

THE MAID of MAIDEN LANE

Sequel to "The Bow of Orange Ribbon."

A LOVE STORY BY AMELIA E. BARR

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CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

"That is so, but I think her life was worth a few words. And Thomas Jefferson says she was ten thousand times welcome to the protection his name gave her. I thank my God I have never had such temptation. Over-righteous we must not be, Lysbet."

"I am astonished, also. I thought Arcota would cry out and that only."

"What a man or a woman will do and suffer, and how they will do and suffer, no one knows till comes some great occasion. All the human heart wants is the chance."

"As men and women have in Paris to live, I wonder me, that they can wish to live at all! Welcome to them must be death."

"So wrong are you, Lysbet. Trouble and hardship make us love life. A zest they give to it. It was not from the Jews in exile and captivity, but from the Jews of Solomon's glory came the only dissatisfied, hopeless words in the Bible."

"To-morrow, Joris, I will go and see Arcota. She is fair, and she knows it; witty, and she knows it; of good courage, and she knows it; the fashion, and she knows it. To Aurelia Van Zandt she said, my heart will ache forever for my beloved Athanas, and Aurelia says that her old lover Willie Nicholls is at her feet sitting all the day long—yet for all these things she is a brave woman and I will go and see her."

"Willie Nicholls is a good young man, and he is rich also; but of him I saw nothing at all. Cornelia Moran was there and no flower of Paradise is so sweet, so fair!"

"A very proud girl! I am glad she said 'no' to my Joris."

"Come, my Lysbet, we will now pray and sleep. There is so much not to say."

CHAPTER XIV.

The New Days Come.

One afternoon in the late autumn Annie was sitting watching Hyde playing with his dog, a big mastiff of noble birth and character. The creature sat erect with his head leaning against Hyde, and Hyde's arm was thrown around his neck as he talked to him of their adventures on the Broad that day.

Outside there was in the air that November feeling which chills like the passing breath of death. But in the house Annie and Hyde and the dog sat within the circle of warmth and light made by the blazing ash logs, and in that circle there was at least an atmosphere of sweet content. Suddenly George looked up and his eyes caught those of Annie watching him. "What have you been reading, Annie?" he asked, as he stooped forward and took a thin volume from her lap. "Why?" he cried, "tis Paul and Virginia. Do you read love stories?"

"Yes. The mystery of a love affair pleases every one, and I think we shall not tire of love stories till we tire of the mystery of spring, or of primroses and daffodils."

"Love has been cruel to me. It has made a cloud on my life that will help to cover me in my grave."

"You still love Cornelia?"

"I cannot cure myself of a passion so hopeless. However, as I see no end to my unhappiness, I try to submit to what I cannot avoid."

"My uncle grows anxious for you to marry. He would be glad to see the succession of Hyde assured."

"Oh, indeed, I have no mind to take a wife. I hear every day that some of my acquaintance have married; I hear of none that have done worse."

"You believe nothing of what you say. My uncle was much pleased

with her face, he failed to understand, as he always had done, the noble love which had been so long and so faithfully his—a love holding itself above endearments; self-repressed, self-sacrificing, kept down in the inmost heart-chamber a dignified prisoner behind very real bars. Yet he was conscious that the letter was of more than usual interest, and when the servant had closed the door be-



His eyes ran over the sweet words, and he asked, "Whom is your letter from, Annie? It seems to please you very much."

"She leaned forward to him, with the paper in her little trembling hand, and said:

"It is from Cornelia."

"My God!" he ejaculated, and the words were fraught with such feeling, as could have found no other vehicle of expression.

"She has sent you, dear George, a copy of the letter you ought to have received more than two years ago. Read it."

His eyes ran rapidly over the sweet words, his face flamed, his hands trembled, he cried out impetuously:

"But what does it mean? Am I quite in my senses? How has this letter been delayed? Why do I get only a copy?"

"Because Mr. Van Ariens has the original."

"It is all incredible. What do you mean, Annie? Do not keep me in such torturing suspense."

"It means that Mr. Van Ariens asked Cornelia to marry him on the same day that you wrote to her about your marriage. She answered both letters in the same hour, and misdirected them."

"God's death! How can I punish so mean a scoundrel? I will have my letter from him, if I follow him round the world for it."

"You have your letter now. I asked Cornelia to write it again for you; and you see she has done it gladly."

"Angel of goodness! But I will have my first letter."

"It has been in that man's keeping for more than two years. I would not touch it. 'Twould infect a gentleman and make of him a rascal just as base."

"He shall write me then an apology in his own blood. I will make him do it, at the point of my sword. Remember, Annie, what this darling girl suffered. For his treachery she nearly died. I speak not of my own wrong—it is as nothing to hers."

"However, she might have been more careful."

"Annie, she was in the happy hour of love. Your calm soul knows not what a confusing thing that is—she made a mistake, and that sneaking villain turned her mistake into a crime. By a God's mercy, it is found out—but how? Annie! how much I owe you! What can I say? What can I do?"

"Be reasonable. Mary Damer really found it out. His guilty conscience forced him to tell her the story, though to be sure, he put the wrong on people he did not name. But I knew so much of the mystery of your love sorrow, as to put the stories together, and find them fit. Then I wrote to Cornelia."

"How long ago?"

"About two months."

"Why then did you not give me hope ere this?"

"I would not give you hope, till hope was certain. Two years is a long time in a girl's life. It was a possible thing for Cornelia to have forgotten—to have changed."

"Impossible! She could not forget. She could not change. Why did you not tell me? I should have known her heart by mine own."

"I wished to be sure," repeated Annie, a little more sadly.

"Forgive me, dear Annie. But this news throws me into an unspeakable condition. You see that I must leave for America at once."

"No. I do not see that, George."

"But if you consider—"

"I have been considering for two months. Let me decide for you now, for you are not able to do so wisely. Write at once to Cornelia; that is your duty as well as your pleasure. But before you go to her there are things indispensable to be done. Will you ask Doctor Moran for his child, and not be able to show him that you care for her as she deserves to be

cared for? Lawyers will not be hurried, there will be consultations, and engrossings, and signings, and love—in your case—will have to wait upon law."

"Tis hard for love, and harder perhaps for anger to wait. For I am in a passion of wrath at Van Ariens. I long to be near him. Oh, what suffering his envy and hatred have caused others!"

"And himself also."

"The man is hateful to me."

"He has done a thing that makes him hateful. I hear your father coming. I am sure you will have his sympathy in all things."

She left the room as the Earl entered it. He was in unusually high spirits. Some political news had delighted him, and without noticing his son's excitement he said:

"The Commons have taken things in their own hands, George. I said they would. They listen to the king and the Lords very respectfully, and then obey themselves. Most of the men in the Lower House are unfit to enter it."

"Well, sir, the Lords as a rule send them there—you have sent three of them yourself. But the government is not interesting. I have something else, father, to think about. I have very important news from America. Will you listen to it?"

"Yes, if you will tell it to me straight, and not blunder about your meaning."

"Sir, I have just discovered that a letter sent to me more than two years ago has been knowingly and purposely detained from me."

"Did the letter contain means of identifying it as belonging to you?"

"Ample means."

"Then the man is outside your recognition. You might as well go to the Bridewell and seek a second among its riff-raff scoundrels. Tell me shortly whom it concerns."

"Miss Moran."

"Oh, indeed! Are we to have that subject opened again?"

His face darkened, and George, with an impetuosity that permitted no interruption, told the whole story. As he proceeded the Earl became interested, then sympathetic. He looked with moist eyes at the youth so dear to him, and saw that his heart was filled with the energy and tenderness of his love. He felt that his son had rights all his own, and that he must cheerfully and generously allow them.

"George," he answered, "you have won my approval. What do you wish to do?"

"I am going to America by the next packet."

"You desire to see Miss Moran without delay, that is very natural."

"Yes, sir. I am impatient also to get my letter."

"I think that of no importance."

"What would you have done in my case, and at my age, father?"

"Something extremely foolish. I should have killed the man, or been killed by him. I hope that you have more sense. What does Annie say?"

"Annie is an angel. I walk far below her—and I hate the man who has so wronged—Cornelia. I think, sir, you must also hate him."

"I hate nobody. God send, that I may be treated the same. George, you have flashed your sword only in a noble quarrel, will you now stain it with the blood of a man below your anger or consideration?"

"What do you wish me to do, sir?"

"I advise you to write to Miss Moran at once. Tell her you are more anxious now to redeem your promise, than ever you were before. Say to her that I already look upon her as a dear daughter, and am taking immediate steps to settle upon you the American Manor, and also such New York property as will provide for the maintenance of your family in the state becoming your order and your expectations. Tell her that my lawyers will go to this business to-morrow, and that as soon as the deeds are in your hand, you will come and ask for the interview with Doctor Moran, so long and cruelly delayed."

(To be continued.)

BORESOMENESS OF A BEGINNER.

Why Robinson Was Deserted by His Acquaintances.

Ruggles—Poor old Robinson! It's sad, the saddest thing in the world, perhaps, to see a man deliberately alienate his friends, estrange his family, and make himself an outcast and a horror to everybody, an do it simply to gratify a whim, too.

Struggles—Why, what do you mean? I saw him not so very many days ago, and he seemed perfectly happy, and he told me he never was more prosperous in all his life.

Ruggles—Yes, that's just it. Poor fellow! He's one of those weak-kneed men who can't stand prosperity, apparently. As soon as they get a few dollars—well, you know the rest.

Struggles—Do you mean he's drinking too much?

Ruggles—No. No, indeed. It's possible to feel some sympathy for a man who can't resist that temptation. But poor old Robinson! It's different with him.

Struggles—You can't mean that he's in the toils of a siren? He's too devoted a husband and father for such an escapade.

Ruggles—No. Oh, no. One could wean him perhaps in time from such a miserable infatuation, if it were possible to think of him in such an entanglement. But there seems to be no hope in his case.

Struggles—You certainly can't mean that he has—

Ruggles—Yes; that's exactly what he has. Bought it last week. Good heavens, here he comes now! Hurry up and get out of this, or he'll be talking automobile to us for the next five hours.—New York Times.

PLATFORMS OF 1904

THE ISSUE OF 1892 TO BE FOUGHT OVER AGAIN.

Unless the Republicans Stand Firmly for Protection Without Apology, the Democrats Will Gain on the Tariff Reform Proposition.

The Democrats are preparing to make exactly the same kind of a fight they made in 1892, on exactly the same issues. They say there can be no compromise on the tariff question.

The question then arises. Can the Republicans go into the campaign with any prospect of success if they concede that a large part of the Democratic contention is correct? Are campaigns fought and won on half-breed creeds?

To show the position in which the two parties would find themselves in case Gov. Cummins' idea is adopted, we quote from Mr. Charles S. Hamlin, of Boston, who was assistant secretary of the treasury under President Cleveland. Mr. Hamlin spoke at the Samuel J. Tilden banquet recently held in New York. He gave an outline of what he called "the great questions of the coming presidential contest." He said the first attack should be upon the foreign policies of the administration; the second upon the treatment of trusts and monopolies; third, tariff reform; fourth, economy in government administration. Then Mr. Hamlin took up the third plank in his political creed and gave his entire attention to "tariff reform" for the purpose of inviting foreign competition to take the place of that of domestic competition, which, he said, is being destroyed. We quote Mr. Hamlin's words upon the subject of the tariff, as follows:

"I believe the first step should be radically to review our system of tariff taxation to the end that foreign competition may come in to take the place of that domestic competition which is being destroyed. Then by examining the effect of foreign competition we shall soon find what additional legislation is needed to control monopolies. Meanwhile the federal government should enforce existing

ers of the Republican party will be in favor of putting into the platform a tariff plank with some uncertainties connected with it. But the party has not been dealing in uncertainties during the past eight years, and it will be strange if the national leaders shall once more be willing to insert platitudes capable of different constructions in different localities. Our own opinion is that the national platform next year will stand radically in favor of the protective tariff without apology.

Meantime, the discussion going on is interesting.—Des Moines Capital.

REFLECTIONS OF A MECHANIC.

Why He Has Stopped Voting the Democratic Ticket.

A mechanic of our city, a good one, too, who fought gallantly for four years in the Confederate army and has voted the Democratic ticket regularly until recently, remarked to a few friends at a recent social event while they were enjoying cigars after luncheon, as follows: "The war was nearly over, and one cold, disagreeable night I was on outpost duty as a picket, when all at once the question flashed upon me. 'What was I fighting and enduring the hardships of camp life for, anyway?' The answer came back as usual, 'Fighting for my niggers.' I soliloquized, 'I have not got and never had a nigger.' I was in the same fix as the balance of my company—no worse or no better off. We were all fighting for something which we did not have. The war from that day lost interest to me, but I served my time out and was honorably discharged." Continuing in the same reminiscent mood he said: "I was for Cleveland and reform up to 1893, when the object lesson was as plain to me as had been the reason why I had been in the Confederate army. In that year I was walking on my uppers, and it was with the utmost difficulty that I procured enough to supply my family with the necessities of life. I was, or thought I was, for free trade, but by the actual workings of the Wilson-Gorman bill I saw the industries of the country paralyzed, and skilled, as well as all other kinds of labor, idle and most of the mechanics as hard up as I was. There was a cause for this general de-

NOT DISPOSED TO TAKE A SHOT AT HIM.



law and provide new legislation to secure information as to what the combinations are doing."

If the above is to be the Democratic creed, in what respect does it differ from "Iowa progressive republicanism?"

Some of our Iowa Republicans say that domestic competition has been destroyed, and that foreign competition must come in to take the place of domestic competition, and that is exactly what Mr. Hamlin says.

How are the "progressive Republicans" of Iowa to make a campaign against Mr. Hamlin's creed?

The fight in this country next year will be for or against the tariff as a means of protecting American factories and their working men. There can be no half-way ground.

If the Republican party, nationally, adopts a platform pledging tariff reform, so-called, the Republican party will be defeated in the Presidential campaign. It will be defeated because the people who turn to the belief of tariff reform will turn away from the party that has always stood for a protective tariff.

The Washington Post, an independent newspaper, does not believe that tariff reform will be put into the national platform of the Republican party next year. The Post, in an editorial commenting on the Polk County Republican convention, gives utterance to the following doubting expression. After noting the pledge on the part of Gov. Cummins to attempt to put the "Iowa idea" into the national Republican platform, the Post says:

"That thought, the 'Iowa idea' was put into the platform last year in such extremely mild terms that the country failed to realize its full import until Speaker Henderson flew the track and the other Iowa Republican leaders were metaphorically by the ears and in each other's hair. In his Des Moines speech Gov. Cummins declared that the time has come for enlarging the free list and a general revision of the tariff schedules. That means war on the standpatters, and for that reason, much as we approve of it, we do not credit the intimation that it was endorsed by the President during the governor's recent visit to Washington. The President has certainly given no intimation, in his public acts or deliveries, of a desire to promote strife in his party."

It may be true that the national lead-

pression, of course, and I concluded it was too much Democratic free trade. I am not versed on the intricacies of the tariff, but a blind man can see the difference between '93 and now, and cannot but know, if he will think, that under free trade working men always have hard times, and under protection prosperity. I now have more work than I can do, at good prices, and in the future expect to vote to benefit myself and family by acting with the party which has wrought the wonderful change in less than ten short years. I am not a politician, further than in the future to lay aside prejudice, war issues and what I used to be, and vote not as I shot, but with the party or policy which puts money in my pocket as a recompense for labor, and at the same time makes labor in demand throughout the entire country. America for Americans before foreign countries is a pretty good motto."—Bates (Mo.) Record.

Consumer and Producer.

Secretary Shaw: "The employer of labor is both a consumer and a producer, and therefore may be appealed to from either standpoint. The wage earner is also both a consumer and a producer. He consumes food, clothing, fuel and shelter and he sells days' work. He may be so shortsighted as to believe that it would be to his advantage to have cheap food, cheap clothing and cheap living expenses generally. Or he might be so farsighted as to know that the market for his labor and for the product of his labor is as important to him as to his employer. Thus either the employer or the employed may be shortsighted enough to think their interests are unlike, if not antagonistic, or so farsighted as to know when one is prosperous the other is never hungry or naked, and that when the other is well paid the one is always prosperous."

Not With Them.

If Iowa Republicans want to plunge into a tariff revision they might as well know right now that Republicans in other states are not with them. Prosperity under the present tariff law is good enough for most of us.—Schenectady (N. Y.) Union.

Stands Four Square.

Republican protection is one of the things that stand four-square to all the winds that blow.—Tionesta (Pa.) Republican.



FARM SCCELLANY

A KNOWLEDGE OF PRINCIPLES.

A man to be successful in any branch of plant culture must understand the principles of plant growth. Most men do not understand these principles and whatever they do is done either because their experience seems to pronounce it good or the course has been recommended to them by someone else. It not infrequently happens that a man will describe his methods to another and that latter will adopt them to his loss. Thus one man said that the use of potash on his land would give very good results and urged his friends to go and do likewise. The men put on the potash, but could get no increased results from it, and they forthwith declared the fertilizer worthless and that the first man was mistaken. That showed a lack of the understanding of the principles. A man that looked into the case found that the land of the first man was deficient in potash while on the land of the men that had used it unsuccessfully there was an abundance for every purpose. The men should have known the conditions of their soils in the first place. Unless a man makes a systematic study of them he is little likely to learn the principles of plant life and nutrition. A principle is a law that applies in all places, yet is modified by circumstances. Thus one kind of plant needs one kind of pruning and another plant needs another kind, yet both must come under the law that says "winter pruning tends to increase wood production and summer pruning tends to increase the fruit yield." Principles have been made known by the experiences of the many.

EFFECT OF PROTEIN FEEDS.

At the Nebraska station hogs were differently fed to determine the effects of protein and carbonaceous feeds in the internal organs and bones of the animals. One lot was fed on corn alone, and another on corn and alfalfa. The slaughter test showed larger liver and lungs and better bone in the lot fed alfalfa. Prof. Burnett says:

This slaughter test shows that by supplying more protein, in this case by feeding alfalfa, we get a greater development of internal organs and more health and vigor. Undoubtedly if more attention were given to supplying such foods as will bring about a healthy organism, losses from cholera and other diseases would be greatly reduced. The strength of the thigh bones was tested by providing supports at both ends, applying pressure in the middle. This test was made in a machine for testing strength of materials. The bones of the corn-fed pig measured one-sixteenth of an inch larger in diameter. One bone from the corn-fed pig broke under a pressure of 320 pounds and the other 330 pounds. One of the bones of the corn-and-alfalfa-fed pigs broke at 500 pounds and the other at 520 pounds. From this test it is evident that breakdowns, which often occur in heavy corn-fed hogs, are the fault of the feed rather than the animal. It further shows that the ability of the hog to stand up well on legs is a matter of density of bone rather than size.

A STORY OF GOLDSMITH MAID.

Chas. L. Flint, in a brief sketch of Goldsmith Maid, says: The following incident, showing how attached an intelligent horse becomes to a faithful attendant, and also the influence of kindness on dumb animals, will be of interest to many. As the story goes, Charley Cochrane, who was for many years the faithful custodian of Goldsmith Maid, went to pay her a visit. It is well known that she was very jealous of her foal and would not permit anyone to come near it. It was arranged that she should hear Charley's voice before she saw him, and, although they had been separated for two years, a loud whinny presently assured the visitors that she had recognized the man's voice. Cochrane next showed himself, when a touching scene occurred. The old Queen of the Turf, who for months would not allow anyone to approach her, making use of both heels and teeth if it was attempted, rushed with a bound to her old friend, forgetting even her coils, and rubbed her head upon his shoulders, her nose in his face, played with his whiskers and showed by her every action that her heart was full of joy to see him. Directly the coil came up to them, and she seemed delighted when Charley placed his hand on the little fellow. When Cochrane left the place, she followed him to the gate, whinnying for him even after he had passed out of her sight.

Langshans are natives of Northern China. They were introduced into England in 1872, and later into this country. They have already taken high rank as a breed. They are great winter layers.

It appears from the observations recorded that, even in such plants as melon and squash, the horizontal extent of the roots usually equals or exceeds that of the runners.

The Langshans, being natives of Northern China, are easily acclimated to our country, and are extremely hardy, withstanding readily the severest weather.

"Mossy" is the term used for confused or indistinct marking in the plumage.



"It is from Cornelia."

with Sarah Capel. What did you think of the beauty?"

"Cornelia has made all other women so indifferent to me, that if I cannot marry her, my father may dispose of me as he chooses."

"Cannot you forget Cornelia?"

"It is impossible. Her very name moves me beyond words."

Then they were silent, and Hyde drew his dog closer and watched the blaze among some lighter branches, which a servant had just brought in. At his entrance he had also given Annie a letter, which she was eagerly reading. Hyde had no speculation about it; and even when he found Annie regarding him with her usual