The Bow of Orange Ribbon

A ROMANCE OF NEW YORK

By AMELIA E. BARR
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CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

"I will give it to him again. With my own hands I will give it to him once more. Oh, Richard, my lover, my husband! Now I will hasten to see thee."

She reached London the next night, and, weary and terrified, drove at once to the small hostlery where Hyde lay.

"Katherine!" he cried; and his voice was as weak and as tearful as that of a troubled child.

"Here come I, my dear one."

"Oh, how you love me, Katherine!"

She took from her bosom the St. Nicholas ribbon. "I give it to thee again. At the first time I loved thee; now, my husband, ten thousand times more I love thee. As I went through the papers, I found it."

And between their clasped hands it lay—the bit of orange ribbon that had handseled all their happiness.

"It is the promise of everything I can give thee, my loved one," whispered Katherine.

"It is the luck of Richard Hyde. Dearest wife, thou hast given me my life back again."

CHAPTER XV.

Turning Westward.

It was a hot August afternoon, and Hyde sat at an open window at Hyde Manor. He was pale and wasted from his long sickness, but there was speculation and purpose in his face, and he had evidently cast away the mental apathy of the invalid. As he sat thus, a servant entered and said a few words which made him turn with a glad, expectant manner to the open door; and, as he did so, a man of near sixty years of age passed through it—a handsome, lordly looking man, who had that striking personal resemblance to Hyde which affectionate brothers often have to one another.

"Faith, William, you are welcome home! How delighted I am to see you!"

"'Tis twelve years since we met, Dick. And Hyde Manor is a miracle. I expected to find it mouldy and mossy. On the contrary it is a place of perfect beauty."

"And it is all my Katherine's doing. She is my angel. I am unworthy of her goodness and beauty."

"Why, then, Dick, I may as well tell you that I have also found a treasure past belief of the same kind. In fact, Dick, I am married, and have two sons."

There was a moment's profound silence, and an inexplicable shadow passed rapidly over Hyde's face; but it was fleeting as a thought, and, ere the pause became strained and painful, he turned to his brother and said, "I am glad, William. With all my heart, I am glad."

"I was married very quietly, and have been in Italy ever since. I was told that you had left the army."

"That is exactly true. When I heard that Lord Percy's regiment was designed for America, and against the Americans, I put it out of the king's power to send me on such a business."

"Indeed, I think the Americans have been ill-used, and I find the town in a great commotion upon the matter. The people of New York have burned effigies of Lord North and Gov. Hutchinson, and the new troops were no sooner landed than five hundred of them deserted in a body."

Hyde's white face was crimson with excitement, and his eyes glowed like stars as he listened. "That was like New York; and, faith, if I had been there, I would have helped them!"

"Why not go there? I owe you much for the hope, of which my happiness has robbed you. I will take Hyde Manor at its highest price; I will add to it fifty thousand pounds indemnity for the loss of the succession. You may buy land enough for a duchy there, and found in the New World a new line of the old family. Dick, my dear brother, out of real love and honor, I speak these words."

"Indeed, William, I am very sensible of your kindness, and I will consider well your proposition. I think, indeed, that my Katherine will be in a transport of delight to return to her native land."

Almost with the words she entered, clothed in a white India muslin, with carnations at her breast. The earl bowed low, and then kissed her cheeks and led her to a chair, which he placed between Hyde and himself.

Katherine was predisposed to emigration, but yet she dearly loved the home she had made so beautiful. During Hyde's convalescence, also, other plans had become very hopeful and pleasant, and they could not be cast aside without some reluctance.

It was on a cold, stormy afternoon in February, when the lawns were white with snow. Hyde sat by the big wood fire, re-reading a letter from Joris Van Heemskirk, which also inclosed a copy of Josiah Quincy's speech on the Boston Port Bill. Katherine had a piece of worsted work in her hands.

It was at this moment Lettice came in with a bundle of newspapers. "They be brought by Sir Thomas Swaffham's man, sir, with Sir Thomas' compliments; there being news he thinks you would like to read, sir."

Hyde opened the papers with eager curiosity and read the news from America.

"I must draw my sword again, Katherine," he said, as his hand impulsively went to his left side. "I thought I had done with it forever; but, by St. George, I'll draw it in this quarrel!"

"The American quarrel, Richard?"

"No other could so move me. Every good man and true wishes them well. Are you willing?"

"Only to be with you,only to please you, Richard. I have no other happiness."

"Then it is settled. The earl buys Hyde as it stands; we have nothing except our personal effects to pack. Write to-night to your father. Tell him that we are coming in two weeks to cast our lot with America."

When Joris Van Heemskirk received this letter he was very much excited by its contents.

He was sitting in the calm evening, with unloosened buckles, in a cloud of fragrant tobacco, talking of these things. Then he put on his hat and walked down his garden. He was standing on the river bank, and the meadows over it were green and fair to see, and the fresh wind blew into his soul a thought of its own untrammeled liberty. He looked up and down the river, and lifted his face to the clear sky, and said aloud, "Beautiful land! To be thy children we should not deserve, if one inch of thy soil we yielded to a tyrant. Truly a vaderland to me and to mine thou hast been. Truly do I love thee."

Then, with his mind made up, he went into the house.

In a few minutes Elder Semple came in. He looked exceedingly worried, and, although Joris and he avoided politics by a kind of tacit agreement, he could not keep to kirk and commercial matters, but constantly returned to one subject—a vessel lying at Murray's wharf, which had sold her cargo of molasses and rum to the "Committee of Safety."

Joris let the elder drift from one grievance to another, and he was just in the middle of a sentence containing the opinion of Sears and Willet, when Bram's entrance arrested it. He walked straight to the side of Joris:

"Father, we have closed his majesty's custom house forever."

"We! Who, then, Bram?"

"The Committee of Safety and the Sons of Liberty."

Semple rose to his feet, trembling with passion. "Let me tell you, then, Bram, you are a parcel o' rogues and rebels; and, if I were his majesty, I'd gibbet the last ane o' you."

"Patience, elder. Sit down, I'll speak"——

"No, councilor, I'll no sit down until I ken what kind o' men I'm sitting wi'. Oot wi' your maist secret thoughts. Wha are you for?"

"For the people and for freedom, am I," said Joris, calmly rising to his feet. "Too long have we borne injustice. Bram, my son, I am your comrade in this quarrel." He spoke with fervent, but not rapid speech, and with a firm, round voice, full of magical sympathies.

"I'll hear nae mair o' such folly. Gie me my bonnet and plaid, madam, and I'll be going. I hope the morn will bring you a measure o' commonsense." He was at the door as he spoke; but, ere he passed it, he lifted his bonnet above his head and said, "God save the king! God save his gracious majesty, George of England!"

Joris turned to his son. To shut up the king's customs was an overt act of treason. Bram, then, had fully committed himself, and, following out his own thoughts, he asked abruptly, "What will come of it, Bram?"

"War will come, and liberty—a great commonwealth, a great country."

In the meantime Semple, fuming and ejaculating, was making his way slowly home. However, before he had gone very far, he was overtaken by his son Neil, now a very staid and stately gentleman, holding under the government a high legal position in the investigation of the disputed New Hampshire grants.

He listened respectfully to his father's animadversions on the folly of the Van Heemskirks; but he was thinking mainly of the first news told him—the early return of Katherine. He was conscious that he still loved Katherine, and that he still hated Hyde. So Neil was somber and silent. His father was uncertain as to his views, and he did not want to force or hurry a decision.

Next morning, when the elder reached the store, the clerks and porters were all standing together talking. He knew quite well what topic they were discussing with such eager movements and excited speech. But they dispersed to their work at the sight of his sour, stern face, and he did not intend to open a fresh dispute by any question.

Apprentices and clerks then showed a great deal of deference to their masters, and Elder Semple demanded the full measure due to him. Something, however, in the carriage, in the faces, in the very tones of his servants' voices, offended him; and he soon discovered that various small duties had been neglected.

"Listen to me, lads," he said angrily. "I'll have nae politics mixed up wi' my exports and imports. Neither king nor Congress has aught to do wi' my business; and if there is among you ane o' them fools that ca' themselves the 'Sons o 'Liberty,' I'll pay him whatever I owe him now, and he can gang to Madam Liberty for his future wage."

He was standing on the step of his high counting desk as he spoke, and he peered over the little wooden railing at the men scattered about with pens or hammers or goods in their hands. There was a moment's silence, then a middle-aged man quietly laid down the tools with which he was closing a box, and walked up to the desk. The next moment, every one in the place had followed him. Semple was amazed, and angry, but he made no sign of either emotion. He counted to the most accurate fraction every one's due, and let them go without one word of remonstrance.

But, as soon as he was alone, he felt the full bitterness of their desertion, and he could not keep the tears out of his eyes as he looked at their empty places.

At this juncture Neil entered the store. "Here's a bonnie pass, Neil; every man has left the store. I may as weel put up the shutters."

"There are other men to be hired."

"They were maistly a' auld standbys, auld married men that ought to have had mair sense."

"The married men are the troublemakers; the women have hatched and nursed this rebellion. If they would only spin their webs, and mind their knitting!"

"But they wilina, Neil, and they never would. If there's a pot o' rebellion brewing between the twa poles, women will be dabbling in it. They have aye been against lawfu' authority. The restraints o' paradise was tyranny to them. And they get worse and worse; it isna ane apple would do them the noo; they'd strip the tree, my lad, to its vera topmost branch."

"You ought to know, father. I have small and sad experience with them."

"Sae, I hope you'll stand by my side. We twa can keep the house thegither. If we are a' right, the government will whistle by a woman's talk."

"Did you not say Katherine was coming back?"

"I did that. See there, again. Hyde has dropped his uniform, and sold a' that he has, and is coming to fight in a quarrel that's nane o' his. Heard you ever such foolishness? But it is Katherine's doing; there's little doot o' that."

"He's turned rebel, then?"

"Ay has he. That's what women do. Politics and rebellion is the same thing to them."

"Well, father, I shall not turn rebel."

"Oh, Neil, you take a load off my heart by thae words!"

"I have nothing against the king, and I could not be Hyde's comrade."

(To be continued.)

GESTURES IN GENERAL USE.

Motions That Are Common to All Nations of the Earth.

Certain gestures are absolutely identified with certain feelings. To shake one's fist is to threaten; to hold up one's finger is to warn. To indicate thought we place the tips of the fingers on the forehead; to show concentrated attention we apply the whole hand. To rub the hands is everywhere a sign of joy, and to clap them a sign of enthusiasm. It would be easy to multiply examples. Affirmation, negation, repulsion are all indicated by motions that every one understands.

It is the same, in quite as great a degree, with nationalities, in spite of the original diversity of the races that make them up. The mimetic character results at once from race, from history and from climate.

The gesture of the Englishman is fierce and harsh; he speaks briefly, brusquely; he is cold, positive, forceful. His salutation is cold and accentuated, but his handshake is loyal. The gesture of Germany is heavy, good humored and always ungraceful. Many of the Slav people are unwilling to look one in the face, and they have a false gesture.

The Spaniard and the Portuguese, although dwelling in a Southern land, gesticulate little; their language is rythmic, slow, solemn; they are grave, their salutation is a little theatrical.

The Italian is lively, mobile, intelligent, gay; his language is harmonious, sonorous, warm and luminous, like his country's sky. The salutation of the Italian is quick and full of feeling, his gestures colored and exaggerated.

Won the Old Man.

"Sir," he said to her father, "this is a practical world. The spirit of commercialism cannot be throttled by the tender bonds of sentiment. Perhaps you have noticed this?"

"I cannot say I have," replied the stern parent "but that needn't detain you."

"Of course not," said the youth with an affable smile. "What I was about to say is that while I am sitting up courting your daughter I feel that it would be no more than fair to offer to pay for the gas I assist in consuming."

"Good," said the old man. "And how about the coal? Do you expect me to throw that in?"

"Certainly not," cried the youth. "I'll gladly throw in the coal. Bless you, I worked my way through college tending a furnace."

And the old man smiled approvingly.

The real difference between men is energy. A strong will, a settled purpose, an invincible determination, can accomplish almost anything; and in this lies the distinction between great men and little men.—Fuller.

IN LINCOLN'S BIRTHPLACE.

Woman Living in New England Whose Father Was Born in the Historic Log Cabin—Stories of the Early Days.

Lincoln has been dead thirty-eight years.

Most of those who personally knew him have also passed on into silence, and, like Washington, he has become in the popular mind a sort of mystical figure, associated with a bygone age of dramatic heroism—a patron saint.

Although New England loved Lincoln as much as any other section of the country did, when it came to know him, yet he was always regarded as a characteristic product of the pioneer country, and, although efforts not altogether successful have been made to show that he was of Hingham ancestry, never till now has Massachusetts been conscious of the presence in this locality of any living connection between the immortal rail-splitter and our own soil.

Nevertheless for seventeen years one of the environs of Boston has harbored a woman who makes the proud boast that her father and Abraham Lincoln were first cousins; that both were born in the same rude log cabin in Kentucky, but three months apart, in 1809, and that she herself is a grandniece of Lincoln's mother, the famous Nancy Hanks.

She is Mrs. Nellie M. Moore, who was born not many years before the outbreak of the civil war, in the then exceedingly primitive town of Frankford, Mo., and has been for three months past a resident of East Pepperell, Mass., where her husband, Charles W. Moore, is engineer in a mill.

Miss Hall, for that was Mrs. Moore's maiden name, spent only the first thirteen years of her life in Missouri, having been sent to a Kentucky boarding school at that age. She was married and lived in Louisville for some years, later removed to Cincinnati, and after the death of her husband came East, married Mr. Moore, a native of Massachusetts, and they lived for seventeen years in Atlantic, a part of Quincy, until they removed to Pepperell.

When asked to define her relationship to the martyred President, Mrs. Moore said:

"My father, William S. Hall, was a son of Martha Hanks, sister of Nancy Hanks, who married Thomas Lincoln and became the mother of Abraham Lincoln. So, you see, my father was first cousin and I was second cousin to the President.

"My grandfather, who married Martha Hanks, was Levi Hall, and they and Thomas and Nancy Lincoln were living together in the little log cabin in La Rue county, Ky., in 1809, when Abraham Lincoln was born there. My father was born three months later in the same cabin."

When questioned as to the antecedents of the Hanks, Lincoln and Hall families, Mrs. Moore says it is a tradition of all three families that they emigrated together from New England about 200 years ago to Pennsylvania, from there to Virginia and later to Kentucky, as they eventually did to Indiana and finally to Illinois and Missouri. She has been for some time engaged in investigating the possible early connection of the families with New England, and intends to prepare a genealogy embodying the results of her labor.

Continuing her story of the vicissitudes of the Lincoln, Hanks and Hall families, Mrs. Moore says:

"My aunt, Rosanne Hall, who rode from her home in Maryland to Kentucky behind her husband on his horse told me that there were Quakers among my ancestors, as there are said to have been in the Lincoln family. She also said that my great-grandfather was killed by the Indians at the same time that Abraham Lincoln's grandfather was, while they were clearing the ground to plant corn, on their arrival in Kentucky. It was she who told me my father was born in the Lincoln log cabin.

"Aunt Rosanne said that Abe Lincoln's mother used to walk five miles to mill to have her corn ground, or to buy a side of bacon, which, with cornmeal mush or johnnycake, comprised their bill of fare the greater part of the time.

"My grandparents, Levi Hall and Martha Hanks, both died of the milk-sick, in Indiana, in 1818, about the same time that Lincoln's mother, Nancy Hanks, and her uncle and aunt Sparrow died. All were buried together in rude coffins construced by Thomas Lincoln, who was now a widower with two small children. After Lincoln became President, someone erected a monument over his mother's grave in the wilderness, but Aunt Roseanne told me that the selection of the grave for the monument must have been mere guesswork, since none of the graves had ever been marked, and there was no means of identifying any one of them."

Coming to the subject of the migration of the survivors of the three families from Indiana to Illinois, Mrs. Moore says:

"Joseph Hanks, who taught Thomas Lincoln, Abe's father, the carpenter's trade, just 100 years ago, was one of the first settlers in Illinois, having gone there from Kentucky about 1820. It was his son, the famous John Hanks, still living in Missouri, who in 1830 induced Thomas Lincoln, Dennis Hanks and my father to pull up stakes and also remove to Illinois, where Abe was destined to achieve that fame that gained for him the Presidency.

"Having arrived in Macon county, Ill., the party, which numbered thirteen, settled for a while. My father and Abe Lincoln were in their 21st year, and they, with John Hanks, Abe's second cousin, built the log cabin which some say was exhibited on Boston Common thirty years or more ago. They also split the famous fence rails at that time, samples of which did much to arouse the enthusiasm in the Illinois convention in 1860, which secured the Presidential nomination for Lincoln.

"After serving as major in the Black Hawk war, in which Abe Lincoln was captain, my father became one of the earliest settlers in Missouri, and during the greater part of his life kept a tavern, first at Hannibal and later at Frankford.

"Frankford used to be visited by Indians sometimes, and if they didn't find whisky before they arrived, they were harmless, and their presence caused no uneasiness. But if they were drunk the news would quickly spread and school would be dismissed for the day.

"After a while a brick schoolhouse was built one and one-half miles from town, and to get there we had to fight our way through wild animals and snakes, for Missouri takes the blue ribbon for snakes. At the brick school we were furnished with a horn, and if wild animals or Indians were seen prowling about we blew the horn and the neighboring farmers got their guns and came to our rescue.

"When I was a little girl Aunt Sally, Abraham Lincoln's stepmother, used to visit us, and she frequently put me to sleep in her arms, but I never thought much about it till I was grown up and others reminded me of the distinction I had enjoyed.

"I often visited around among the Hankses in my childhood, too, and my especial favorite was Grandma Hanks, as we called John Hanks' mother, who lived in what is now known as Quincy, Ill. I used to hold her skein of yarn for her when she wound it into a ball, and during the operation she would tell me stories of her early life in the pioneer days in Illinois.

"One story was in regard to a freshet such as used to come almost yearly to those who lived along the river bottoms eighty years or so ago. Grandma went several miles down the river on a raft, one day, to the mill, to have some corn ground, leaving the children in the log house. The river had been threatening to rise for several days, but the children well knew from former experiences, that if the river invaded the house they were to climb up on the roof for safety.

"The river rose while grandma was away and she toiled laboriously to get home as soon as she could. When she got nearly home she found everything afloat, and as she passed a tree that was well submerged she thought she heard a cry from the branches. She paddled to the tree, and there found her baby, John Hanks, afloat in his cradle, which had been washed through the door of the cabin, and had drifted about till it found lodgment in the top of the tree, where his mother found it.

"Another of her stories was about Guinea niggers. I suppose you don't know what Guinea niggers were, do you? Well, they were not uncommon in the days when slaves were brought from Africa. They were very small in stature and very unprepossessing in appearance and they were said to be cannibals.

"Grandma said that in her youth she knew a young couple who bought a pair of Guinea niggers. One day their little child disappeared and it was never seen again. They afterward found that the cannibals had eaten the child, and they were hanged for it.

"Grandma, like most of the Hankses and Lincolns, was an ardent Methodist. In her old age she always knitted just so much on a stocking every week day. One morning she was industriously engaged in the performance of her allotted stint, when some of the younger folks came in with their best clothes on.

"'Why, grandma! What are you doing?' somebody asked. 'Only knitting,' she replied, with some surprise. 'What, knitting on Sunday, grandma?' 'Is this Sunday?' asked grandma, in amazement. When convinced that it was she unraveled every stitch she had done that morning, in order to atone as far as possible for her desecration of the day."

Mrs. Moore describes having seen with some amusement Abraham Lincoln making a political speech in Missouri, arrayed in a long and exceedingly crumpled linen "duster," and a tall hat of ancient pattern. She says that when Lincoln was nominated for President his humble relatives among the Hankses held up their hands with amazed incredulity and exclaimed with practical unanimity: "Abe Lincoln for President? I don't believe it!"

"There was always something queer about the Hankses," she says; "for although they were among the earliest settlers in Illinois and had their pick of the land, and plenty of it, and some of them had large, productive farms, yet every one of them turned out as poor as Job's cat.

"My mother owned slaves before the war, but my father never did, nor did any of the Hankses, and for that reason they were called 'poor whites' by their neighbors who had slaves. All the Hankses were stanch supporters of the union during the civil war."—Boston Globe.