

MAID of MAIDEN LANE

Sequel to "The Eow of Orange Ribbon."

A LOVE STORY BY AMELIA E. BARR

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CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

"I am not very uneasy for her; if Arenta is in trouble she will cry it out, and call for help on every hand." During this conversation Annie was in a reverie which it in no way touched. She was thinking all the time of her cousin George, and of the singular abruptness with which his love life had been cut short, and it was this train of thought which led her to say impulsively:

"Uncle, it is my desire to go to Philadelphia."

The earl looked at her with incredulity. "What nonsense, Annie!" he exclaimed. "For you a journey to Philadelphia would be an arduous undertaking, and one without any reasonable motive."

"Oh, indeed! Do you call George Washington an unreasonable motive? I wish to see him."

"I wish the journey were an easier one."

"To be sure, the roads and the cold will be a trial; but then my uncle, you can give them to me, as God gives trials to his beloved. He breaks them up into small portions, and puts a night's sleep between the portions. Can you not do this?"

"You little Methodist!" answered the earl, with a tender gleam in his eyes. "I see that I shall have to give you your own way. Will you go with us, George?"

"Yes; I desire to see Washington. I wish to see the greatest of Americans."

This was the initial conversation which, after some opposition, and a little temper from madame the countess, resulted in the Hyde family visiting Philadelphia.

A handsome house, handsomely furnished, had been found; and madame had brought with her the servants necessary to care for it, and for the family's comfort.

In a week she had come to the conclusion that Joris was disappointed; which indeed was very much the case. He could hear nothing of Cornelia. He had never once got a glimpse of her lovely countenance, and no scrutiny had revealed to him the place of her abode.

A month passed in unfruitful searching misery, and Hyde was almost hopeless. The journey appeared to be altogether a failure; and he said to Annie, "I am ashamed for my selfishness in permitting you to come here. I see that you have tired yourself to death for nothing at all."

She gave her head a resolute little shake and answered, "Wait and see. Something is coming. Do you know that I am going to Mrs. Washington's reception to-morrow evening? I shall see the President. Cousin, you are to be my cavalier, if it please you, and my uncle and aunt will attend us."

"I am devotedly at your service, Annie; and I will at least point out to you some of the dazzling beauties of our court—the splendid Mrs. Bingham, the Miss Allens and Miss Chews, and the brilliant Sally McKean."

The next evening Joris had every reason to feel proud of his cousin. The touch of phantasy and flame in her nature illumined her face, and no one could look at her without feeling that a fervent and transparent soul gazed from her eyes, so lambent with soft spiritual fire. This impression was enhanced by her childlike gown of white crape over soft white silk; it suggested her sweet fretless life, and also something unknown and unseen in her very simplicity.

Mrs. Washington's parlors were crowded that night. The earl at once

looked tender reproach as she passed, but she made no movement of recognition. If she had said one syllable—if she had paused one moment, if she had shown in any way the least desire for a renewal of their acquaintance, Hyde was sure his heart would have instantly responded. As it was, they had met and parted in a moment, and every circumstance had been against him. For it was the most natural thing in life, that he should, after his cousin's interview with Washington, stoop to her words with delight and interest; and it was equally natural for Cornelia to put the construction on his attentions which every one else did.

Hyde wandered through the parlors speaking to one and another but ever on the watch for Cornelia. He saw her no more that night. She had withdrawn as soon as possible after meeting Hyde, and he was so miserably disappointed, so angry at the unpromising circumstances which had dominated their casual meeting, that he hardly spoke to any one as they returned home.

The next day Annie asked: "Do you remember the Rev. Mr. Damer, rector of Downhill Market?"

"Very well. He preached very tiresome sermons."

"His daughter Mary was at the ball last night."

"What is Mary Damer doing in America?"

"She is on a visit to her cousin, who is married to the Governor of Massachusetts. He is here on some state matter, and as Miss Damer also wished to see Washington, he brought her with him."

"I was a mere lad when I saw her last. Is she passable?"

"She is extremely handsome. My aunt heard that she is to marry, a Boston gentleman of good promise and estate. I dare say it is true."

It was so true that even while they were speaking of the matter Mary was writing these words to her betrothed: "Yesterday I met the Hydes. The young lord got out of my way. Did he imagine I had designs on him? I look for a better man. I may see a great deal of them in the coming summer, and then I may find out. At present I will dismiss the Hydes. I have met pleasanter company."

Annie dismissed the subject with the same sort of impatience. It seemed to no one a matter of any importance.

Hyde was shaken, confused, lifted on his feet, as it were; but after another day had passed, he had come to one steady resolution—he would speak to Cornelia when he next met her, no matter where it was, or who was with her.

For nearly a week he kept a conscientious, constant watch. His insistent sorrowful longing was like a cry from Love's watch towers, but it did not reach the beloved one, or else she did not answer it. One bright morning he resolved to walk through the great dry goods stores, where the beauties of the "gay Quakers" bought their choicest fabrics in foreign chintzes, lawns and Indian muslins. He was getting impatient of the bustle and pushing, when he saw Anthony Clymer approaching him. The young man was driving a new and very spirited team, and as he with some difficulty held them, he called to Hyde to come and drive with him. After an hour's driving they came to a famous hostelry, and Clymer said, "Let us give ourselves lunch, and the horses bait and a rest, then we will make them show their mettle home again."

The young men had a luxurious meal and more good wine than they ought to have taken.

The clasp and gallop of the horses and Clymer's vociferous enjoyment of his own wit, blended, and for a moment or two Hyde was under a physical exhilaration as intoxicating as the foam of the champagne they had been drinking. In the height of this meretricious gaiety, a carriage, driving at a rather rapid rate turned into the road; and Cornelia suddenly raised her eyes to the festive young men, and then dropped them with an abrupt, even angry expression.

Hyde became silent and speechless, and Clymer was quickly infected by the very force and potency of his companion's agitation and distressed surprise. Both were glad to escape the other's company, and Hyde fled to the privacy of his own room, that he might hide there the almost unbearable chagrin and misery this unfortunate meeting had caused him.

"Where shall I run to avoid myself?" he cried, as he paced the floor in an agony of shame. "She will never respect me again. She ought not, I am the most wretched of lovers."

For some days sorrow and confusion and distraction bound his senses; he refused all company, would neither eat, nor sleep, nor talk, and he looked as white and wan as a spectre. A stupid weight, a dismal sullen stillness succeeded the storm of shame and grief; and he felt himself to be the most forlorn of human beings. At length, however, the first misery of that wretched meeting passed away, and then he resolved to forget.

"It is all past!" he said despairingly. "She is lost to me forever! Alas, alas, Cornelia. Though you would not believe me, it was the most perfect love that I gave you!"

Cornelia's sorrow, though quite as

profound, was different in character. Her sex and various other considerations taught her more restraint; but she also felt the situation to be altogether unendurable, for despite all reason, despite even the evidence of her own eyes, Cornelia kept a reserve. And in that pitiful last meeting, there had been a flash from Hyde's eyes, that said to her—she knew not what of unconquerable love and wrong and sorrow—a flash swifter than lightning and equally potential. It had stirred into tumult and revolt all the plati-tudes with which she had tried to quiet her restless heart; made her doubtful, pitiful and uncertain of all things, even while her lover's reckless gaiety seemed to confirm her worst suspicions. And she felt unable to face constantly this distressing dubious questioning, so that it was with almost irritable entreaty she said, "Let us go home, mother."

"I have desired to do so for two weeks, Cornelia," answered Mrs. Moran. "I think our visit has already been too long."

"My Cousin Silas has now begun to make love to me; and his mother and sisters like it no better than I do. I hate this town with its rampant, affected fashion and frivolities! Mother, let us go home, at once. Lucinda can



Had a luxurious meal.

pack our trunks to-day, and we will leave in the morning."

"Can we go without an escort?" "Oh, yes, we can. Lucinda will wait on us—she too is longing for New York—and who can drive us more carefully than Cato? I am at the end of my patience. I am like to cry out! I am so unhappy, mother!"

"My dear, we will go home to-morrow. We can make the journey in short stages. Do not break down now, Cornelia. It is only a little longer." "I shall not break down—if I go home." And as the struggle to resist sorrow proves the capacity to resist it, Cornelia kept her promise. As they reached New York her cheerfulness increased, and when they turned into Maiden Lane she clasped her hands for very joy.

She ran upstairs to her own dear room, laid her head on her pillow, sat down in her favorite chair, opened her desk, let in all the sunshine she could, and then fell with holy gratitude on her knees and thanked God for her sweet home, and for the full cup of mercies he had given her to drink in it.

When she went downstairs the mail had just come in, and the Doctor sat before a desk covered with newspapers and letters. "Cornelia," he cried in a voice full of interest, "here is a letter for you—a long letter. It is from Paris."

She examined the large sheets closed with a great splash of red wax, bearing the de Tournere crest. It had indeed come from Paris, the city of dreadful slaughter, yet Cornelia opened it with a smiling excitement, as she read:

"It is from Arenta!"
(To be continued.)

NEW PHASE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Artists Now Go to Patrons Instead of Waiting a Call from Them.

It is no longer regarded as the proper thing in society to go to a photograph gallery to have one's picture taken. Leaders of the smart set at the east have decreed that the artists shall come to the houses of the sitters, although an extra charge is involved in the new arrangement. The men who do this at-home work must be artists of the first class. These pictures in the home have revolutionized one fashion. Formerly a woman would wear all her jewels and take her stand before the camera in her most pretentious frock, but now these display pictures are tabooed and the woman dresses simply. A favorite pose with one photographer has the subject in a picture hat, with bare shoulders and wearing a simple string of pearls.

More recent even than the dashing hat and glistening shoulders is the photographing of young matrons with their children. In England these pictures are in great vogue and the woman who poses wears a house gown suggestive of the calm of the nursery. The photograph of the lovely countess of Warwick with her daughter was one of the most popular in England. Lady Warwick's arms were entwined about the pretty child and the picture was sold just the same as those of Ellen Terry, Edna May and other celebrities. Another woman who is photographed always with her child is Rachel, countess of Dudley, wife of the lord lieutenant of Ireland. The countess is one of the great English beauties.

AS TO STANDING PAT

LATEST ASPECT OF THE TARIFF REVISION QUESTION.

The Plain Speaking of President Roosevelt, Secretaries Root, Shaw and Others Has Wrought a Marked Change in the Situation and Outlook.

The changes that have occurred in the situation and outlook regarding tariff revision during the past few days are the subject of careful comment by a member of the cabinet in the Washington correspondence of the New York Tribune of April 7. If the speeches of Secretaries Shaw and Root, March 31 and April 3, respectively, were read and approved by the president before they were delivered—and nobody doubts that they were—the meaning and the intent of the President's speeches at Milwaukee and Minneapolis become all the clearer. His purpose obviously was to throw the entire weight of administrative influence against the supreme folly of talking tariff revision at this time. Secretaries Shaw and Root delivered powerful addresses designed to prove that changes in the Dingley law schedules in the direction of lower duties or no duties are not called for by any of the conditions of industry and trade; on the contrary, the country's interests will be best served by letting the tariff entirely alone, at least until after the national election of 1904.

Right upon the heels of these public declarations by his two secretaries came, first, the speech of President Roosevelt at Milwaukee on the general subject of trusts, in which he took the ground that a remedy for trust evils must not be sought for in tariff revision. The same week, at Minneapolis, the president fired his big broadside against any and all forms of tariff tinkering. If Secretaries Root and Shaw left any part of the ground uncovered in their speeches, the President certainly covered it at Minneapolis. In the language of the cabinet officer quoted by the New York Tribune, the President "went direct to the territory where the 'Iowa Idea' is supposed to prevail. In both speeches he struck straight

He Has Been Told That His Boom Is a Nuisance.



out from the shoulder, and he rang the bell twice."

In the same week Senator Allison gave out an authorized interview in which he said: "No tariff revision," and incidentally took occasion to say that in his judgment reciprocity in competitive products was a dream that has little chance of ever being realized. Senator Frye, the acting Vice-President, declared himself in equally positive terms. About the same time William Jennings Bryan was delivering a speech at Des Moines in which he praised Gov. Cummins warmly for his "progressive" tariff ideas and welcomed him to the Democratic fold.

All this is interesting history. It means much to the Republican party and the country. It means, says the cabinet officer quoted by the Tribune, that—"Tariff reformers masquerading under the guise of Republicans will have to become classified under another name, or welcomed back into the ranks of the Democracy, as Gov. Cummins has been by Bryan. The Republican party, with Roosevelt at its head, will stand for no tariff revision, at least until after the next Presidential election. This is the lesson to be learned from the developments of the last week."

From the temper displayed by the Iowa "progressives" it is evident that the speeches of the President and Secretaries Shaw and Root have not stamped out the "Iowa Idea" so far as the leaders in the revolt are concerned. They still proclaim their intention to clamor and work and plan for the realization of their pet ambition. They want to go thundering down the corridors of time as the rescuers of the Republican party from the dire dilemma of too much prosperity, as the Mosses who shall lead that party out of the bondage of the Pharaohs of the trusts and into the promised land of a "reformed" tariff and "potential competition." These schemers for power and control declare it to be their fixed and unalterable purpose to go before the national convention in 1904 and demand a downward revision of the tariff. If they have their way they will force tariff revision as a dominant issue of the campaign of next year, in spite of the demand of the President and his advisers and the best brain of the

party that tariff revision shall be entirely kept out of that campaign and not taken up at all until after the election of 1904.

But the question is, not what these scheming leaders want, but what the people want. To be a leader one must have a following. Can these Iowa disturbers succeed in winning the people away from the President and the great mass of the Republican party? Will the people follow them in the direction of the camp where Mr. Bryan stands reaching out his hands in eager welcome? It remains to be seen. We are inclined to think not.

Encouraged by Bryan.

It is to be hoped that Gov. Cummins of Iowa is entirely satisfied. He is one of the chief exponents among Republicans of tariff revision. There are a few persons out his way who believe in tearing things up and who are followers of what has become to be known as the "Iowa Idea." They have been received with open arms by Brother Bryan.

"Let us encourage Gov. Cummins," said Mr. Bryan at a Jeffersonian banquet in Des Moines on Thursday (Fancy Bryan looking to Jefferson for comfort!) "Let us encourage him, for every word that he speaks in favor of tariff reform or anti-trust legislation will have an educational influence."

While Bryan was speaking in Iowa, Senator Lodge and Secretary Root were making addresses in Boston and taking the ground that protection had made the country great, and that to abandon it or to permit it to be ripped up by "tariff reformers" or "tariff revisionists" would result in a general upheaval of business.

Gov. Cummins found no indorsement for his course among these Republican thinkers, but from Mr. Bryan he received praise. From which it would appear that the "Iowa Idea" is exceedingly comforting to the Democrats.

Praise from Bryan! Certainly Gov. Cummins ought to be ready to retire on his laurels now.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Folly of Free Trade.

A paper which is constantly agitating itself over the evils of the present protective tariff, in an article on England's food supply, says that in

LOVES THE PRAIRIES.

Miss Anna Gray is Delighted With Her Western Canada Home.

Anna C. Gray is a young lady formerly of Michigan. She is now a resident of Western Canada, and the following, published in the Brown City (Mich.) Banner are extracts from a friendship letter written about March 15 to one of her lady friends in that vicinity. In this letter is given some idea of the climate, social, educational and religious conditions of Alberta, the beautiful land of sunshine and happy homes. Over one hundred thousand Americans have made Western Canada their home within the past five years, and in this year upwards of 50,000 will take up homes there.

Miss Gray took her leave for Didsbury, Alberta, the home of her sister and other relatives and friends on Jan. 10 last, and after a two months' sojourn in her western prairie home, she writes of it as follows: "I know I shall grow to love the prairies. We have a beautiful view of the mountains and it seems wonderful to me to see home after home for miles, and it is becoming thickly settled all around us. With the exception of the last few days which have been cold and stormy, we have had beautiful spring weather ever since I came. The days are beautiful. I call this the 'land of the sun,' as it seems to be always shining; the nights are cold and frosty. On arriving here, I was so greatly surprised in every way. Didsbury is quite a business little town. All the people I meet are so pleasant and hospitable. They have four churches in Didsbury—the Baptist, Presbyterian, Evangelical and Methodist. The Evangelicals have just completed a handsome church, very large and finely furnished, costing \$2,500. They have a nice literary society here, meets every two weeks. They have fine musical talent here. Your friend, Anna C. Gray.

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Painter Chartran and Mr. Shaw.

An interesting story is told in connection with the new Chartran portrait of Secretary Shaw. Chartran always charges \$6,000 for his pictures, but Mr. Shaw beat him down to \$2,500 while the picture was being painted. When it was nearly completed the artist turned to the secretary and asked him who was to pay the \$2,500, or he the government. The secretary said that the government was. Quick as a flash Chartran said it was worth \$3,000 and swept his brush across one of the eyes of the portrait. Secretary Shaw looked at it aghast. He was winking at himself from the canvass, but he had to pay the \$3,000.

General Bates' Long Service.

General John Coalter Bates, who has just taken up his residence in Chicago as commander of the department of the lakes, has been in the army since 1861, when he joined the Eleventh infantry as lieutenant. He served on General Meade's staff until the close of the war and for thirty years was stationed west of the Mississippi river, chiefly in the Indian country. He served in the Philippines.

German Empress an Artist.

It is not generally known that the German empress is a sculptor and painter of more than usual ability. In her husband's study at Potsdam there is a most lifelike bust of the emperor in bronze, while several of the young princes have also been reproduced in marble. Many sketches and paintings by the empress adorn the walls of the palace.

A Tight Squeeze.

Brazils, Ark., May 11th.—To be snatched from the very brink of the grave is a somewhat thrilling experience and one which Mrs. M. O. Garrett of this place has just passed through.

Mrs. Garrett suffered with a Cerebro-Spinal affection, and had been treated by the best physicians, but without the slightest improvement.

For the last twelve months two doctors were in constant attendance, but she could only grow worse and worse, till she could not walk, and did not have any power to move at all.

She was so low that for the greater part of the time she was perfectly unconscious of what was going on about her, and her heart-broken husband and friends were hourly expecting her death.

The doctors had given up all hope and no one thought she could possibly live.

In this extremity Mr. Garrett sent for a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills. It was a last hope, but happily it did not fail.

Mrs. Garrett used in all six boxes of the remedy, and is completely cured. She says:

"I am doing my own work now and feel as well as ever I did. Dodd's Kidney Pills certainly saved me from death."

Marconi should next proceed to fill a long-felt want by inventing wireless politics.



"I see I shall have to give you your own way."

presented his niece to Mrs. Washington, and afterward to the President, who as a guest of Mrs. Washington, was walking about the rooms talking to the ladies present. For a few minutes he remained in conversation with the party, then he went forward, and Hyde turning with his beautiful charge, met Cornelia face to face.

They looked at each other as two disembodied souls, might meet; and look after death—reproaching, questioning, entreating, longing. Hyde flushed and paled, but could not for his very life make the slightest effort at recognition or speech. Cornelia, who had seen his entry, was more prepared. She gave him one long