

THE MAID of MAIDEN LANE

Sequel to "The Bow of Orange Ribbon."

A LOVE STORY BY AMELIA E. BARR

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CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

"Does he remember how he was hurt?"

"He declares his men mutinied, because instead of returning to New York, he had taken on a cargo for the East India company, and that the blow was given him by his first or second mate. He vows he will get well and find his ship and the rascals that stole her; and I should not wonder if he does. He has will enough for anything. Madame desires to see you, Cornelia. Can you go there with me in the morning?"

"I shall be glad to go. Madame is like no one else."

"She is not like herself at present. She has but one thought, one care, one end and aim in life—her husband."

Cornelia was taken to the dim uncanny drawing-room by Ameer, and left among its ill-omened gods, and odd treasure-trove for nearly half an hour. When madame at length came to her, she looked ten years older. Her wonderful dark eyes glowing with a soft tender fire alone remained untouched by the withering hand of anxious love. They were as vital as ever they had been, and when Cornelia said so, she answered, "That is because my soul dwells in them, and my soul is always young. I have had a year, Cornelia, to crumble the body to dust, but my soul made light of it for love's sake. Did your father tell you how much Capt. Jacobus had suffered?"

"Yes, madame."

"Poor Jacobus! Till I be key-cold dead, I shall never forget my first sight of him in that dreadful place— and then she described her overwhelming emotions when she perceived he was alike apathetic to his pauper condition, and to her love and presence. There never came a moment during the whole visit when it was possible to speak of Hyde. Madame seemed to have quite forgotten her liking for the handsome youth, it had been swallowed up in her adoring affection for her restored husband.

One morning, however, the long-looked-for topic was introduced. "I had a visit from Madame Van Heems-kirk yesterday afternoon," she said, "and the dear old Senator came with her to see Capt. Jacobus. While they talked madame told me that you had refused that handsome young fellow, her grandson. What could you mean by such stupidity, Miss Moran?"

Her voice had just that tone of indifference, mingled with sarcastic disapproval, that hurt and offended Cornelia. She felt that it was not worth while to explain herself, for madame had evidently accepted the offended grandmother's opinion and the memory of the young Lord was lively enough to make her sympathize with his supposed wrong.

"I never considered you to be a flirt," she continued, "and I am astonished. I told Madame Van Heems-kirk that I had not the least doubt Doctor Moran dictated the refusal."

"Oh, indeed," answered Cornelia, with a good deal of spirit, and some anger, "you shall not blame my father."



"I have been thoughtless, selfish— He knew nothing whatever of Lord Hyde's offer until I had been subjected to such insult and wrong as drove me to the grave's mouth. Only the mercy of God and my father's skill, brought me back to life."

"Yes, I think your father to be wonderfully skillful. Doctor Moran is a fine physician; Jacobus says so."

Cornelia remained silent. If madame did not feel interest sufficient in her affairs to ask for the particulars of one so nearly fatal to her, she determined not to force the subject on her. Then Jacobus rang his bell and madame flew to his room to see whether his want had received proper attention. Cornelia sat still a few moments, her heart swelling, her eyes filling with the sense of that injustice, harder to bear than any other form of wrong. She was going away, when madame returned to her and something in her eyes went to the heart of the older woman.

"I have been thoughtless, Cornelia, selfish, I dare say, but I do not wish to be so. Tell me, my dear, what has happened. Did you quarrel with George Hyde? And pray what was it about?"

"We never had one word of any kind, but words of affection. He

wrote and asked me if he could come and see my father about our marriage, on a certain night. I answered his letter with all the love that was in my heart for him, and told him to come and see my father that very night. He never came. He never sent me the least explanation. He never wrote to me, or spoke to me again."

"If what you have told me be so—and I believe it is—then I say Lord George Hyde is an intolerable scoundrel."

"I would rather not hear him spoken of in that way."

"Very well! I would rather have a man intolerably rude like my nephew Rem, than one like Lord Hyde who speaks well of everybody. Upon my word, I think that is the worst kind of slander!"

"I think not."

"It is, for it takes away the reputation of good men by making all men alike. But this, that, or the other, I saw Lord Hyde in devoted attendance on Lady Annie. Give him up totally."

"I have done so," answered Cornelia. And then she felt a sudden anger at herself, so much so, that as she walked home, she kept assuring her heart with an almost passionate insistence, "I have not given him up! I will not give him up! I believe in him yet!"

CHAPTER XII.

A Heart That Waits.

Late summer on the Norfolk Broads! And where on earth can the lover of boats find a more charming resort? Close to the Manor of Hyde, the country home of Earl Hyde in Norfolk, there was one of these delightful Broads—flat as a billiard table, and hidden by the tall reeds which bordered it. But Annie Hyde lying at the open window of her room in the Manor House could see its silvery waters, and the black-sailed wherry floating on them, and the young man sitting at the prow fishing, and idling, among the lilies and languors of these hot summer days.

An aged man sat silently by her, a man of noble beauty, whose soul was in every part of his body, expressive and impressive—a fiery particle not always at its window, but when there, infecting and going through observers, whether they would or not.

There had been silence for some time between them, and he did not appear disposed to break it, but Annie longed for him to do so, because she had a mystical appetite for sacred things and was never so happy and so much at rest as when he was talking to her of them.

"Dear father," she said finally, "I have been thinking of the past years, in which you have taught me so much."

It is better to look forward, Annie, he answered. "The traveler to Eternity must not continually turn back to count his steps, for if God be leading him, no matter how dangerous or lonely the road, 'He will pluck thy feet out of the net.'"

As he spoke these words Mary Damer entered, and she laid her hand on his shoulder and said, "My dear Doctor Roslyn, after death what then? We are not all good—what then?"

He looked at her wistfully and answered, "I will give you one thought, Mary, to ponder—the blessedness of heaven, is it not an eternity older than the misery of hell? Let your soul fearlessly follow where this fact leads it; for there is no limit to God's mercy."

Then he rose and went away, and Mary sat down in his place, and Annie gradually came back to the material plane of everyday life and duty. Indeed Mary brought this element in a very decided form with her; for she had a letter in her hand from an old lover, and she was much excited by its advent, and eager to discuss the particulars with Annie.

"It is from Capt. Seabright, who is now in Pondicherry," she explained. "He loves me, Annie. He loved me long ago, and went to India to make money; now he says he has enough and to spare; and he asks me if I have forgotten."

"There is Mr. Van Ariens to consider. You have promised to marry him, Mary. It is not hard to find the right way on this road, I think."

"Of course. I would scorn to do a dishonorable or unhandsome thing. But is it not very strange Willie Seabright should write to me at this time? How contradictory life is! I had also a letter from Mr. Van Ariens by the same mail, and I shall answer them both this evening." Then she laughed a little, and added, "I must take care and not make the mistake an American girl made, under much the same circumstances."

"What was it?" inquired Annie languidly.

"She misdirected her letters and thus sent 'No' to the man whom of all others, she wished to marry."

As Mary spoke a soft brightness seemed to pervade Annie's brain cells, and she could hardly restrain the exclamation of sudden enlightenment that rose to her lips.

"Mary," she said, "what a strange incident! Did you know the girl?"

"I saw her once in Philadelphia. Mr. Van Ariens told me about her. She is the friend of his sister the Marquise de Tounnerre."

"I am sorry for that unfortunate American girl."

"So am I. She is a great beauty. Her name is Cornelia Moran; and her father is a famous physician in New York."

"And this beauty had two lovers?"

"Yes; an Englishman of noble birth; and an American. They both loved her, and she loved the Englishman. They must have both asked her hand on the same day, and she must have answered both letters in the same hour; and the letter she intended for the man she loved, went to the man she did not love. Presumably, the man she loved got the refusal she intended for the other, for he never sought her society again; and Mr. Van Ariens told me she nearly died in consequence."

"And what became of the two lovers, Mary?"

"The Englishman went back to England; and the American found another girl more kind to him."

"I wonder what made Mr. Van Ariens tell you this story?"

"He talked much of his sister, and this young lady was her chief friend and confidante."

"When did it happen?"

"A few days after his sister's marriage."

"Then the Marquise could not know of it; and so she could not have told



"Your servant, ladies." her brother. However in the world could he have found out the mistake? Do you think the girl herself found it out?"

"That is inconceivable," answered Mary. "She would have written to her lover and explained the affair."

"Certainly. It is a very singular incident. I want to think it over—how did—Mr. Van Ariens—find—it—out, I wonder!"

"Perhaps the rejected lover confided in him."

"What did Mr. Van Ariens say about the matter? What did he think? Why did he tell you?"

"We were talking of the Marquise. The story came up quite naturally. I think Mr. Van Ariens felt sorry for Miss Moran. Of course he did. Will you listen to Capt. Seabright's letter? I had no idea it could affect me so much."

"But you loved him once?"

"Very dearly."

"Well then, Mary, I think no one has a double in love or friendship. If the loved one dies, or goes away, his place remains empty forever. We have lost feelings that he, and he only, could call up."

At this point in the conversation Hyde entered, brown and wind-blown, the scent of the sedgy water and the flowery woods about him.

"Your servant, ladies," he said gayly. "I have been enough for a dozen families, Mary; and I have sent a string to the rectory."

(To be continued.)

The Northwest Territory.

The Canadian government has issued a census bulletin, which gives statistics as to agriculture in Alberta, Assinibolia and Saskatchewan, which united comprise the Northwest territory. The total area of these territories is 199,963,117 acres. Of this area, 75.99 per cent is unimproved. Field crops, exclusive of hay, occupy 53 per cent of the improved land, but only a fair beginning has been made with fruit trees and vegetables. The area of land in wheat, oats, barley, rye, corn, peas, potatoes and other field crops in 1891 was 194,773 acres, an increase in a decade of 333 per cent.

New Method in Photography.

Katapy, the new method in photography, is described as follows: "Over the finished negative is poured a solution of hydro-superoxide. This leaves, after the evaporation, a uniform layer of peroxide of hydrogen. Soon the silver of the plate works upon this peroxide and produces a catalytic dissolution wherever there is silver, while in the places free from silver the peroxide remains. By this means an invisible picture of hydro-superoxide is produced upon the plate. This picture can be printed from the plate directly upon common paper, to which the image is transferred."

Danger of Gas Poisoning.

The modern method of mixing coal gas with "water gas" greatly increases the amount of carbon monoxid in the gas supplied for illumination. Hence an alarming increase in the number of cases of carbon monoxid poisoning has recently been noticed.

Good of Municipal Pawnshop.

A beneficence to the unfortunate in German cities is the municipal pawnshop.

PROTECTION'S VALUE.

WHY WE CAN EXPORT MANUFACTURED PRODUCTS.

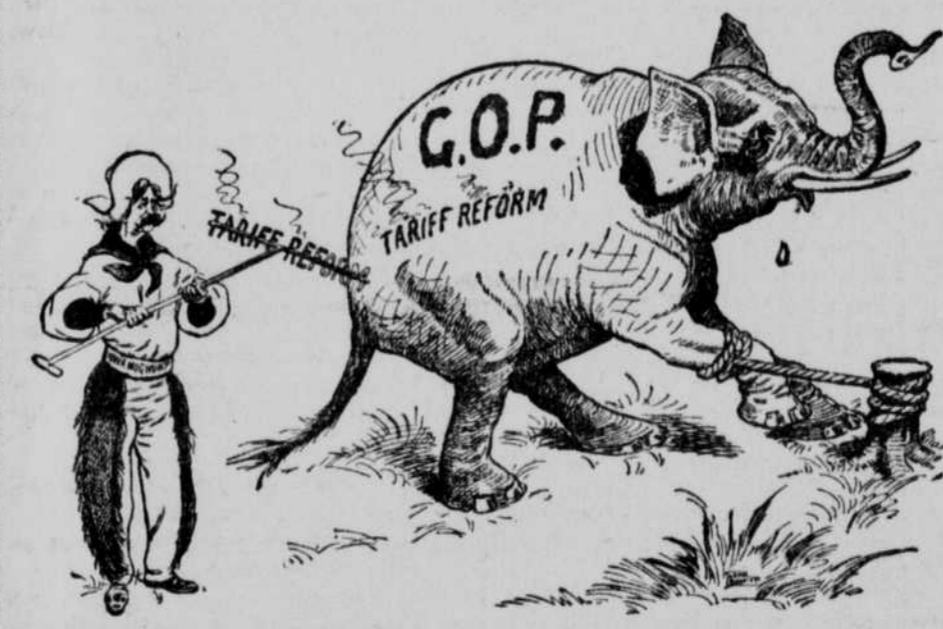
Because the Domestic Producer, Being Assured of the Home Market, Can Profitably Increase His Output and Sell His Surplus Abroad.

We are asked to make answer to the following:

"Minneapolis, Minn., April 4, 1900.—In preparing for a debate on protective tariff and tariff for revenue only, I have come to a question which seems to me to be beyond reason. The question is, Why do we need protection for our industries when our commodities are exported to nearly all parts of the globe?" J. A. Hinsvark."

Your question, "Why do we need protection for our industries when our commodities are exported to nearly all parts of the globe?" will not appear, upon examination, so far "beyond reason" as you seem to think. First of all, out of our total annual production of fifteen billions in manufactured products, only 3 per cent, or four hundred and fifty millions, are exported to foreign countries. The remaining 97 per cent is consumed by our own people. The need and the function of a protective tariff is to insure to our manufacturers this market which consumes 97 per cent of their output. Protection says to these manufacturers: "This market, this opportunity is yours. Make the most of it." How do they make the most of it? Under the guarantee of settled and stable conditions which insure to them a market for their output these manufacturers have so expanded, so improved, so developed manufacturing methods and processes; by the introduction of labor saving machinery

THE IOWA BRAND IS NOT TO HIS LIKING.



they have so cheapened the cost of products or have so lowered the percentage that the labor cost bears to the finished article that they have gradually and steadily, and in the final outcome, immensely cheapened the general average of prices in this market as compared with prices for similar articles in periods of time prior to the full development of the protective policy.

This could not be done in the face of the uncertainties and dangers of foreign competition. Before the manufacturer can decide upon his total output for the current season or year he must know upon what market he can depend. Knowing this and being assured that through the operations of the protective tariff this market cannot be taken away from him, he can now proceed with certainty, method and exactness. We will suppose he has arranged to produce one thousand units and has made all his preparations for such a production. It turns out that owing to the superior style, finish and quality of the goods produced or for some other reason he can find a sale for something more than his one thousand units in foreign countries. He can very easily increase his output to fifteen hundred units, we will say, and in so doing will diminish the percentage of cost of production. To illustrate: He can produce fifteen hundred tons of hardware or fifteen hundred yards of cloth at a much lower percentage of cost for the fifteen hundred than for the one thousand tons or yards originally arranged for. Hence it will follow that he can market his surplus production, if necessary, in foreign countries, at a slightly lower rate than that which prevails in the home market. Not much of this kind of discount on export sale, however, is done. The amount is greatly exaggerated by those who oppose the policy of protection. It stands to reason that when the producing capacity of our manufacturing is pressed to its limit to supply the home demand, as is actually the case in the existing conditions of phenomenal prosperity, our producers will not feel greatly tempted to sell goods abroad at a reduced price, and they are not doing this to any considerable extent. What they are doing is to employ American labor and pay American wages to vast numbers of American workers, and the country is growing richer and richer by leaps and bounds as the result of this eminently wise and sensible policy.

Take away protection and you open this vast market of eighty millions of liberal consumers to the competition of depressed and overloaded industries in the old world, where the price of labor is from one-half to one-quarter the standard of American wages. For example: Germany is now undergoing a period of hard times. A similar condition prevails in England. Both of those countries would be greatly relieved and enriched if they

could dump their surplus products upon the United States market. This they are unable to do because of our protective tariff. To permit them to do this would be to displace an equal amount of domestic production and with it a corresponding amount of employment and wages in this country. Either that, or we would be compelled to put in force in this country a general and sweeping reduction of wages in order to lower the cost of production so as to be able to still control the market against foreign competition. There being practically no other way of reducing production cost, the reduction must mainly fall upon wages.

The protective tariff says this shall not be done, and it will not be done so long as the right to control the great domestic market is reserved to the general body of domestic producers.

Our foreign trade in manufactured products is a mere bagatelle, a drop in the bucket. It must always remain so, at least so long as the wide difference between the American rate of wages and standard of living and the rate of wages and standard of living which prevail in foreign countries is maintained.

For many years it was the favorite contention of free-traders that our protective country could not maintain a protective tariff and at the same time carry on trade with the balance of the world. Events have proven the utter falsity of this contention. Under the operation of a purely protective tariff in the last six years the foreign trade of the United States has nearly doubled, our exports of manufactured products for foreign countries have doubled as compared with 1895, and our sales of agricultural products and raw materials have correspondingly increased. At the same time, owing to the conditions of great prosperity which have prevailed here, our purchases of commodities and materials

of foreign countries have enormously increased, having now reached upward of one billion dollars annually. We are, as a matter of fact, considering our ability to produce at home most of the things that we require, the most liberal purchasing nation on earth.

The fact that our purchases from are less than our sales to foreign countries is due wholly to the operation of the protective tariff. It enables us to take our pay in money or its equivalent—such as the cancellation of foreign debts, the liquidation of two hundred millions annually paid to foreign owners of ships, the seventy-five millions annually expended in foreign countries by American tourists—instead of receiving our pay in foreign-made merchandise, we get our pay virtually in cash. Our apparent trade balances for the last six years have averaged from four hundred and fifty millions to six hundred millions a year. In those six years we have paid enormous sums in liquidation of debts owed to foreigners, in repurchase of American securities owned abroad, and at the same time these trade balances have enabled us to take care of the two hundred millions yearly of freight charges and the seventy-five millions yearly of money spent by our tourists abroad. All this time we have kept our own labor employed and have increased in wealth at a rate hitherto unknown in the history of nations.

We maintain the protective tariff because of its known fruits. We reject the free trade policy because of its known disasters and horrors. We have a condition of absolute free-trade between forty-five states and territories, the largest free-trade nation in any part of the world, but to the outside world, we say, "We are sufficient unto ourselves so far as our mechanical ingenuity, our enterprise, our inventiveness and our skill, enable us to supply our own wants. We propose that this republic shall do its own work. That is protection. The wisest and best brains in the country have accepted this policy as final and permanent in its relation to the prosperity of the country. If we can maintain protection and prosperity at home, while at the same time selling to the outside world all surplus of production, so much the better for us."—American Economist.

Comfort. In Order to Comfort Others (2 Cor. 1:4). God's vision came to Paul, but Paul used it to comfort and cheer the whole ship's company. The spirit of the popular and witty definition of a pessimist as one who, having a choice of several evils, takes them all, seems to have taken possession of them, while Paul saw and chose the good in all the evils, and made them minister to comfort and salvation.

Illustrative Thoughts.—I. The voyage of life. Most of the voyage will probably be in peaceful waters, and pleasant though not cloudless skies, giving intimations and visions of immortal and spiritual life. Storms and dangers are sure to come. But in them we may have visits from God's angels bringing as the divine promises shining in the darkness Jesus in the vessel with his disciples in the storm on the Sea of Galilee.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON X. JUNE 7—PAUL'S VOYAGE AND SHIPWRECK.

Golden Text—"Then They Cry Unto the Lord in Their Trouble, and He Bringeth Them Out of Their Distresses"—Psalm 107:28.

I. The Voyage from Cesarea to Crete. Paul's party consisted of himself, Luke, the author, and Aristarchus (v. 2). These were old and tried friends (Acts 20:4).

II. The Long-Continued Hurricane. Paul's Conduct in a Storm.—Vs. 14-26. The ship had sailed but a short time along the south of Crete, when "there struck down from the Cretan mountains, which towered above them to the height of over 7,000 feet, a sudden eddying squall from the east-north-east."—Ramsay. This wind "caught" the ship and made her unmanageable, whirling her out of her course.

Paul's Vision of Cheer. The storm had continued nearly two weeks without sight of sun or stars, which, in those days, before the invention of the compass, were the only guides to sailors who were out of sight of land. They were almost in despair during the latter part of this long struggle for life, drifting, they knew not where, wearied and hungry. Then one morning Paul, standing among the sailors and soldiers and passengers, told them of a message of cheer God's angel had brought to him in the night. For God had promised Paul that he should go to Rome, a promise which it had been hard to believe in the storm, but it was now renewed. God had said to him, "Fear not."

IV. The Shipwreck and Rescue. Paul's Conduct in the Wreck.—Vs. 27-44. Paul and the Sailors. At the end of fourteen days the ship drifted near to land. They anchored by four anchors from the stern, and longed for the dawn. Seeing this danger and knowing that the small boat was not large enough for all on board, the sailors tried to escape in it under pretense of laying out anchors from the foremast. Paul appealed to the centurion to put a stop to his selfish plan, for otherwise all the sailors would be lost. The sailors understood managing the ship; the soldiers could have done nothing. Therefore before the sailors could get into the boat, the soldiers cut the ropes which held it to the ship, and let it drift away.

Paul and the Passengers. 32. "While the day was coming on (during the long, tedious time when nothing could be done but to wait for the dawn) Paul besought them all to take meat." That is, food. "The fourteenth day . . . continued fasting."

35. "He took bread, and gave thanks to God," as every pious Jew and Christian was accustomed to do. This was a special opportunity for Paul to point these heathen to the true God. The act was a sermon on gratitude to God, on the loving care of God, and duty toward God.

36. "Then were they all of good cheer." The food strengthened those on the ship so that they could receive the inspiring hope of Paul. Our bodies are temples of the Holy Ghost, and we must keep those temples in repair. Our spiritual life is like a tree which "grows more from heaven than earth," and yet must be well rooted in the ground. If it would bear good fruit, this is not the whole cure; the spirit can triumph over the body, and much more is needed than a healthy body. But the wise man never neglects or despises this part of the cure.

The Escape of All to the Shore. 38. "They lightened the ship," for the third time. The object was to lighten the ship, to approach nearer the shore, for safety. "The wheat." The main cargo was retained as long as possible.

39. "They knew not the land." The Alexandrian sailors were familiar with Malta, but not with this part of it which was out of their regular course. "Discovered a certain creek (Acts 12:19, 16:27). And they thought it would be poor comfort to escape from drowning only to be put to death by the sword. Note the natural selfishness of the soldiers here, and of the sailors just before (v. 20). In contrast with the conduct of Paul."—Farrar.

43. "But the centurion willing" rather, wishing, it was no mere acquiescence, but a strong desire "to save Paul," who had done so much for them, and had shown such noble characteristics which the storm had revealed to him.

44. "And the rest" (those who could not swim) "some on boards." The planks that were in use in the ship for various purposes, perhaps, as Blass, some that had been used for keeping the cargo in position. "Broken pieces of the ship," which the waves had scattered over the water, and the wind was driving toward the shore. They were, doubtless, aided by the swimmers.

IV. Some Teachings of Paul Illustrated. God's guiding providence is shown all through this lesson. Under safe protection, as comfortably as possible, without expense, with special opportunities of service which would aid his cause, Paul carried to Rome by the Romans themselves (Rom. 8:38).

God's Presence and Help in Trouble. See his list of troubles and another shipwreck in 2 Cor. 11:23-28; and his joy and peace, Phil. 4:4-7; Eph. 5:19, 20; 2 Cor. 7:4.

Comfort. In Order to Comfort Others (2 Cor. 1:4). God's vision came to Paul, but Paul used it to comfort and cheer the whole ship's company. The spirit of the popular and witty definition of a pessimist as one who, having a choice of several evils, takes them all, seems to have taken possession of them, while Paul saw and chose the good in all the evils, and made them minister to comfort and salvation.

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