

The Bow of Orange Ribbon

A ROMANCE OF NEW YORK

By AMELIA E. BARR

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CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

Joris was so wrapped up in his grief that he did not notice Bram was suffering also. Bram got the brunt of the world's wonderings and inquiries. People who did not like to ask Joris questions felt no such delicacy with Bram. Joris could, in some degree, control himself; he could speak of the marriage with regret, but without passion; he had even alluded, in some cases, to Hyde's family and expectations. The majority believed that he was secretly a little proud of the alliance. But Bram was aflame with indignation; first, if the marriage were at all doubted; second, if it were supposed to be a satisfactory one to any member of the Van Heemskirk family.

Hyde's brother officers held high festival to their comrade's success. To every bumper they read the marriage notice aloud, as a toast, and gave a kind of national triumph to what was a purely personal affair. Joris read it with dim eyes, and then lit his long Gouda pipe and sat smoking with an air of inexpressible loneliness. Lysbet read it, and then put the paper carefully away among the silks and satins in her bottom drawer. Neil Semple read it and re-read it. It seemed to have a fascination for him, and for more than an hour he sat musing, with his eyes fixed upon the fateful words. Then he rose and went to the hearth. There were a few sticks of wood burning upon it, but they had fallen apart. He put them together, and, tearing out the notice, he laid it upon them. It meant much more to Neil than the destruction of a scrap of paper, and he stood watching it long after it had become a film of grayish ash.

Bram would not read it at all. He was too full of shame and trouble at the event; and the moments went as if they moved on lead. But after tea he gathered a great nosegay of narcissus and went to Isaac Cohen's. He went into the store, and she seemed to know his footsteps. He had no need to speak; she came at once from the mystery behind the crowded place into the clearer light.

Their acquaintance had evidently advanced since that anxious evening when she had urged upon Bram the intelligence of the duel between Hyde and Neil Semple; for Bram gave her the flowers without embarrassment, and she buried their sweet face in their sweet petals, and then lifted it with a smile at once grateful and confidential.

Then Bram told her all the little things that had grieved him, and they talked as dear companions might talk.

It was not more than an hour ere Cohen came home. He looked quickly at the young people and then stood by Bram, and began to talk courteously of passing events. Miriam leaned, listening, against a magnificent "apostle's cabinet" in black oak. Against its carved and pillared background, her dark drapery fell in almost unnoticed grace; but her fair face and small hands, with the mass of white narcissus in them, had a singular and alluring beauty. She affected Bram as something sweetly supernatural might have done. It was an effort for him to answer Cohen; he felt as if it would be impossible for him to go away.

But the clock struck the hour, and the shop boy began to put up the shutters, and the old man walked to the door, taking Bram with him. Then Miriam, smiling her farewell, passed like a shadow into the darker shadows beyond; and Bram went home, wondering to find that she had cast out of his heart hatred, malice, fretful worry and all uncharitableness.

CHAPTER XI.

At Hyde Manor, and Bram and Miriam

In Hyde Manor House, there was that stir of preparation which indicates a departure. Hyde and Katherine were taking a hasty meal together. Hyde was in full uniform, his sword at his side, his cavalry cap and cloak on a chair near him. They both rose together—Katherine bravely smiling away the tears and looking exceedingly lovely in her blue morning gown trimmed with frillings of thread lace, and Hyde, gallant and tender, but still with the air of a man not averse to go back to life's real duty. He took Katherine in his arms, kissed away her tears, made her many a loving promise and then, lifting his cap and cloak, left the room. Evidently he had quite recovered his health and strength, for he sprang very easily into the saddle, and, gathering the reins in his hand, kept the restive animal in perfect control.

A moment he stood thus, the very ideal of a fearless, chivalrous, handsome soldier; the next, his face softened to almost womanly tenderness, for he saw Katherine coming hastily through the dim hall and into the clear sunshine and in her arms was his little son. She came fearlessly to his side, and lifted the sleeping child to him. He stooped and kissed it and then kissed again the beautiful mother; and calling happily backward, "Good-by, my love; God keep you, love; good-by," he gave his horse his own wild will and was soon lost to sight among the trees of the park.

Katherine stood with her child in her arms, listening to the ever fainter beat of hoofs. Her husband had gone back to duty, his furlough had expired, their long, leisurely honeymoon was over. But she was neither fearful nor unhappy. Hyde's friends had procured her exchange into a court regiment. He was only going to London, and he was still her lover. She looked forward with clear eyes as she said gratefully to herself, "So happy am I! So good is my husband! So dear is my child! So fair and sweet is my home!"

Katherine would not have been happy had the estrangement between herself and her parents continued a bitter or a silent one. She did not suppose they would answer the letter she had sent by the fisherman Hudde, so, immediately after her arrival at Jamaica, Katherine wrote to her mother; and, without waiting for replies, she continued her letters regularly from Hyde. They were in a spirit of the sweetest and frankest confidence.

She asked her advice with all the faith of a child and the love of a daughter; and she sent through her those sweet messages of affection to her father, which she feared a little to offer without her mother's mediation.

But when she had a son, and when Hyde agreed to the boy being named George, she wrote a letter to him. The letter, full of love, starred all through with pet words, and wisely reminding him more of their own past happiness than enlarging on her present joy, made his heart melt. He could do no business that day. He felt that he must go home and tell Lysbet, only the mother could fully understand and share his joy. He gave her the letter with a smile, and then walked up and down while she read it.

"Well, Joris, a beautiful letter this is. And thou has a grandson of thy own name—a little Joris. Oh, how I long to see him! Would God he was here!"

The face of Joris was happy and his eyes shining; but he had not yet much to say. He walked about for an hour and listened to Lysbet, who, as she polished her silver, retold him all that Katherine had said of her husband's love and of his goodness to her. At last he rose and went into the garden and she watched him wander from bed to bed, and stand looking down at the green shoots of the early flowers. About three o'clock he came into the house with a firm, quick step.

"Lysbet, thinking I have been—thinking of Katherine's marriage. Better than I expected, it has turned out."

"I think that Katherine has made a good marriage—the best marriage of all the children."

"Dost thou believe that her husband is so kind and so prudent as she says?"

"No doubt I have."

"See, then, I will send Katherine her portion. It is for her and her children. Can I trust them with it?"

"Katherine is no waster, and full of nobleness is her husband. Write thou to him, and put it in his charge for Katherine and her children. And tell him in his honor thou trust entirely, and I think that he will do in all things right."

"Lysbet?"

"What then, Joris?"

"The drinking-cup of silver, which my father gave us at our marriage. It was given to my great grandfather when he was mayor of Middleburg. His name, also, was Joris. To my grandson shall I send it?"

"Oh, my Joris, much pleasure would thou give Katherine and me also! Let the little fellow have it. I will tell Katherine. But thou, too, write her a letter; for little she will think of her fortune or of the cup if thy love thou send not with them."

And Joris had done all that he purposed and done it without one grudging thought or doubting word. And Hyde was not indifferent to such noble trust. He fully determined to deserve it.

As Joris sat smoking that night he thought over his proposal, and then for the first time it struck him that the Middleburg cup might have a peculiar significance and value to Bram. When Lysbet sat down with a little sigh of content beside him and said, "A happy night is this to us, Joris," he answered, "God is good; always better to us than we trust him for. I want to say now what I have been considering the last hour—some other cup we will send to the little Joris, for I think Bram will like to have the Middleburg cup best of all."

"Always Bram has been promised the Gunderland cup and the server that goes with it."

"That is the truth; but I will tell you something, Lysbet. The Middleburg cup was given by the Jews of Middleburg to my ancestor because great favors and protection he gave them when he was mayor of the city. Bram is very often with Miriam Cohen and—"

Then Joris stopped and Lysbet waited anxiously for him to finish the sentence; but he only puffed, puffed and looked thoughtfully at the bowl of his pipe.

"What mean you, Joris?"
"I think that he loves her."
"Well?"
"That he would like to marry her."
"Is she so fair?"
"A beautiful face and gracious ways she has. Like her, the beloved Rachael must have been, I think. Why do you not stand with Bram as you stood with Katherine?"
"Little use it would be, Joris. To give consent in this matter would be a sacrifice refused. Be sure that Cohen will not listen to Bram; no, nor to you, nor to me, nor to Miriam."
"Say to Bram, 'I am willing,' and Cohen will say to him, 'Never, never will I consent.' If you keep the Jew's cup for Bram and Miriam, always you will keep it; yes, and they that live after you, too."

At the very hour Joris and Lysbet were discussing the position of their son with regard to Miriam Cohen, the question was being definitely settled at another point. For Joris was not the only person who had observed Bram's devotion to the beautiful Jewess. Cohen had watched him with close and cautious jealousy for many months; but he was far too wise to stimulate love by opposition and he did not believe in half measures. When he defined Miriam's duty to her he meant it to be in such shape as precluded argument or uncertainty; and for this purpose delay was necessary. But it happened, that, after some months of negotiation, a final and satisfactory letter had come to him by the same post as brought Katherine's letter to Joris Van Heemskirk.

He read its contents with a sad satisfaction and then locked it away until the evening hours secured him from business interruption. Then he went to his grandchild.

She looked so pretty and happy and careless, that for some time he did not like to break the spell of her restful beauty. Then he said in slow, even tones, "My child, listen to me. This summer my young kinsman Judah Belasco will come here. He comes to marry you. You will be a happy wife, my dear. He has money and he has the power to make money, and he is a good young man. I have been cautious concerning that, my dear."

There was a long pause. He did not hurry her, but sat patiently waiting, with his eyes fixed upon the book in her hand.

"I do not want to marry, grandfather. I am so young. I do not know Judah Belasco."

"You shall have time, my dear. It is part of the agreement that he shall now live in New York."

"Put from your heart or fancy any other young man. Have you not thought of our neighbor, Bram Van Heemskirk?"

"He is good; he is handsome. I fear he loves me."

"You know not anything. If you choose a husband, or even a shoe, by their appearance, both may pinch you, my dear. Judah is of good stock. Of a good tree you may expect good fruit."

"Bram Van Heemskirk is also the son of a good father. Many times you have said it."

"Yes, I have said it. But Bram is not of our people. My dear, will you take your own way, or will you obey the word of the Lord?"

"My father, I will keep the promise that I made you. I will do all that you wish."

Cohen bowed his head solemnly and remained for some minutes afterwards motionless. His eyes were closed, his face was as still as a painted face. Whether he was praying or remembering, Miriam knew not. But solitude is the first cry of the wounded heart, and she went away into it. She was like a child that had been smitten and whom there was none to comfort. But she never thought of disputing her grandfather's word, or of opposing his will.

(To be continued.)

DEAD MAN MAKES TROUBLE.

Presence in Spirit Form Obnoxious to His Successor.

A colored family in Aimagro has recently been broken up because of the nightly appearance of the wife's former husband, says the Danville (Va.) correspondent of the Richmond Dispatch. The fact that the man in question has been dead a year or two does not seem to affect in the least his desire to look upon the happiness of his former helpmeet. He invades the privacy of the woman's chamber, much to the annoyance of her present husband. He made one of his frequent visits the other night. He was dressed entirely in white, and came and stood at the foot of the bed.

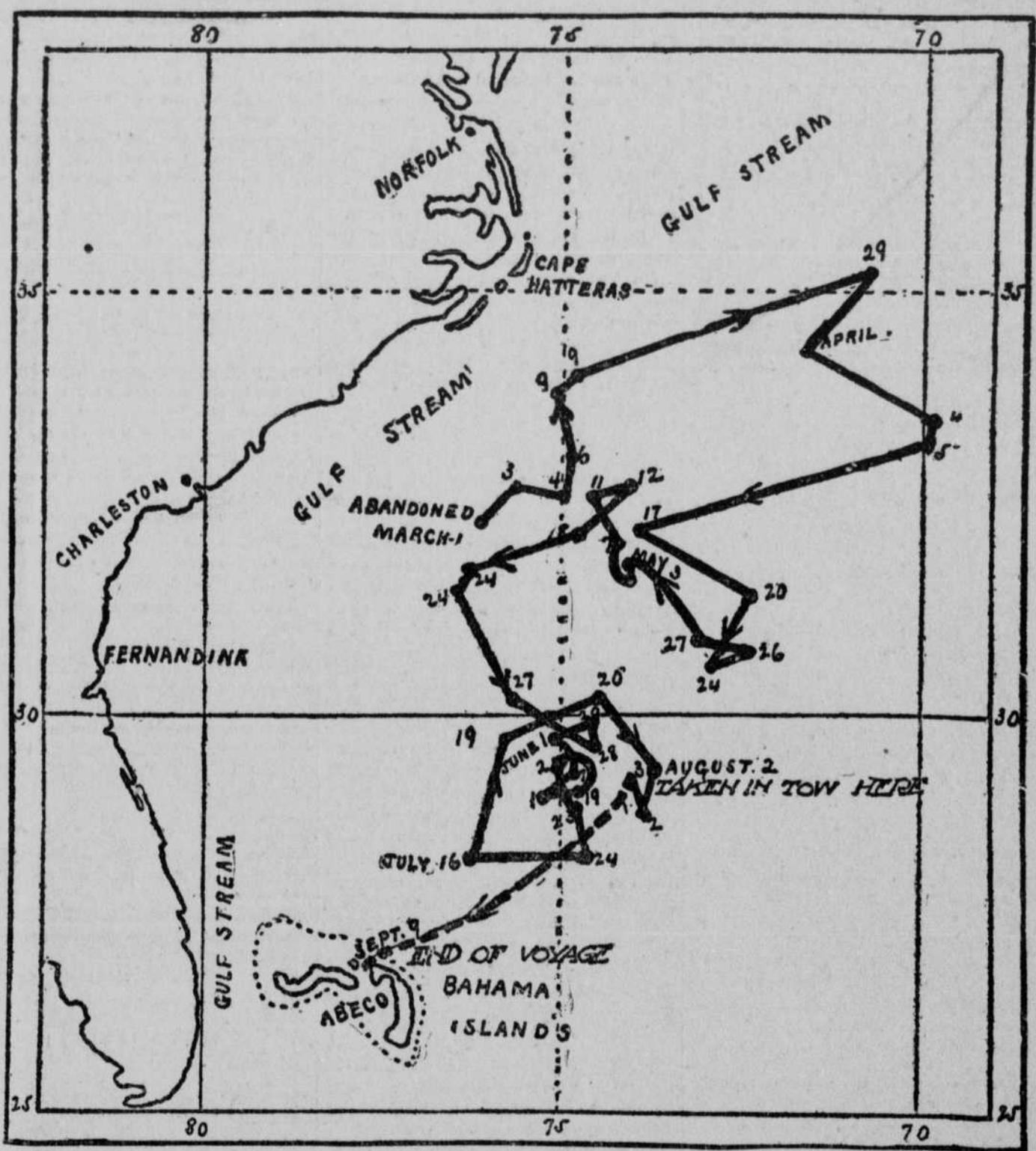
The living husband decided that the dead man had the best right to the woman's presence, and he dived through the window, carrying the cash with him. The woman, who seems to have preferred the living to the dead, followed his example. The pair spent the night, thinly clad, under the stars.

And now there will be a divorce suit, the man refusing longer to live with a woman whose dead husband visits her in the night.

A Suggestive Amendment.

A wealthy brewer in Montreal built a church and inscribed on it: "This church was erected by Thomas Molson at his sole expense. Hebrews xi." Some college wags altered the inscription so as to make it read: "This church was erected by Thomas Molson at his soul's expense. He brews xx."

OCEAN DERELICT TOWED INTO PORT



When the dismantled hull of the three-masted schooner B. R. Woodside was recently towed into Abaco, one of the most notable derelicts of late years came to an end.

For nearly seven long months this old hulk had been adrift, battered around, completely at the mercy of the elements, wafted hither and thither by the varying winds and currents, until she had zig-zagged a most erratic course.

In all thirty-nine vessels brought news of this derelict, and following up the various reports it can be proved that the old hulk covered more than 2,200 miles in the long weeks she was adrift, or an average of about ten miles daily.

The Woodside sailed from Fernandina for San Juan, Porto Rico, loaded with lumber, but encountered severe weather and became waterlogged. On March 1 she was abandoned by the crew and left to sink, but she kept afloat and cruised about, a helpless wreck, as well as a dangerous obstruction to other vessels.

The winds and currents carried her to every point of the compass, backing and filling, crossing and recrossing her track from time to time. After being reported on April 1, an off-shore wind must have set the hulk rolling along as if bound for the Bermudas, but she suddenly turned south and then southwest and was reported ten days later more than 200 miles away.

A series of twists and turns then followed, with news coming in every few days, until on May 24 this wreck was sighted less than fifty miles from where she was abandoned. From this point the derelict drifted to the southeast, making short zig-zag tracks, which crossed over and over again, until on July 16 she was only ninety miles from the island of Abaco, where the almost worthless hulk was towed in nearly two months later.

But turning sharply here to the north she set out again on a new voyage of discovery. Several other reports were received up to August 3, when a long silence followed, which was finally broken when a cable from the Bahamas told the good news of her arrival there in tow.

DIAMONDS SET IN FINGER NAILS

And now we are to have diamonds set in our finger nails! At least some of us are. They are real diamonds and they are actually placed in the nails, and—his!—they don't have to be confined to the finger nails.

Alexander Hultzman, a New York diamond setter, was the originator of the "sparkling nail" fad. Mr. Hultzman is the man who conceived the unique idea of setting the diamond which many champions of the "manly

He went on to tell of a lady who was considering having a diamond set in each of her great toenails. He declined to give her name. Mr. Hultzman says there is no pain connected with the work of setting the stones, as the nail does not have to be cut entirely through.

There is always the facetious critic of new fads, and he has placed himself on record quickly in this case. "It will never do," he said. "Won't

ters green with envy every time she ambles down the boulevard in the gay old summer time with those galling 'piggies' of hers displayed to advantage by her sandals. And, by the way, there's a thought—the sandals. That fad will become a real one now, sure. Lordy, think of the beach at the seashore next summer! There will be the chance for a display. Stockings won't be popular, I guess, or maybe they'll cut holes in 'em and the girl with the biggest toe will be the winner. The world certainly is changing."—New York Press.

THE FREAKS OF SUICIDES.

Notable Instances of Bulls Made by Seekers After Death.

A grocer's assistant who committed suicide the other day left a note inside the house to say, "I am hanging outside." The Liverpool Daily Post gives some other notable instances of bulls made by intending suicides. An Irishman who drowned himself left the message, "This is an accident," on a piece of paper in his hat to spare his friends' feelings; and only this summer a young gentleman in Shropshire, before attempting suicide, wrote an anonymous letter to his mother breaking the news of the accidental death of her son—which, as a matter of fact, did not come off.

With similar forethought a provincial bank manager on his deathbed was said lately to have dictated to his secretary a telegram to headquarters, saying: "Greatly regret to inform you that I died this morning of pneumonia.—(Signed) pp. Thomas Brown." An Irishman once confessed that he had contemplated suicide by hanging himself on a willow tree overhanging a river near his potato patch, but had given up the idea from fear lest the cord should break and he should be drowned.—London Leader.

Iconoclasm.

"Well," said the man who had come in from the remote wilds, "I suppose you've took your seat in congress ag'in."

"No. You remember I had the misfortune to be defeated."
"You don't say! And after me travelin' forty mile to vote for you! The folks out our way will shore be surprised. So you ain't goin' to sit in congress no more?"
"I'm afraid not."

"Well! well! Things are certainly goin' queer these days. I reckon they'll be movin' the Washington monument next."—Washington Star.



art" have seen sparkling in a large front tooth of Mr. Robert Fitzsimmons, as he delivered his famed "solar plexuses."

Mr. Hultzman expects to reap a rich harvest among theatrical folk as a result of his invention. He will establish an office and receive his "patients" by appointment, like a doctor. He says that he alone can do the work thoroughly, as the cutting for the setting was a lucky discovery.

work at all. What! Fasten to the nail diamonds! Why, no! How could you pawn 'em, hey? Go sit in 'uncle's' safe, I suppose, or cut off the finger or pull out the nail. Nay, my friend, portable diamonds will remain popular. The old friends are truest."

Another "humorist" did not take such a sordid view of the subject. "Say, that's great," he said. "What a chance for the Chicago girl to get even. She will have her eastern sis-