

# The Bow of Orange Ribbon

A ROMANCE OF NEW YORK

By AMELIA E. BARR  
Author of "Friend Olivia," "I, Thou and the Other One," etc.  
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**CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)**  
And it was during this hour of trial to Miriam, that Joris was talking to Lyset of her. It did him good to put his fears into words, for Lyset's assurances were comfortable; and as it had been a day full of feeling, he was weary and went earlier to his room than usual. On the contrary, Lyset was very wakeful. She carried her sewing to the candle and sat down to think.

"No, madam; she preferred to remain at Hyde, and I have no happiness beyond her desire."  
"Here's flame! Here's constancy! And you have been married a whole year! I am struck with admiration."  
"A whole year—a year of divine happiness, I assure you."  
"Lord, sir! You will be the laughing stock of the town if you talk in such fashion. They will have you in the playhouses. Pray let us forget our domestic joys a little. You can make a good figure in the world; and as your cousin, Arabella Suffolk is staying with me, you will be the properest gallant for her when Sir Thomas is at the House. Here comes Arabella, and I am anxious you should make a figure in her eyes."

Arabella came in very quietly, but she seemed to take possession of the room as she entered it. She had a bright, piquant face, a tall, graceful form, and that air of high fashion which is perhaps quite as captivating. Arabella made Hyde a pretty, mocking courtesy, and he could not help looking with some interest at the woman who might have been his wife. Katherine was ignored in the conversation that followed, and Hyde did not feel any desire to bring even her name into such a mocking, jeering, perfectly heartless conversation. He was content to laugh and let the hour go past in film-flams of criticism and self-justification.

A couple of hours passed; and then it became evident, from the pawing and snorting outside, that his horse's patience was quite exhausted. Hyde went away in an excitement of hope and gay anticipations. A momentary glance upward showed him Lady Capel and Lady Suffolk at the window, watching him; the withered old woman in her soiled wrappings, the youthful beauty in all the bravery of her white and gold pouesoy. He made them a salute, and then, in a clamor of clattering hoofs, he dashed through the square.

During the next six months society made an idol of Capt. Hyde, and, if he was not at Lady Arabella's feet, he was certainly very constantly at her side.

Hyde loved his wife, loved her tenderly and constantly; he felt himself to be a better man whenever he thought of her and his little son, and he thought of them very frequently; and yet his eyes, his actions, the tones of his voice daily led his cousin, Lady Suffolk, to imagine herself the empress of his heart and life. Unfortunately, his military duties were only on very rare occasions any restraint to him. His days were mainly spent in dangle and lady Suffolk and other fair dames. And it must be remembered that the English women of that day were such as England may well hope never to see again. In the higher classes they married for money or position, and gave themselves up to intrigue. They drank deeply; they played high; they very seldom went to church, for Sunday was the fashionable day for all kinds of frivolity and amusement. And as the men of any generation are just what the women make them, England never had sons so profligate, so profane and drunken. The clubs, especially Brooke's, were the nightly scenes of indescribable orgies. Gambling was their serious occupation; duels were of constant occurrence.

Such a life could not be lived except at frightful and generally ruinous expense. Hyde was soon embarrassed. Towards Christmas bills began to pour in, creditors became importunate, and, for the first time in his life, creditors really troubled him. The income from Hyde Manor had never been more than was required for the expenses of the place; and the interest on Katherine's money had gone, though he could not tell how. He was destitute of ready cash, and he foresaw that he would have to borrow some from Lady Capel or some other accommodating friend.

**CHAPTER XII.**  
**London Life.**  
The trusting, generous letter which Joris had written to his son-in-law arrived a few days before Hyde's departure for London.  
Hyde knew well the importance of Katherine's fortune. It enabled him to face his relatives and friends on a very much better footing than he had anticipated. So he was no longer averse to meeting his former companions; even to them, a rich wife would excuse matrimony.  
His first social visit was paid to his maternal grandmother, the dowager Lady Capel. He found her in the most careless dishabille, wigless and unpainted, and rolled up comfortably in an old wadded morning gown that had seen years of snuff service. But she had outlived her vanity. Hyde had chosen the very hour in which she had nothing whatever to amuse her, and he was a very welcome interruption. And, upon the whole, she liked her. So she heard the rattle of Hyde's sword and the clatter of his feet on the polished stairs, with a good deal of satisfaction. "I have him here and I shall do my best to keep him here," she thought. "Why should a proper young fellow like Dick bury himself alive in the fens for a Dutch woman? In short, she has had enough, and too much, of him. His grandmother has a prior claim, I hope, and then Arabella Suffolk will help me. I foresee mischief and amusement. Well, Dick, you rascal, so you have had to leave America! I expected it. Oh, sir, I have heard all about you from Adelaide! You are not to be trusted, either among men or women. And pray where is the wife you made such a fracas about? Is she in London with you?"

He had determined to ask Lady Capel for a hundred pounds; and he thought it would be the best plan to make his request when she was surrounded by company, and under the pleasurable excitement of a winning rubber. And if the circumstances proved adverse, then he could try his fortune in the hours of her morning retirement.

The mansion in Berkeley Square was brilliantly lighted when he approached it. Sunday night was Lady Capel's great card night, and the rooms were full of tables surrounded by powdered and painted beauties intent upon the game and the gold. The odor of musk was everywhere, and the sound of the tapping of gold fans, and the sharp, technical calls

of the gamblers, and the hollow laughter of hollow hearts.

Not very hopefully he approached Lady Capel. She had been unfortunate all the evening and was not amiable.

"Dick, I am angry at you. I have a mind to banish you for a month."  
"I am going to Norfolk for two weeks, madam."

"That will do. It is a worse punishment than I should have given you. Norfolk! There is only one word between it and the plantations. Give me your arm, Dick; I shall play no more until my luck turns. Losing cards are dull company."

"I am very sorry that you have been losing. I came to ask for the loan of a hundred pounds, grandmother."

"No, sir, I will not lend you a hundred pounds; nor am I in the humor to do anything else you desire."

"I make my apology for the request. I ought to have asked Katherine."

"No, sir, you ought not to have asked Katherine. You ought to take what you want. Jack Capel took every shilling of my fortune and neither said, 'by your leave,' nor 'thank you.' Did the Dutchman tie the bag too close?"

"Councillor Van Heemskirk left it open, in my honor. When I am scoundrel enough to touch it, I shall not come and see you at all, grandmother."

"Upon my word, a very pretty compliment! Well, sir, I'll pay you a hundred pounds for it. When do you start?"

"To-morrow morning."

"Make it afternoon, and take care of me as far as your aunt Julia's. And I daresay you want money to-night. Here are the keys of my desk. In the right hand drawer are some rouleaux of fifty pounds each. Take two."

The weather, as Lady Capel said, was "so very Decemberish" that the roads were passably good, being frozen dry and hard, and on the evening of the third day Hyde came in sight of his home. His heart warmed to the lonely place; and the few lights in its windows beckoned him far more pleasantly than the brilliant illuminations of Vauxhall or Almack's, or even the cold splendors of royal receptions. He had given Katherine no warning of his visit. He wanted to see with his own eyes, and hear with his own ears, the glad tokens of her happy wander.

The kitchen fire threw great lustres across the brick-paved yard; and the blinds in Katherine's parlor were undrawn, and its fire and candle light shone on the freshly laid tea table, and the dark walls gleaming with bunches of holly and mistletoe. But she was not there. He only glanced inside the room and then, with a smile on his face, went swiftly upstairs. He had noticed the light in the upper windows, and he knew where he would find his wife. Before he reached the nursery he heard Katherine's voice. The door was a little open, and he could see every part of the charming domestic scene within the room. A middle-aged woman was quietly putting together the sweet disorder incident to the undressing of the baby. Katherine had played with it until they were both a little flushed and weary and she was softly singing to the drowsy child at her breast.

Over and over, softer and slower, went the melody. It was evident that the boy was asleep and that Katherine was going to lay him in his cradle. He watched her do it; watched her gently tuck in the cover and stand for a moment to look down at the child. Then with a face full of love she turned away, smiling, and quite unconsciously came toward him on tiptoes. With his face beaming, with his arms opened, he entered; but with such a sympathetic understanding of the sweet need of silence and restraint, that there was no alarm, no outcry, no fuss or amazement. Only a whispered "Katherine," and the swift rapture of meeting hearts and lips.

(To be continued.)

## BROUGHT THEM TO TIME.

### Why Criticism of New York's Finest Hotels Suddenly Stopped.

"Some years ago I was dining with a party of wealthy Westerners in New York City," said Mr. Benjamin T. Leslie, of Montana, to a Washington Post reporter. "Among them were Marcus Daly, Charlie Broadwater, ex-Gov. Hauser, Hon. Tom Carter, Senator W. A. Clark, John W. Mackay, 'Lucky' Baldwin and E. E. Bonner. "It seems that no two of them were stopping at the same hotel, and each had a grievance against the hostelry where he put up. One said he meant to quit the Fifth Avenue; another inveighed against the Waldorf; a third thought that Delmonico's was terribly overrated, and so on. Not one had a good word to say of any of the taverns or eating houses of Gotham, and there was special criticism of the food. "Finally, after there was a little lull in the choruses of adverse criticism, old man Bonner burst into a loud laugh. When asked the cause of his merriment, Bonner said: 'I've been listening to you fellows talk, and I tell you frankly, you give me a pain. To hear such as you run down these swell establishments in New York is enough to make the angels weep. Why, it hasn't been so many years since I've seen every one of you squatted on the grass of the prairie, eating beans out of a frying pan with your fingers.' "It was the everlasting truth, and the knocking of the hotels ceased right there."

It may as well be admitted that there are some automobilists who do not try to run over people.

## FAITH IS NOT LOST

### PROTECTIONIST SENTIMENT IS STRONG WITH THE PEOPLE.

Talk of Tariff Tinkering Originates Not With the Rank and File, But With Certain Leaders Who Have Ends to Gain and Ambitions to Serve.

Any tinkering with the tariff at the present time can but jeopardize that stability which our economic conditions now enjoy and consequently prove fatal to the continuance of that prosperity, which for the past five years, or since the enactment of the Dingley tariff in 1897, has made every other nation on the globe look upon us with eyes of envy. Can we afford to let go an established certainty for a doubtful experiment? Is it just? Is it wise? Is it statesman-like to do so? Manifestly any such course is little short of folly, certain political leaders to the contrary notwithstanding.

We all recall to our sorrow the notorious Cleveland era preceding the election of McKinley in 1896. Business was at a standstill, labor was unemployed, and the nation was practically in the hands of Coxe's army and bankruptcy. About this time something happened. I was the election of McKinley, the cessation of a senseless currency agitation, and the enactment of what is known as the Dingley protective tariff bill. We know the result—abundant prosperity.

The history of this nation furnishes several examples of like prosperity following the enactment of protective tariff laws. The citation of one will suffice. The seven years preceding the year 1824 were years of hard times and business stagnation. But in that year Congress passed a protective tariff law, business immediately revived and until the year 1832 the country enjoyed unprecedented prosperity. In the latter year a revision of the tariff agitation began. Henry Clay was the leader of the protectionists and fought with all the powers of his masterly intellect any measures calculated to change the existing tariff. It was at this time that he delivered his famous speech, in the United States senate, known as "The American System." A portion of that speech is in many respects applicable to the present time and descriptive of present conditions. After dwelling somewhat at length on the hard times preceding 1824 and calling attention to the enactment during that year of the tariff law that brought on the era of business revival he said: "I have now to perform the more pleasing task of exhibiting an imperfect sketch of the existing state of the unparalleled prosperity of the country. On a general survey we behold cultivation extended, the arts flourishing, the face of the country improved, our people fully and profitably employed and the public countenance exhibiting tranquility, contentment and happiness." This pleasing state of affairs he attributes to the wise tariff laws and he counsels their retention.

A review of the conditions immediately preceding and following the enactment of the Dingley tariff bill would show a state of affairs identical with those described by Mr. Clay as existing before and after the passing of the tariff law in 1824. The principle of protection is the same now as it has always been, and the fact that great corporations have sprung up does not change the fundamental principles of this or any other government. Corporations are not the creatures of the tariff system but have sprung up independent of it, and the fact that they reap a benefit from it is an attendant circumstance incident to the general application of that system. If the system of protection in some few instances makes, not intentionally but incidentally, a few rich men richer, is not that evil, if evil it be, more than compensated by the bringing of prosperity to the country at large? The rich men are numerically a very insignificant part of the population and why should a law that they can reap a certain benefit from be for that reason condemned when it also brings to the common people, of whom there are so many, an opportunity to exchange their limited products and labor for the necessities and comforts of life? The logic of some anti-tariff agitators is about like this: "Corporations are bad; tariff laws help corporations, therefore tariff laws are bad! As well say that because the sun shines on corporations and corporation promoters it is bad.

This talk of revising the tariff is uncalled for and if persisted in by men of prominence in the party, will, by a tendency to unsettle present industrial stability, bring on business depression. Let the tariff remain as it is, for, as Senator Hale of Maine said last month: "The Dingley act has given the people of the United States more revenue, more business, more trade, and more prosperity than any bill ever enacted." He also says in speaking of revision: "Unless the Republican party has lost heart and faith in its fundamental policies there will be no meddling with and no emasculation of the present tariff, whether under the guise of reciprocity or reform." But the Republican party has not lost faith in its fundamental principles. This talk of revision has not originated with the people; it is the dream of certain leaders, who, unless they heed the writing on the wall, will soon receive a rude awakening. — Minnesota (Min.) Mascot.

## WOOL AND TARIFF.

### Higher Prices and Increased Production Under the Dingley Law.

"The wool manufacturing industry in the United States is in a highly flourishing condition. This is the situation as described in the annual wool review of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers published in the current quarterly bulletin of the association. We are now living under the Dingley tariff act, which accorded special protective attention to the wool growing and wool manufacturing business, and credit must evidently be given to that tariff for the present state of the manufacturing industry."

The above concession from the Springfield Republican is welcome indeed, but still that paper is not happy, for it continues:

"What of the business of wool growing under this tariff law? First, it is to be conceded that the grower enjoys higher prices for his product. Ohio XX washed wool now rules at twenty-eight and a half cents a pound against twenty-six and a half cents in 1901, twenty-eight and a half cents in 1900, thirty-one and a half cents in 1899 and twenty-nine and a half cents in 1898, but against nineteen cents during the three years in which the Wilson tariff act (free wool) was operative. This rise in price should have stimulated wool production greatly, but it has done so only moderately, and the domestic output of wool still falls short of what it was ten years ago under the McKinley tariff act, and bids fair not again for the present to reach those former figures. The product of the current year is placed at 346,341,000 pounds, against 259,153,251 in 1897, at the end of the free wool period, but against 348,538,138 pounds in 1893, the maximum production recorded under the McKinley act."

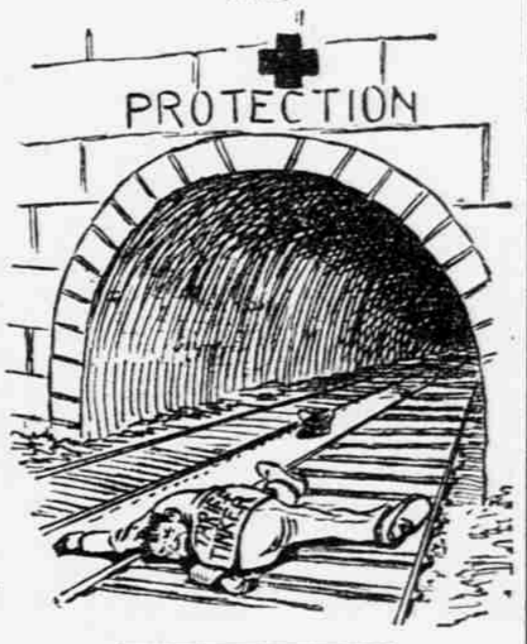
An average of twenty-nine cents a pound during the Dingley tariff, as against nineteen cents a pound under the Gorman-Wilson tariff, and a production of 346,000,000 pounds, against 259,000,000 pounds, would seem to answer the Republican's question: "What of the business of wool growing under this tariff law?" But still the editor is unsatisfied because we have not yet recovered all that we lost. He forgets that it is easier to tear down than to build up, and that it may still be several years before we fully recover from that disastrous wool period. If in certain sections wool growing has been to an extent abandoned it is because of more profitable products. Then as Secretary North of the Wool Manufacturer's Association says, the high price of meat has offered the farmers an inducement to kill both lamb and mutton so that the supply has really decreased per capita instead of increased. But we do not agree with Secretary North that we are not going to have a domestic supply equal to domestic requirements, conditions are not yet normal. But we are glad to note that since the close of the insurrection in the Philippines the Springfield Republican is studying economic questions with no little intelligence.

### Tried to Stop the Train.



### The Result.

(The mark of the cross shows what hit him.)



### A Bad Arrangement.

When it is proposed to cut a duty on hosiery, gloves, knit goods and the like for France and Germany to a figure where the cheap labor in those countries engaged in these industries can cause their importation in such quantities as to interfere with home production, while we get no real advantage in return, that is not reciprocity; it is giving away a good thing for nothing. We will get no "markets of the world" by such an arrangement with European countries. —Indianapolis Journal.

### Who is Suffering?

Gov. Cummins ought to tell us who in Iowa is suffering so greatly that a tariff agitation has to be kept up perpetually.—Cedar Rapids Republican.

## VALUE OF COURTESY

### STORY PROVES OLD SAYING THAT POLITENESS PAYS.

Traveling Man Tells of Experience Which Points a Moral for Business Men—Superciliousness Lost Shaky Firm a Profitable Order.

They were discussing the various types of people whom they encountered in their travels, and the consensus of opinion expressed by six drummers was that "white" treatment—that is, politeness—was never lost when exerted on a traveling man.

The stout man, who represented a fur house, had the floor.

"This talk," he said, "reminds me of a little incident that occurred last season. Hopkins was taken suddenly ill, and the firm sent word to me to cover a part of his route until he got in shape again. Naturally, I was strange to the country and to the people, but I got along fairly well until I reached Seattle. There I found a letter of introduction from the firm. There were a lot of furs there which the firm had been informed could be had for a bargain. It seems two rival firms had gotten hold of the skins, and I was to use my judgment as to which firm I should trade with.

"It was a novel experience for me. I had been accustomed to selling furs, not buying them, and naturally I felt my importance. It was a matter of about \$25,000, too, and I mentally pictured the attack of heart disease I would give the members of one or the other firm when I placed my order. I rehearsed my entrance into the store, pictured the offhand way in which I would examine the furs and criticize them, I even had the scene down to such a fine point that I had the words all chosen to utter between puffs of a cigar—nothing like a cigar, you know, to show nonchalance!

"Well, I started out early next day. I had the cards of the rival firms in my pocket, and as I looked them over I wondered which I would go to first. One was, say Brown & Jones, and the other was Smith & Waters.

"Brown & Jones was the nearer to my hotel, so I walked over there, inflating my chest as I entered the place. It was a dark, cavernous sort of store, and I almost groped my way to the rear, between piles of furs. There seated in an easy chair, with his feet cocked upon a desk, sat a young man. He wore an incipient mustache and a look of insufferable arrogance.

"Well, what do you want?" he asked.

"He placed an exasperating accent upon the 'you.' I felt my chest decrease in circumference, and at the same time my innate anger arose. Here I came to do this house a great business service and—

"However, I smothered my anger, produced the firm's card and asked, meekly as I could, 'Is this Brown & Jones'?"

"Yes," he snarled rather than replied, 'I'm Mr. Jones. What do you want?'"

"For the second time the query was insultingly put. I longed to tell him what I wanted, but controlled my feelings.

"I don't think I want anything from you," I said simply, and walked out of the store.

"At Smith & Waters' I received better treatment. I placed the order with them and went back to my hotel with an invitation to dine with one of the firm that night.

"Before my trip ended I learned that Brown & Jones had failed for a considerable sum. Perhaps my order would have tided them over through the crisis. At any rate, I am vindictive enough to be glad of their failure. That little word 'you' was the greatest insult I ever received."—New York Mail and Express.

### Automobile Sea Scouts.

As military motor bicycles have already proved themselves to be of value in scouting it is probable that in nearly every civilized country they will be largely used in future land warfare. Why, if the fast land scout prove so useful, should not the navy adopt the same methods? A boat, sixty feet long, with two twenty-five horse power engines, built very light, to carry, say, four persons, and to be capable of considerable speed, would be a most useful addition to a battleship or a fleet. The ordinary torpedo boat is too long and draws too much water for scouting near shore or in shallow water, but a launch might be made to draw less than three feet of water and yet have a speed of upward of thirty knots. There would be no funnels or smoke to attract the notice of the enemy, and with underarmor exhaust the boat might be made almost silent. If built low in the water or with the power of semi-submersion, it would be difficult for the enemy to observe, and still more difficult to hit. Probably such a craft would be more useful than anything yet invented in the way of a scout for sea purposes.—London Star.

### Hard Work Always Wins.

"I have faith in volition. I believe that, by means of a strong will, a person, not physically or morally incapacitated for a particular pursuit, will eventually succeed in the vocation, to obtaining excellence in which he or she has set himself or herself with all his or her soul and strength. I do not believe in failures—accidents, of course, always excepted—in the case of those who work hard, indefatigably and hopefully.—G. A. Sala.