

THE MAID of MAIDEN LANE

Sequel to "The Bow of Orange Ribbon."

A LOVE STORY BY AMELIA E. BARR

(Copyright, 1900, by Amelia E. Barr)

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

After he had gone, Mrs. Adams proposed a walk in the lovely garden, and Hyde hoped then to obtain a few words with her. But Mrs. Smith accompanied them, and Hyde found no opportunity to get a word in on his own affairs, and then, suddenly, as they turned into the main avenue, Doctor Moran and Cornelia appeared. Quite as suddenly, Mrs. Adams divined the motive of Hyde's early visit; she opened her eyes wide, and looked at him with a comprehension so clear and real that Hyde was compelled to answer and acknowledge her suspicion by a look and movement quite as unequivocal. Yet this instantaneous understanding contained neither promise nor sympathy and he could not tell whether he had gained a friend or simply made a confession.

Doctor Moran was evidently both astonished and annoyed. He stepped out of his carriage and joined Mrs. Adams, but kept Cornelia by his side, so that Hyde was compelled to escort Mrs. Smith. And Cornelia, beyond a very civil "Good morning, sir," gave him no sign.

When the party reached the steps before the house door, though Mrs. Adams certainly invited him to remain, he had come to the conclusion that he was just the one person not wanted at that time; yet as he had plenty of self-command he completely hid beneath a gay and charming manner the chagrin and disappointment that were really tormenting him, and until he was out of sight and hearing he rode slowly, with the easy air of a man who was only sensitive to the beauty of his surroundings, and thoroughly enjoying them.

He kept this pace till quite outside the precincts of Richmond Hill, then he struck his horse with a passion that astonished the animal and the next moment shamed himself. Then he began to talk to himself in those elliptical, unfinished sentences, which the inner man understands, and so thoroughly finishes. Such reflections, blended with pet names and apologies to his horse, brought him in sight of the Van Heemskirk house, and he instantly felt how good his grandmother's sympathy would be. He saw her at the door, leaning over the upper half and watching his approach.

"I knew it was thee!" she cried. "Now, then, what is the matter with thee? Disappointed, wert thou last night?"

"No—but this morning I have been badly used; and I am angry at it." Then he told her all the circumstances of his visit to Richmond Hill, and she listened patiently, as was her way with all complainers.

"In too great haste are thou," were her first words. "No worse I think of Cornelia, because a little she draws back. To want, and to have thy want, that has been the way with thee all thy life long. Thy mother has taught thee to expect too much. If, now, thou had fallen in love with Arenta, it had been a good thing."

"If I had not seen Cornelia, I might have adored Arenta—but, then, Arenta has already a lover."

"So? And, pray, who is it?"

"Of all men in the world, the gay, handsome Frenchman, Athanase



Hyde Answered With a Smile.

Tounerre, a member of the French embassy."

"And her father? To such a marriage what will he say?"

Hyde stretched out his legs and struck them lightly with his riding whip. Then, with a smile, he answered. "He will be proud enough in his heart. His daughter, the Marquise de Tounerre, will be a very great woman in his eyes."

"That is the truth. I was glad for thy mother to be a lady, and go to court and see the Queen."

"Indeed, it is the common falling; and at present there is no one like the French. I will except the President, and Mr. Adams, and Mr. Hamilton, and say the rest of us are French mad."

"Listen! That is thy father's gallop. So early in the morning, what is he coming for?"

"He had an intention to go to Mr. Semple's funeral."

"That is good. Thy grandfather is already gone."

At this moment Gen. Hyde entered the room. Hurry and excitement were in his face, though they were

well controlled. He gave his hand to Madame Van Heemskirk, saying: "Good morning, mother! You look well, as you always do. Where is the Colonel?"

"He has gone to Elder Semple's house. You know—"

"I know well. For a long time I have purposed to call on the old gentleman, and what I have neglected I am now justly denied, for I must leave for England this afternoon at five o'clock, and I have more to do than I can well accomplish."

George leaped to his feet at these words. "Sir," he cried, "what has happened?"

"Your uncle is dying—perhaps dead. I received a letter this morning urging me to take the first packet. Now, George, you must come with me to Mr. Hamilton's office; we have much business to arrange there."

So far his manner had been peremptory and decided, but, suddenly, a sweet and marvelous change occurred. He went close to Madame Van Heemskirk, and taking both her hands, said in a voice full of those tones that captivate women's hearts:

"Mother! mother! I bid you a loving, grateful farewell! You have ever been to me good, and gentle, and wise—the very best of mothers. God bless you!"

Then he kissed her with a solemn tenderness, and Lysbet understood that he believed their parting to be a final one. She sat down, weeping, and Hyde with an authoritative motion of the head, commanding his son's attendance, went hastily out. It was then eleven o'clock, and there was business that kept both men hurrying here and there until almost the last hour. At four o'clock Gen. Hyde joined his son. He looked weary and sad, and began immediately to charge George concerning his mother.

"We parted with kisses and smiles this morning," he said. "I leave her in your charge, George, and when I send her word to come to England, look well to her comfort. And be sure to come with her. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, sir."

"On no account—even if she wishes it—permit her to come alone. Promise me."

"I promise you, sir. What is there that I would not do for my mother? What is there I would not do to please you, sir?"

"I ask you, then, to play with some moderation. I ask you to avoid any entanglement with women. I ask you to withdraw yourself, as soon as possible, from those blusters for French liberty—or rather French license, robbery, and assassination. Stand by the President, and every word he says. Every word is sure to be wise and right." Then, taking out his watch, he rose, saying, "Come, it is time to go to the ship—My dear George!"

George could not speak. He clasped his father's hand, and then walked by his side to Coffee House Slip, where the North Star was lying. Before either realized the fact, the General had crossed the narrow plank; it was quickly withdrawn, and the North Star, with wind and tide in her favor, was facing the great separating ocean.

George turned from the ship in a maze. He felt as if his life had been cut sharply asunder, and that his mother's voice and presence would be the best of all comfort at that hour; so, late as it was, he rode out to Hyde Manor. His mother opened the door for him.

"I thought it was thy father, Joris," she said; "but what? Is there anything wrong? Why art thou alone?"

"There is nothing wrong, dear mother. Come, I will tell you what has happened."

He gave her his father's letter, and assumed for her sake the air of one who has brought good tidings. She silently read, and folded it.

"Ah, Joris, your father has always longed in his heart for England. Like a weaning babe that never could be weaned was he. And thou, too? Wilt thou become an Englishman? Woe is me! I have planted and planned, for whom I know not."

"You have planned and planned for your Joris. I desire most of all to marry the woman I love, and live here in the home that reminds me of you wherever I turn."

"So true art thou! So loving! So dear to me! Oh, I have thought ever as I worked, I shall leave my memory here—and here—and here again—for never, Joris, never, dear Joris, will thou art in this world, most thou forget me!"

"Never! Never, oh never, dear mother!"

And that night they said no more. Both felt there would be plenty of time in the future to consider what ever changes it might have in store for them.

CHAPTER VI.

Aunt Angelica.

The first changes referred especially to Hyde's life, and were not altogether approved by him. His pretense of reading law had to be abandoned, for he had promised to remain at home with his mother, and it would not therefore be possible for him to dawdle about Pearl street and Maiden Lane watching for Cornelia.

Yet he was not happy about Cornelia. Since that unfortunate morning at Richmond Hill they had never met.

If she saw him go up or down Maiden Lane, she made no sign. Several times Arenta's face at her parlor window had given him a passing hope, but Arenta's own love affairs were just then at a very interesting point, and, besides, she regarded the young lieutenant's admiration for her friend as only one of his many transient enthusiasms.

"If there was anything real in it," she reflected, "Cornelia would have talked about him, and that she has never done."

She did not understand that the quality of love in its finest revelation desires, after its first sweet inception, a little period of withdrawal—it wonders at its strange happiness—broods over it—is fearful of disturbing emotions so exquisite. These are the birth pangs of an immortal love—of a love that knows within itself, that it is born for eternity, and need not to hurry the three-score-and-ten years of time to a consummation.

Of such noble lineage was the love of Cornelia for Joris Hyde. His gracious, beautiful youth, seemed a part of her own youth; his ardent, tender glances had filled her heart with a sweet trouble that she did not understand.

Joris was moved by a sentiment of the same kind, though in a lesser degree. "I have thought of Cornelia long enough," he said one delightful summer morning; with all my soul I now long to see her. And it is not an impossible thing I desire. In short, there is some way to compass it." Then a sudden, invincible persuasion of success came to him; he believed in his own good fortune; he had a conviction that the very stars conspired with a true lover to work his will. And under this enthusiasm he galloped



He saw Arenta Van Ariens.

into town, took his horse to a stable, and then walked towards Maiden Lane.

In a few moments he saw Arenta Van Ariens. He placed himself directly in her path, and doffed his beaver to the ground as she approached.

"Well, then," she cried, with an affected air of astonishment, "who would have thought of seeing you? Your retirement is the talk of the town. Where are you going?"

"With you?"

"In a word, no. For I am going to Aunt Angelica's."

"Upon my honor, it is to your Aunt Angelica's I desire to go most of all!"

"Now I understand. You have found out that Cornelia Moran is going there."

"I assure you that I did not know Miss Moran was going there. To tell the very truth, I came into town to look for you."

"For me? And why, pray?"

"I want to see Miss Moran. If I cannot see her, then I want to hear about her. I thought you, of all people, could tell me the most and the best. Now, pray do not disappoint me."

"Listen! We meet this afternoon at my aunt's, to discuss the dresses and ceremonies proper for a very fine wedding."

(To be continued.)

How He Got It.

Some recent developments at Jefferson City have recalled a story that used to be told about a former Buchanan county representative to the legislature. Before his election to the legislature he was chronically "broke." When he returned from Jefferson City he exhibited \$500 in good, crisp greenbacks. Some of his friends "jollied" him about his prosperity. "You didn't have a cent when you went to the legislature, did you, Jones?" said one of them. "Not a blamed cent," said Jones. "As a matter of fact, I lent you half your railroad fare, didn't I?" "I believe you did."

"Well, you were down in Jefferson City about forty days. You got \$5 a day. Now, what the gang wants to know is how you managed to save \$500 out of a total income of \$200."

"Come closer," whispered Jones, and I'll tell you how I did it. I had my washing done at home."—Kansas City Journal.

What Killed Him.

Wife (with newspaper, to husband)—Here is another forcible temperance lecture: (Reads) "Young Spillers got into a boat and shoved out into the river, and as he was intoxicated he upset the boat, fell into the river and was drowned." Now, sir (addressing her husband), if he had not drunk whisky he would not have lost his life. Husband—Let me see. He fell into the river, didn't he? Wife—Of course he did. Husband—Didn't die until he fell in? Wife—James, you are positively silly. Of course he didn't die until he was drowned. Husband—Then it was the water that killed him.—Stray Stories.

SWIFT PASSES ON

PIONEER PACKER DIES FROM SURGICAL OPERATION.

WOUNDS BLEED INTERNALLY

Hemorrhages Continue for Several Days, Producing Death at Last—The Vast Business He Built Up and Developed.

CHICAGO—Gustavus Franklin Swift, president of the Swift Packing company, died at his home, 4848 Ellis avenue, early Sunday, of internal hemorrhages, resulting from a surgical operation performed several days ago. Mr. Swift was 63 years old.

The hemorrhages resulted from an operation for an infection of the gall bladder, performed March 22. He had given every indication of recovery and all danger was considered passed. In fact, so hopeful was everyone, including himself, that his son, Herbert L. Swift, who had been summoned from Boston, left on Saturday night to return to the east. This son was intercepted at Harrisburg, Pa., by a telegram announcing his father's death.

Mr. Swift had been suffering for some time with bladder trouble and a week ago an operation was determined upon to give him relief. It was not expected that the operation would prove especially dangerous.

Gustavus Franklin Swift began his business career as a butcher and died leaving a fortune estimated at from \$7,000,000 to \$10,000,000. This fortune was made in forty-five years. He was born at Sandwich, Mass., in June, 1839. He opened a small butcher shop in his native town, but removed to Boston when he was less than 30, where he remained until 1875, coming then to Chicago.

In that city he engaged in the same business and developed the department of shipping live cattle to eastern markets. In 1877 he evolved plans for the first refrigerating car and dressed meats, instead of live animals, were shipped to eastern cities. He was the pioneer in this kind of business and it was not long before others saw the advantages of his method and imitated him.

Mr. Swift was not only the oldest "packer" at the time of his death, but was the originator of the method that made many large fortunes. From the small plant started in 1877 has developed a great corporation with branches in St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Omaha, St. Paul and Fort Worth, Texas, and with distributing offices in every important city and town in the United States, and with representatives in the leading cities of Europe, Asia and Africa. Its employees number 22,507. Upon its capital stock of \$25,000,000 the sales of 1902 exceeded \$200,000,000.

Mr. Swift was the father of eleven children, nine of whom survive him; Louis F., Edward F., Helen L., wife of Edward Morris; Charles H., Herbert L., George H., Ruth M., wife of Ernest E. Eversy; Gustavus Franklin, jr., and Harold H., all of whom live in Chicago.

Mr. Swift trained all of his sons in the packing business. His oldest son, Louis F. Swift, is vice president of the company and all the other sons hold responsible positions in it.

FRUIT GROWERS COMBINE.

Southern California Association is Formed.

LOS ANGELES, Cal.—The Fruit World will on Saturday announce the impending amalgamation of a majority of the fruit growers and shippers in Southern California into a co-operative combination modeled somewhat upon the lines of the Deciduous Fruit exchange of Sacramento and the Raisin Growers' association of Fresno.

The amalgamation will involve a combination of capital amounting to more than \$1,000,000. By this amalgamation the bitter warfare that has existed between the growers and the independent shippers will end, and the past losses resulting from the ruinous competition will be converted into profits.

Gives \$5,000,000 to Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, Pa.—Andrew Carnegie had added \$1,550,000 to his library donations in Pittsburg. On Friday he made it known through W. N. Frew, president of the board of trustees, that he would donate \$1,400,000 in addition to the \$1,750,000 already given by him to provide means for an addition to the present Carnegie library and \$150,000 for the building of the new east end branch library. This new gift of Mr. Carnegie makes his contribution to the greater institution \$5,000,000.

Porto Ricans Fete Miss Roosevelt.

SAN JUAN, P. R.—Miss Alice Roosevelt, Governor Hunt and their party returned Monday morning, having visited the towns on the north coast. Miss Roosevelt was received with great enthusiasm everywhere, the inhabitants vying for the honor of having her act as their guest. Much of the trip was made on horseback, which Miss Roosevelt said she greatly enjoyed. She will sail for New York Tuesday on the Coamo.

THE PHILIPPINES.

Senator Dietrich Talks on the Question.

HASTINGS, Neb.—Senator Dietrich arrived in this city from Washington Thursday night and took up his quarters at the Bostwick hotel. His business interests demand that he remain here for some time. Speaking of the Philippine islands, the senator said: "My opinion regarding the Philippine situation does not vary from those delivered in the senate on February 13. I advocate now, as I did then, that there should be inaugurated a system of protection which will further the growth and development of the interests of the islands. This has particular application to such industries as do not and cannot compete with similar industries in the United States. As to the Philippine tariff bill, I will say that I am sorry it did not pass, though the reason for its failure is easy to understand. Had there been an investment of American capital made in these islands as is now in Cuba, there is no question, in my mind, that more strenuous efforts would have been put forth and that the passing of the bill would have resulted. To me this is unquestionable proof that the interest manifested in behalf of Cuba was purely mercenary, fattered by those who have much capital invested in that island. Talk about sympathy with distress and moral obligation! Nonsense! Why, there never was a time since the American occupation of Cuba that there has existed there one-tenth the poverty and distress which at this moment exists in portions of the Philippine islands, yet neither press nor people are heard to cry out because of these undesirable conditions."

Mr. Dietrich said that he had not considered the Nebraska revenue bill with sufficient minuteness to express an opinion, but in regard to Nebraska affairs he expressed his regret that a generous appropriation had not been made for the establishing of an experimental farm in the western portion of the state. Conditions there have independent characteristics which demand particular attention for their proper development. There is nothing in the power of the legislature to do which can add more to the material welfare of the state than the establishment of such a farm.

HE PLANS A MUSEUM OF ART.

J. Pierpont Morgan Will Make Gift to the Nation.

NEW YORK—There is excellent authority for stating that J. Pierpont Morgan is planning to build a splendid art museum and present it to the American nation, the World says. The most valuable of his treasures are now abroad, scattered over continental Europe and England.

"This much can be said definitely," said one of Mr. Morgan's friends, "that Mr. Morgan has not made his vast collections with a view to keeping them secluded for the personal enjoyment of himself and friends."

"He is planning to house all his collections in some one place, and it is very likely that the great museum of art which he will establish will be offered as a gift to the American nation."

SUNDAY SESSION OF SENATE.

The French Deputies Hold Three Sittings.

PARIS—The senate and chamber of deputies each held three sittings Sunday in order to complete the budget before the end of this month so as to avoid the necessity of additional provisional credits. The senate completed its work, including the adoption of an additional duty of 25 cents per 100 kilograms on crude petroleum, but rejecting the clause passed by the chamber asking the government to prepare a law creating a state monopoly of petroleum refining. The budget did not return to the chamber of deputies Sunday night in time for it to take action on the senate amendments.

ARBITRATION IS THE REMEDY.

Bishop Spaulding Sees the End of All Strikes.

PEORIA, Ill.—Bishop Spaulding, who has just returned from his labors on the anthracite strike commission, in an interview in this city gave it as his opinion that the period of strikes in the United States has passed forever and that arbitration would be used to settle all labor difficulties in the future.

The bishop thinks that the precedent established by the commission will do much to bring about this state of affairs.

Mexican Packers Progress.

MEXICO CITY—Alberto Terrazas of the wealthy and powerful Terrazas family of Chihuahua is here to remain six months and will devote his time to establishing a plant of the International Packing company. A million dollars will be expended on buildings. Other plants will be erected at Torreón and at Chihuahua City. The buildings will be on lines similar to those of the Chicago stock yards and packing houses.

WORK AMID DANGERS

EMPLOYEES IN DYNAMITE FACTORY IN CONSTANT PERIL.

Trivial Accident Likely at Any Time to Cause Fearful Explosion—Men Seem to Become Used to Their Surroundings.

Dynamite factories are in full swing near Dover and Farmingdale, N. J., and the men who work in them seem well content with their dangerous occupation. They wear rubber-soled shoes, and their tools are covered with rubber or are made of wood, so as to avoid the possibility of friction and consequent accident.

As a further safeguard, the various utensils in which the deadly explosive is mixed or manipulated are lined with lead, and a mishap is of rare occurrence. Nevertheless, these men know that the fabrication of dynamite constitutes a work of danger, and many of them develop "nerves" when they are new at the business. This trouble wears off quickly, or, as in some instances, not at all, and the victim is seized with nervous chills and tremors whenever a loud noise is heard in the factory. Finally he is obliged to give up his position and seek work of a more congenial nature.

The men are paid from \$2 to \$2.25 per day, and the labor is not particularly heavy, nor are the hours as long as those of other workmen. No smoking is allowed from the moment they enter the factory until they leave, and only men of quiet, steady habits are engaged. A spirit of good comradeship seems to exist between the workers, and when opportunity presents itself they talk to each other in the most friendly way. But woe betide one of their number who earns for himself the sobriquet of "Butter Fingers," a term applied to individuals who allow things to slip from their hands to the floor. He is sure to earn the enmity of his companions. This is due to the fact that sometimes a slight jar, such as is caused by the dropping of even a small substance, will precipitate an accident, and the culprit who evinces such carelessness more than once may as well resign gracefully before he is frozen out by his fellows.

The dynamite workers are a very intelligent body of men. Many of them possess a comprehensive knowledge of chemistry and can tell visitors to the factory all about the destructive agent which they handle under the direction of scientists.

One of these workmen, a middle-aged Swede, claims Alfred Nobel, the inventor of dynamite, as a relative. What he does not know about explosives is not worth knowing. He talks of the properties of nitro-glycerine with the fluency of one who has made an exhaustive investigation of the subject, and he says that he devotes every spare moment to experimental physics. Why a man of his type should elect to remain in a dynamite factory in the role of an ordinary workman is a problem which he alone can solve. But evidently he likes his job in the nitro-glycerine department, and he talks enthusiastically of the results achieved by his distinguished relative's invention, not only in warfare, but in the works of peace, such as the mining operations of New York's rapid transit underground system, which will presently do so much to facilitate travel and traffic.

Men of various nationalities work side by side in these New Jersey factories, and when representatives of the different countries were asked if they minded the element of danger in their daily labors they answered in the negative, and a few of the more communicative workers expressed the opinion that there was more chance of being killed in Philadelphia by a trolley car or automobile than by an explosion at their post of duty.—Philadelphia Ledger.

HE GAVE THE PARTICULARS.

How a North Dakota Man Described a Piece of Land.

"In making a deal last year," said a Detroit speculator, "I came into possession of the deed to a certain piece of land in North Dakota. The value of the real estate was put at \$600 and I paid taxes on it in January and in February I wrote to the postmaster of the nearest town to send me particulars concerning my holdings. I sent him \$2 for his trouble. The Detroit Free Press, and he earned the money. He wrote back:

"Went over to see your land.

"Cussed poor road all the way.

"Cussed poor road back again.

"Most of your land is under water.

"What ain't under water is afflicted with drought.

"You've either got to wet it all up or dry it all out.

"Can't burn up or run away.

"Keep your taxes up and pray to the Lord.

"Glad you sent me \$2 instead of the deed.

"If you want any further particulars I'll ship you a barrel of water."

Quick Work.

The Chilean battleship Libertad, a sister to the Constitution, launched at Barrow-in-Furness, England, was but ten months in building. The contract for the unfinished Missouri was let more than four years ago, and she is but 400 tons larger. "It is claimed for the Libertad, and we think with much show of truth," says Scientific American, "that she is, for her size—11,800 tons—the most powerful fighting ship afloat."