

THE MAID OF MAIDEN LANE

Sequel to "The Bow of Orange Ribbon."

A LOVE STORY BY AMELIA E. BARR

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CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

At this moment Mrs. Hyde entered the room, her fair face alight with love. A servant carrying a tray full of good things to eat, followed her; and it was delightful to watch her eager happiness as she arranged meats, and sweetmeats, in tempting order for the hungry young man. As he ate, he talked to his father of those things interesting to him.

"Pray," asked Gen. Hyde, "what can you tell me about the seat of government? Will New York be chosen?"

"Upon my word, sir, the opinions are endless in number and variety; but, in truth, there is to be some sort of a compromise with the southern senators, who are promised the capital on the Potomac, finally, if they no longer oppose the assumption of the state debts."

"And Joris, the ladies? What say they on the subject?" asked Mrs. Hyde.

"Indeed, mother, some of them are lamenting, and some looking forward to the change. All are talking of the social disposition of the beautiful Mrs. Bingham. She will have to abate herself a little before Mrs. Washington. I heard one lady say; while others declare that her association with our republican court will be harmonious and advantageous; especially, as she is beloved in the home of the president."

"Our republican court! The definition is absurd!" said Gen. Hyde, "court pre-supposes both royalty and nobility!"

"We have both of them intrinsically, father."

"In faith, George! you will find, that intrinsic qualities have no social value. What people require is their external evidence. Now I am sleepy. I will talk to you more on these subjects in the morning. Good night!"

He put his hand on his son's shoulder and looked with a proud confidence into the bright face, lifted to the touch.

Then George was alone with his mother; but she was full of little household affairs; and he could not bring into them a subject so close and so sacred to his heart. "I will speak to my mother in the morning," he thought. "To-night her mind is full of other things."

But in the morning Mrs. Hyde was still more interested in "other things." She had an architect with her, her servants were to order, her house to look after. So he ate his breakfast rapidly, and went out to the new stables. He expected to find the General there, and he was not disappointed. There was much to interest them; men were busy draining and building stone walls; plowing and sowing, and digging and planting. Yet, in the midst of all this busy life, George detected in his father's manner an air of melancholy. Presently he asked, "How goes it with your law books, George?"

"Faith, sir, I must confess, very indifferently. I have no senses that way."

"Consider, George, that not only this estate, but also the estate of your Grandfather Van Heemskirk must eventually come to you. Much of both has been bought from confiscated properties, and it is not improbable that claimants may arise who will cause you trouble. How necessary, then, that you should know something of the laws affecting land and property in this country."

"My grandfather is in trouble. I forgot to tell you last night, that his friend, Elder Semple, is dead."

"Dead!"

"Yes, sir."

For a few minutes General Hyde



He watched his son's angry carriage, remained silent, then he said with much feeling, "Peace to the old Tory! He was once very kind to me and my family. Who told you this news?"

"I was walking on Broadway with young McAllister and Doctor Moran stopped us and sent word to Elder McAllister of the death of his friend."

"Was Doctor Moran his physician?"

"Yes, sir. I had the honor of spending an evening at Doctor Moran's house this week; and if you will believe me, sir, he has a daughter that shames every other beauty."

"In love again, George?"

"This time desperately and really, in love. It has come to this—I wish to marry Miss Moran, and I never wished to marry any other woman."

"You have forgotten—And by

heaven! you must forget Miss Moran. She is not to be thought of as a wife—for one moment."

"Sir, you are not so unjust as to make such a statement without giving me a reason for it."

"Giving you a reason! Look east, and west, and north, and south—all these rich lands were bought with your Uncle William's money. He made himself poor to make me rich. Tell me now what child is left to your uncle?"

"Only his daughter Annie, a girl of fourteen or fifteen years."

"Well, then, sir, what is your duty to Annie Hyde?"

"I do not conceive myself to have any special duty to Annie Hyde."

"Upon my honor, you are then perversely stupid! When your uncle wrote me that pitiful letter which informed me of the death of his last son, my first thought was that his daughter must be assured her right in the succession. There is one way to compass this. You know what that way is. Why do you not speak?"

"Because, sir, if I confess your evident opinion to be just, I bind myself to carry it out, because of its justice."

"Is it not just?"

"It might be just to Annie and very unjust to me."

"No, sir. Justice is a thing absolute; it is not altered by circumstances. What are you going to do?"

"I know not. I must think—"

"I am ashamed of you! In the name of all that is honorable, what is there to think about? Have I a son with so little proper feeling that he needs to think a moment when the case is between honor and himself?"

"Sir, you are more cruel and unreasonable than I could believe possible."

"The railings of a losing lover are not worth answering. A man mad in love has some title to my pity."

"And, sir, if you were any other man but my father, I would say 'Confound your pity!' Our conversation is extremely unpleasant, and I desire to put an end to it. Permit me to return to the house."

"Let it be so. I will see you tomorrow in town."

He stood in the center of the roadway watching his son's angry carriage and his rapid, uneven steps. "He is in a naked temper, without even civil disguise," he muttered, "and I hope that he will keep away from his mother in his present unreason."

His mother was, however, George's first desire. He did not believe she would sanction his sacrifice to Annie Hyde. When he reached the house he found that his mother had gone to the pond to feed her swans, and he decided to ride a little out of his way in order to see her there. Upon the soft earth the hoofs of his horse were not audible, but when he came within her sight, it was wonderful to watch the transformation of her countenance. A great love, a great joy, swept away like a gust of wind, the peace on its surface, and a glowing, loving intelligence made her instantly restless. She called him with sweet imperiousness, "George! Joris! Joris! My dear one!" and he answered her with the one word ever near, and ever dear, to a woman's heart—"Mother!"

"I thought you were with your father. Where have you left him?"

"In the wilderness. There is need for me to go to the city. My father will tell you why. I come only to see you—to kiss you—"

"Joris, I see that you are angry. What has your father been saying to you?"

"He will tell you."

"Money, is it?"

"It is not money. My father is generous to me."

"Then some woman it is?"

"Kiss me, mother. After all, there is no woman like unto you."

She drew close to him and he stooped his handsome face to hers and kissed her many times. Her smile comforted him, for it was full of confidence, as she said:

"Trouble not yourself, Joris. At the last, your father sees through my eyes. Must you go? Well, then, the Best of Beings go with you!"

She lifted her face again and George kissed it, and then rode rapidly away.

He hardly drew rein until he reached his grandfather's house. The ticking of the tall house-clock was the only sound he heard at first, but as he stood irresolute, a sweet, thin voice in an adjoining room began to sing a hymn.

"Grandmother! Grandmother! Grandmother!!!" he called, and before the last appeal was echoed the old lady appeared.

"Oh, my Joris!" she cried, "Joris! Joris! I am so happy to see thee. But what, then, is the matter? Thy eyes are full of trouble."

"I will tell you, grandmother." And he sat down by her side and went over the conversation he had had with his father. When he ceased speaking, she answered:

"To sell thee, Joris, is a great shame, and for nothing to sell thee is still worse. This is what I think: Let half of the income from the earldom go to the poor young lady, but thyself into the bargain, is beyond all reason. And if with Cornelia Moran thou art in love, a good thing it is; so I say."

"Do you know, Cornelia, grandmother?"

"Well, then, I have seen her; more than once. A great beauty I think her, and Doctor John has money—plenty of money—and a very good family are the Morans. Now, then, thy grandfather is coming; thy trouble tell to him. Good advice he will give thee."

Senator Van Heemskirk, however, went first into his garden and gathering great handfuls of white narcissus and golden daffodils, he called a slave woman and bade her carry them to the Semple house and lay them in and around his friend's coffin.

With these preliminaries neither Joris nor Lysbet interfered; but when he had lit his long pipe and seated himself comfortably in his chair, Lysbet said:

"Where hast thou been all this afternoon?"

"I have been sealing up my friend's desk and drawers until his sons arrive. Very happy he looks. He is now one of those that know."

"I wonder, Joris, if in the next life we shall know each other?"

"My Lysbet, in this life do we know each other?"

"I think not. Here has come our dear Joris full of trouble to thee, for his father has said such things as I could not have believed. Joris, tell thy grandfather what they are."

And this time George, being very



She had gone to feed her swans.

sure of hearty sympathy, told his tale with great feeling—perhaps even with a little anger. His grandfather listened patiently to the youth's impatience, but he did not answer exactly to his expectations.

"My Joris," he said, "so hard it is to accept what goes against our wishes. If Cornelia Moran you had not met, would your father's desires be so impossible to you? Noble and generous would they not seem—"

"But I have seen Cornelia, and I love her."

"In too great a hurry are you. Miss Moran may not love you. She may refuse ever to love you. Beside this, in his family her father may not wish you. A very proud man is Doctor John."

"Faith, sir, I had not thought of myself as so very disagreeable."

"No. Vain and self-confident is a young man. See, then, how many things may work this way, that way, and if wise you are you will be quiet and wait for events. Now I shall just say a word or two on the other side. If your father is so set in his mind about the Hydes, let him do the justice to them he wishes to do; but it is not right that he should make you do it for him."

"He says that only I can give Annie justice."

"But that is not good sense. When the present earl dies, and she is left an orphan, who shall prevent your father from adopting her as his own daughter, and leaving her a daughter's portion of the estate? In such case, she would be in exactly the same position as if her brother had lived and become earl. Is not that so?"

(To be continued.)

THIS HOLDS THE RECORD.

Southern Men Tell of Some Wonderful Railroad Traveling.

A group of railroad men were talking about the fastest rides they ever experienced, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. One man in relating his experiences, said: "Across bayous and through marshes we rushed like mad. When we reached the Rigolets the most remarkable thing I ever saw took place. The train was traveling so fast it sucked the water up behind it as it rushed across the trestle, and I could hear the fishes groan as we flew over this neck of the gulf. Most remarkable thing I ever saw in the way of fast runs. And he lapsed into silence.

"I am glad you reminded me of that run," said another member of the group. "I had forgotten the incident. I can vouch for all you say, for I was on the back end of the last coach, and the water which was sucked in behind the train by the vacuum almost washed me overboard, but I held on all right, and when we made the crossing and the waters had receded, I picked up on the platform of the rear coach the finest bunch of fish I ever saw. They were no doubt the fish you heard groaning."

Too Personal.

Mrs. Nextdoor—Our church choir resigned in a body last Sunday morning.

Mrs. Homer—Why, what was the trouble?

Mrs. Nextdoor—They objected to the minister's personal remarks. After singing the first hymn he opened the Bible and chose for his text, Acts. xx.:

"And after the uproar had ceased," &c.

THE NATION'S HEALTH

DO WE NEED TO TAKE TARIFF TINKERING MEDICINE?

Democrats Know Better Than to Talk Much of Tariff Revision—They Leave That to Republicans of the Iowa "Progressive" Persuasion.

When other exciting topics are taking the disposition in certain quarters is to take up the tariff question for discussion and exploitation. The agony in the coal market, the complication in Venezuela, Cuban reciprocity and various other subjects have of late been sufficiently diverting to keep the tariff in the background, but it is probably a question of only a short time when we may expect more tariff talk. And strange as it may seem, the chief fomenters of what will surely bring trouble are Republicans. The Democrats have learned by experience, painfully fresh in memory, that the people do not take kindly to tariff revision. The Democrats just now are maintaining a silence that is truly impressive in regard to this subject. Perhaps they are content that the Republican exponents of revision are pulling the chestnuts in their direction faster and more satisfactorily than they could do it for themselves. And the Western States, chiefly Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota, seem productive of otherwise good Republicans who are willing to play the pussy cat role to the Democrat monkey.

Soberly and seriously, what is the sense or the reason or the occasion for advocating a revision of the tariff at this time?

Is there a popular demand for it on the part of employers or the great array of employees?

Do the people want the tariff revised because wages are low and employment hard to find at any price?

Do manufacturers want it because trade is dull and they are unable to find ready sale for their product except at ruinous rates?

Are the business interests of the country demanding it because capital is idle?

Is the volume of our export trade decreasing?

Are imports so reduced, or is the tariff so high that the national revenues from duties collected is insufficient to pay the running expenses of the government?

No, none of these conditions exist. Indications that a revision of the tariff is necessary for the welfare of the people are absolutely lacking. Then why agitate the tariff question? If the patient be not sick, why dose him with medicine?

The last tariff revision in the direction of free trade was made in the second Cleveland administration, a matter of ten years ago. The mere recollection of what happened after that is sufficient to send the cold chills cantering up and down the spinal columns of most of us. The general disposition in California and Maine alike, in Florida as well as in Oregon, would be to call out the troops, the police, the fire department—everything and everybody that could carry a gun or an axe, to resist a repetition of the experiences of ten years ago. Then why tempt fate as well as fortune by an agitation which it is generally conceded will bring a return of panic conditions and hard times?

Four years after the disastrous Cleveland administration revision of the tariff we had another revision along protection lines. Under the beneficent influence of the Dingley law, trade and industry, domestic and foreign commerce—everything revived, everybody became prosperous. Since its enactment this country has had a period of business and industrial activity not paralleled in the annals of the world. The heaver of wood has felt it and enjoyed it as well as the captains in the financial world; the farmer and the city man have together grown hearty under its purse filling and comfort giving sway. Instead of a deficiency in the government revenues we have had a surplus ever since the Dingley law was enacted. Instead of the balance of trade being in favor of the foreigners it has been on our side and in volume greater than was our total foreign trade a few years ago. American goods have gone abroad as never before, and our foreign market is expanding beyond the fondest dreams. Our domestic commerce as shown by the bank clearings, the earnings of railroads and various other good signs, was never so great, never so active, never more profitable. Our labor is employed more fully than ever before and at wages higher than any of the records show for the past. The farmers are prosperous to a degree that makes them all optimists. In fact, the conditions are so extremely favorable that even the Populists have retired from the field in discouragement and disgust, fully realizing that calamity arguments are out of place. The Dingley tariff has proven a most excellent institution for the country and for everybody in it. Why interfere with it? Why not leave a good thing alone? Does not the advice of the ancients warn us against fussing with that which is well enough, judging conditions by results?

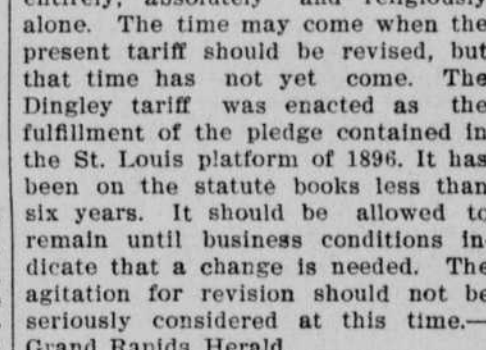
Those who are exploiting tariff revision at this time argue that prices are too high and that a reduction in the tariff is needed to bring them down. Many commodities are higher in price, but isn't the reason for it to be found in the tremendously increased consuming capacity which prosper-

ity has given the American people? Six years ago the complaint was that prices were too low, and prices were low then because even though a person did want to buy he lacked the funds—the home market was dead; the foreign market limited; and without a market products of the farm and the factory alike went begging for what they would bring. The American people have money now, and they are spending it, and the price lists of wearing apparel and of vegetables, of furniture, and of steel rails, of meat, and of building materials are arranged in accord with that old law which neither agitator nor reformer has yet succeeded in repealing—the law of supply and demand. When production equals demand, and the home market has been fully supplied, prices no doubt will sag. It is possible this result can be more quickly attained by admitting foreign made goods more freely, by an agitation of the tariff question, with its inevitable curtailment and panic—but who wants lower prices at such a cost? The tariff revision of ten years ago toward free trade brought lower prices, and what else of suffering and sorrow and calamity and woe it brought need not be mentioned. Does anybody want to duplicate the experiences of that period? Why agitate another revision at this time?

The agitation of the tariff question is folly. The serious mention of it makes the business man, the manufacturer, the farmer and the laborer shudder. Give the agitation definite form and the appearance of strength and the effect will be almost immediately perceptible in every line of commercial and industrial activity. Enterprise will begin to hedge, capital will begin to hunt for cover, and trouble will come all along the line. The fact that the agitation is in the house of the friends of protection may soften the blow, but the man who is hit is not interested in whether it was friend or foe who sent him to the floor; it hurts just as badly.

The Dingley tariff may not be perfect in all its schedules. It is possible it could be improved upon, though it is unlikely any two citizens in the land would agree exactly upon how to improve it. There is nothing sacred in any line or schedule of the enactment. But the fact stands out as big as a ton of coal that the country has prospered under the Dingley tariff, that the country is prospering under it now, and there is no reason to believe the country will not continue to prosper if the tariff be left entirely, absolutely and religiously alone. The time may come when the present tariff should be revised, but that time has not yet come. The Dingley tariff was enacted as the fulfillment of the pledge contained in the St. Louis platform of 1896. It has been on the statute books less than six years. It should be allowed to remain until business conditions indicate that a change is needed. The agitation for revision should not be seriously considered at this time.—Grand Rapids Herald.

Not With the Little Hatchet But With the Big One.



The Republican Method.

The policy of protection is the foundation of our whole industrial system. Nine-tenths of our industrial capital is invested, nine-tenths of our industrial wage scales and other arrangements are made, upon the supposition that this nation will continue by law to reserve the home market for home producers.

To begin to repeal the tariff would be to disturb all these arrangements. It would unsettle business. It would destroy commercial confidence in the future. It would bring on hard times. That is what tariff tinkering by the Democratic party has always done in the past. That is what it certainly will do again.

On the other hand, the Republican method of dealing with the trusts is to let the tariff alone for the present and seek other methods of curbing trust abuses. The Republican party believes that the trusts can be controlled without taking the risk of bringing on hard times. The Republican party is confirmed in that belief by its success in bringing trusts under control, notably in the present case of the hard coal strike.—Annapolis (Md.) Examiner.

Did It Well.

The Dingley act was passed for the purpose of restoring prosperity to this country and for the building up of a home market for everything Americans could produce. It did it well.—Clinton (Mo.) Republican.

If They Only Knew It.

Those fellows who are bellowing like mad bulls to have the tariff changed know they are better off in every material way than they ever were before.—Moravian Falls (N. C.) Yellow Jacket.

LIVES ON A MERE PITTANCE.

Porto Ricans Manage to Subsist Well When Others Would Starve.

The cost of living in Porto Rico is perhaps less, gauged from the natives' view of necessity, than in any other quarter of the globe where modern civilization has obtained a foothold. Dr. Ryder, secretary of the American Missionary association, who has recently returned from an inspection of the island, tells the following story to illustrate the scale of wages and living in the island.

"I was riding through the interior on horseback, on my way to Ponce," he said, "when I saw ahead of me in the road a native carrying a log on his head. It was a log twelve feet long, and must have weighed 200 pounds. He seemed to trot along with it on his head without any trouble. I asked my companion to stop and ask him about it. He did so, and the man said he had cut and 'ripped' the log, that is, got it ready to split into timber, although it was not loosened enough to fall apart, the day before; he had brought it fifteen miles on his head that morning, and had three miles further to carry it into Ponce."

"And how much will you get for it?" asked my companion.

"I hope to get 15 cents," replied the man, "but I may get only 12."

"But that sum would buy as much as \$1.50 would up here," continued the doctor, "so the man was really working for about 75 cents a day. It is estimated that a man can support a family by three days' work a month. Food is practically free. Fruit is to be had for the taking, and the poorer classes practically live upon fruit. And as for a house, a convert borrowed a dollar from one of our missionaries to put up a house when he wanted to get married, and it was plenty."

Serve Where Need Is Found.

Still keep the armor on. The strenuous life maintain; All honored victors thus have won. And thus you must attain, Gird up your loins, O man. For perils grave abide. Lest foes within or foes without Turn careless feet aside.

The fight is ever on. And evil is avert. By stealth or by defiant blows Its falsehoods to assert. Should care or fear oppress. And all the way seem dark, Look up and hail the coming dawn The rapture of the lark.

A drone within the hive, Ignoble is the shriek; He garners up no precious store By self-enobling work. The Master came to serve; In fellowship divine You will augment your human strength, With borrowed lustre shine.

Half-hearted do not wait The mandate of the king; In loyal and abounding love Unbidden service bring. Your loins still gird about, Your burning lights afore. Rejoice to serve where need is found In Truth's victorious war.—Charles B. Botsford in Boston Transcript.

Woman's Caprice.

The telephone bell rang loudly. Frederick Billson was very busy with an important conversation.

"Who is it?" he said to the office boy.

"It's a lady."

"Well—who is she?"

"Says you'll find out when you come to the phone."

"Tell her to wait. I can't be bothered."

Billson resumed his important conversation. When he took up the receiver the connection had been broken.

That night when Billson called upon the Only Girl he wondered why she greeted him so distantly.

At length she told him.

"I think you were just horrid to speak to me that way over the 'phone to-day."

"But I never spoke to you at all."

"That's just the point—you didn't speak to me at all. You see, you admit it yourself. Frederick—Mr. Billson, I never could be happy with a br-r-ute—and—here's your ring—not another word—"

And Billson found that he had made one more addition to his collection of data concerning the caprice of woman.

Argument Did Not Apply.

The argument often made against the views of President Eliot of Harvard and of President Roosevelt in favor of large families is that it costs too much to rear half a dozen children nowadays. In the Primrose minstrels they tell a story of a family named Little to whom this argument did not apply.

"You say you are the father of nine children?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you support your entire family on \$10 a week?"

"Yes, sir."

"How can you possibly do it?"

"Well, every Little helps."—New York Mail and Express.

Effective Sermon.

Rev. Dr. Floyd W. Tomkins, at a preachers' meeting, told this story on himself: "I preached a sermon recently on swearing and the extent of the habit," said he. "A few days since a man wrote me under his own name and said that he agreed with my sermon, adding that, 'Now every time I want to swear I say Floyd Tomkins instead.'"

Spread of Marconi's System.

The attorney of the Marconi company, in London, has stated that they expect shortly to encircle the earth with wireless messages, and hoped to apply his system to heating, to traction lines and to publishing daily newspapers.