

THE MAID of MAIDEN LANE

Sequel to "The Bow of Orange Ribbon."

A LOVE STORY BY AMELIA E. BARR

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CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

About six o'clock Arenta Van Ariens made a personal response to her friend's message. She was all excitement and expectation. Who do you think called on me this afternoon. No less a person than Madame Kippon. Gertrude Kippon is going to be married. She is going to marry a French count! And Madame is beside herself with the great alliance.

"Our drawing-rooms, and even our streets, are full of titles," said Cornelia; "I think it is a distinction to be plain master and mistress."

"That is the truth; even this handsome dandy, Joris Hyde, is a lieutenant."

"He was in the field two years. He told me so this afternoon. I dare say, he has earned his title, even if he is a lieutenant."

"Don't be so highly-tighty, Cornelia. I have no objection to military titles. In fact, I rather lean to official titles of every kind."

Then Arenta, having arranged her ringlets, tied her sash and her sandals, the girls went down to the parlor.

Dr. Moran, Rem Van Ariens, and Lieut. Hyde were present. The latter was handsomely dressed in a dark-blue velvet coat, silver-laced, a long white satin vest and black satin breeches. His hair was thrown backwards and tied with the customary black ribbon, and his linen and laces were of the finest quality. He met Cornelia as he might have met a princess; and he flashed into Arenta's eyes a glance of admiration which turned her senses upside down, and

"Dear Arenta, we shall have so much more time, to-morrow. Come to-morrow."

But Arenta was not pleased. She left her friend with an air of repressed injury, and afterwards made little remarks about Cornelia to her brother, which exactly fitted his sense of wounded pride.

"Ever since she was a little girl, eleven years old, I have loved her," said Rem; "and she knows it."

"She knows it; that is so. When I was at Bethlehem, I read her all your letters, and many a time you spoke in them of her as your 'little wife.' Come, come, we must go to our rooms, for that is our father I hear moving about. In a few minutes he will be angry, and then—"

She did not finish the sentence; there was no necessity; Rem knew what unpleasantness the threat implied, and he slipped off his shoes and stole quietly upstairs. Arenta did not hurry, though the great Flemish clock on the stair-landing chimed eleven as she entered her room.

"After all," she mused, "the evening was a possibility. It was a door on the latch—I may push it open and go in—who can tell? I saw how amazed he was at my beauty when I first entered the parlor—and he is but a man—and a young man who likes his own way—so much is evident."

Then she heard her brother moving about the floor of the room above her and a shadow darkened her face. She had strong family affections, and she was angry that Rem should be troubled by any man or woman, living.

their meeting, and the delay had been intended, and the consequences foreseen!

In a dim kind of way Hyde realized this fact as he sat the next day with an open book before him. He was not reading it; he was thinking of Cornelia. Soon he closed his book with impatience, and went to Prince's and bought a little rush basket filled with sweet violets. Into their midst he slipped his visiting card, and saw the boy on his way with the flowers to Cornelia ere he was satisfied they would reach her quickly enough. Then turning aimlessly into Pearl street, he saw Cornelia.

She was dressed only in a little morning gown of Indian chintz, but in such simple toilet had still more distinctively that air of youthful modesty which he had found so charmingly tantalizing.

Cornelia was going to the "Universal Store" of Gerardus Duyckinck, and Hyde begged to go with her. He said he was used to shopping, and could tell the value of laces, and knew how to choose a piece of silk, or match the crewels for her embroidery; and, indeed, pleaded his case so merrily, that there was no refusing his offer. And how it happened lovers can tell, but after the shopping was finished they found themselves walking towards the Battery, with the fresh sea wind, and the bright sunshine, and the joy of each other's presence all around them.

Now Love has always something in it of the sea, and the murmur of the tide against the pier, the hoarse voices of the sailor men, the scent of the salt water, and all the occult unrecognized, that keenly felt life of the ocean, were ministers to their love, and forever and ever blended in the heart and memory of the youth and maid who had set their early dream of each other to its potent witchery. Time went swiftly, and suddenly Cornelia remembered that she was subject to hours and minutes. A little fear came into her heart, and closed it, and she said, with a troubled air, "My mother will be anxious. I had forgotten. I must go home." So they turned northward again.

At the gates of her home they stood a moment, and there Hyde touched her hand and said, "I have never, in all my life, been so happy. It has been a walk beyond hope, and beyond expression!" And she lifted her face, and the smile on her lips and the light in her eyes answered him.

Cornelia trembled as she opened the parlor door; she feared to look into her mother's face, but it was as serene as usual, and she met her daughter's glance with one of infinite affection and some little expectancy. This was a critical moment, and Cornelia hesitated slightly. Then she said with a blunt directness which put all subterfuge out of the question:

"Mother, I have been a long time, but I met Lieut. Hyde, and we walked down to the Battery; and I think I have stayed beyond the hour I ought to have stayed, but the weather was so delightful!"

"The weather is very delightful and Lieut. Hyde is very polite. Did he speak of the violets he sent you?"

"I suppose he forgot them. Ah, there they are! How beautiful! How fragrant! I will give them to you, mother."

"They are your own, my dear. I would not give them away. Take your flowers and put them in water—the young man is very extravagant, I think. Do you know that it is quite noon, and your father will be home in a little while?"

And there was such kind intent, such a divining sympathy in the simple words, that Cornelia's heart grew warm with pleasure, and she felt that her mother understood, and did not much blame her. She went with some haste to her room, and forgetting all else, sat down and permitted herself to enter the delicious land of Reverie. She let the thought of Hyde repossess her, and present again and again to her imagination his form, his face, his voice, and those long caressing looks she had seen and felt, without seeming to be aware of them.

(To be continued.)

PHOTOGRAPH WINS A CASE.

Bright Idea That Was Worked by Clever Lawyer.

A Philadelphia lawyer tells the story that a picture of Fanny Davenport once won a case for him. His client was suing the Pennsylvania Railroad company, of which Wayne MacVeagh was counsel, for \$7,500 damages for the death of her husband. "Just a few days before the case was to have come up she happened into my office and announced that she had married again. 'Good Lord, madam,' I gasped, 'why couldn't you have waited until your case came up? It's next to impossible for me to get damages for you now. She said she didn't care very much, and went out, seeming very happy.'"

"Well, it just happened that I had a photograph of Fanny Davenport on my desk, and when the next day Wayne MacVeagh happened into my office to discuss quite another matter he picked up the photo and admired it. 'Who's your friend?' he asked."

"I had a sudden inspiration and I said: 'Why, that's the lady who is suing your company for \$7,500.'"

"The deuce you say," said he. "Hand some woman, isn't she?"

"She is, indeed," I replied.

"'H—m!' he exclaimed, looking at the picture closely. 'A deuced handsome woman, I should say. A deuced handsome woman.' There was a slight pause. 'What'll you take to settle this case?' he asked."

"I thought of my client's second marriage, and I fixed the figure at \$5,000. The deal was consummated, and the case never came to court."—New York Tribune.

SENATE IS CALLED

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT SUMMONS A SPECIAL SESSION.

TO CONVENE ON THURSDAY

Upper House to Report on Day Following Adjournment—To Settle Canal and Cuban Treaties—Senators Required to Make Up for Statehood Debate.

WASHINGTON.—The president on Monday issued the following proclamation:

"By the President of the United States of America: A Proclamation. "Whereas, Public interests require that the senate should convene in extraordinary session therefore, I, Theodore Roosevelt, president of the United States of America, do hereby proclaim and declare that an extraordinary occasion, requires the senate of the United States to convene at the capitol, in the city of Washington, on the 5th day of March next, at 12 o'clock noon, of all which persons who shall at that time be entitled to act as members of that body are hereby required to take notice.

"Given under my hand and the seal of the United States at Washington, the 2d of March, in the year of our Lord, 1903, and of the independence of the United States, the 127th.

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

By the president,

JOHN HAY, Secretary of State.

Such a proclamation has been expected for some days, as it was known that the administration was determined to leave no stone unturned to secure the ratification of the Cuban and canal treaties.

Only one protest has so far been filed with the state department by European powers against the ratification of the Cuban treaty. At the same time, polite, but pointed, inquiries have supplemented the note filed by the British ambassador, from France and other European beet sugar producing countries.

In advance of the consummation of the treaty of course no open threat could be made, but events are shaping themselves so as to warrant the expectation by the officials here that Europe will retaliate against what it calls the unjust discrimination against European goods.

It is now known that the inquiries referred to have not been confined to Washington, but also have been directed to President Palma and have added much to the difficulty he is under in securing favorable action in the Cuban congress.

F. J. GATLING ENDS BUSY LIFE.

Famous Inventor of Gun Dies at an Advanced Age.

NEW YORK.—R. J. Gatling, inventor of the Gatling gun, died here Thursday at the home of his son-in-law, Hugh E. Pentecost.

Dr. Gatling died very suddenly in the arms of his daughter, Mrs. Pentecost. At 1:15 Dr. Gatling returned home from a trip down town on business to the office of the Scientific American. Being 84 years of age, and accustomed to resting after any physical effort, he told his daughter he would lie down. Shortly afterward he commenced to breathe heavily, and a physician was called and he administered strychnine, but to no avail, and Dr. Gatling died in his daughter's arms a few minutes afterward.

MAY PAY MEXICAN DEBT.

Multimillionaire Offers Diaz \$50,000,000 to Square National Account.

MEXICO CITY.—President Diaz has received a communication from Pedro Alvarado, a multimillionaire mining man of Parral, Mex., offering to contribute \$50,000,000 for the payment of Mexico's foreign debt.

Several weeks ago Alvarado wrote to Minister of Finance Joseph Ives Limantour offering to pay off the public debt of Mexico. The offer was declined at the time, but it has been renewed in another way, direct to President Diaz.

Kansas Seeks New Forest.

TOPEKA, Kan.—President Roosevelt will be asked to set aside 75,000 acres in Finney county as a forest reserve. If the president grants the request pine trees will be planted. The Kansas congressional delegation in Washington will lay the matter before the president this week.

Divinity of the Savior.

PRINCETON, N. J.—President F. L. Patton of the Theological seminary delivered a sermon before the students of theology on "The Person of Christ." The sermon was evidently suggested by the recent discussion of the views of Prof. Delitzsch of Berlin concerning the divinity of the Savior. Dr. Patton said that while the theory of evolution might not be considered inconsistent with belief in the incarnation of Christ.

HOUSE ADOPTS A NEW RULE.

Design is to Further Limit Power of the Minority to Obstruct.

WASHINGTON.—The republican managers in the house have devised another rule to still further reduce the minority's power to filibuster and on Monday it was ordered favorably reported by the committee on rules.

It adopts methods of sending to conference general bills with senate amendments which has been pursued with reference to appropriation bills, thus cutting off general rolls calls and by a further provision cuts out the demand for the previous question on conference reports, thus eliminating a roll call on each report.

The rule is as follows:

Resolved, that immediately on the adoption of this order, or at any time thereafter, the speaker may lay before the house the bill (H. B. 12199) to regulate the immigration of aliens into the United States, now on the speakers table, and the senate amendments thereto having been read, the question shall be at once taken without debate or intervening motion following question, will the house disagree to the senate amendments en bloc and ask a conference with the senate? And if this motion shall be decided in the affirmative, the speaker shall at once appoint conferees without intervention of any motion.

If the house shall decide the motion in the negative, the effect of said vote shall be to agree to said amendments, and, further, that for the remainder of this session, whenever conference report shall have been presented and read, there shall be ten minutes of debate, and at the end of that time the previous question shall be considered as ordered on agreeing to said report.

FOUR NEW BATTLESHIPS.

Naval Appropriation Bill Provides for Building.

WASHINGTON.—Senator Hale, from the committee on naval affairs, reported the naval appropriation bill.

The most important amendment recommended by the committee relates to the increase of the navy. The entire house provision is stricken out and in its stead provision is made for four first class battleships of the general type of the Oregon and two first class armored cruisers of the type of the Brooklyn. The battleships are to cost not exceeding \$3,200,000 each and the cruisers \$2,750,000.

The battleships are to be of 12,000 tons displacement, and the cruisers of 9,500 tons. There is a provision that not more than two of these vessels shall be built by one establishment, and for the building of any or all of them in the government yards in case of a combination to deprive the government of the benefit of fair competition.

PUBLIC DEBT STATEMENT.

Decrease During Month of February \$5,969,665.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The monthly statement of the public debt shows that at the close of business February 28, 1903, the public debt, less cash in the treasury, amounted to \$937,972,898, which is a decrease as compared with January 31 of \$5,969,665. The debt is recapitulated as follows: Interest bearing debt, \$914,541,429; debt on which interest has ceased since maturity, \$1,239,510; debt bearing no interest, \$296,744,438; total, \$1,212,516,368.

This amount, however, does not include \$884,725,969 in certificates and treasury notes outstanding, which are offset by an equal amount of cash on hand, held for redemption.

EX-NEBRASKAN IN TROUBLE.

Lewis S. Irwin Taken to Milwaukee to Answer to Forgery.

TOLEDO, O.—Lewis S. Irwin was on Monday taken to Milwaukee to answer to a charge of forgery. He has been in jail here for some time awaiting an officer from Milwaukee. Irwin asserts his innocence. He was fifteen years a legal practitioner in Nebraska, where he was also prominent in politics. For some time he was a state treasury inspector. Irwin offered no objection to returning to Wisconsin, but will probably be brought back as a witness in a murder trial here, as he was made one of the confidants, it is said, of Albert Wade, just convicted of first degree murder and who seeks a new trial.

CORBETT AND HANLON FIGHT.

Mill is a Fast and Furious One and is Decided a Draw.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.—After twenty rounds of the fastest fighting ever seen in San Francisco, Referee Graney decided the bout between Young Corbett of Denver and Eddie Hanlon of San Francisco a draw. Young Corbett clearly demonstrated to the crowd present that he has not gone back, as some sporting writers would have the public believe.

SYMPATHY OUT OF PLACE

The Only Way to Offer Help in Some Instances is to Buy a Pie.

"Out West, a few years ago, while journeying around with a friend of mine, I overheard a conversation which goes to show that sympathy is often misplaced," said the roving man, "and the moral is that by any means a bad one. The quick way in which the man turned on his friend, who had offered him an abundance of sympathy, so far as sympathy can be extended by mere words, was very amusing and showed that the fellow was quick-witted and unusually bright, despite the fact that he had fallen into a rather rough road.

"The young man had been out West for some time. He had gone out there with the idea that he could win a fortune, but instead of finding the way to success a smooth one, it was rather rough and rocky, marred by thorns to prick the feet, pitfalls and all that kind of thing. Put in plain, unpoetic language he was run down at the heel and bagging at the knee. In order to make a living he had been forced to become a pie merchant on a small scale. He was in this business when we found him, and had a small movable stand on the corner of two streets in a well known mining town. My friend recognized him at a glance, and rushed up to greet him. The fellow seemed to be just a little embarrassed and my friend thought it would be the proper thing to do to offer a little sympathy.

"Sorry to see you situated as you are, old fellow, and in this business," said my friend feelingly.

"D— your sympathy. Buy a pie," was the quick rejoinder of the vender, and in a few moments we had left him shrieking out his wares to men who passed that way.

"At least he convinced my friend that there are moments in a man's life when the mere sympathy of the mouth, no matter how earnest or how fervent the words, can not meet the requirements of the case, and that the real and only way to offer help in such instances is to buy a pie."

RULE WORKED BOTH WAYS.

And if Anything, the Darky Had the Best of It.

At a country fair a free for all horse show was organized. Among the early entries was a small beast, ridden by a voluble individual, who pulled from his pocket a long document and commenced to entertain the crowd by reading the pedigree of his steed. He was the center of attraction until a colored man rode in, mounted upon a splendid black—large, glossy and symmetrical.

Without waiting for an invitation from the rider the crowd soon gathered about the beautiful horse, and many questions were asked, which the negro modestly answered. Soon the white man and his diminutive quadruped were left practically by themselves, and the rider found himself smarting from wounded pride. He watched the new arrival for a short time, and then rode over.

"Where is your horse's pedigree?" he roared.

"I dunno, boss; I reckon he hain't got none. He's des plain boss."

"Oh, well, darn a horse without a pedigree!" shouted the disgruntled white man, and he swung the precious record of his own animal over his head, proclaiming what it was and how long it was. Then he started to ride away. The negro looked at the little beast over his shoulder, rolled his eyes and retorted, "Yes, darn a boss without a pedigree, is it? Well, darn a pedigree without a boss! Dat's whut I says."

Two Birds.

The birds there are that I do love—
The turkey and the eagle;
One walks the earth, one soars above
The clouds, supreme and regal.
The turkey, too, can fly, but he
Aims not at elevation;
Some safe limb of an apple tree
Best suits his humble station.

By night, there, from his wily foe,
The fox, he's safe, and slumbers
All undisturbed by any woe
That mortal dreaming cumber;

By day, in orchard wandering,
He humbly seeks his living;
Unconscious of the joy he'll bring
To gourmands on Thanksgiving.

And while the eagle, pinion borne,
Both cleaves the vaulted azure,
He gobbles up the golden corn
And gobbles forth his pleasure,
And, daily adding to his girth,
For man his chief attraction,
So fills, this bird of solid worth,
His role with satisfaction.

Each in his sphere has rightful fame;
The eagle first in favor
As emblem of the nation's aim.
The turkey for his flavor.
But while the eagle's chief renown
Lies in his life, a winner,
The turkey's still, when dead and brown,
Served for Thanksgiving dinner.

Senator Perkins' Idea.

Senator George C. Perkins of California has some unusual ideas regarding the election of United States Senators, and on account of these he refused to listen to the appeals of his friends to go to California during the recent senatorial fight there.

"I regard the members of the legislature," said he, "as the jury of the people, so far as the election of senators is concerned. Before the election of the legislature I made a campaign which extended the length and breadth of my state. I told the people that I was a candidate for re-election and I made my promises to them. They elected a Republican legislature, and by so doing made that legislature their jury. When opposition appeared to my re-election my friends urged me to leave Washington and personally conduct my case before the legislature, but I do not think it is right for senators to try to influence the action of legislatures, so I remained in Washington. In other words, I refused to tamper with the jury."



The fresh sea wind and the bright sunshine.

made her feel, for a moment or two, as if she could hardly breathe.

Upon Arenta's brother he had not produced a pleasant impression. Without intention, he had treated young Van Ariens with that negative politeness which dashes a sensitive man, and makes him resentfully conscious that he has been rendered incapable of doing himself justice. And Rem tried in various ways to introduce some conversation which would afford him the pleasure of contradiction. He failed to consider that his barely veiled antagonism compelled from the doctor, and even from Cornelia and Arenta, attentions he might not otherwise have received. So Hyde easily became the hero of the hour, he was permitted to teach the girls the charming old-world step of the Pas de Quatre, and afterwards to sing with them merry airs from Figaro, and sentimental airs from Lodoiska.

Fortunately, some of Dr. Moran's neighbors called early in the evening. Then whist parties were formed. But though Cornelia was all sweetness and graciousness; though Rem played well and Lieut. Hyde played badly; though Rem had the satisfaction of watching Hyde depart in his chair, while he stood with a confident friendship by Cornelia's side, he was not satisfied. There was an air of weariness and constraint in the room, and the little stir of departing visitors did not hide it. Rem approached his sister and said, "It is time to go home." Arenta looked at her friend; she expected to be asked to remain, and she was offended when Cornelia did not give her the invitation.

"I expected you would ask me to stay with you, Cornelia."

"I think it is best for you to go home with Rem. Otherwise he might, in his present temper, find himself near Becker's, and if a man is quarrelsome he may always get principals and seconds there. In the morning Rem will, I hope, be reasonable."

"I thought you and I would talk things over to-night. I like to talk over a new pleasure."

"I have always thought Cornelia a very saint," she muttered, "but Love is the great revealer. I wonder if she is in love—to tell the truth, she was past finding out. I cannot say that I saw the least sign of it—and between me and myself, Rem was unreasonable; however, I am not pleased that Rem felt himself to be badly used."

And she said her prayers, and fell calmly asleep, to the flattering thought, "I would not much wonder if, at this moment, Lieut. Hyde is thinking about me."

In reality, Lieut. Hyde was at that moment in the Belvedere club, singing the "Marseillaise," and listening to a very inflammatory speech from the French minister. But a couple of hours later, Arenta's "wonder" would have touched the truth. He was then alone, and very ill satisfied; for, after some restless reflections, he said impatiently:

"I have again made a fool of myself. I have p—w all kinds of unpleasant feelings, and when I left that good doctor's house I was well satisfied. His daughter is an angel. I praise myself for finding that out."

Then he rose, threw off his velvet and lace, and designedly let his thoughts turn to Arenta. "She is pretty beyond all prettiness," he said softly as he moved about. "She dances well, talks from hand to mouth, and she gave me one sweet glance, and I think if she has gone so far—she might go further."

CHAPTER III.

Hyde and Arenta.

Seldom is Love ushered into any life with any pomp of circumstance or ceremony; there is no overture to our opera, no prologue to our play, and the most momentous meetings occur as if by mere accident. A friend delayed Cornelia a while on the street, and turning, she met Hyde face to face; a moment more, or less, and the meeting had not been. Ah, but some Power had set that moment for