myself in heaven. For as to this city, I think that in hell the name of 'Paris' must have spread itself far and wide. Do you remember our learning in those happy days at Bethlehem of the slaughter of Christians by Nero? Very well; right here in the Paris of Marat and Robespierre, you may hear constantly the same brutal cry that filled the Rome of the Caesars—"Death to the Christians!" Famine, anarchy, murder, are everywhere, and I live from moment to moment, trembling if a step comes near me.

"As to religion, there is no longer any religion. Everywhere the Almighty is spoken of as the "sol-disant God." The monarchy is abolished, and yet so ignorant are the leaders of the people, that when Brissot mentioned the word Republic in Petion's house, Robespierre said with a grin, "Republic! Republic! What's a republic?" Spying, and fear, and death penetrate into the most private houses; above all, fear, constant fear of every one with whom you come in contact.

"I have told you the truth about our condition, because I have just had a letter from my father, and he talks of leaving his business in Claos Bergen's care, and coming here to look after me. You must convince him that he could do me no good whatever, and that he might do me much harm. Tell him not to fear; Arenta says, not to fear. While Minister Morris is here I have a friend that can do all that can be done.

"Ask our good Domine to pray that I may soon return to a country where God reigns. Never again do I wish to spend one minute in a place where there is no God; for whatever they may call that place, its real name is hell.

"Arenta, Marquise de Tounnerre." "Poor Arenta!" said the Doctor when Cornelia had finished the wretched epistle. Suppose that you go and see Van Ariens, and give him all the comfort you can."

Cornelia crossed the street and was going to knock at the door, when Van Ariens hastily opened it. When Cornelia told him her errand, he was in a hurry of loving anxiety to hear what his child had written.

"I understand," he said, when he had heard the letter. "She is frightened, the poor little one! But she will smile and say 'it is nothing.' However, I yet think I must go to her."

"Do not," urged Cornelia. You may see by Arenta's letter, that she does not fear the guillotine. Come over to-night and talk to my father and mother."

"Well then, I will come." Then he took both Cornelia's hands in his and looking earnestly at her said:

"Poor Rem! Impossible is it?" "Quite impossible, sir," she answered.

"I am very sorry," he said, simply, and let her hands drop. In an



Van Ariens opened the door.

hour or two to your house I will come. There is plenty to talk about."

The next day Cornelia walked down Broadway to Madame Jacobus' house. It was closed and desolate looking and she sighed as she compared its old bright spotless comfort, with its present empty forlornness. The change typified the change in her heart and love.

One exquisite day as they went up Maiden Lane the Doctor said: "My friend, Gen. Hewitt sails for England to-day, and we will go and wish him a good voyage." So to the pier they went, and the Doctor left his carriage, and taking Cornelia on his arm walked down to where the English packet was lying.

Soon Cornelia became conscious of the powerful magnetism of some human eye, and obeying its irresistible attraction she saw George Hyde steadily regarding her. She was enthralled

again by his glance, and never for one moment thought of resisting the appeal it made to her. With a conscious tenderness she waved him an adieu whose spirit he could not but feel. In the same moment he lifted his hat and stood bareheaded looking at her with a pathetic inquiry, which made her inwardly cry out, "Oh, what does he mean?" Then the Doctor touched her:

"Why do you do that?" he asked angrily.

"Because I must do it, father; I cannot help it. I desire to do it."

"I am in a hurry; let us go home." She turned away with a sigh. The Doctor drove rapidly to Maiden Lane and did not on the way speak a word, and Cornelia was glad of it. Henceforward she was resolved to love without a doubt. She would believe in Joris, no matter what she had seen, or what she had heard. There were places in life to which alas! truth could not come, and this might be one of them. Though all the world blamed her lover, she would excuse him.

Now a woman's intuition is like a leopard's spring, it seizes the truth—if it seizes it at all—at the first bound, and it was by this unaccountable mental agility Cornelia had arrived at the conviction of her lover's fidelity. She reflected that now he was so far away, it would be possible for her to call upon Madame Van Heemskirk the following week. She expected the old lady might treat her a little formally, perhaps even with some coldness, but she thought it worth while to test her kindness.

One morning Mrs. Moran said, "Cornelia, I wish you to go to William Irvin's for some hosiery and Kendal's cottons."

"Very well, mother. I will also look in at Fisher's," and it was at Fisher's that she saw Madame Van Heemskirk.

"Good morning, madame," said Cornelia, with a cheerful smile.

"Good morning, miss. Step aside once with me. A few words I have to say to you," and as she spoke she drew Cornelia a little apart from the crowd at the counter, and looking at her sternly, said:

"One question only—why then did you treat my grandson so badly? A shameful thing it is to be a flirt."

"I am not a flirt, madame. And I did not treat your grandson badly. No, indeed!"

"Pray then what else? You let a young man love you—you let him tell you so—you tell him 'yes, I love you' and then when he says marry me, you say, 'no.' Such ways I call bad, very bad. Not worthy of my Joris are you, and so then, I am glad you said 'no.'"

"Madame, you are very rude."

"And very false are you."

"Madame, I wish you good morning," and with these words Cornelia left the store. Her cheeks were burning, the old lady's angry voice was in her ears, she felt the eyes of every one in the store upon her, and she was indignant and mortified at a meeting so inopportune. Why had Joris lied about her? Was there no other way out of his entanglement with her?

She could arrive at only one conclusion—Annie's most unexpected appearance had happened immediately after his proposal to herself. He was pressed for time, his grandparents would be especially likely to embarrass him concerning her claims, and of course the quickest and surest way to prevent questioning on the matter, was to tell them that she had refused him. And then after this explanation had been accepted and sorrowed over, there came back to her those deeper assurances, those soul assertions, which she could not either examine or define, but which she felt compelled to receive—He loves me! I feel it! It is not his fault! I must not think wrong of him.

One day at the close of October she put down her needlework with a little impatience. "I am tired of sewing, mother," she said, "and I will walk down to the Battery and get a breath of the sea. I shall not stay long."

On her way to the Battery she was thinking of Hyde, and of their frequent walks together there, and ere she quite reached the house of Madame Jacobus she was aware of a glow of fire light and candle light from the windows. She quickened her steps, and saw a servant well known to her standing in the open door. She immediately accosted him.

"Has madame returned at last, Ameer?" she asked joyfully.

"Madame has returned home," he answered. "She is weary—she is not alone—she will not receive to-night."

The man's manner—usually so friendly—was shy and peculiar and Cornelia felt saddened and disappointed. She walked rapidly home to the thoughts which this unexpected arrival induced. They were hopeful thoughts, leaning—however she directed them—toward her absent lover. She went into her mother's presence full of renewed expectations and met her smile with one of unusual brightness.

"Madame Jacobus is at home," said Mrs. Moran, before Cornelia could speak. "She sent for your father just after you left the house, and I suppose that he is still there."

"Is she sick?"

"I don't know. I fear so, for the visit is a long one."

It was near ten o'clock when Doctor Moran returned and his face was sombre and thoughtful—the face of a man who had been listening for hours to grave matters and who had not been able to throw off their physical reflection.

Cornelia at once asked: "Is madame very ill?" "She is wonderfully well. It is her husband."

"Captain Jacobus?" "Who else? She has brought him home, and I doubt if she has done wisely."

"What has happened, John? Surely you will tell us!"

"There is nothing to conceal. I have heard the whole story—a very pitiful story—but yet like enough to end well. Madam told me that the day after her sister-in-law's burial, James Lauder, a Scotchman who had often sailed with Captain Jacobus, came down to Charleston to see her. He declared that having had occasion to go to Guy's hospital in London to visit a sick comrade, he saw there Captain Jacobus. He would not admit any doubt of his identity, but said the Captain had forgotten his name, and



She waved him an adieu, everything in connection with his past life.

"Oh, how well I can imagine madame's hurry and distress," said Cornelia.

"She hardly knew how to reach London quickly enough. But Lauder's tale proved to be true. Her first action was to take possession of the demented man, and surround him with every comfort. He appeared quite indifferent to her care, and she obtained no shadow of recognition from him. She then brought to his case all the medical skill money could procure, and in the consultation which followed the physicians decided to perform the operation of trepanning."

"But why? Had he been injured, John?"

"Very badly. The hospital books showed that he had been brought there by two sailors, who said he had been struck in a gale by a falling mast. The wound healed, but left him mentally a wreck. The physicians decided that the brain was suffering from pressure, and that trepanning would relieve, if it did not cure."

"Imagine now what a trial was before madame! It was a difficult matter to perform the operation, for the patient could not be made to understand its necessity; and he was very hard to manage. Then picture to yourselves, the terrible strain of nursing which followed; though madame says it was soon brightened and lightened by her husband's recognition of her. After that event all weariness was rest, and suffering ease, and as soon as he was able to travel both were determined to return at once to their own home. He is yet, however, a sick man, and may never quite recover a slight paralysis of the lower limbs." (To be continued.)

The Right Place to Begin.

When the political history of Maryland is written there will be a paragraph or two for the McComas-Mudd feud. It is now in progress, bitter and unrelenting. McComas was a United States senator until March 4 last, and Mudd is a Representative in Congress. Both are Republicans.

In the old days, though, they were bosom friends. McComas was the leader and Mudd a follower. One day they were dining together.

Sydney, asked McComas, "how old is your boy?"

"Sixteen," replied Mudd, proudly. "My, my," said McComas, "I didn't think he was so old, but I tell you, Sydney, when the time comes I'll do something handsome for that boy."

Mudd leaned over the table. "Mac," he said, "when you want to do anything for the Mudd family you forget the boy and begin with the old man."

—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post

Women and the Looking Glass.

How much time does a woman spend before her looking-glass? A German estimates that a girl of six to ten spends an average of seven minutes a day before a mirror, from ten to fifteen a quarter of an hour is consumed daily, and from fifteen to twenty, twenty-two minutes. Ladies from twenty to twenty-five occupy twenty-five minutes; from that age to thirty they are at least half an hour at their toilette. Thence there is a decline in coquetry. From thirty to thirty-five the time occupied comes down to twenty-four minutes, from thirty-five to forty it is only eighteen minutes; from forty to fifty, twelve minutes, and from fifty to sixty, only six minutes. A woman of seventy has thus spent 5,862 hours before the glass. In other words, eight months, counting night and day.

1904 TARIFF ISSUE

HOW TO TEST THE QUESTION OF REVISION.

Should the Republicans Stand for Business Stability and the Democrats Urge the Abandonment of Protection, Which Would Win?

Referring to the "Let-well-enough-alone" doctrine advocated by Secretary Root in his Boston speech, the Minneapolis Journal says:

"But if times continue good the doctrine of leaving things to themselves will be just as good in 1905 as now, and that sort of postponement cannot be kept up very long if the tariff is to be revised by its friends."

"There is probably not one man in a thousand in the United States that does not expect to see a business and industrial reaction in this country sometime within the next ten years, and many expect it within the next five. When that reaction comes it will be too late to talk about having the tariff altered by its friends. The people are more likely to be in a mood to have it altered with a broad-ax by its enemies."

This question can be tested—and it will very likely be so tested—in a simple and direct manner. Thus:

Let the National Republican convention next year resolve that

"Tariff stability is a vital need of all business, industry, trade and commerce. Therefore, as the country is now in a highly prosperous condition, any revision of the tariff at this time is uncalled for, unwise and unwarranted."

Then let the National Democratic convention next year assert its platform that

"The existing protective tariff is a robbery and a tax; it obstructs business; it shelters monopoly; it permits combinations of producers to plunder the consumers; it makes the rich richer and the poor poorer. Therefore the tariff should be immediately repealed and in its place a tariff for revenue only should be enacted."

Going before the country upon the tariff issue thus sharply and clearly defined, which party would carry the Presidential election in 1904? From present indications that issue is likely

everything that New England wants to sell. As a President for the whole country, Roosevelt must appeal to those who live outside the provinces, which are, fortunately, only a small portion of the United States.—Helena (Mont.) Record.

PROTECTION FOR COAL.

How Its Removal Has Injured the Far West.

The fleet of vessels engaged to bring coal from Australia to this country numbers sixty-seven. There is not the slightest possibility that the effect of this will be to reduce the price of the fuel to consumers. It will be to give the dealers a bigger profit, and to give to a foreign country the benefit of a market that should have been left to home enterprise. This fleet will unload at San Francisco. In the Northwest there is coal enough to supply the California demand, and would still be enough were the demand far greater. Formerly Washington supplied much of this coal. The demand has been lessened by the adoption of oil burning methods, but still remains considerable. Now it will be filled by Australia. Ships can afford to carry coal at a low rate to ports into which they have infrequently sailed in ballast. Thus the wild furore to take the duty off something has deprived this coast of an important protection. The public mind awoke to lively conception of this necessity when the strike and the hoggishness of the retailers had sent prices of coal in the East to a figure where the poor were in danger of freezing. Statesmen smote their swelling breasts and vowed that they would remedy these conditions. Then they took the duty off coal, to the detriment of Pacific coast interests, for which they have as little care as for the interests of Patagonia, and their consciences ceased to cause them pangs. The removal of this duty could have no possible bearing upon the evils it was sought to cure. All that it could do it has done. It has struck a blow at the Pacific coast; it has diverted money to Australia, and it has not had a single beneficent effect.

This part of the country is in favor of protection, and it would include coal. The East has no Australian competition to fear. The agitators who favor fooling with the tariff want lum-

ALPHONSE AND GASTON.



to be presented. In such an event watch the Republican mugwumps fall over each other in their hurry to get back into the Republican ranks! A few of them might rush in the opposite direction, but for every such deserter a score of business Democrats who are making money and want the tariff let alone would be found quietly voting the Republican ticket. The country is in no hurry to be torn up again by tariff experiments.

FOR THE WHOLE COUNTRY.

The President Not in Favor of Internal Tariff Favoritism.

"Let well enough alone," was a sentiment that appealed to the prosperous people of this prosperous nation in the campaign of 1900. "Go on letting well enough alone," will be the talk in 1904. President Roosevelt recognized this when he said in Minneapolis:

"In making any readjustment there are certain important considerations which cannot be disregarded. If a tariff law has on the whole worked well, and if business has prospered under it and is prospering, it may be better to endure some inconveniences and inequalities for a time than by making changes to risk causing disturbance and perhaps paralysis in the industries and business of the country."

The tariff speech of the President is a direct sequel to his able review of the subject of the trusts. He points out that the question of revising the tariff is in no wise related to the trust issue. In his Milwaukee speech, he told about certain physicians who could cure diseases, but were not so sure about saving the life of the patient. It is easy to put the corporations, trusts and otherwise, out of business, by making lines hard enough. But that is not the remedy obviously.

The President would, above all, preserve the protective principle, which has done so much to strengthen the position of the American workman at home. He would approach with caution such changes as are suggested from time to time, with due reference to their importance to "the nation as a whole." Evidently Roosevelt is not in sympathy with the "New England idea," which is to let in everything free that New England wants to buy and slap a high duty on



Pedigree of Pigs in Dam.

W. M. McFadden, secretary of the American Poland-China Record Association, says: My experience has been that there are more errors in pedigrees for pigs bought in dam than in all other essential particulars combined. I am sure that not 50 per cent of the pedigrees of pigs bought in dam are properly made so as to show that fact. Particular attention has been given to this on the circular issued by the American Record, and the instructions in regard to it are as plain, I think, as the English language will permit, and yet, we have patrons who will year after year make errors on this kind of pedigrees. For nearly twelve years we have been issuing duplicates for pedigrees received. These duplicates, when sent out, if correct, show how the original pedigree should have been made to show the animal sold in dam. The duplicates should serve as a copy for the breeder in making future pedigrees. This is not only true of this matter of pigs sold in dam, but the duplicates are a copy from which pedigrees should be made in all particulars, yet, for some reason, that has always been a mystery to me, a great many breeders seem not to learn from the duplicates how to make a similar pedigree. There is one simple rule, that a person making a pedigree, should always have in mind. That is the rule, that the owner of the dam at the time of service, is the breeder of her litter. If the dam is sold after being bred and before she farrows, then the man who owned her at the time she was bred is the breeder of her litter, and the litter was sold in dam to the man who owned when she farrowed. "A" may breed a sow and sell her to "B" and then "B" sell one of her pigs to "C." Nearly always "B" will make out the pedigree of the pig as having been bred by "A" and sold to "C." The pedigree should read: "Bred by 'A', sold in dam to 'B', and then sold to 'C.'" The name of the person who signs a pedigree should, in all cases, appear on the top of the pedigree, either as breeder or as the person to whom the pig was sold in dam.

Orchard Cover Crops.

In selecting a cover crop, we should consider the following points: We must have a crop that grows quickly, covering the ground completely; one which is reasonably sure to catch, one year with another; one that the seed is not expensive, and if possible one which will add something to the soil which will aid tree growth, says M. S. Kellogg. As these crops are sown in a usually dry season of the year, the clovers are not to be considered very seriously, as they are uncertain of germination and slow of growth. Above all, whether in orchard or nursery, cultivate the crop under early and then cultivate, cultivate, cultivate; retain all the moisture possible with a dust mulch, and aid in avoiding drought. In closing, would say: Do not depend on any one crop; have two strings to your bow, and if one fails use the other till the first one is repaired. There is no one crop that will uniformly succeed, and each one will need to do some experimenting for himself to determine just what is best for his needs. The experimental stations in the different states are doing work along this line and we must look to them to tell us what crop is going to add the needed humus and tree growing matter to our very diversified soil; the average nurseryman and orchardist has not the facilities nor the time to experiment to determine what is lacking in his soil.

Making Good Butter.

From The Farmers' Review: I have been in the dairy business for less than two years. We milk in tin pails and run the milk through the separator immediately. We set the cream to ripen in stone crocks. We always take our separator apart immediately after using, cleanse, scald and put together again just before using next time. We also cleanse every vessel that has had milk in it. We use a barrel churn. By this method we have no unpleasant odor about the milk room or in the butter, as our customers will testify. We mold our butter in brick shape, wrap in parchment paper, and away it goes.—Thomas Gaines, Iron county, Mo.

The Hunt.

The Hunt is a means of affording great amusement for a child's party, says The Housekeeper. Hide a given number of peanuts in one of the rooms not entered by the guests until the Hunt begins. Some nuts may be in sight and others half concealed, while the larger number are out of sight, but hid on places accessible. A sufficient number of nuts should be distributed about the rooms to permit each hunter to find at least twenty or more. At the sound of the hunter's call (the blowing of a tin toy horn) the hunt begins and continues for twenty minutes. The one who succeeds in finding the largest number carries off the prize, which may be a toy gun, a toy hound, or some other toy pertaining to the sportsman's paraphernalia.

Good intentions are good intentions—nothing more.