

# THE MAID of MAIDEN LANE

Sequel to "The Bow of Orange Ribbon."

A LOVE STORY BY AMELIA E. BARR

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## CHAPTER VII.

### Arenta's Marriage.

For a few weeks, Hyde's belief that the very stars would connive with a true lover seemed a reliable one. Madame Jacobus, attracted at their first meeting to the youth, soon gave him an astonishing affection. She put aside her nephew's claims with hardly a thought, and pleased herself day by day in so managing and arranging events that Hyde and Cornelia met, as a matter of course. Arenta was not, however, deceived; she understood every maneuver, but the success of her own affairs depended very much on her aunt's co-operation and generosity, and so she could not afford, at this time, to interfere for her brother.

"But I shall alter things a little as soon as I am married," she told herself. "I will take care of that."

Arenta's feelings were in kind and measure shared by several other people; Dr. Moran held them in a far biter mood; but he, also—enviored by circumstances he could neither alter nor command—was compelled to satisfy his disapproval with promises of a future change. For the wedding Arenta Van Ariens had assumed a great social importance. Arenta herself had talked about the affair until all classes were on the tiptoe of expectation. The wealthy Dutch families, the exclusive American set, the home and foreign diplomatic circles, were alike looking forward to the splendid ceremony, and to the great breakfast at Peter Van Ariens' house, and to the ball which Madame Jacobus was to give in the evening.

One morning, as Dr. Moran was returning home after a round of disagreeable visits, he saw Cornelia and Hyde coming up Broadway together. They were sauntering side by side in all the lazy happiness of perfect love and as he looked at them the sorrow of an immense disillusion filled him to the lips. He believed himself, as yet, to be the first and the dearest in his child's love; but in that moment his eyes were opened, and he felt as if he had been suddenly thrust out from it and the door closed upon him.

He did the wisest thing possible; he went home to his wife. "Where is Cornelia, Ava?" he asked the question with a quick glance round the room, as if he expected to find her present.

"Cornelia is not at home to-day?"

"Is she ever at home now?"

"You know that Arenta's wedding—"

"Arenta's wedding! Bless my soul! of course I know. I know one thing at least, that I have just met Cornelia and that young George Hyde coming up the street together, as if they two alone were in the world. They never saw me, they could see nothing but themselves."

"Men and women have done such a thing before, John, and they will do it again. Cornelia is a beautiful girl, and it is natural that she should have a lover."

"It is very unnatural that she should choose for her lover the son of my worst enemy?"

"I am sure you wrong Gen. Hyde. When was he your enemy? How could he be your enemy?"

"When was he my enemy? Ever since the first hour we met. And you want me to give Cornelia to his son! Yes, you do, Ava! I see it in your face. You stretch my patience too far. Can I not see—"

"Can an angry man ever see? No, he cannot. You feed your own suspicions, John. I think Rem Van



Arenta lifted the pearls. Ariens has as much of Cornelia's liking as George Hyde; and perhaps neither of them have enough of it to win her hand. All lovers do not grow to husbands."

"Thank God, they do not! But what you say about Rem is only cobweb stuff. She is too friendly, too pleasantly familiar. I would like to see her more shy and silent with him."

"Dinner is waiting, John, and whether you eat it or not, Destiny will go straight to her mark. Love is destiny, and the heart is its own fate. Did I not know thee, John, the very moment that we met?"

"She spoke softly, with a voice sweeter than music, and her husband was touched and calmed. He took the hand she stretched out to him and kissed it, and she added:

"Let us be patient. Love has reasons that reason does not understand,

and if Cornelia is Hyde's by predestination as well as by choice, vainly we shall worry and fret, all our opposition will come to nothing. In a few days Arenta will have gone away, and as for Hyde, any hour may summon him to join his father in England; and this summons, as it will include his mother, he can neither evade nor put off. Then Rem will have his opportunity."

"To be patient—to wait—to say nothing—it is to give opportunity too much scope."

"Time and absence against any love affair that is not destiny! And if it is destiny, there is only submission, nothing else. But life has a 'maybe' in everything dear; a maybe that is just as likely to please us as not."

Then Doctor John looked up with a smile. "You are right, Ava," he said cheerfully. "I will take the maybe. Maybe have a deal to do with life. Yet, take my word for it, there is, I think, no maybe in Rem's chances with Cornelia."

"We shall see. I think there is." Rem, with the blunt directness of his nature, watched with jealous dislike, and often with rude impatience, the familiar intercourse which his aunt's partiality permitted Hyde. He was, indeed, often so rude that a less sweet-tempered, a less just youth than George Hyde would have pointedly resented many offences that he passed by with that "noble not caring" which is often the truest courage.

But wrath covered carries fate. Every one was in some measure conscious of danger and glad when the wedding day approached. Even Arenta had grown a little weary of the prolonged excitement she had provoked, for everything had gone so well with her that she had taken the public very much into her confidence. And, as if to add the last touch of glory to the event, just a week before Arenta's nuptials a French armed frigate came to New York bearing dispatches for the Count de Moustier, and the Marquis de Tonnellerie was selected to bear back to France the Minister's message. So the marriage was put forward a few days for this end, and Arenta in the most unexpected way obtained the bridal journey which she desired, and also with it the advantage of entering France in a semi-public and stately manner.

"I am the luckiest girl in the world," she said to Cornelia and her brother when this point had been decided. They were tying up "dream cake" for the wedding guests in madame's queer, uncanny drawing room as she spoke, and the words were yet on her lips when madame entered with a sandal wood box in her hands.

"Rem," she said, "go with Cornelia into the dining room for a few minutes. I have something to say to Arenta that concerns no one else."

As soon as they were alone madame opened the box and upon a white velvet cushion lay the string of oriental pearls which Arenta on certain occasions had been permitted to wear. Arenta's eyes flashed with delight. With an intense desire and interest she looked at the beautiful beads, but madame's face was troubled and somber, and she said almost reluctantly: "Arenta, I am going to make you an offer. This necklace will be yours when I die, at any rate; but I think there is in your heart a wish to have it now. And as you are going to what is left of the French court, I will give it to you now, if the gift will be to your mind."

"There is nothing that could be more to my mind, dear aunt. You always know what is in a young girl's heart."

"First, listen to what I say. No woman of our family has escaped calamity of some kind, if they owned these beads. My mother lost her husband the year she received them. My Aunt Hildegard lost her fortune as soon as they were hers. As for myself, they very day they became mine our Uncle Jacobus sailed away and he has never come back. Are you not afraid of such fatality?"

"No, I am not. What power can a few beads have over human life or happiness? To say so, to think so, is foolishness."

"I know not. Yet I have heard that both pearls and opals have the power to attract to themselves the ill fortune of their wearers."

"Do you believe such tales, aunt? I do not. I snap my fingers at such fables."

"Give them to you, I will not, Arenta; but you may take them from the box with your own hands."

The madame left the room and Arenta lifted the box and carried it nearer to the light. And a little shiver crept through her heart and she closed the lid quickly and said irritably:

"It is my aunt's words. She is always speaking dark and doubtful things. However, the pearls are mine at last!" and she carried them with her down stairs, throwing back her head as if they were round her white throat and—as was her way—spreading herself as she went.

All fine weddings are much alike. It was only in such accidentals as costume that Arenta's differed from the fine weddings of to-day.

New York was not then too busy making money to take an interest in such a wedding, and Arenta's drive

through its pleasant streets was a kind of public invitation. For Jacob Van Ariens was one of a guild of wealthy merchants, and they were at their shop doors to express their sympathy by lifted hats and smiling faces; while the women looked from every window, and the little children followed, their treble voices heralding and acclaiming the beautiful bride. Then came the breakfast and the health drinking and the speech-making and the rather sadder drive to the wharf at which lay La Belle France. Then the anchor was lifted, the cable loosened, and with every sail set La Belle France went dancing down the river on the tide-top to the open set.

Van Ariens and his son Rem turned silently away. A great and evident depression had suddenly taken the place of their assumed satisfaction. They had outworn emotion and knew instinctively that some common duty was the best restorer. The same feeling affected, in one way or another, all the watchers of this destiny. Women whose household work was belated, had used up their nervous strength in waiting and feeling, were now cross and inclined to belittle the affair and to be angry at Arenta and themselves for their lost day. And men, young and old, went back to their ledgers and counters and manufacturing with a sense of lassitude and dejection.

Peter had nearly reached his own house when he met Doctor Moran. The doctor was more irritable and depressed. He looked at his friend and said sharply, "You have a fever, Van Ariens. Go to bed and sleep."

"To work I will go. That is the best thing to do. My house has no comfort in it. Like a milliner's or a mercer's store it has been for many



"It is the curse of Adam." weeks. He suddenly stopped and looked at the doctor with brimming eyes. In that moment he understood that no putting to rights could ever make his home the same. His little saucy, selfish, but dearly loved Arenta would come there no more; and he found not one word that could express the tide of sorrow in his heart. Doctor John understood. He remained quiet, silent, clasping Van Ariens' hand until the desolate father with a great effort blurted out: "She is gone! And smiling, also, she went."

"It is the curse of Adam," answered Doctor John bitterly—"to bring up daughters, to love them, to toil and save and deny ourselves for them, and then to see some strange man, of whom we have no certain knowledge, carry them off captive to his destiny and his desires. 'Tis a thankless portion to be a father—a bitter pleasure."

Very thoughtfully the Doctor went on to William street, where he had a patient—a young girl of about Arenta's age—very ill. A woman opened the door—a woman weeping bitterly. (To be continued.)

## THE POLICE OF NICE.

They Are Accommodating, but They Like to Talk.

The policemen of Nice differ radically from their colleagues in Paris. They are not so business-like and they want to talk things over. If you ask a Paris police officer for a direction, he will say briefly, "Two streets ahead of you, first turning to the left." Not so the Nice policeman. I asked one the other day if he could tell me where the Rue Lamartine was.

"Why, certainly. Do you see that church with the two towers?"

"Yes. Is it on the Rue Lamartine?"

"No, that is the Church of Notre Dame, and opposite to it is—"

"Ah, I see—it is the Rue Lamartine."

"Oh, no, that is the Avenue Notre Dame. Well, you see, two streets this side of that avenue is—"

"The Rue Lamartine?"

"Oh, no, that is the Boulevard Dubouché. Well, you go up that boulevard for two blocks and then you turn to the left. Hello, Henri, how are you? Wait a minute till I'm through with this man. Want to talk to you. Lemme see. Where was I? Oh, yes, going up the boulevard. Well, you go up there for two blocks and turn to the left, and there you are at the Rue Lamartine."

"Thank you."

"Don't mention it. Glad to be of service to you. A very good day to you. Et adieu." And the policeman turns and begins a conversation with his friend Henri, while a violent dispute breaks out between two cabbies, to which he pays no attention at all.—Jerome Hart in San Francisco Argonaut.

## HOES FOR PUPILS

SECRETARY WILSON PUTS PLAN IN OPERATION.

## TO POPULARIZE AGRICULTURE

Children in Public Schools to be Taught How to Plant, Raise, Harvest and Market Crops and to Understand Plant Life.

WASHINGTON.—Secretary Wilson of the department of agriculture has conceived the idea of instructing the pupils of the schools of Washington along the lines laid down by a very great naturalist to a thorough understanding of plant life and the uses to be derived therefrom. The secretary ever since he came to Washington has been trying to elevate and develop the department over which he presides. There has never been a time when he failed to get the best results from his department, and his forcefulness and practicability have shown themselves throughout the department in the new propositions he has originated. As a result of his new thought he has now a class of forty girl pupils from the Washington normal school receiving instructions under several of the experts of the department as to the planting and reaping of seeds. The secretary believes that every school teacher should have some elementary knowledge of agriculture and horticulture and hopes that when the class that he has selected graduates it will be thoroughly well acquainted with all the essential elements of practical agriculture and horticulture, and to be able to diffuse knowledge to the pupils under them.

"What we most need just now is teachers who are competent to teach the great lessons of plant life to the classes in the elementary grades," said Secretary Wilson. "To inculcate in the minds of our boys a love and knowledge of growing things will tend to lead more young men to complete the elementary studies thus begun in the greatest agricultural colleges which now nearly every state in the union maintains. The tendency has been too alarmingly marked of our young men and women in the rural districts to forsake their homes and seek pursuits in our cities. The backbone of our prosperity is in reality in agriculture. Upon the farmer we depend for our food products and should not drift into a purely commercial nation dependent upon others for our breadstuffs, as is the case with England, for instance. I am thoroughly convinced that the only plan lies through teaching the young in our elementary schools in a practical manner the use of the hoe, to use an expression which covers the point I am endeavoring to make. Take my own state, Iowa, how could it, one of the great agricultural states of the union, better expend money than in diffusing practical knowledge in the minds of the boys and girls on agricultural and horticultural matters. At the great normal school at Cedar Falls, for example, the teachers there could be taught upon agricultural subjects and they in turn when they go forth to teach could diffuse their knowledge among the very young pupils. I know of no money that Iowa or any other state for that matter could possibly expend which would produce such returns as to train all teachers in a practical way the elements of agriculture and horticulture. They would thus be equipped in an important branch of knowledge. The agricultural colleges of the country could supply competent instructors to the normal schools and it would also be well to have such instructors in the secondary schools.

Assistant Secretary Hill, in a communication to the United States legation at Bogota, said:

"The declaration of the minister of war that all foreigners should be regarded as public enemies cannot but be regarded as gratuitously offensive, and this government must remonstrate against such characterization of its citizens, availing themselves of the conventional rights of visit and sojourn in Colombia. It should have been made the occasion of instant and vigorous protest."

The attitude of this government toward the seizure by Colombia of property of Americans for military purposes is shown by the following instructions sent by Dr. Hill, as acting secretary of state, to the American legation at Bogota:

"You will notify the Colombian government that this government will hold it responsible for any proven cases of seizure of American property for military purposes without due compensation."

## SEIZED PROPERTY.

Colombians Forcibly Appropriate Our Mules.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The diplomatic exchanges between the United States legation at Bogota and the department of state in Washington, which will appear in the forthcoming volume of foreign relations of the United States, discloses that numerous complaints were made by American citizens during the revolution in Colombia of the action of the military authorities of that government in appropriating their mules and other property. Mr. Beaupre, the American charge at Bogota, in the absence of Minister Hart, writing to the state department concerning the rights of citizens of the United States as to expropriation of property, cited a case that came under his personal observation. An American citizen, who had dined with him, found, upon going to look after two animals which he had purchased, that the saddles and bridles had been taken by a government official, who had left a receipt fixing the value of the articles taken at 1,000 pesos, where it was estimated the American citizen would be obliged to pay 5,000 to duplicate his lost articles. Speaking of this, Mr. Beaupre said:

"There are a dozen stores in Bogota selling the saddles, and hundreds of saddles are for sale," and then asked, "Whence the urgent, immediate and pressing emergency that would justify the forcible expropriation of the saddles, etc., from the Americans?" Continuing, he observed: "Certainly under the system of arbitrarily fixing the value of such property it is much cheaper to get it this way and the day of payment is indefinitely postponed, but I cannot believe it consistent with the guaranties of public treaties nor the laws of nations. It is altogether probable that in the majority of cases the reasons for expropriation are no more valid nor just than these in the case just cited. Necessarily, with the financial distress of the government, it is almost impossible to collect claims, large or small, and the government has announced to many, and to one American at least, whom I know, and who has had a large amount of property seized, that no payments would be made until the close of the war."

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## FAMOUS CALCULATOR IS DEAD

William Vallance Gives Way to Strain and Dies in Hospital.

TRENTON, N. J.—William Vallance, the famous lightning calculator, who could do any sum in mathematical calculation mentally, and with but an instant's hesitation, is dead, aged 20 years. About a week ago he was taken to the state hospital suffering from a severe mental strain, believed to be the result of his work and figures.

Vallance could duplicate the feats of any of the lightning calculators and then beat them all by stating instantly any desired date in history. He could not tell how he knew history, but would rattle off fact after fact without ever making a mistake. He could give instant answers to such arithmetic questions as multiply 389,478 by 4,641, and problems in algebra were his delight.

Laying Cable to Manila.

LONDON.—The cable steamers Anglain and Colonia sailed Wednesday to lay the remaining sections of the commercial Pacific cable from San Francisco to Manila. It is expected that the cable from Honolulu to Manila by way of Midway island and the island of Guam, will be completed by July 4.

Eulogizes the Late Yung Lu.

PEKIN.—The empress dowager has issued an edict eulogizing the late Yung Lu and conferring on him posthumous honors similar to those conferred on Li Hung Chang.

General Jones is Dead.

DELAWARE, O.—General John S. Jones, president of the board of trustees of the Ohio Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphan asylum at Xenia, died Saturday.

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